

LEST WE FORGET

The Quaker Seedsmen of Long Ago.

LEVI SHAW AND DOCTOR JONES

The Waning Shaker Community—How It is Gradually Dying Out—Necessary Young Blood not in Evidence.

With the blue birds and robins, the crocuses and tulips, the March breezes and April showers of yearly recurrence, old Honesdale will remember the long gray coats and broad-brimmed hats of Levi Shaw and his brother, as harbingers of spring. As regularly as the seasons came and went, these smooth-faced, mild-eyed, gentle-mannered representatives of the New Lebanon Shaker Community, appeared on our streets, called from door to door on our merchants from thirty to forty years ago, counted the garden seeds left over from the year's commission sale, took their pay for such packages as had been disposed of, and left fresh boxes for the ensuing season's trade. Unlike the free seeds sent from Washington by Congressmen and Senators as a reward to their constituents for support at the polls, and generally distributed locally by the county newspapers as special favors to their subscribers, the Shaker seeds were always to be depended on, and, with due respect to individual beliefs as to planting in the proper phase of the moon, if put in the ground in the proper "seed time," were sure to reward the husbandman with satisfactory "harvests," in due season.

Levi Shaw, the chief traveling representative of the Shaker Community, was wisely selected by his platonic brethren and sisters, to make friends in the world at large. Suave, handsome, companionable, he was always welcome in business houses, even at a time when "drummers" were as a rule regarded as nuisances. Just how he became the warm personal friend of Dr. Joseph Jones and his first wife, the latter a daughter of the late John A. Gustin, the Honesdale postmaster when the writer was a lad, we don't know, but this at least is sure, that he made their house his home on his annual visits here.

Dr. Jones was the pioneer among the homeopaths of Wayne county. He was a firm believer in and an able exponent of the "infinitesimal dose" theory, a doctrine which was of course vigorously combated by the physicians of the old school. Once in a while these upholders of the different systems indulged in personal controversy, and the writer well remembers an occasion when Dr. Jones dropped in at the drug store of the late Dr. William H. Reed, more familiarly known as "Doctor Billy." When these two met, friendly as they were personally, the professional battle was on, and when the allopathist laughed to scorn the pretension that there could be any efficacy in the pin-head pills prescribed by the new school, Dr. Jones produced a bottle of strychnine pellets, one of which was a dose, and declared that to swallow half a dozen of them would mean death. Dr. Billy took a good look at the hundreds of miniature pills in the phial, and simply saying, "Well, call the coroner," poured them all down his throat. Whether the overdose proved its own antidote, or whether the doctor was immune against poison may never be known, but certain it is that Dr. Billy showed no ill results from his heroic overdose, and that he lived for many, many years afterward.

Notwithstanding such apparently discrediting incidents, Dr. Jones acquired a fine practice, and with it material prosperity. With the accumulation of the necessary funds he invested quite largely, for a professional man, in real estate, and eventually became the owner of various farms and other landed property in the vicinity of Honesdale. On the 6th of November, 1869, he bought of Edward Fowler and Benjamin Gates, trustees of the United Society of Shakers, town of New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., 433 acres and 131 perches of land, lying along the Waugum in Cherry Ridge, Paupack and Salem townships, with the privilege accorded in former deeds of building dams on the streams. This tract was sold by Edward W. Weston, agent for the warrantee owners, to the late Judge James R. Dickson and Wm. H. Cushman of Honesdale in 1855. In February, 1864, Mr. Dickson assigned his share to Mr. Cushman, and the same day, (15th) Mr. Cushman sold the property to the Shakers.

When, March 21st, 1870, Dr. Jones contracted the lot to former Sheriff J. T. Barnes, the consideration was \$8,890, reservation being made of the hemlock bark, which had been sold to L. A. Robertson, owner of the tannery at Middle Valley, and the bass wood which had been bought by Beers, Reed & Co., of Honesdale. Sheriff Barnes commenced lumbering on the lot, which was one of the most heavily timbered in this section, and continued in that business until he met his death by accident in his own sawmill.

In October, 1870, Dr. Jones sold to Levi Shaw, of the Shaker community, his remaining interest in the Barnes contract, receiving \$5,800 for it, and a few years later removed to Stockbridge, Mass., where his wife died, and where two or three weeks ago he was remarried at the age of seventy. Last summer he paid Honesdale a visit and so impressed his old friends with his youthfulness and vigor, notwithstanding his honorable tale of years as shown by the family Bible, that no one was surprised to hear of his second venture on the matrimonial sea.

With the settlement of business affairs between the Barnes estate and Mr. Shaw, and the final crowding out of the latter as a commercial traveller by the encroachments of Peter Henderson and other seedsmen, it is many years since the quaint and distinguishing garb of the Shakers has been seen on our thoroughfares. It may be remarked here that the nickname "Shaking Quakers," was altogether a misnomer. The sect originated in England in 1747, under the leadership of Mother Ann Lee. The members differ from the Quakers both in doctrine and practice. They style themselves the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance." They do not marry, and their communal name originates from their movements in dancing, which form part of worship. The sect is now confined to the United States, and is steadily weakening here.

To what an extent the Shaker settlement at New Lebanon to which the Shaws belonged has been reduced is disclosed by a recent alleged scandal, in which one of the elders or head of a family has been sent forth into the world without the benediction of his superiors. Back of this casting out lies the fact of poverty of numbers of the Shakers, else he had not come among them. He is a Swiss and his advent at Mount Lebanon fifteen years ago was the result of a European proselytizing in order to recruit the depleted ranks of the brethren and sisters. Others of foreign birth came over to join the community, and it was hoped that the infusion of fresh blood would revive the waning prestige of a community doomed to death by dry rot. It is worthy of note, however, that the Shakers are rich, and it is therefore rather strange that cupidity has failed to attract, where arid righteousness had failed.

The present families of Shakers are composed of old or elderly people and there does not seem to be any reasonable hope that young folks will ever be induced to ally themselves with a people holding out so few allurements from a worldly point of view.

We pause to remark on this condition of our old friends, the Shakers, because it marks the decline of almost the last of that once very popular form of communistic experimentation which bore fruit in the Onondaga Community of John Humphrey Noyes, the Hopedale Community of Hosea Ballou, the Brook Farm hazard of Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller and others, the New Harmony settlement in the west, and others which have made a lesser stir in the world. Of later years there have been other ventures of the sort, but they have lasted even for a shorter than those enumerated. In all of them the basic idea has been community of property and purpose, an altruistic and generally impracticable theory of brotherly love, and also, in most instances, some fantastic religious schism, as for instance, the complex marriage of the Onondaga Community. In all of them, however, be it noted, money has been made and the central idea was beautiful,—as a theory.

The conclusion inevitably to be deduced from these numerous failures is that the time is not ripe for the communistic ideal to be realized. To become thus ripe presupposes a vast amount of usefulness, industry and disinterestedness, such as mankind has not yet had instilled into it, and Bellamy was well warranted in placing the date of his famous romance as far in the near future as he did.

In fact the trend of opinion is distinctly from, instead of towards, such experiments. Fewer and fewer are now established, and the old ones have all passed away (as strictly "communities" in the old sense) with the exception of these worthy old Shakers, who are all a-butter over the escapade which exposes their diminishing numerical strength rather than demonstrates any yielding to carnal impulses on their part.

Young Men Wanted.

Uncle Sam will hold an examination for Railway Mail Clerks in this vicinity and throughout the United States on May 15th. Many ambitious young men, with only a very ordinary school education, can readily pass. The government wants young men over 18 with common sense, to take examinations for railway mail clerks and carriers, and the Government Position Bureau, of Rochester, N. J., with its peculiar knowledge of the requirements of the examination can fit any young man in a short time to pass. A government position means steady work, good pay, and a yearly vacation. There is time to prepare for the May 15th examinations, and a reader of THE CITIZEN can get full information how to proceed, free of charge, by writing The Government Position Bureau, 842 Power Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTHERS' DAY.

What our Mothers have Done for Us and what we owe to Our Mothers' Memory.

We gave in last Friday's Citizen a pretty full account of the origin and purpose of Mothers' Day, which will hereafter be observed on the second Sunday in May, the anniversary falling this year on the 9th.

From the pen of William E. Sheffield, of St. Augustine, Fla., the Stroudsburg Record pays the mother a touching tribute, from which the following suggestions are culled:

Do not forget that she risked her life for you, and that there was not one moment in all her years, if the occasion required it, that she would not have willingly given it that you might be spared.

Don't forget that while she is here, it is not only your privilege, but your duty to give her in every way imaginable, loving consideration; utmost respect. Do not withhold the caress, it is the one thing you cannot overdo. It will give her new life. It will keep the pallor and wrinkles from her face. Can you not see that day by day the lines are growing deeper, the eye less brilliant and more sunken, the oft-rising sigh much longer and deeper? Her laughter is not so much in evidence, nor has it the silvery ring it used to have in days gone by.

She cannot sweep and scrub as she could in past days. The rheumatism has begun to twist her fingers, and she has to sit down and rest oftener than she used to. Are you blind? Can you not see she is failing, and that the grasshopper is beginning to be a burden?

Do you take the broom or scrubbing brush from her hand and gently lead her to an easy chair on the porch, and do the work which she was trying and willing to do, even though her strength did not warrant it? Or do you thoughtlessly bring your young friends to the house and have a nice time, and then, when they are gone let mother clear away the disorder, or perchance stand over the stove, baking good things for you and yours while the swollen veins in her failing body are bursting under the strain?

Do you tell others how it worries you to see her failing day by day, yet sit with your friends enjoying life; and by the piano sweetly singing,—"What is Home without a Mother?"—or that other sweet song,—"Who will care for Mother now?" while that same mother is in the kitchen sweating over the fire to make goodies for you, and drugging as the strains of your pathetic voice fill the air?

O, quit this! Wake up and do something while she yet is here. Don't wait until she lies with folded hands over a silent breast, and then smother her mound in the church yard with flowers.

No, begin now! Make her leave the kitchen. Show her you are in earnest. Take her with you into the parlor and after lovingly tucking her in an easy chair beside that same piano, play and sing to her some of those old lullabys which she used to sing to you as she snuggled you closely in her arms and crooned them to you in the long ago.

Or have, you married and gone from that house and been successful in life and accumulated riches, and pass her on the street while driving in your carriage with lackeys in livery, and stop not to pick her up, simply because her garments are old fashioned? Or do you refrain from going to take her out for a drive in fear she might expect you to do so regularly and thus make it onerous for you? Have you forgotten how many times many years ago she took you out driving in the little old fashioned carriage while she acted as the horse? These are live and pertinent questions, and don't fear to catechise yourself on this line; it will do you good.

Do you visit asylums, and cater to the inmates, but forget that a bunch of roses for mother dear would bring more perfume of contentment and pleasure to you than ministering to hospitals and asylums, while neglecting her?

Remember that in the course of events there will come a time when the windows will be darkened and that dear one will silently lie in the parlor never again to sweep, or scrub, or bake. Friends will gather around to honor the memory of that same dear mother, the one whom perhaps you in life thoughtlessly, not willfully, neglected, then you will hear those awful words—"Dust to dust—Ashes to ashes."

If you have done your duty to her the occasion will be less sad, for you can feel with a measure of certainty that the time will come when you can meet her again, and in an endless cycle bestow upon her a love which, starting here below, will blossom into an everlasting realization.

On the other hand if you neglect—it would be too painful to finish the sentence; let the dash speak volumes to you and be the means of awakening in you renewed efforts to do all you can in the way of attention and affection to the one who stands only second in your love; The Master being first.

Missing Opportunities.

"I have no patience with a man who makes the same mistake twice," said Armes, rather severely. "Neither have I," agreed his wife, when there are so many other mistakes to make."

Farmer Makes Them Lay Eggs Day and Night.

BUT THE HEN FRUIT IS SMALLER

A Jersey Hen in Missouri Would Lay a Different Sort of an Egg, an Expert Testifies in Court—What Causes the Difference.

NEWARK, N. J.—That a New Jersey hen would lay a different shaped egg if it were taken to Missouri was an assertion made in an unusual suit heard before Judge Healey and a jury in the Circuit Court at Newark.

Paul Mandeville of Chicago, brought suit against the firm of H. Koch & Co. of Newark to recover \$332, the value of a carload of Missouri eggs consigned to that firm. The verdict was given in favor of the defendant after a deliberation of two hours. The defence was that Iowa eggs had been ordered instead of the Missouri product.

Testimony was given by experts as to the age of eggs and in just what State they originated. It was declared by John W. Bain for the defence that he handled eggs for years, that he was able to ascertain the thickness of a shell and at a glance to tell correctly the number of spots on an egg. He said the eggs Mandeville shipped were laid in April and kept in cold storage until December. More than three dozen in each case were "live eggs." Egg experts don't say that eggs contained chickens. Bain testified that not more than two and a half dozen should be live in April shipments of Missouri eggs.

When asked how he could tell a Missouri egg from an Iowa one an expert said the Missouri eggs were big and brown and the Iowa variety a peculiar white and of an odd shape not discernible to the ordinary mortal.

"Can you tell an egg from central Missouri?"

"Yes, it is very dark brown."

"What kind of an egg comes from southern Missouri?"

"Slightly larger, spotted and lighter in color. Iowa eggs were smaller than the hen product of Missouri, which Koch received."

"Why are the eggs from Iowa smaller?"

"Well, you see, in that part of Iowa," the witness explained, "the farmers have a scheme whereby hens are made to lay two eggs a day. They fool the hens—that is, they turn on electric lights in the chicken coops about 2 o'clock in the morning. The hens think the sun is up and get busy. After they lay the lights are turned out. Then, of course, when daylight does arrive they lay another. On this account the eggs are necessarily smaller in size."

"Now, I have some hens at home," said Judge Healey in the course of Mandeville's testimony. "Do you mean to tell me that if I bring one of my New Jersey hens to Missouri that hen will lay a different egg to what it did here?"

"Exactly," replied the witness. "The temperature, climate, the shipping of the hen would all work changes in the product both as to color and quality."

The Trout Season.

As the Springfield Republican says, the true sportsman will not grieve because the opening of the trout season of 1909 was unpropitious; rather will he rejoice that the brooks are full again, and that there will be good water when the cream of the fall fishing comes during the days of apple blossoms. Your real fisherman does not get his pleasure from the dull, dead fish in his creel, but from the babbling of the brook, the sweet breath of the woods, the budding flowers and the glad song of the birds. The trout are after all, a secondary consideration, an excuse to get a day in the open and learn a bit more of the hidden ways of Nature. When the brooks become tamer and the rolled water becomes clear and sparkling, there will be some excellent fishing. Then will be the day of the trout hog. The fish are hungry, and apt to be a trifle logy, during the first few days, and those who fish with worms will find they are easy prey. And the fish hog uses worms. He should think of others this year, if he has never given others a thought in his previous existence. No man can eat a creel full of trout, so why kill so many when they can only be peddled about among one's friends? If the trout give a man sport and health he, in return, should give not only the fish, but his fellows a little consideration. Turn over a new leaf this year, if you have been a fish hog in the seasons gone by. Limit the size of your catch, and take more time to enjoy the pleasures of the fishing, for they are many and varied.

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

Honesdale, Pa., April 16, 1909. NOTICE.—Pursuant to Act of Assembly, a meeting of the Stockholders of the Wayne County Savings Bank will be held at the office of the bank on Thursday, July 22, 1909, from one to two o'clock p. m., to vote for or against the proposition to again renew and extend the charter, corporate rights and franchises of said bank for the term of twenty years, from February 17, 1910. By order of the Board of Directors. H. S. SALMON, Cashier.

WHAT IS UP?

Unusual Activity in Anthracite Coal Shipments.

WHAT THE SCRANTON PAPERS SAY

Lackawanna, Delaware and Hudson and Erie Roads Rushing Coal Out of the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys.

The Scranton papers say that the unusual activity in the transportation departments of all the railroads entering that section is attracting considerable attention, and the movement is considered very significant, as there appears to be an almost frantic effort to get the thousands of cars of marketable coal away and to the at present unknown destination.

A perusal of the call-boards of the Lackawanna, Delaware and Hudson and the Erie railroads will convince one that business in the coal carrying line is extraordinary.

A few days ago the Delaware and Hudson company secured the use of between 20 and 30 Pennsylvania engines and with extra crews started clearing up the congestion on the long sidings and storage yards. There are thousands of loaded cars on this division but they are rapidly being moved along the iron way to the north and south.

The Lackawanna company has evinced much activity during the past week, and there has been a considerable demand for extra men to work in the capacity of trainmen. Powerful engines are constantly pulling the long trains of coal cars up the Pocono mountains and on to the direction of tidewater.

There is a disturbance also in the supply yards where the coal is piled mountain high. In the Hampton yards in the vicinity of Keyser valley, one large dump has been moved. It was thought by many that fire had been found in the dump and the coal was being moved to another spot, but it was observed that once the coal was placed in cars it was drawn out on the main line and eastward.

The Erie company also is very active in the coal carrying line. Trainmen who had been laid off have been recalled and find plenty to keep them busy in moving coal cars to and from the supply stations. In many instances old engines which were relegated to the ancients, have been patched up and used to assist in the hauling. Up the side of the mountains the long strings of loaded coal cars creep until they reach the top of the grade and are lost to view on the other side.

The cause for the special activity at this time is not made clear to those not in the confidence of the railroad companies, but that it is occasioned by some decision on the part of the coal operators is believed. Efforts have been made to ascertain the motive for the sudden increase in business, but those in authority state that there is really no significance except their desire to get the coal to market.

Some there are who believe that the operators have decided that the danger of a strike or suspension is past and that the ratification of the working agreement is near at hand, while others are of the opinion that there is another motive which will be made clear in the near future.

Some Odd Facts in Geography.

New York is usually thought of as being directly west from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, nine hundred miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg; on the other side of the continent it touches the southern extremity of Alaska, and continues through the centre of the Isthmus of Kamchatka, and Siberia and Russia, to Hamburg. It is astonishing, likewise, to reflect on the fact that Montreal, with its winters of great severity, is three hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator than is London. Montreal, indeed, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice. Another illustration of the unexpected in contrasts is found in a comparison of St. John's, Newfoundland, with Paris. Paris has a winter of comparative mildness, while St. John's is a region of bitter cold and fogs, with drifting icebergs along its coasts. Yet St. John's is one hundred miles nearer the equator.

How Your Shoes are Made.

I wonder how long it would take you to make a pair of shoes! I don't think you'd better begin it, especially if you need them soon. Even a cobbler in the old days, working with an assistant, would spend a day and a half making a pair of shoes. And the cost would be about \$4. But now, of course, shoes are made by machinery, and it is astonishing to hear how quickly they are made. It takes just four minutes to make a pair of shoes! And the labor cost is 35 cents. Of course, no one person makes the whole shoe nowadays. There are a hundred different men mak-

ing different parts of it, and each one does the same thing over and over again, and of course each man learns to do his particular work especially well and very quickly, and you should see the buttons sewed on! A boy takes the part of the shoe where the buttons are to go and fits it into a machine, throws in a handful of buttons quite carelessly, turns the machine, and in no time out comes a piece of leather with all the buttons exactly in the right places. No wonder some factories turn out 10,000 pairs of shoes in a day!

To Fly Across the Ocean.

An attempt to fly across the ocean by balloon, airship or aeroplane is seriously proposed. The certificate of incorporation of the Europe American Aero Navigation Company was approved last week by the Supreme Court. Joseph Brucher, formerly editor of the Illinois Staats-Zeitung of Chicago, and one of the incorporators of the company, is not only confident that the attempt will be made but that it will be successfully accomplished.

The Brooklyn Eagle claims that something like public confidence is given to the proposed enterprise by the endorsement as to its feasibility given to it by Count Zeppelin. But the world at large will be incredulous until the feat has been actually accomplished. It is true that history shows that the world has been incredulous in contemplating every great innovation. We laughed at the idea of sending messages over a small, thin wire; of talking over the distance between Chicago and New York; at the notion of cable communication under the ocean, and at the Wright aeroplane. And we will remain incredulous, doubtless, as to the plan of this newly made corporation until the feat has been actually performed. There is this difference, however, that we will keep our incredulity out of sight. In the face of accomplished wonders we do not crack incredulous grins. We compose our faces into solemn expressions, and assume the polite air of questioning doubt.

The route, even, is laid out. It is proposed that it shall be the one taken by Columbus. Whether this route is chosen for sentimental reasons does not appear. In the fact, however, that several places for stoppages are possible in this route it may be assumed that it is selected for reasons of practical nature. Mr. Burcher says the start will be made from Palos, a town in Spain, with the first stop at either Maderia or Tenerife. From the Canary Islands the balloon will sail in a south-westerly direction to the Cape de Verde Islands and thence directly to the Bahama Islands. In this route all the favoring influences of the trade winds are taken advantage of, and the time of the year as well. The time of the passage, it is thought, would be five days.

It is to be supposed that ships that can give prompt relief in the case of accident will follow the experimental voyage. That will make the cost great. But to provide the money for such expenses is to be the function of the new corporation. Well, try it on. After the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, wireless telegraphy, moving pictures and the Wright aeroplane, we shall maintain a polite and sympathetic interest in the proceeding.

Starting Circulation.

Referring to deep breathing as a remedy for cold feet, a reader sends in the following: "One method is to inhale three or four deep breaths, expand the lungs to their full capacity, holding every time the inhaled air as long as possible, then slowly expanding it through the nostrils. In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels and sent down to the extremities. This radiates a glow down to the toes and finger tips, and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. The whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion just as rapid action does." It will not do any harm to try this; it won't cost you anything.

THE CITIZEN Has made arrangements for
A FIVE MILE FOOT RACE
AFTER THE
MARATHON PLAN
WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE ON
Decoration Day **MAY 31**

5 Handsome Gold and Silver Medals will be Awarded the Winners!

ENTRANCE FREE

To all competitors living in the county, exclusive of professionals, entries to be made at any time prior to May 20th.

ALL CONTESTANTS will be required to submit to a physical examination by competent physicians, to insure proper endurance condition for race.

FURTHER DETAILS including instructions for proper training, will appear in succeeding issues of THE CITIZEN.