

MAN OF MILLIONS REPENTS THEFTS

Joseph Fels to Use His Wealth Against the System Under Which He Acquired It

SCORNS OTHER RICH MEN

Calls Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Morgan Robbers Through Unjust Laws, Although Personally Honest—John D. Mild and Harmless.

Chicago. — "Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, and other captains of industry are robbers, and their millions are ill-gotten gains. We cannot get rich fast enough nowadays without robbing the public. I admit that I, too, have robbed the public, and I am still doing it, but I propose to spend the accursed money in wiping out the system by which I made it."

Joseph Fels, a millionaire manufacturer of soap, made this statement in talking to fellow-diners at the University of Chicago Settlement. He was the guest of honor, the hostesses being Mrs. W. F. Dummer and Miss Mary McDowell. His remarks were in amplification of a brief statement that started members of the City Club whom he had addressed at luncheon earlier in the day.

Under a fire of questions Mr. Fels, who has fled from the La Salle Hotel to escape the appeals of fortune hunters, incited by reports that he intended to divide \$5,000,000 among "the worthy" explained his plans to "quiet his conscience" by heavy expenditures of his "robber wealth."

"I do not believe in charities," he said. "They are agents of pauperization. Neither am I a philanthropist. I have in mind no plan to aid institutions of mercy however worthy they may be generally esteemed."

"Rockefeller and other millionaires have accumulated their wealth through unjust laws, especially under the tariff's protection," he said, "and because of these laws I, too, have robbed the public and am still robbing it. I am not responsible for these laws, but am doing, and intend to do, what I can to change them."

"How are you getting rid of your robber wealth?" Mr. Fels was asked. "For one thing," he replied, "I am interested in spending the single tax propaganda throughout the world. The movement is active in the United States, England, Canada, South Australia, New Zealand, New South Wales, Denmark, Sweden, and other nations."

One of the diners who knew volunteered the information that this work was costing Mr. Fels \$150,000 a year, as he duplicated, dollar for dollar, every contribution made to the cause. A house of public speakers, trained in the argument against "land monopoly," are kept in the field.

"If we had an educational fund of \$1,000,000 a year," said Mr. Fels, "we'd upset the world in twenty years as to economic conditions. I will be one of twelve to supply the funds."

Maryland, a model town, 50 miles from London, also has been the recipient of about \$150,000 of Mr. Fels's "conscience fund," or "swag," as he calls his wealth.

"I intend to use my money," explained Mr. Fels, "to force into use land that is being held for the increment. I do not believe in speculating in land values. It is an enormous swindle. As a business man and land owner I have taken advantage of monopolies which private ownership of lands gave me; lands which rightfully belong to many instead of the few. The tariff is a further pauperization of the toiler for the benefit of the monopolist. Perhaps I would have made a fortune despite the laws, but I want to bring into operation conditions of equal manhood, conditions under which all have an equal chance."

Mr. Fels said he did not mean that he and Rockefeller and Morgan, and Carnegie had been personally dishonest in the accumulation of their fortunes.

"John D. Rockefeller," he continued, "is a mild, harmless man with a mistaken ideal, but personally honest. None the less, he is a robber."

MEDIAEVAL PRACTICE REVIVED.

Husband Compels Wife to Thrust Needles Through Wax Image. Paris.—The most curious feature of the cruelties practiced by Parat, the apothecary of the Rue Vaugirard, upon his wife was the revival of the superstitious practice introduced in France by the Italian necromancers in the time of Catherine de Medici.

He constantly accused his wife of unfaithfulness, and compelled her hour after hour, under fear of death, to thrust needles through a waxen image supposed to represent the other man, whose tragic end was thus, in Parat's opinion, assured.

Canada Seeks Homeless Boys. Ottawa, Canada.—Lord Mount Stephen, formerly President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has placed securities amounting to \$300,000 in the hands of trustees to be used to foster desirable British immigration to Canada. Boys from Dr. Bernarde's home for homeless boys in London will be encouraged and aided to come to Canada.

WORK MORE FATAL THAN PLAY

Dr. Hutchinson Includes Wine, Woman and Song in the Latter Category.

Indianapolis.—Speaking at the conference of hygiene of the National Education Association, Dr. Woods Hutchinson of New York said: "We hear much about the terrible ravages of death among those who enjoy themselves. They call it the result of diseases of play, but the diseases of work kill their hundreds of thousands, while only hundreds of thousands succumb to the diseases of play—even including dissipation and wine, woman and song."

"We say usually that when a man gets old he does not enjoy himself and that he does not have any pleasure. We say that when a man gets old he quits playing. The fact is that when a man quits playing he gets old. And it is said, too, that play costs money, and that you cannot play without money. It is always the things that are expensive and luxurious that men desire for their amusement and pleasure. But this is wrong, too, for the very best things for our plays are the free things. They are the things that cost nothing."

That baseball should be an important part of the education of children and that every schoolboy, and perhaps, every schoolgirl, should play the game, is the opinion of William A. Strecher, director of physical training in the public schools of Philadelphia, expressed in the conference of hygiene of the National Education Association in this city.

Each school should have a baseball club and the clubs should visit each other's grounds in the fashion of the professional leagues, Strecher added. Increasing attention must be paid to strengthening the bodies of children if their mentality is to improve, he pointed out, and he asserted that of all games baseball provides the best and safest exercise.

RACE SUICIDE IS GIVING THE COUNTRY TO ALIENS.

Plain Talk by a Paulist Priest to Chicago Audience.

Chicago. — Father Isidore, whose travels as a missionary have taken him into many countries, discussed "Race Suicide" with extraordinary bluntness before a large audience at the Mission of the Paulist Fathers in Holy Name Cathedral. Aside from his warnings to both men and women, he predicted—and even now saw coming to pass—the destruction of the race that first settled this country, driven out of power and displayed by the more vigorous child-bearing immigrants.

CAUGHT A WHITE MUSKRAT.

Rare Albino, Say the Old Trappers of the Jersey Swamps.

Caldwell, N. J.—James Marsh, who makes a business of trapping in the Big Pine swamp near here, captured an albino muskrat. The creature has pure white fur and pink eyes. Old hunters and trappers, who have killed many hundreds of muskrats every spring for many years in the lowlands bordering the upper courses of the Passaic, Pompton and Rockaway rivers, say that they never before have seen an albino muskrat. The usual color of the rodents is brown, sometimes shading almost to black.

Marsh has spent the last two months hunting and during that time has secured more than 150 skins of the dark colored muskrats. These with the skin of several mink,unks and possums will net him about \$150.

AND HER NAME WAS "MAUD."

Mule Killed a Bear, According to Farmer's Story.

Huntingdon, Pa.—Daniel Shawley, a local farmer, tells a story of how he escaped death through the sagacity of a net mule, which kicked a black bear to death just as it was giving Shawley a death hug. Shawley has lost several sheep through bears. This morning he went on a hunting trip with a shotgun. He had fired the two barrels at a bear when it closed with him. Shawley whistled for "Maud," the mule. According to his story, "Maud" ambled to the scene of the struggle and let fly with both heels, killing the bear. Shawley exhibits a dead bear weighing 292 pounds to prove his story.

May Smoke at Home.

Buffalo, N. Y.—A man can have the privilege of smoking in his own home if he supports his wife and family, according to a decision handed down in City Court by Judge Nash in the case of Mrs. Theodore Budaszewski against her husband for alleged non-support.

Hempstead, N. Y.—Great excitement was caused in Main street in this village when a Plymouth Rock hen rushed to the doorstep of a shop and laid an egg on the mat. The wife of the proprietor put the egg in the show window.

London.—Never were hats so extravagant in size and costliness as now. The latest fancy of the smart French woman is to have beautifully painted miniatures set into gold or jeweled rims to serve as the heads of hats.

JACK'S EASTER.

LIKE the domes and pinnacles of a city celestial glittered the icy range of the Sangre de Cristo. The valley was sprinkled with iris and columbine. The breath of spring softly stirred the pines in the canyon. Brimstone Gulch awoke to Easter morning—awoke with bloodshot eyes and shaky hands.

There had been a hot time the night before at Sandy Pete's saloon. But this morning Sandy Pete, with his cohorts, was busily employed in slicking up, for there were to be Easter services held in the place for the first time in the history of Brimstone Gulch.

This was the way of it: The young wife of the superintendent of the Lone Star mine, whom every man, woman, child and dog in the camp adored, had taken matters into her own pretty hands.

She had imported a gospel sharp from Denver and had formed the children of the camp into a chorus and taught them the songs for the day. She had, moreover, the night before invited the boys, including many of the toughest and most prominent citizens of Brimstone Gulch, "JACK, HUMP YOURSELF!" up to her cottage to hear the rehearsal of the Easter music.

It all came back to Huerfano Jack as he lay under the pines this morning, the scene of the night before—the sweet, dainty lady in her white gown, the sound of the piano, the soft lamplight and the happy voices of the children ringing out in the hymn:

I've found a friend in Jesus. He's everything to me. He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. The Lily of the Valley. In him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

The words were set to swinging music, and all the boys had whistled the tune as they came down the trail from the superintendent's cottage to the saloon.

They rang now in Huerfano Jack's head. Cattle thief, desperado, murderer as he was, he was trying to hum them:

He's the Lily of the Valley. The bright and morning star. He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. The Lily of the Valley—she had the room full of the flowers the night before; she wore them on her breast; she gave a spray to each one of the boys as they came away. Huerfano Jack turned suddenly and pressed his fierce, scarred face against a withered cluster of the tiny white bells pinned on his rough corduroy jacket.

A rustle in the pines; a pallid, terrified face peering down at him. "For God's sake, Jack, hump yourself!" whispered Monte Jim. "Bill Wilcox, the sheriff from Pueblo, and two of his deputies are after you for that business in Trinidad. Get across the gulch if you can and lose yourself on the other side of the range. Run like mad!"

It was just at the moment that the superintendent and his wife walked toward the open door of the saloon, with their clerical guest from Denver, that Bill Wilcox fired at the skulking figure in the pines close by.

Huerfano Jack ran forward a few steps, threw up his hands, turned around and fell at the feet of the lady. She screamed once and then sank on her knees beside him, taking his head on her arm and trying in vain to stanch the blood from the great hole in his breast with her dainty handkerchief. "Oh, poor man—poor man!" she sobbed. "Oh, why did you kill him?" she asked as Bill Wilcox came up, his revolver yet smoking and his bulldog face white and stern.

But before the sheriff could answer Huerfano Jack spoke in a singularly clear and far-reaching voice: "Because I am a thief and murderer. But, miserable dog that I am, you, lady, have given me the only happiness I have ever known."

His glaring eyes sought the lovely face filled with divine pity bending over him. Perhaps she read the petition in those dying eyes.

She unfastened the lilies in her gown and gently laid them over his bleeding breast.

The voices of the children rang out from their final Easter rehearsal in the saloon:

He's the Lily of the Valley. The bright and morning star— Huerfano Jack smiled. "The lily of the valley," he murmured. His hands suddenly closed tensely over the flowers on his heart.

He's the Lily of the Valley. In him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole, came the sweet, childish voices from the saloon.

The clergyman from Denver lifted his hat. "Let us pray," he said solemnly—"let us pray for our departed brother."

THE LEGEND OF THE EGGS

CATHEDRAL bells, with their hollow lungs, Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues.

Over the roofs of the city pour Their joyous Easter music with joyous roar Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled. As he swings aloft in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me As he merrily climbs his father's knee. "Why are those eggs that you see me hold Colored so finely with blue and gold? And what is the beautiful bird that lays Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies. Like laughter and tears, in my child's blue eyes. And every face in the street is gay. Why cloud this youngster by saying nay? So I nudged my brain for the story he begs

And tell him the tale of the Easter eggs: "You have heard, my child, of One who died, Crowned with keen thorns and crucified. And how Joseph, the wealthy, whom God cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord And piously tumbled it within the rock And closed the gates with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the gate a fair tree grew. With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue. And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest. Which was bordered with mosses like malachite And held four eggs of ivory white.



"Now, when the bird from her dim recess Beheld the Lord in his burial dress And looked on the heavenly face so pale And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the morn was up She sat and sang in her moss wreathed cup A song of sorrow as wild and shrill As the homeless wind when it roams the hill. So full of tears, so loud and long That the grief of the world was turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night A glimmering angel clothed in white. And he rolled the stone from the tomb away. Where the Lord of the earth and heaven lay; And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree Beheld the celestial mystery. And its heart was filled with a sweet delight. And it poured a song on the sobbing night. Notes climbed notes till higher, higher. They shot to heaven like sparks of fire.

"When the glittering white robed angel heard The sorrowing song of the grieving bird And heard the following chant of mirth That hailed Christ risen from the earth He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest, Thyself, thy eggs and thy moss wreathed nest.'"

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night, When death bowed down to the Lord of light, The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue. And burn with red and gold and blue. Reminding mankind in their simple way Of the holy marvel of Easter day."

—Fitz James O'Brien.



The Thorn Crown.

The thorns that had crowned the brow of the King fell in a crimson wreath at the foot of a cross upon a hill called Calvary, and they cried to the darkness to hide them from the sight of men—to shadow them forever beneath the night's black wings. And welcome was the dark to them and all the thunder of the skies. But when the night was done and light came with the morning white roses bloomed above them, so that the red upon their spears was hidden, and men, beholding, marveled at the flowers, nor saw the thorns that had wounded the brow of the beautiful King. And the name of the roses was Love—even that Love which shelters in its own bosom the shaft that wounds it and makes earth and heaven sweeter with forgiveness.

An Easter Transformation. Lenten maiden, clad in gray. What a saint you are today! Prim, demure or sweetly shy. How your eyes turn toward the sky!

Easter maiden, clad in white. What an angel in my sight! In your paw, sedate and meek. How your eyes the hymnal seek!

Easter maiden, clad in blue. Once again I welcome you. What a joy once more to see Roguish glances turned on me! —New York Times.

HOW PRISONERS CONVERSE.

An Exchange of Criminal Records During Psalm Singing.

A man who was sent to jail in Glasgow, Scotland, recently, for three days, for a small offence, was greatly impressed with the precautions taken to prevent the prisoners engaging in conversation. There seemed to be wardens everywhere, and no one was allowed to utter a word. On the Sunday he was in the church the Psalm given was the Old Hundred. Beside him were two old jail birds, and instead of the orthodox words beginning "All people that on earth do dwell," this pair sang a hymn of their own in conversational style, which went something as follows.

First convict sings: "How long are you in for? I am doing sixty days. I nearly broke a copper's jaw. Sing low or else they'll maybe hear."

Second convict replies: "You are a lucky pig-ean. I've got twelve months to serve. Tried to break into a house; Somebody must have given me away." By this method they exchanged histories during the singing.

Reason and Instinct. If reasoning consists in "drawing a conclusion or deduction from two or more premises," it would be exceedingly unscientific to deny the royal faculty to many of the so-called "lower animals," since it has been demonstrated that they do most unquestionably draw such conclusions. The verdict of modern science is clearly to the effect that animals reason as sharply as man, although not always so well or over so wide a range.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 4:48 p. m. Sundays at 2:48 p. m. Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:05 p. m. Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:10. Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONSDALE BRANCH. Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and stations including Albany, Binghamton, Philadelphia, Scranton, etc.

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