

The Scrap Book

The Missing Ones.

This is one of the old stories told by Henry Clews of Travers, the New York stammering wit. Mr. Clews always insists that the average Wall street broker is the most honest of men.

"Travers," said Mr. Clews, "was once invited to be a guest at a yacht regatta. The waters of Newport harbor were covered with a beautiful squadron. Mr. Travers found that each yacht belonged to a banker or broker. He gazed blankly into the distance for a time and then inquired softly, 'W-v-w-where are the c-c-customers' yachts?'"

Drifting Souls.

Ah, there be souls none understand. Like clouds, they cannot touch the land. Drive as they may, by field or town. Then we look wise at this and frown. And we cry, "Fool!" and cry, "Take hold Of earth and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, they blow and blow, Sail to and fro and then go down In unknown seas that none shall know Without one ripple of renown. Poor, drifting dreamers, sailing by, They seem to only live and die.

Call these not fools! The test of worth Is not the hold they have on earth. Lo, there be gentlest souls seen blown That know not any harbor known, And oft of this the reason is— They touch on fairer shores than this. —Joaquin Miller.

Woman's Keen Sense of Humor.

A lady who was at the head of a suffrage organization attended a social function during the course of which there was presented to her a gentleman who seemed disposed to poke fun at the principles so dear to the lady and her following.

"All this goes to show, my dear young lady," said he, "how utterly you women lack a sense of humor."

"I perceive you share the general error in that respect," said the suffragette.

"That women lack humor? Yes." "Really, sir, you're most unobservant," continued the suffragette. "There is in every married woman's life at least one occasion when she evinces the keenest sense of humor."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the man. "May I ask you to particularize?"

"Certainly. Does she not get by the 'love, honor and obey' part of the marriage ceremony without so much as a snicker?"

The Party He Belongs To.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics.

"May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matron decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said: "I'm the party he belongs to!"

All the Trimmings.

Mrs. Broxton was young and pretty and innocent of household wisdom. She was also married but a month and just settled in her little villa outside London. A friend had sent her a present of a brace of pheasants, and as she expected company the following evening she told the servant to keep the birds till the morrow and then cook them for dinner.

Early the next morning the girl came to her mistress and said, "Please, mum, do you like the birds 'igh'?"

"Like the bird's eye, Mary?" said Mrs. Brown. "Why, whatever do you mean?"

"Well, mum," said Mary, "some folks, you know, likes the birds stale." "Oh, they like the bird's tail?" said the mistress. "Why, of course, certainly, Mary. Bring in both the eye and the tail."

A Surprise For Jim.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity.

"Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yassum," bilthely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet potatoes."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!"

"Yassum," said Jim. "So was I or I wouldn't be here!"—Lippincott's.

Good Deeds.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Faber.

Game He Didn't Like.

Years ago a bill entitled "An act for the preservation of the heath hen and other game" was introduced into the New York house of assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An act for the preservation of the heathen and other game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words, 'except Indians.'"

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Daylight Saving Movement.

The movement in Great Britain to secure a "daylight saving" law appears to be making headway, though it may still be far from enactment. The question of a uniform time standard is worth considering in connection with the efforts to conserve the natural resources of the United States and to improve its industrial affairs. A great advance was made when standard time was changed at the ninetieth, one hundred and fifth and one hundred and twentieth meridians by exactly one hour when going from New York to San Francisco. This was done to benefit railroads and has proved to be a great blessing. But if present eastern time (that of the seventy-fifth meridian) were adopted as a uniform standard for the whole country uniformity in regard to the clock time would prevail in every part of the United States.

The benefits of a single time standard to the bulk of the American people using it—that portion which now keeps central and mountain time—would be enormous. At least 60,000,000 people would thus save the use of artificial light one hour every day in the year. This saving would be 1 cent a day, or a total of \$800,000 daily for all the people, and in one year this saving would amount to 365 times that sum, or \$219,000,000, more than enough to maintain a navy of forty-eight battleships with the accessories of three fleets, including their bases and naval coast defenders.—Commodore Beehler in Century.

Capricious Prince Troubetsky.

The story of the erection of the equestrian statue to Alexander III., which the czar unveiled on June 5, is an amusing one. The monument took seven years to erect, and the sculptor, Prince Troubetsky, who is as capricious as a lady, had a special glass studio, costing \$3,700, erected for him by the imperial cabinet, with supplementary chimneys costing \$1,300. The wax and mastic cost \$2,000, the casting of the bronze figures ran into several thousands more, and the sum destined to be paid to the sculptor was \$16,000. The artist changed model after model until the committee lost all patience. Then the question of a pedestal arose. Finally Prince Troubetsky was commissioned to visit Finland and select a suitable granite block. After several journeys to the interior of Finland the sculptor chose two enormous cliffs, which, taken together, were to form the pedestal, but experts declared them to be weather-worn, crumbling and unfitted for use and the cost of transport to be prohibitive. Then the artist refused to execute the pedestal. A subcommittee was appointed, and finally Prince Troubetsky was persuaded to sketch a design for it, but changed it three times. It consists of four solid granite blocks.—Westminster Gazette.

Paris Has a New Beau Brummel.

M. Germain, the son of the eminent founder of the great bank, the Credit Lyonnais, which employs 3,000 men, will go down to history not as a clever financier, but as a leader of fashion. It is said that he believes he is descended from Petronius, who set the fashions in the days of ancient Rome. This young man's claim to fashionable distinction is that he never enters a church without taking an opera glass with him and that he ogles the ladies during divine services. He shows, however, more courage than judgment when he enters the ranks against such historic leaders as Barbey de Aureville, Count de Orsay and the old Prince de Sagan. And among moderns M. Germain must not overlook Le Bargy, so noted for his cravats. He is, however, encouraged by the fact that the claim of the old Prince de Sagan was founded merely upon white waistcoats and the wide black strings of his eyeglasses.—Paris Letter to New York American.

The Business of Summer Amusement.

Forty million dollars is invested in the business of making Americans think they are having a good time in summer, says Robert Sloss in the Van Norden Magazine. That means only summer amusements, such as are to be found in Coney Island, Venice, California, the various white cities and suburban resorts throughout the country. It is no longer a haphazard, happy-go-lucky avocation with mushroom characteristics, but a permanent, solid industry, with enterprise and initiative as its watchword. It has its own association, although in no sense a trust. It has its own trade papers, every issue of which records a score of patents for new devices. Most of these are offered for sale to the successful managers, and most of them are turned down either because the idea is not new or is so elaborate that it would cost more to carry out than could possibly be earned by it.

Man's Hands and His Pockets.

"Nowadays," said Judge Willis, "men will even stand talking to women with their hands in their pockets." The observation is wholly accurate, but if it is intended as an illustration of the impudence of modern men we take leave to say there is some mistake. The truth is that the poor creatures do not know what to do with their hands. The pocket pose expresses diffidence, not assurance—is, in fact, a compliment. The embarrassment of the man, leading him to feel all limbs and extremities, is plainly a tribute to the dazzling qualities of the woman. —London Telegraph

FORGOT ONE THING.

Oversight of the Man Who Tried to Make Hens' Eggs.

A New Jersey man felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg—the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest—and hastened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for 50 and 60 cents a dozen. December saw the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range. The mixture was placed in it, and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blowpipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and then expressed their feelings in a mighty explosion. The neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in windows and doors fell in splinters.

Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time:

"Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula."

"Yes," said Mr. Gardner dryly, "you did forget something."

"And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter.

"I certainly do," said the congressman.

"Tell me—tell me what it is and fortune will be assured to us both."

"A hen—just a common, ordinary hen," replied the congressman from Egg Harbor unfeelingly.—National Magazine.

He Went Back.

At a ball in Edinburgh a well known and charming hostess, wishing to get a partner for one of her guests, asked a gentleman if she might introduce him to a young lady.

"Oh, yes," he drawled affectedly. "Trot her out."

This was overheard by the intended partner, who was remarkable for her native wit as well as her beauty. So when the youth was introduced to her she calmly surveyed him from head to foot and then quietly said:

"Thank you. Now trot him back, please."

On the Fly.

Probably the windiest place in North America is the short stretch in Washington from the F street car line to the entrance to the senate wing of the capitol. On a good blustery winter's day it is possible at almost any time to see two or three people chasing their hats across the street. The old timers have learned that it doesn't pay to chase your own hat. Somebody else will be sure to run after it and bring it to you.

One day Representative Murdock of Kansas rebuked a friend for starting to chase his own hat.

"Never do it," he said. "Somebody will bring it to you."

"Well, you ought to know," replied the other man. "Kansas is the windiest place on the map."

"Yes," replied Murdock, "it's so windy out there that when a man's hat blows off he never thinks of following it. He just sticks his hand up in the air and catches another."

The Inspiration of Purpose.

The great thing in life is not in realizing a purpose, but in fighting for it. If we feel the possibilities of a great work looming up large before us and impelling us to action it is our duty to consecrate ourselves to it. Failure in a great work is nobler than success in a petty one that is beneath our maximum of possibility. We have nothing to do with results; they do not belong to us anyway. It is our duty to do our best bravely and rest in the sweet comfort of this fact alone.—Circle Magazine.

The Cause of War.

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers.

"What was the *casus belli*?" asked the fair debutante.

"Maud," exclaimed mamma in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

Not What She Expected.

A popular and clever English actress, who is also considered well above the average in good looks, got a setback a short time ago. Arriving, as was her habit, at the theater a considerable time before the rise of the curtain, she chanced to meet the call boy.

"Good evening, miss," he replied. "I'm early, am I not?"

"Yes, miss," said the boy.

"You see, Harry, it takes a long time for me to make myself beautiful."

The boy looked at her for a moment, then answered gravely:

"Yes, miss, I suppose it does."

The Delirious Kind.

An old woman went to the undertaker's to order a coffin for her deceased husband.

"He was very, very, very good to me," she said, "and I'll have a coffin of the best yellow pine."

"Yes, madam. That'll be \$14," said the undertaker. "And what kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?"

"Trimmin's!" cried the old woman. "And right well ye know, ye spalpeen, that I'll have no trimmin's at all, when it was the trimmin's that the poor lad died of. Bad luck to 'em!"

A FAITHFUL PORTER.

He Tried to Follow Orders as He Understood Them.

The major dropped into his club in London one night with three pieces of courtplaster on his nose and an eye in half mourning and was vainly importuned to divulge the cause. He declined all confidences, but one friend, to whom, in a weak moment, he related the circumstances under which he had received his scars, told all about it after the major's departure.

It appears that he was stopping at an out-of-town hotel where a brawny farmer's son had been engaged with no experience in hotel work, but with a frame capable of caring for his master's property during the small hours and with a profound sense of duty as well. The weather was cold, and the major asked the landlord to have a fire made in his room at 6:30 the next morning. As is customary, a slate was hung in the hallway containing directions for the night porter regarding the time guests were to be called to catch early trains, etc., so the landlord wrote upon the slate:

"Fire 40 at 6:30."

Next morning the major was awakened by a loud knock at his door. He shouted "Come in," for it was 6:30, and the porter entered.

"You're to get out," he said briefly.

"What do you mean?" asked the major testily.

"I'll show you whwat I mane," remarked Pat, "if you don't git mighty quick. I've orders to fire you out at 6:30, and out ye go."

"What kind of a fool are you any-way?" shouted the major, sitting up in bed.

"I am all kinds," responded the porter. "but I obey orders just the same, and out ye go."

Suiting the action to his words, he grabbed the major by the neck and hauled him out into the middle of the room.

"Now driss yourself," said Pat, "and driss quick or O'll throw you out as ye are."

The major began to storm and used language not to be repeated, whereupon the exasperated and honest porter sprang upon his victim and shot him into the hall like a bundle of rags. The major's clothes, traveling bags, rugs, etc., followed.

"Now," said Pat, "if ye don't driss in folve minutes out ye go in the strate as ye were born!"

And out the major would have gone, but the landlord, disturbed by the noise, came and rescued him from his formidable persecutor. And that was the result of Pat's interpretation of "Fire 40 at 6:30."

Be Cheerful.

Always be cheerful, because it promotes the health by exhilarating the physical functions, by stimulating the process of respiration, by oxygenizing the blood, by improving nutrition and by causing the mind to feel confident of success. Charge your mind with feelings of happiness, success, joy and cheer. Remember that the pathway of the soul is not a steady ascent, but a hilly and broken one, and do not become pessimistic, for the pessimist poisons his very blood and darkens the horizon of the sun of joy.—Health Record.

Sympathy.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Linburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available, and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box and taken to the railroad baggage room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggage man was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer; "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."

Choosing the Lesser Evil.

The proverbial wit of the Irish jarvey is oftentimes mixed with an undercurrent of stern reality that is as touching as it is eloquent. A gentleman driving through Sackville street, Dublin, the other day on an outside car commented on the wretched appearance of the horse. Said he, "Pat, you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals, driving such an old screw as that."

"Be gor, sur," was the quick reply, "if I didn't drive that, I'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife and six children."—St. James' Gazette.

The Sinner's Progress.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his book, "Old and Odd Memories," the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anti-climax, the rebuke of a headmaster to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel. "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."

HOME DRESSMAKING

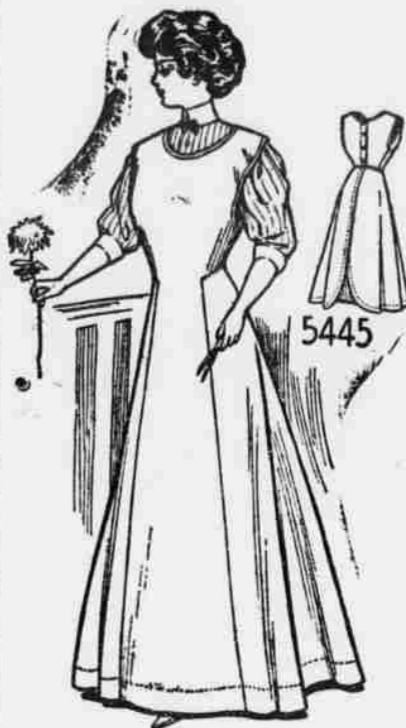
By Charlotte Martin.

BUTTERFLY DRESSING SACQUE.



Pattern No. 5441.—Plain color flannel was the material used to make this simple and attractive dressing sacque. The seams over the shoulders give extra fullness to the sleeves where needed when the arms are raised. The edges are finished with flowered ribbon. Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 bust measure requires 3 1-3 yards of 27-inch material.

LADIES' SEMI-FITTING APRON.



Pattern No. 5445.—This apron is very neat in appearance, there being no unnecessary fullness or gathers and it covers practically the whole dress. The front of the waist and skirt are cut together. The back and circular skirt are separate. Cut in 3 sizes, 32, 36 and 40 bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

CHILD'S COAT DRESS.



Pattern No. 5440.—This little dress is a decided novelty, the buttons being in front and concealed under the fold in the center. The dress is suitable for either a boy or a girl and is extremely easy to put on. Blue checked woolen was the material in the above picture, but any kind of cloth may be used for it. Cut in 3 sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Send FIVE cents for each pattern desired to Charlotte Martin, 402 W. 23rd Street, New York. State No. of pattern and size wanted.



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