

# The Reward of Slug Eighteen

Down in Baltimore the biggest story to feature—that is, not counting the big fire or a meeting of the Legislature—is the annual shaking up in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The followers of John Wesley have the biggest hold on religion in the Monumental City, and that fact is always kept before the editorial rooms by the circulation department. Every year there is a meeting of the conference, and at the end of it the presiding bishop gets to work and moves all the preachers around, and this is real excitement for all their congregations. This assignment on the part of the bishop makes a much-wanted story, and there is always a fight for it between the afternoon and the morning newspaper men.

Some years ago the conference was meeting in Hagerstown, up on the edge of the Blue Ridge. The four representatives of the morning papers who had been sent up from Baltimore had put up a combination on the one reporter that had the afternoon paper. There was going to be a big shake-up that year and the papers were hungry for the facts. The bishop was sought out by the morning men and he gave his solemn promise that his list wouldn't be made public until 4 in the afternoon. The evening paper man had a sheet going to press at 3 and he was desperate.

The day of the story arrived. The afternoon man was coming up the main street when he saw the bishop's secretary coming out of a job printing office. He knew that meant that the list he wanted was being put into type in that rural printery. Then he thought a while. He knew that 12 o'clock the force would knock off for dinner. He had learned to set type down in a Virginia town and he knew that part of it was easy.

The courthouse clock struck 12. A lot of printers came out and went away for the meal. The reporter went around to the side door and, sneaking quietly into the office, hung his coat on the wall, rolled up his sleeves and daubed some ink on his arms. Then he looked for the "bank." Here he found three galleys of that precious list. He was looking it over when he heard a noise. The only thing to do was to keep busy, so he began sticking leads in between the lines of type. Presently he looked up and by his side was a dirty-faced, coatless boy. It was not necessary to ask who he was, for he looked the ideal picture of a printer's devil. The boy scowled at the reporter. The latter sized up the situation at a glance. It would only take the boy a moment to go across the street to the saloon where there was a sabbonday lunch for the printers and give the alarm. The boy said nothing, but somehow or other the reporter felt that the kid knew what he was up to.

"Hello, kid!" said the reporter, still working on the type.

"What do you want here?" asked the boy, with the sternness of a grown man.

The reporter hesitated a moment to get a good answer, and then remarked:

"Oh, I'm the bishop's secretary. I used to be a printer, so I thought I'd correct this myself."

The boy simply looked at him. Then a bright idea hit the reporter, and with came serious thought. This list would make three columns solid, and it would be wise to get the wire open and hold it. But he hadn't a line of copy written. From the floor he picked up an old paper and tearing out some reprint stuck a half column of it on a sheet of paper, and headed it with the name of the paper he was working for.

"Take this to the telegraph office and tell them to send it."

He handed the copy to the boy, and with it a bright five-dollar bill. The boy was all right, for he opened not his mouth and made for the door. When the wire began sending in a story about the best way to take care of chickens in winter the newspaper editor immediately jumped to the conclusion that the man on the conference story was either drunk or gone mad. But this opinion later changed to a little raise in salary.

With the printing office empty the job was easy. The reporter tore up a sheet of paper into proof slips, wet them, and laying them over the type beat off with the proof planer three nice proofs of the bishop's list. Then, rolling them quickly, he made for his coat and rushed for the telegraph office. The operator was still sending the stuff he had sent over and the wire was his. He broke in at once, and the man at the key began on the three-column list.

Then the reporter went out and took a long drink of liquor on which no revenue tax had ever been paid and with which the scheming of the aculeator had never dallied. Then in meek simplicity he went over to the church where the other reporters were waiting for the list to be given out. It was to be ready at 4, and the morning paper men gave him the list. That night, when the afternoon papers came up on the fast mail the morning men were sore on the outside, but they thought he was all right.

Five years later the reporter who

stole the list was holding down a city desk once a week. It was the last night in the old office. The paper had made money and was moving to a new building. There was sadness up in the composing room; the old printers were at the case for the last time, for the new plant was equipped with linotypes. As they filed down the steps a bedraggled half-drunken chap stepped from the line and came into the editorial rooms. He scanned every man at a desk and then caught a view of the city editor's chair. He looked the man over and then approached him.

"Say, you don't remember me, do you?"

"I can't say that I do," replied the man at the desk.

"Well, I'm Slug 18. I've set many galleys full of your copy."

The man looked up, saw that he had been drinking, and said:

"Well, I won't hold that against you."

The printer looked at him a moment, and remarked:

"And you don't know me?"

"No, I don't," said the other.

"Well, I was the kid you got out of the way when you pinched the bishop's proofs."

The newspaper man got up and put on his coat, and he and Slug 18 went out for a talk and a few drinks. Then they parted, but not before the reporter had shown his gratitude. It wasn't much, but paid for a couple of meals for Slug 18.—The Unionist.

**A Chameleon Caterpillar.**

A Melbourne correspondent states that an extraordinary amount of devastation is being accomplished in the wheat area between Horsham in Victoria and the borders of south Australia by a grub of the caterpillar species about an inch and a half long. The grub, which attacks the wheat at the top of the plant and works its way right down to where the stem emerges from the ground, has the faculty of changing its color from green or yellow to the hue of the earth, and on the approach of a human being the grubs, warned apparently by the vibration of the earth, at once fall from the plant which they may be attacking and burrow in the earth. The pest only appears to be able to live in the loose ground, and so far has only attacked the late sown crops, which are more tender than the early ones.

**Hamlet Grimes.**

Thomas W. Lawson, at a dinner in Boston, talked about success.

"Success in finance," he said, "is due in great measure to prompt action. The doubting, hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance. He is sure to be swamped. The street has no use for him. Such a man always makes me think of my boyhood friend, Grimes. Grimes was a falterer, a doubter, a Hamlet of the worst type. One night I dropped in on him and found him bent in a brown study over a white vest."

"Hello, Grimes," said I. "What's the matter?"

"This vest," said he. "It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the wash. I don't know what to do about it."

**A Profitable Field.**

A little known field of profitable employment is called to the attention of young men by the Journal of Accountancy, which states that one thousand efficient young men are wanted immediately to perform the well-paid duties of analyzing the business systems of cities. Not only municipalities but private firms and corporations are having increased use for the services of what in England are known as "chartered accountants," and in some States of the Union as "certified accountants"—men who have passed a state or national examination, and have received a license or diploma as expert accountants. The wages are excellent.—Youth's Companion.

**The Puzzled Pianist.**

Oscar Hammerstein has all applicants for his opera companies examined by a throat specialist. Not till he is assured of an applicant's good throat machinery does he devote any time in hearing him or her sing.

"It is a good idea, is it not?" said Mr. Hammerstein. The other day, "In the past I lost many a valuable half-hour listening to worthless singing—singing so bad, in fact—well, one afternoon my pianist turned to a tenor aspirant and shouted angrily: 'I've tried you with the black keys. I've tried you with the white keys, and I've tried you with the black and white mixed. I think you must be singing between the ticks.'"

**Odd-Fellowship.**

Odd-Fellowship cannot be traced to an earlier period than the first half of the eighteenth century. The oldest lodge of which we know anything is the "Loyal Aristarchus," 1745, which met at various places in England, as the "Noble Master" directed. These lodges were multiplied, and took the name of "Patriotic Order," and finally that of the "Union Order of Odd-Fellows." From this organization there was, in 1813, the secession which took the name of "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows," or "Manchester Unity." It was from this order that American Odd-Fellowship sprang.

**Partners in Debts.**

"My tooth is just killing me," she complained.

"Why don't you go to the dentist about it?" asked he.

"Because," said she, "I owe him money."

"You and I seem to be in hard luck," said he. "Now, look at me. Every time I go out in my automobile it breaks down right in front of some store where I owe a lot of money."

**HOW SHE SQUELCHED HIM.**

**Headless Duel Between the Stenographer and the Superintendent.**

"I don't see how you make your fingers go so fast," said the young mail-order superintendent to the young woman stenographer as she stopped to make an erasure.

"It's quite easy to make your fingers go," said the stenographer, quite pointedly.

"You make mistakes, though, I see."

"I'm but human. If I never made a mistake I might qualify for your job."

"But you're doing good work, on the whole," said the mail-order superintendent, patronizingly.

"You'll get me all puffed up if you talk like that. Kind words can never die, can they? Scatter a few of them over the office boy. He'd appreciate 'em."

"I didn't mean to offend you," said the young man.

"You couldn't," she retorted calmly, and resumed her letter. The mail-order superintendent lingered until she had completed it.

"I hear a joke the other day about a stenographer who married her boss," he said. "Before they were married he dictated to her and after —"

The stenographer rapped briskly on the bell of her machine with her pencil.

"You've heard it, have you?"

"Not for some years. Isn't much business in your department this morning, is there?"

"Do you want me to go?"

"It doesn't make much difference to me," said the stenographer. "If you didn't talk or get in my light I wouldn't know that you were here."

"Well, if you don't want me to go I guess I'll stay. I like to watch you."

"No extra charge," said the stenographer. "I'm on exhibition from 9 till 5."

"Where do you go to lunch?"

"Sometimes to one place, but I often go somewhere else for a change. Where do you get shaved?"

"I shave myself."

"Do you ever talk to yourself? If you don't you might go away somewhere and try it sometime. I don't think you'd learn anything, but I'm sure you'd appreciate your conversation more than some other people do."

"You're pretty sassy, aren't you?"

"I'm just as cute as I can be, but I'm not sassy. Were you going to ask me to take lunch with you?"

"I was thinking of it."

"You've got another thing coming. You'd better brace yourself for the strain. You're new to it."

"Would you order blue points?"

"Sure."

"Anything I wanted to order?"

"Certainly."

"And any place I wanted to go?"

The mail-order superintendent hesitated. "Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"I'll see where my aunt wants to go," said the stenographer. "She's more particular than I am. You wouldn't mind if I invited some one else, would you?"

"What do we want some one else for?"

"To talk to me while you talk to auntie," replied the stenographer. "Besides, he wouldn't like it if I went without him."

"I guess we'll call it off," said the mail-order superintendent as he moved away.

**THE SAME EFFECT.**



"Why doesn't he sing any more, lost his voice?"

"No, his nerve."

**Awkward.**

"You made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic entertainment last night, and you referred to me as the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, are you not?" inquired the sporting editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind!" was the angry response; "and it compounded awkward, because I'm a coal dealer."

**Wounding Deftly.**

Bobbe—That Mrs. Castleton said something nice about you.

Mrs. Von Blumer (purring)—What was it, Bobbe?

"She said you didn't show your age."

**Couldn't Hold It.**

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school room," exclaimed the teacher.

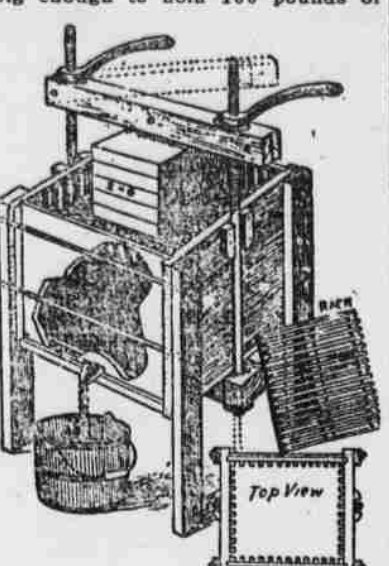
"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling when all of a sudden the smile busted."

**BEES AND BEE KEEPING**

**AN UNHEATED WAX-PRESS.**

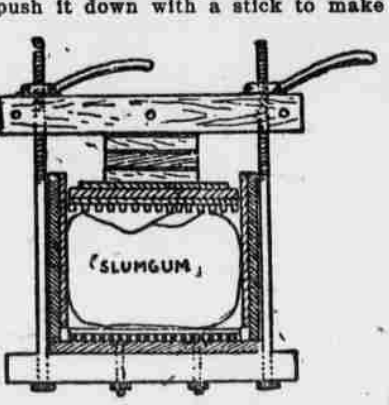
How to Construct Such a Convenience Entirely of Wood.

The drawings shown herewith make the construction of my wax-press plain writes a correspondent of Gleanings in Bee Culture. To begin rendering wax, first put the cleated rack into the bottom of the press. Take a burlap sack that is big enough to hold 100 pounds of



UNHEATED WAX-PRESS.

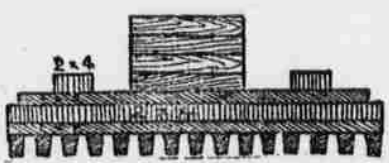
bran and rip the seam in one side and the bottom. Spread this burlap sheet over the press; push it down in and see that it fits well into the corners, letting the edges hang out over the top. Now take a whole sack and put it into the press with a hoop in the top to hold it open. Now dip into your tub, full of boiling comb; take the hoop out of the sack; push it down with a stick to make



CROSS SECTION OF WAX-PRESS.

fit on the bottom and in the corners. Fold up the mouth of the sack and the sheet over it. Put the follower on, with the blocks on top. Swing the cross-bar over and push the screw up through the hole in it. Put on the handle and turn both handles down, one at a time.

After the wax is pressed out, take off one handle; let the screw slip down even with the top of the press and unfold the first burlap so it



CROSS SECTION OF FOLLOWER.

hangs over edges. Now get hold of the top of the sack and pull it up some so it can cool a little. Then empty out the slumgum, put the sack back, and fill it again as before.

To boil the comb, use a four-hole stove with all the lids off. Put on a big tub containing two buckets of water, and add the comb as it boils, until the tub is nearly full. The water and free wax flow out of the press immediately, leaving only the slumgum to press.

**Co-Operative Honey Production.**

From recent reports received at the Department of Commerce and Labor it appears that the honey interests of England have found it worth while to employ experts to supervise that industry. Cornwall, the best honey-producing county in that country, was the first to engage the service of an expert in bee keeping, with vast commercial benefit to the Duchy. When, three years ago "foul brood" an infectious disease among bees, attacked the apiaries of Cornwall and worked great destruction, the supervisor determined that it would be necessary to destroy hundreds of hives where the disease was prevalent. This forcible extinction of the hives saved the industry in the county. There now remains but a few traces of the disease.

In order that attention may be drawn to the success that may attend bee keeping the authorities have instructed their expert inspector to visit all bee keepers in the county, and to give advice as to their condition and management. It is also the duty of the inspector to work up markets for the product in all parts of the country.

**Selecting Seed Corn.**

Select the seed corn in the fall rather than in the spring, as not only can better corn be selected then and with reference to the stalk on which it was grown, but also it will be possible to give it better care and so preserve its germinating qualities.

**STATEMENT OF HONESDALE BOROUGH ACCOUNTS FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING MARCH 1, 1908.**

GEORGE W. PENWARDEN, Treasurer, in account with the Borough of Honesdale, Pa., DE.

From G. M. Gensung, Treasurer, \$1,109 01	From County Treas. license fees, 1908, 2,040 00	T. J. Ham, Burgess, fines and license fees, 125 00	State Treasurer, from foreign Fire Insurance Companies, 294 36	From A. T. Voigt, to apply on tax, 192 43	From Dr. Schermerhorn, on taxes, 1908, 8,308 50	From dog tax, 123 70	From Dime Bank, demand note, 100 00	From Wayne County Savings Bank, demand note, 3,200 00	From West Street Sewer Company, from subscriptions, residents of Texas, toward dam, 45 00	David Fisher, refund, 2 75	Honesdale Electric Light, Heat and Power Co., for lumber, 11 75	Leonard Guckenberger, for lumber, 4 38	\$15,764 49
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By disbursements as follows:

To Honesdale Con. L. H. & P. Co., \$2672 57	To Kraft & Conger, coal and cartage, 299 10	Police Service, 300 00	Street Work, 1,245 48	Firemen's Salary, extra watching etc., 288 02	J. M. Lyons, note, 1,000 00	T. J. Finerty on note, 500 00	Paid interest on notes and bonds, 677 67	G. H. Whitney, team for Fire D'p't., 100 00	G. Spettigee, 26 13	Building Man at foot of Church st., 87 19	Dr. Schermerhorn, Salary as Secretary of Board of Health, 90 00	Dr. Schermerhorn, piacarding and fumigating, 41 75	Richard H. Brown, 2 45	Ben S. Edgett, notary fees, 3 00	H. Herpman, repairing truck, 9 55	R. K. Young, Treasurer, State tax, 49 59	Kreiner Bros., wood for Fire D'p't., 3 50	Honesdale Garage, repairs, 3 00	Graham Watts, supplies, 5 30	G. J. Mueller, Fire Department, Fireman's Relief Fund, 294 36	Kreiner Bros., lumber, 63 81	Durland, Thompson Co., gong service, 10 50	Frank McMillen, gong service, 5 00	P. Murtia, gong service, 5 00	Clark & Bullock, dynamite, etc., 24 61	City of Honesdale, printing, 8 50	Homeless Association, printing, 25 00	B. F. Haines, new order book, 9 50	B. F. Holbert, damage to horse, 75 00	Philip Miller, stone, 25 45	Wayne Co. Savings Bank, note and int., 3,214 11	Henry Kriedel, supplies Fire D'p't., 4 30	C. C. Jadin, supplies, 4 00	Honesdale Consolidated Water Co., Premium on Treasurer's Bond, 10 00	T. J. Ham, Burgess, salary from Dec. 1, 1907, to March 1, 1908, 62 50	T. Moran, tramp, care and clothing, 39 75	Isa. Alberty, work on ice, 11 00	E. E. Alberty, cleaning fire plugs, 10 00	Murray & Co., supplies for street work, 12 79	Hennel & Co., sundries, 1 70	L. S. Collins, surveying, 2 00	G. A. R. Post, donation for Memorial Day, 15 00	J. J. Canivan, sundries, 22 00	George P. Ross, making duplicate, 5 00	Katz Brothers, supplies, 27 81	Katz Brothers, sundries, 50 00	A. A. Corbridge, sprinkling bridge, 07-'08, 10 00	N. B. Spencer, special police, 4 00	T. M. Fuller, auditor, 4 00	E. J. Varcoe, auditor, 4 00	Frank Schuchels, auditor, 17 00	Geo. C. Hale, fire hydrants, 12 00	H. M. McClure, closet, 19 20	John H. Leo, repairs on Town Hall, 19 20	David Fisher, old iron, 50 00	G. W. Penwarden, salary, treasurer, 50 00	F. P. Kimble, salary, secretary, 25 00	H. Wilson, attorney for one year, 25 00	Honesdale Dime Bank, note and int., 100 50	Harry Deck, work on City Hall, 25 00	\$13,747 06
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**INDEBTEDNESS.**

**DEMAND NOTES:**

T. & J. Finerty, dated Feb. 10, 1898 at 5 per cent., \$2,000 00	John M. Lyons, dated Aug. 12, 1892, at 5 per cent., 1,000 00	John Page Estate, at 4 1/2 per cent., 1,800 00	\$4,800 00
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**BONDS—Is**

Nathan Houck Est., \$250 00	John H. Miller, 1,500 00	Nathan Watts, 500 00	Wm. Watts, 500 00	John M. Lyons, 500 00	John M. Lyons, 500 00	Mrs. Chas. Blockberger, 500 00	Louis Dein Est., 500 00	Louis Dein Est., 500 000	T. J. Ham, Burgess, 1,000 00	John L. Miller, 1,000 00	\$8,250 00
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Interest paid to Sept. 7, 1908, \$13,050 00

**STATEMENT OF BOROUGH TAX, 1907.**

Balance due from Collector March 1, 1908, \$1,009 77	Paid G. W. Penwarden, \$192 43	Scrip redeemed, 27 36	5 per cent. allowed on amt. paid before Sep. 28, 97, 417 96	2 per cent. collector's fee on same, 158 83	5 per cent. collector's fee on balance, 42 98	Exonerations, 27 23	Balance due March 1, 1909, \$142 98
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**STATEMENT OF BOROUGH TAX—1908.**

Amount of duplicate, \$9,437 26	Paid G. W. Penwarden, \$600 00	" " " " 2,000 00	" " " " 1,400 00	" " " " 236 26	" " " " 82 44	" " " " 89 75	Borough scrip redeemed, 400 00	Less 5 per cent. allowed on amt. paid before Sep. 25, 1907, 156 00	5 per cent. collection fees on balance, 24 87	Balance due, subject to exonerations etc., Mch. 1 1909, \$480 91
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I hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a correct and true account of the receipts and expenditures for the Borough of Honesdale, for the year ending March 1, 1909. Also of the liabilities of the Borough.

**GEORGE W. PENWARDEN, Treasurer.**

**T. M. FULLER, FRANK HAM, F. W. SCHERMEHORN, Auditors.**

**ROLL OF HONOR**

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

**Wayne County SAVINGS BANK**


The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States. Stands 10th in Pennsylvania. Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00  
Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.

Holmes Memorial St. Rose Cemetery, Carbondale, Pa.



Designed and built by **MARTIN JOHNFIELD.**

**AUDITOR'S NOTICE.**

**JULIA BRUTSCH, ESTATE OF PAUPACK TOWNSHIP, DECEASED.**

The undersigned, an auditor appointed to report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1909, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

R. M. SALMON, Auditor.  
Honesdale, March 29, 1908., 2913

**LETTER**

To A. M. Henshaw from Wanamaker & Brown.

DEAR SIR:

We are in receipt of an unlimited number of congratulations from our sales agents upon the superb assortment of Spring Clothes. They agree with us in pronouncing them the handsomest EVER gotten together.

We send forward this supplemental line of Grays and Oxford from the fact that it is being whispered that high priced merchant tailors are preparing to introduce them as their leading lines; and these forty you in the statement that you have everything that can be demanded.

**WANAMAKER & BROWN,**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**JOSEPH N. WELCH**

**Fire Insurance**

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadin's drug store, Honesdale.

**FARM FOR SALE!**

One of the best equipped farms in Wayne County—situated about three miles from Honesdale.

Everything Up-To-Date has been expended within the last five years in buildings, tools and improvements.

Of which 75 acres are good hardwood timber. Will be sold reasonably.

A Bargain.—For further particulars enquire of

**W. W. WOOD, "Citizen" office**

**KRAFT & CONGER,**  
General Insurance Agents  
HONESDALE, PA.