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The



Citizen.

Wayne County Organ of the REPUBLICAN PARTY July 09

66th YEAR.

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1909.

NO. 50

GOULD RESTS CASE

Howard Will Not Testify In Reply to Wife.

THUS ESCAPES SEVERE ORDEAL

Mr. Shearn, Counsel For Mrs. Gould, Offers Affidavits From Persons Who Say She Did Not Drink to Excess.

New York, June 22.—Howard Gould rested his defense in his wife's suit for separation and alimony without taking the stand or offering evidence further than was developed from the servants and three guests of the family.

De Lancey Nicoll made the announcement:

"I have consulted with my associates, and we feel that the case we presented is of such a character that further evidence is not necessary. Therefore we rest our case."

In taking this step Mr. Nicoll saved Howard Gould from a severe grilling that was awaiting him.

Clarence J. Shearn, counsel for Mrs. Gould, was obviously disappointed over the unexpected closing of the defense, as he had intended to train his heaviest guns on the husband, and he had given out the impression that he was well supplied with ammunition.

It was expected that the direct and redirect examinations of Howard Gould would take about two days. The case will therefore, it is believed, be shortened by that length of time.

Mr. Shearn led off the rebuttal by offering the affidavit of Mrs. Alice Stickney Bankhead, wife of Captain Henry M. Bankhead, U. S. A., stationed at Atlanta, Ga.

"We want to show," explained Mr. Shearn, "the falsity of the charge that Mrs. Gould was habitually and continually intoxicated from 1902 to the present date."

"Do you regard such evidence as necessary?" asked the court.

"I want to leave no possible point uncovered," said Mr. Shearn, and he went ahead and read Mrs. Bankhead's deposition.

The army officer's wife was positive that her husband never drank to excess, was never incoherent, never boisterous and never showed any effects of liquor.

Louis O. Foreman, William F. Murphy, Michael P. Duffy, Jacob Cocks, Eugene A. Hinkney, John W. Adams, Harry Austin Du Boise and others who had been employed at Castle Gould and Blue Gap farm all swore that Mrs. Gould did not drink to excess.

GIRL PLEADS GUILTY.

Sentenced to Three Years in Prison For Manslaughter.

Trenton, N. J., June 22.—Retracting her former plea of not guilty to murder and pleading guilty to manslaughter, Pearl Paske, the eighteen-year-old girl who stabbed a man to death while defending herself from his attacks, was sentenced to three years in state prison by Justice Reed.

The girl said that John Lukace tried to assault her and she was compelled to defend herself with a bread knife. She plunged the weapon into his body, and he died as a result.

In asking for leniency counsel said the young woman was to marry a young man now serving in the Hungarian army.

LOOKS EASY FOR NELSON.

Bat Is Expected to Have No Trouble in Beating Clifford.

Oklahoma City, June 22.—Although no one here believes that tonight's fight between Battling Nelson, champion lightweight of the world, and Jack Clifford will make the champion extend himself, he looks fit to fight hard for his title.

The fight is slated to last twenty rounds, but it will be a big surprise to the sports gathered here to see the contest if it goes the limit. Clifford has been training hard to get into condition. Nelson has also been here several days.

POSTMISTRESS SHOT DOWN.

Negro Enters Her Home and Attacks Woman and Her Sister.

Springfield, Ill., June 22.—Miss Laura Yowell, postmistress at Green Ridge, lies at the point of death with a bullet in the left lung fired by a negro who entered her home and attacked her and her sister, Miss Nannie Yowell.

After the shooting the negro fled. Neighbors gave chase, but the negro after holding his pursuers at bay for some time with a revolver flagged a Chicago and Alton train with a red undershirt, sprang aboard and rode to Carlinville, where he was arrested.

MAUDE ADAMS AS JOAN.

Actress Appears as Maid of Orleans at Harvard Stadium.

Cambridge, Mass., June 22.—Never in the history of the American stage has there been a performance such as that of "Joan of Arc" to be given by Maude Adams in the Harvard stadium tonight. According to those who have witnessed the rehearsals and have grasped the scope and purpose of the play, the only dramatic representation with which it can be compared is the Passion play at Oberammergau.

In a series of splendid dramatic pictures, drawn on a vast scale, Miss Adams will depict the life of the young peasant girl who delivered France from the English invaders in the fifteenth century.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

All sides of the character of the Maid of Orleans will be shown—her life in her native cottage, the visitation of voices that led her to the saving of her dearly beloved France, her leadership of the French forces to victory and her martyrdom.

The performance will be adequately staged. There will be 1,300 active participants, including about 800 men in armor on horseback, monks, citizens of both sexes, nobles, choir boys, English and French soldiery.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Results of Games Played in National, American and Eastern Leagues.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. At Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh, 5; Philadelphia, 3. Batteries—Liedfeld and Gibson; McQuillen and Jacklitch.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS. W. L. P. C. Pittsburgh, 33 13 715 Philadelphia 21 25 439 Chicago, 33 18 599 St. Louis, 23 39 434 New York, 21 22 522 Brooklyn, 17 33 330 Cincinnati, 23 26 519 Boston, 13 35 271

AMERICAN LEAGUE. At New York—Washington, 6; New York, 4. Batteries—Hughes, Gray, Johnson and Street; Warhop, Kleinow and Blair.

Second game—New York, 3; Washington, 2. Batteries—Manning and Blair; Hughes, Atrock and Street.

At Chicago—Chicago-Cleveland game postponed by rain. At Boston—Boston, 6; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries—Ryan, Schiltzer and Carrigan; Pians and Thomas.

Second game—Boston, 4; Philadelphia, 1. Batteries—Wood and Spencer; Combs and Livingstone.

At St. Louis—Detroit, 2; St. Louis, 0. Batteries—Danovan and Stange; Graham, Hatley and Stephens.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS. W. L. P. C. Detroit, 33 19 548 New York, 25 25 500 Philadelphia 28 23 548 Chicago, 23 26 463 Boston, 29 24 547 Wash. ton, 19 31 389 Cleveland, 27 24 529 St. Louis, 19 33 395

EASTERN LEAGUE. At Jersey City—Jersey City, 4; Rochester, 1. At Newark—Toronto, 2; Newark, 1. At Providence—Buffalo, 4; Providence, 1. At Baltimore—Baltimore, 4; Montreal, 1. Second game—Baltimore, 2; Montreal, 1.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS. W. L. P. C. Rochester, 31 18 533 Toronto, 24 27 471 Buffalo, 27 24 529 Jersey City 22 26 458 Newark, 25 23 521 Montreal, 21 26 447 Baltimore, 25 25 510 Providence 20 27 436

NO NATIONAL GAMES TODAY.

Called Off on Account of Funeral of President Dovey of Boston Club.

Philadelphia, June 22.—By unanimous action of the club owners all baseball games scheduled for today in the National league were called off on account of the funeral of George B. Dovey, president of the Boston club.

The funeral services were held this afternoon and were attended by all the presidents of the National league clubs, by Acting President Heydler and President Pulliam and by the members of the Boston and Philadelphia clubs.

The board of directors has ordered that flags at the National league grounds shall fly at half mast for thirty days out of respect to the memory of the deceased magnate.

Brooklyn and Philadelphia will play a double header on Wednesday, and Cincinnati and Chicago will meet in two games on Friday.

Lord Harnsworth Buys Coal Lands. Winnipeg, Man., June 22.—Lord Harnsworth of London has purchased for \$2,000,000 coal lands 120 miles southwest of Winnipeg.

MAY BE LEON LING

New York Chinaman Caught In British Columbia.

CHONG SING ALSO A PRISONER

Admits He Roomed In House Where Elsie Sigel Was Murdered, but Declares He Had No Share In the Murder.

Vancouver, B. C., June 22.—The Revelstoke police, on New York advices, have arrested on a westbound Canadian Pacific train a Chinaman answering the description of Leon Ling, alias William J. Leon, who is wanted in connection with the murder of Elsie Sigel.

The man talks good English, is well dressed and gives an unsatisfactory explanation of his business. He is about thirty years old, with smooth face, black hair and eyes and has his hair cut in American style.

It is believed that the Revelstoke authorities have the right man and that he was concealed aboard the train till reaching Revelstoke.

Chong Sing Protests Innocence.

New York, June 22.—An important step toward unraveling the mystery attending the murder of Miss Elsie Sigel, the young girl missionary among Chinamen, has been taken, the police say, in the arrest of Chong Sing, the friend of Leon Ling, who was brought here today from Amsterdam, N. Y.

Chong Sing, who was a close friend of Leon Ling, had a room on the floor of the house 782 Eighth avenue, where Elsie Sigel's body was found in a trunk and he has been missing for the last ten days.

Chong Sing said he was thirty-five years old and had been in this country for ten years. He was born in Canton, China, and has always followed the occupation of a cook. For the past four or five months he has been employed as cook in a chop suey restaurant at 482 West Twenty-ninth street, New York.

Chong said he and Leon Ling roomed at 782 Eighth avenue, and his apartment was just across the hall from Leon's. Asked if he was intimately acquainted with Leon, he said he saw him only about once every two weeks, and that was when he went to Leon's room. Questioned as to why he did not go to Leon's lodging apartment more often, he said he slept many times in the restaurant where he worked.

Chong admitted that he was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Sigel and Elsie and Mabel Sigel. He claimed not to have seen either of them in some time, although he said he had visited at their home. He protested his innocence of any share in the girl's murder.

Chong declared that he left New York June 10 to accept a position at West Galway. A newspaper of the date June 12 was found in his pocket when he was arrested, and Sing said he purchased it in New York. This makes a conflicting story, as he first said he left that city June 10.

Asked when he saw Leon last, he said he thought it was about June 7, although he was not sure. Chong declared that his companion was in New York when he left the city, and he does not know anything of his whereabouts now.

Chong Sing's arrest came about through his employer, Harvey Kennedy, a well to do New Yorker and summer resident of West Galway. He noticed Chong Sing's likeness to published photographs of him in New York newspapers and notified the police.

Chong Sing reached Amsterdam on Friday afternoon, June 11, two days after Elsie Sigel disappeared in New York and one day after that on which she is supposed to have been killed. He had previously been engaged in New York by Mr. Kennedy.

The man arrested at Schenectady, N. Y., supposed for a time to be Leon Ling, proved that he was Chu Hop, a collector for the Hung Lum Chan company of New York city. He said he knew nothing of the Sigel murder and never saw the girl or her family.

Sun Leong, proprietor of the restaurant at 782 Eighth avenue, who fled on the morning the body was found, gave himself up at police headquarters and was sent to the house of detention to be held as a material witness.

Two Rescuers and Boy Drowned. St. Joseph, Mo., June 22.—James O. Lilliger and John Lewis were drowned in the reservoir of the water works here in a futile effort to rescue the young son of James Lilliger. All three bodies were recovered.

GRADUATION EXERCISES HONESDALE HIGH SCHOOL

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT"

CLASS COLORS—GOLD AND BLUE

A very enjoyable evening was spent with the graduating class of 1909 at the Lyric on Friday evening as they gave their closing exercises and received their diplomas. Principal Harry Oday presided. Dr. Wm. H. Swift made the invocation, then followed the salutatory address. The addresses were interspersed with chorus singing by the school.

SALUTATORY.

By William B. Freund.

There are many pleasant duties to perform in the course of one's life; but without doubt there is not one in a student's career more pleasant than this duty which devolves upon me of welcoming those gathered to attend the commencement exercises of the class of 1909. It is unnecessary to question the interest of the audience in this class as it is silently bespoken by your presence. To you all, guests, faculty and school-mates, in behalf of the class, in words that are only the echo of many voices feebly through one "Welcome, thrice Welcome."

From the earliest times literary history is full of the records of fakes and forgeries. Among these are many noticeable for the skill and nerve with which they were executed. Many such notorious counterfeits are on records; but for impudence and success the Ireland forgeries deserve dishonorable mention of the first rank among literary frauds.

More than a century ago, there lived in London a man named Samuel Ireland, who made his living as an etcher, engraver and publisher. He was also a collector of pictures and books and took a great deal of interest in antiquities. He seems to have been rather a dull witted old fellow; but there was no lack of shrewdness about his only son, William Henry. This bright youth had many chances to rummage among his father's antiquities and soon developed an interest in them on his own account. He read a good deal of old poetry and went with his father to the birthplace of Shakespeare where he had a chance to gaze on various relics. These so influenced him that he determined to attempt forging some of them.

Mixing up some muddy ink, Ireland wrote on the fly-leaf of an old tract a dedicatory letter to Queen Elizabeth. This was in due time presented to his father and accepted as a genuine discovery. Emboldened by this success he cut a piece of parchment from an old legal document and wrote out a mortgage deed to which he boldly signed Shakespeare's name, carefully copying it from a genuine autograph. The question naturally arose whence all these discoveries came; but all were cunningly evaded. He even wrote whole plays and passed them off as the work of the great dramatist. One of these "Vortigern," was actually produced at Drury Lane Theatre and hissed off the stage. This and some other bad slips led the critics to become suspicious and as all forgeries end Ireland was forced to confess. After the exposure of the forgery, people were anxious to buy the sham documents that had created such a rage, and for a time the ingenious William Henry gained a living by making copies of his forgeries, to satisfy the public demand.

Ireland's successor in the nineteenth century was John Collier, one of the most learned men of his time. In his anxiety to offer contributions to knowledge he could not wait to make discoveries in a legitimate way. His most famous imposture was that "Perkins Folio" of Shakespeare. The high reputation of Collier prevented suspicion for a considerable time; but the authorities of the British Museum tested them under a powerful microscope and found under the ink faint traces of pencil marks. His punishment came in the fact that his reputation is that of a clever forger rather than that of a great scholar, which it was his ambition to be.

come. It is perhaps better not to dispute too much the people of earlier times for their readiness in accepting these forgeries, since the nineteenth century and the present day have much the same tales to tell. Robert Browning, an excellent critic, was completely taken in by a collection of spurious Shelley letters while bogus letters attributed to Ruskin have been published and accepted. So on the list might be prolonged indefinitely. It is to be doubted indeed whether the public is much less credulous now than in former days as the demand for antiques is increasing, and there are plenty of unscrupulous dealers to supply them. As long as the world reads books and as long as it punishes rascals there is little doubt that "Literary Impostures" will continue to flourish.

"MY INTERESTING COMPANION."

BY Hazel M. Dein.

Having decided to spend my summer vacation with relatives who lived in a village nestling among the hills of Northeastern Pennsylvania, I searched through a number of time-tables in order to decide upon a definite route. The task proved very difficult as there were so many changes to be made. But a few days later I was on my way. After riding constantly for three days I was delighted when I found myself at the town from which I should take the stage to the little country village. The town proved very interesting to me because it was so clean and the streets were laid out so nicely. I learned the town owed much of its attractiveness to the "Ladies Improvement Society."

After several hours wait the time arrived when I was to continue my journey by stage. I was born and had spent all my life in the West so this hilly country appealed to me as we rushed through the valleys by train, but now I would have a chance to view the hills and valleys more closely. I had my baggage transferred and hurried to the place from which the stage departed.

I was surprised to see that what was called the "stage" was a rickety two-seated affair, with a canopy top. The body of the wagon had been painted black once upon a time, and from the appearance of the wheels they were either new or freshly painted. A team of prancing bay horses were hitched to the vehicle and controlled by a stout, broad-shouldered lad, clad in a pair of high leather boots, a brown jumper, and a pair of dark gray, home-made trousers. His wealth of red hair was partly concealed by a large, straw hat. When we were ready the lad gave a shout and cracked the whip to which the horses responded with a plunge and we were on our way.

In our Western school the teacher had done her best to explain how the glaciers had changed the topography of the country, but as we had no hills and valleys near us I had never thoroughly understood the subject. We had left the town and were traveling a country road which followed a deeply cut valley. High hills were on either side and I now understood how a glacier would come down this valley carrying a great amount of earth with it. A half hour later as we turned a sharp curve a number of houses appeared before us and in five minutes we reached a small village where we stopped before a store which served as a postoffice. A stout, red-faced, bald-headed man wearing a grimy apron of ticking, made his appearance to tell the driver to make room for "Aunt Jemima" as she was going up in the county to visit her "brother Jake." I had occupied a whole seat but was now forced to share it with "Aunt Jemima" whose appearance did not impress me very favorably. She was one of those tall, angular, old maids, who look over the rims of their spectacles, and allow their cork-screw curls to

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dang about their ears from beneath their black, poke bonnets. It took nearly one-half an hour to place her hair trunk, hand box and parcels to suit her. This done the lad offered to assist her to her seat, but she turned to tell him "she guessed she could get up their without his help." At last she was settled in her seat and turned to look at me. After scrutinizing me for sometime she asked my name, where I was going, why I was going, where I had come from, who my parents were that they allowed me to travel along this lonely road with only a red-headed stage driver for a companion. "You may be thankful you've got me for company, young lady," she said, I thought over what she had said then turned again to the scenery as her manner did not allure me into any further conversation.

Growing tired of the prolonged silence I turned again to my companion intending to speak to her but she sat so erect that I was afraid to speak to her. A tree which had but two branches on one side and several on the other, stood in the center of a very large field. This puzzled me so I asked "Aunt Jemima" if she knew what caused it to grow that way. "Because it didn't grow any other way, I suppose," was the laconic reply. I then spoke of our new President, but she told me she was not a man so could not discuss politics with me. Nothing daunted that I had failed twice in my attempts to engage her in conversation, I once more addressed her. This time I spoke of the schools, how far they had advanced in the last few years, and how people had begun to think that women should be as thoroughly educated as men. How surprised I was when she turned around and looking me squarely in the face said, "I tell you it's no use for girls to be educated like that. I was ten years old when I had to stay at home and help my mother take care of the other children and I am here yet. Girls can get education enough at home I always said and always will say. If you can't cook, bake, wash dishes, sweep, dust, sew, mend, wash and iron, and all that what good is all that other fol-ne-rol you're learnin' at school? When you get a husband you can't eat education I am sure and if you can't cook, the poor fellow will die of indigestion before he has eaten your cooking a year."

Just then the boy stopped the horses, told me this was my stopping place, assisted me from the wagon, handed down my baggage, then drove on while my "Interesting Companion" called back to me saying, "Well, the next time I see you I hope you will be more sensible."

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

By Chester Gerry.

It seems strange that in this free world of to-day there breathes a man whom we are able to state is without a country. But those who have perused the recent newspapers and magazines will, I believe, agree with me in conferring upon Cipriano Castro, ex-president of Venezuela the title, "The Man Without a Country."

For nine years Venezuela rested in the grasp of Castro. Not a law was passed, not a man elected or appointed to office without first being considered in his rapid mind. Not an adventure was made or an improvement commenced with which he was not familiar. To-day the tide is changed. He has hardly a friend in the world, was refused admittance to his native land, denied hospitality in the usually hospitable Martinique, bullied by foreign warships, dragged from his hotel on a stretcher, and sent back to Europe like a deported immigrant. Truly a man without a country. He was a statesman, a politician, but no diplomat. In his earlier days he started heart and soul a Venezuelan, with ideals; he was loyal to his country and his people, and then gradually his loyalty and his ideals seemed to wane. He could not endure success and so now the true measure of his ability is swamped under the hatred he has inspired. In this country Castro's character is tinged by this hatred. This one man exposed foreign conspiracies and defeated a revolution waged in a foreign interest; yet to-day, apparently, the only facts of public interest are his personal habits. Twelve years ago during the time of President Crespo, Castro was a Con-

(Continued on Page 2.)