

SMALL GAME IS SCARCE IN JERSEY

Decrease in Quail, Pheasants, Rabbits and Gray Squirrels Alarms Hunters

SNARERS AND TRAPPERS BLAMED

Farm Deterioration Another Cause of Shortage—Close Season to Stimulate Propagation Advocated by All Except Game Hogs.

May's Landing, N. J.—Game has been so scarce that the hunting has been a failure. Near the close of the season for quail, pheasant, rabbits and gray squirrels, statistics show there hasn't been enough shooting to supply topics for a single session of the Ananias Club. Sportsmen throughout New Jersey advocate a closed season that the propagation of game may be encouraged.

Primarily the reason for the rapid decrease of game is the onslaught made on it by hunters, legally and illegally. Climatic conditions have not so much changed as to deter its propagation, nor has the lack of feeding grounds been altogether responsible. From the records of hunting licenses issued, 2,000 gunners raided the game fields of Atlantic county this season. Add to this the number of persons hunting without licenses, the foreign residents who are either ignorant of or willfully violate the law, and the large number of persons who snare and trap game, and it is evident the chances are against the preservation of sport unless stringent measures are taken to restock the fields and woods.

Quail thrive best on farm land, where they have a wide variety of food, but when the farm is uncultivated and rank weeds grow where before grew grain the birds seek other cover. So many farms, especially in South Jersey, have been abandoned in recent years that scores of choice feeding grounds for game have been destroyed. When the native soil is fertile the natural food supplied by wild grass and weeds is no doubt sufficient for the birds; but usually the soil in deserted farms is so impoverished that such provender for the game is scarce. Sportsmen who have gone over such fields in the last season have expressed surprise at the extremely light vegetation.

In spite of the vigilance of game wardens and the protest of sportsmen, the practice of trapping game continues in almost every part of the State. Hunters have reported finding snares and boxtraps in the woods. It is dangerous to send a dog into the brush. Probably 50 per cent. of the rabbits bagged in this county are trapped; but the trappers are so wary, and the offense is so difficult to prove, that few have been caught. Quail also are snared in large numbers.

There are many hunters who go into the woods, not for sport, but for slaughter, reckoning their sportsmanship by the number of birds or animals killed rather than by skillful marksmanship. Among this class are included "ground-swipers," "pot hunters" and "game hogs." Hunters of this rank fortunately are few in number, but one such gunner can play havoc in the game fields and spoil the sport for others.

The sportsmen of New Jersey are face to face with the fact that unless something is done immediately their guns will be of little more use. Where he formerly came home with a bag of fifteen to twenty rabbits the hunter has been fortunate this season to get five. Where he shot a dozen quail a few years ago he now shoots one.

About a year ago the State Fish and Game Commission, with a view to providing better feeding grounds for quail, offered free buckwheat seed to farmers who would plant it and let it stand. Few farmers have accepted the offer.

AMPHIBIOUS AUTOMOBILE.

French War Office Acquires a New Machine Useful in the Field.

London.—A Paris despatch to the Central News says the French War Office has acquired an automobile which is capable of being instantly changed from a land to a water machine.

The machine has a speed on land of 40 kilometers and on water of 12 kilometers an hour. It can carry four persons. The power is furnished by a 14 horse-power motor.

Pulls Seven of His Own Teeth.

Middletown, N. Y.—Standing before a mirror, John Purcell, Jr., of Hallowville, Delaware County, took his jack-knife and cut around five of his aching teeth, loosening them a little, after which he inserted a pair of pliers and pulled out the trouble-makers, one by one. Later two more teeth began to misbehave and he removed them in the same manner. Purcell had suffered several days and finally decided he had sufficient nerve to act as his own dentist.

Students War on "Co-Eds" Rate. Kalamazoo, Mich.—The male students of the High School have served notice on the "co-eds" that they will not maintain "social relations" or be seen with any girl who wears a "rat" in her hair. It is believed that this action will be more effective than any edicts of the faculty.

A VINDICTIVE KNIFE.

The Weapon That Tried Several Times to Kill Kipling.

My mind has flown back down the years to London and into the large corner room on the second floor, Villiers street, Embankment Gardens. On the wall fronting the Thames hangs the most vicious looking knife I have ever seen. It is serpentine in shape, and its downward point is as sharp as a needle.

"What a villainous weapon!" I said. "Yes," replied Kipling, and I forgot the name he gave it or the section of India from which it came. The knife has tried to kill me several times. It's always on the watch. When I got it there was affixed to it like a button on a foil, one joint of a man's backbone. The knife had been run into the vertebrae, given a savage twist and brought away with it a piece of human framework.

As he spoke he approached the glittering, snake-like knife.

"Don't touch it!" I cried. "You ought to keep it in a locked box."

He didn't touch it, so far as I saw, but as he raised his hand the knife dropped like a plummet and stood quivering in the floor within an inch of his boot.

"Look at that!" he said and stood there without moving a muscle until I saw how nearly the sinister blade had come to impaling his foot. — Robert Barr in London World.

A CONVERT.

He is Now a Firm Believer in Psychic Phenomena.

"Do I believe in the occult? Sure, I do," said the suburbanite as he settled down into his seat in the smoking car and filled his pipe. "I was just as great a skeptic as you are until a week ago. I was firmly convinced that table manipulation was a fake, that mind reading was pure guesswork and that all alleged psychic phenomena could be attributed to natural causes. But now I'm willing to accept the entire propaganda. Nothing is too obscure for me to accept on blind faith. I've experienced a complete change of heart, as they used to say in the old camp meetings."

"You see, it was this way. My friend Bugbas, who is really a big on the occult, induced me to go to a seance with him the other afternoon and prevailed upon me to have a sitting. In spite of my nonbelief he said I was a good subject, and I guess I was. The lady who was delivering the soul fluid told me I should have trouble with a stout, dark woman. All the way out on the train that evening the idea haunted me. I couldn't get it out of my head.

"And, say, she was right. What happened? Why, when I got home I found myself up against the proposition of firing the colored cook. Sure, I believe in the occult. Got a light?" — New York Times.

Stevenson's Cup of Misery.

R. L. Stevenson, writing in 1893 to George Meredith, in an epistle quoted in his "Letters," says, with heart touching pathos:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wages and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific—and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle so that it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpets and the open air over my head."

How to Know the Twins.

The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts. The resemblance is accentuated by the fact that they are dressed exactly alike.

"How in the world can you yourself tell which is which, Mrs. Beverly?" asked a caller one day. "To tell the truth," she answered, "I can't always. But if I hear a noise in the pantry and I call out, 'Fred, is that you?' and he says, 'Yes, mamma, I know it's Frank and that he's in some kind of mischief.'—Exchange.

Wonderful Cactuses.

The largest cactuses in the world are those to be found in parts of Mexico. The curious bristling plants common in greenhouses and even in botanical collections give but a poor idea of the size and beauty of this variety. It is common, for example, to find a single plant growing to a height of eight or ten feet which will weigh several hundred pounds. The cactuses grow in a bewildering variety of forms and colors. Their blossoms are correspondingly large and varied.

A Cynical Citizen.

"Is your town improving?" "Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "The figures show that the tone of Crimson Gulch is improving. The population has decreased 30 per cent. the last year, and I don't know of anybody whose absence wouldn't be a benefit." — Washington Star.

A bond of union is soon formed between brethren in misfortune.—Le Sagt.

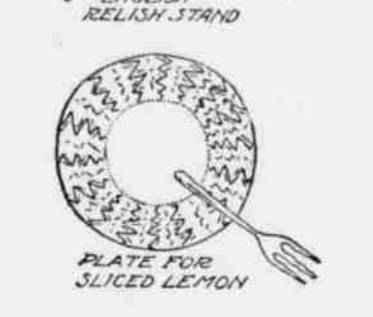
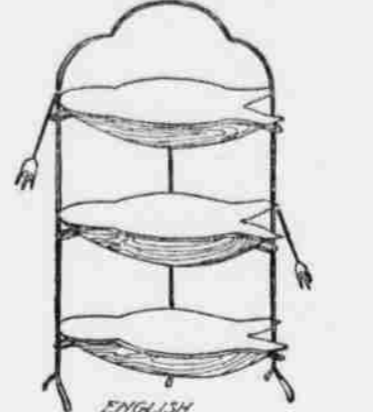
NEW THINGS IN CHINA.

A Dainty Dish of Which to Serve Sliced Lemon.

No matter how much china or glassware the average housewife possesses she is always on the alert for something new or more convenient than her present supply. Particularly does this apply to designs for special service, such as relish and entree dishes. In the accompanying sketch are shown some of the most recent productions of this character, all of them practical. The relish rack, which emanates from England, is on the order of the stands so much in vogue for serving cakes and sandwiches at 5 o'clock tea, particularly at lawn parties, to which the English are so partial. Each of the three dishes is in the form of a fish, the coloring being dull green and coral. They are supposed to hold some variety of fish relish.

Sliced lemon is the essential accompaniment of many dishes, particularly in the line of sea food, and for its special service a plate of crystal with a border of filigree silver overlay has made its appearance. A silver fork is added.

Dishes prepared in casserole are always served in the brownish fireproof



NOVELTIES TO BE FOUND IN THE SHOPS. receptacles in which the food has been cooked. To differentiate these aristocrats among baking dishes from the common kind they are slipped into a nickel or silver stand before being brought to the table. It is easier to handle the entree thus served, so there is a practical as well as an aesthetic reason for the adoption of the silver stand.

Cut glass syrup jugs are not altogether new, but one so fashioned as to do away with the necessity for a metal lip is out of the ordinary. Such is the style here pictured, the cutting of the pitcher being quite effective. A napkin ring of cut glass is uncommon and is calculated to interest the housewife who has a penchant for table equipment of this sparkling crystal.

MEATS AND VEGETABLES.

Stewed chicken without mashed potatoes and pork without apple sauce lose half their zest.

With roast meats sweet potatoes are appropriate, as are squash, tomatoes, asparagus and stewed onions.

Baked macaroni is a fitting accompaniment to a roast. So are brussels sprouts and scalloped or creamed cauliflower.

Squabs and all game have lettuce with French dressing served with them, and lettuce must be eaten with Virginia ham.

Fried onions fairly cry aloud for a juicy beefsteak, and roast beef without potatoes browned under the meat never tastes quite the same.

It is no longer correct to serve more than two vegetables with the meat course, though with poultry cranberries are counted as an extra.

Certain meats are so closely allied to certain vegetables as is the long meter dogology to "Old Hundred." To separate them seems almost desecration.

Potatoes are an accommodating sort of vegetable. They are good with all meats, though their digestibility when served more than once a day is questionable.

Turnips, carrots, parsnips and cabbage are generally eaten with boiled meats, while peas, beets, beans, corn and tomatoes are good with either boiled or roasted meats.

Celery should never be omitted when serving poultry and is an invariable accompaniment of soup. It is especially good for the nerves and is fittingly served with all meats.

Rice should be served with stewed chicken. Roast duck demands both apple sauce and stewed onions. Turkey without cranberries would be as sweet as venison without currant jelly.

BEES HAD TIP TO MOVE AWAY

Ten-Ton Boulder Fells Tree They Used on Hog Mountain for Ten Years.

Pine Brook, N. J.—Some one tipped off a big hive of bees in a hollow tree at the foot of Hog Mountain that a ten-ton boulder was going to roll down from the top of the mountain and smash everything in its path, including the tree in which they had stored 700 pounds of honey. In what way they got the tip is not known. The best evidence the bees had it is they moved to another tree out of the danger line a few hours before the big boulder made its sensational downward rush, and that Reuben Van Winkle, who owns the farm on which the bee trees are, returned from Montclair loaded down with supplies he bought after he had sold the 700 pounds of honey for fancy prices. Incidentally, when in Montclair, he felt so rich as a result of the bee tip and the boulder he went to the Central Hotel and had a full course dinner.

It was the first time I had eaten a dinner with side dishes since my wedding day, thirty-seven years ago," Van Winkle said. "When I think of that dinner and look at all these pretty things I have bought, and hear this money jingling in my pockets, I certainly feel favorably disposed toward bees and boulders."

The bees occupied the hollow tree ten years. Van Winkle never disturbed them, because he knew the only way to get the honey was to cut the tree down. He was averse to doing that. So the insects worked away until the tree literally was saturated with honey. Two weeks ago he noticed the bees were moving to another hollow tree. He thought it was because a new swarm was being driven out of the old quarters to find a new home. As he sized it up, nothing short of a big fight in the hive could force bees to go out.

On Sunday night the Van Winkles were aroused by a terrific crashing on the mountainside. Van Winkle got out of bed and went to investigate. By that time the noise had ceased and he could not discover its cause. In the morning, however, he saw the big boulder in his meadow and up the mountainside trees which had been felled by its rush. At the end of the line lay the old bee tree.

Then it dawned upon Van Winkle why the bees had moved.

INFANT WITH A RECORD.

Represents Fifth Generation and Has Eleven Grandparents.

Danville, Ind.—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Parker of Hendricks County, Mary Margaret, has a record of relatives unequalled in Indiana. She represents the fifth generation of her family that is yet living, and she has eleven grandparents living. Her great-great-grandparents on her mother's side are Mr. and Mrs. James Kibby of Advance, while Dr. and Mrs. Burke of the same place have the honor of being her grandparents. Mrs. Jacob Kendall of Lizton is also her great-grandmother.

It is difficult to trace all the eleven branches of the family tree. The combined ages of the five generations in a direct line total something over two hundred years. The new arrival, who is now but ten days old, has already received messages from her many relatives, and it is probable that within a short time a family reunion will be arranged, when, if possible, all the fond great-great-grandparents, together with the grandparents, parents and other near kinsfolk, will gather for a general mutual admiration meeting.

HIS DOG REPAID KINDNESS.

Miller Sheltered the Animal and it Saved His Family.

Stratford, Conn.—A. Miller found a small yellow dog one cold stormy day, and, taking pity on it, took it home. Sunday morning at 3 o'clock the dog repaid Miller by saving the family from death.

Miller, awakened by the dog, saw tongues of flame coming through the floor. Finding the hallway a mass of flames, Miller made a rope of bed-clothing and lowered his wife and three sleeping children from a window. Before jumping himself he dropped the dog into the arms of his wife. The floor caved in a few seconds later.

Flying Autoist Hit by Flying Owl.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—While out in his automobile, George Reynolds threw his head back as an owl flew directly across his steering wheel. He thought it was a pheasant, and, making a quick grab, caught the bird by the feet. The owl made a fight and sunk its claws into Reynolds's glove, but he managed to hold on and brought the owl home. It is a beautiful specimen.

Firm to Can Jack Rabbits.

Manitowac, Wis.—A company which is negotiating for property here seeks to establish a plant for canning rabbits, tame and jack, and the tanning of the hides of the animals, which will be raised by farmers of the county under contract. The concern will employ 100 men at the outset.

Diamond in Spring Chicken's Claw.

Zanesville, O.—John A. Gray, a rail-roader, is exhibiting a diamond, valued at \$125, which was found in the claw of a "spring" chicken he had purchased in the public market. Where the chicken picked up the "sparkler" is a mystery.

Bodies buried for 150 years have been found in Siberia in a perfect state of preservation.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

NOW, Daphne, dear, you must not fret. My well beloved suffragette.

No matter what our laws may say, I'll see to it you have your way. There used to be a saying that "There's several ways to skin a cat." And even if the law denies And casts on you its marble eyes, Just list to me and you will note Exactly how you'll win the vote.

You'll have it ere election time, My best beloved maid, or I'm No prophet of what is to be, If you will only list to me.

I want you, Daphne, for my own. I cannot go through life alone. Since meeting you, I must confess, I've little use for loneliness.

I want your hand; I want your heart; I'd have you drive my apple cart; I want your smile about my placé; I want each day to see your face And every smile it sheds to be A smile on nobody but me.

And so this fair exchange I'd make! Give me yourself, and you may take My vote for evermore to use In any way you chance to choose. I want your heart; you want a vote— Let's swap and joy for all promote.

When comes around election day I'll go and vote it as you say, And no one will be wiser be. Save me and you and you and me. 'Tisn't to be illegal either, for The secret ballot is the law!

—Horace Dodd Gastin in New York Times.

Following a Lead. A lady who had been married only a month on receiving a nice brace of pheasants as a gift told the servant to cook them for Saturday's dinner.

"Please, mum, do you like the birds 'igh?" asked the girl.

"Like the bird's eye, Mary? What do you mean?" replied the mistress.

"Well, mum, some folks like the birds' state," explained Mary.

"Oh, like the bird's tail! Yes, bring in both the eye and the tail."—London News.

Coincidences.

First Stranger (on railway train)—So you are selling Professor Blank's new book, are you? Strange coincidence. I am Professor Blank.

Second Stranger—That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?

"Yes; the hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."—New York Weekly.

The Limelight.

"Why did Ranterton give up his part and quit the company at the last moment?"

"He discovered at our final dress rehearsal," replied the manager, "that in one scene he would be expected to stand up stage, with his back turned toward the audience, while another member of the company made a speech nearly a quarter of a minute long."—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Links.

The Golfer (to the clergyman he has just beaten at golf)—Never mind, old chap; you will get even with me when you read my burial service.

The Clergyman—That will still be your hole.

Their Substitute.

Eva—Yes, we bachelor girls often give a yacht party and never think of taking a man along.

Jack—Well, well! Don't you ever get lonesome?

Eva—Oh, well, if we do we hug the shore.—Houston Post.

The Reason.

"Well, Johnny, do you wish you were a grownup man?"

"You bet I do."

"But why?"

"So people wouldn't ask me such fool questions."—Cleveland Leader.

An Improvement.

"Haven't you been doing something to improve your paper recently?" asked the caller in the newspaper office.

"Oh, yes," replied the young clerk. "We've sent the editor away on a vacation."—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Advice.

He—But I tell you what it is, Maude—If your father is at all unreasonable I shall put my back to the wall and—

She—Keep it there. That would be the safe position.—Kansas City Journal.

Providential.

Mother—Why should we make Willie a doctor when there are so many new doctors every year?

Father—But think of all the new ailments—Megendorfer Blander.

Too Fresh.

Tessie Tourist—I certainly enjoy the freshness of this mountain air.

Tilly Travel—Yes, but I didn't enjoy the freshness of that mountaineer we met back there.—Smart Set.

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