

MEN OF 1812 SOTS, SAYS THEOLOGIAN

Declares Alleged Saints of a Century Ago, Were Drunkards and Slave Traders

WORLD NEVER WAS BETTER

In the Olden Days it Took Thirty Barrels of Older Cider to Get One Minister's Family Through the Winter.—Less Gambling Now.

Cambridge, Mass.—If you had been told one week that your great grandfather was a thief, a bribe-taker and a general reprobate, and you had gone through it all peacefully, and the next week another man came along and told you your grandfather was a sot, a slave-trader and a confidence man, wouldn't it upset you?

Historian Stark was the man who paid his disrespect to the Revolutionary heroes, and now Dr. Borden B. Bowne says the men of 1812.

Dr. Bowne in a lecture delivered at the Methodist Students' Social Union, before the members and faculty of the Boston University Theological School and the Harvard Methodist Association, declared "the world of today is not getting worse in spite of muck-rakers and pessimists." The opposite is the fact, he avowed, and the world was never as good as it is to-day.

"Go a hundred years back," he said, "and you will find that the men who were placed on a pedestal then and worshipped as saints, would not be tolerated now.

"Many of them were drunkards and slave-traders. Many of the ministers needed at least thirty barrels of cider to take them through the winter.

"Gambling was much more common, and was done much more openly, and in many cases for religious advancement.

He cited the building of Union College in New York by funds obtained from a lottery, and many other similar cases where religious institutions, and churches were founded by methods that would not be countenanced now.

Dr. Bowne put in a good word for the present day politician who, he said, is much more presentable and decent and honest than his father was.

There is more religion to the square foot in our colleges now than there was thirty years ago. The millenium still lies far up stream and we have still to pull and pull hard."

WANTS A MILITANT CHRIST.

Weak and Effeminate Pictures Have Poor Effect on Boys, Says Theologian.

New Haven, Conn.—That weak and effeminate pictures of Christ have a very poor effect on boys, is the opinion Prof. George B. Gilbert of the Hartford School of Theology, expressed here in an address on "The Church and the Bad Boy."

"Many pictures of Christ, not the weak, feminine kind, are needed in a boy's room," he said. "Christ was never represented as a bearded man in the early church. Boys should have an active picture of Christ. Christ in a picture for the boy, should be shown as young, round limbed, strong, and active. Have a picture of Christ in a boy's room kicking over the money changers' tables and smashing them over the head with the pieces. That's the kind of a picture we want."

He thought the bad boy was the best, because he showed more life. Boys, he said, should not be taught by women teachers in the Sunday schools, but by young unmarried men. They ought to be allowed, he said, to wear out the church carpets.

TRUE, KISSING IS RISKY.

"But It's a Poor Sort of a Fellow Who Won't Take Some Chances."

Milwaukee, Wis.—The kissing bug may be an all-devouring pestilence, but it has found one defender, and that one defender is in the ranks of the most advanced scientists, being Dr. M. P. Ravenel, the head of the State society which is conducting the war against tuberculosis. Dr. Ravenel is a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin and was the leader in the organization of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Society.

"Kissing is risky, but it is a poor sort of a fellow who will not take some chances," he said in a lecture before a Milwaukee audience.

Policewoman a Success.

Berlin.—Fraulein Margaret Dittmer, who was appointed on the Berlin police staff in October, 1908, has had 604 cases to deal with during her first year of service. Her work consists in acting as the guardian of youthful delinquents, waifs and children who are ill-treated, by their parents. Waifs are placed in orphanages, and in cases of parental cruelty which have been proved in court it is Fraulein Dittmer's duty to visit the homes at irregular intervals to prevent the offense from being repeated.

Catch \$7,200 Worth of Fish in a Day.

Red Wing, Minn.—With a seine 1,800 feet long and several men to assist him, David Gautenbein in one afternoon took from the upper Mississippi inland lakes \$7,200 worth of fish. He loaded the fish into cars, got them to market and has just received checks in payment for them.

SPARROWS AID CRIPPLE

Damn Gutter and Get Wounded Bird from Leader Pipe Where It was Stuck.

Upper Montclair, N. J.—When a disabled English sparrow fell from the limb of an overhanging tree upon the roof of Ernest T. Lopenny's home in Valley Road the rest of the flock flew down after it to give aid and comfort. As they were twittering, in apparent perplexity, in the midst of the rain the disabled bird rolled into the water gutter and was washed along toward the leader pipe. Several of its feathered companions plucked at it, but their combined strength was not sufficient and in a moment the bird was swept into the mouth of the leader. It got stuck on the way down.

One or two of the older birds at once flew to the ground, evidently expecting the disabled sparrow to be washed out of the spout. But it wasn't. They stopped on the curved lower end of the spout and neared in and seemed to be listening and wondering. Perhaps they heard its faint "tweet." At any rate they flew back to the roof and scattered the news, whatever it was, to the flock.

Then the flock stood in the gutter and dammed the tiny torrent a few moments. They hopped to the roof and flew to the ground. The renewed rush of the water washed the disabled bird out of the leader and the flock pushed it to a dry place under the porch. Lopenny said his wife, who with him witnessed the affair, urged him several times to go to the assistance of the birds, but he preferred to see just what action the sparrows would take to get the bird out of the spout.

DIPLOMAT'S GLASSES LOST.

While Talking to Lady in Decollette Gown, They Fell.

Washington, D. C.—Over the tea cups Washington society laughed heartily about a White House incident at the Army and Navy reception that is going the rounds of cheerful gossips. The dramatic personae of the story included a celebrated diplomat and statesman, rather on in years, who wears eyeglasses. While trying to adjust them to his aquiline nose they slipped from his fingers—not to the floor, but down the decollette gown of a young navy matron who was standing in front of him.

The statesman was in despair and finally appealed to the lady's husband to recover his property. With the usual thoughtfulness of the married man, Mr. Husband reached down and fished out the glasses before all the guests. The lady shrieked, there was a small riot to rescue her, and then the husband explained, the statesman explained, and the lady graciously declared it of no consequence; but she literally looked daggers at her husband.

GANDER WHIPS A COW.

Gets Strangle Hold on Jersey's Nose and Puts Her to Flight.

Dickson, Tenn.—With the cow usually favorite in everybody's estimation, but with almost everybody favoring the "under dog," which in this case, happened to be a plain everyday gander at the head of a flock of town geese, the gander routed and put to flight the cow in a fight viewed by half the population of Dickson.

The fight took place on the main street and it seems was started by the geese refusing right of way to Betsy, the prettiest Jersey cow in town. The geese hissed and flapped their wings, but the old gander was game enough to tackle Betsy, getting a strangle hold on Betsy's nose with his bill, causing Betsy to take flight.

The incident was not without its betting feature, one game sport cleaning up backing the goose to win.

PAID FOR BEING SCARED BALD.

Jury Awards \$2,000 to Factory Girl Whose Hair Fell Out After Fright.

St. Paul, Minn.—Because she proved that she had become bald as the result of a fright, Tillie Ominsky, a factory girl, was awarded \$2,000 by a jury in the Circuit Court here. Charles Weinhausen & Co. must pay. The girl was employed a little more than a year ago at a machine which elevated paper boxes to the floor above. In some manner her waist caught in the wheels and shafting and she was drawn tight against the machine.

During the trial just concluded physicians and surgeons testified that fright had so affected her nervous system that her hair died and fell from her head.

SHUN RICH, SAYS BISHOP.

Most of Them Burdened with False Friendship, Asserts Rev. Cranston. Baltimore, Md.—That the greater portion of the wealthy people of this country are burdened with false friendships and are already doomed, was the statement made by Bishop Cranston in a sermon at Garrett Park Methodist Episcopal Church here.

"The wealthy are not to be patterned after," he said. "Do not follow them. If you, my brethren, were to visit their mansions, you might be acquainted with them, but they would not receive you into their fellowship; if they did, perhaps, it would be a false fellowship."

VENTED HIS CURIOSITY.

Little Boy Anxious to Know Mysteries of Bishop's Toilet.

The visiting bishop had taken charge of a class of small boys, and had been much flattered by the absorbed interest which one youngster had taken in all that he had said and done. At the conclusion of the lesson the bishop said kindly: "Now, if any of you boys have a question to ask I shall be very glad to answer it."

The boy who had been so attentive during the lesson raised a hesitating but an eager hand. "Well, Johnny?" encouraged the bishop. "An' kin I ask anything?" questioned Johnny. "I shall be glad to answer any question," replied the bishop with a benign smile. "Well, thin, is thim (indicating the bishop's robes) all yez hev on or do yez wear yor pants under thim?" he questioned with the eagerness of long pent-up curiosity.

His Singular Infirmity.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"I'll have to write it for you, ma'am," said the new boy, hesitatingly.

"I think not. My hearing is quite good. Your name, please?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Are you ashamed of your name?"

"No, ma'am, but—"

"Then we will not waste any more time, if you please. I am waiting."

The boy's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets and his face became contorted as he began:

"Kuk-kuk-kuk Clarence! That's my first name. The other is Pupp-pupp-pup Perkins! I never stutter 'cept when I'm speaking my name, and when I'm nagged like this I'm a whole lot worse, ma'am."

Wanted the Feet.

Here is a verbatim copy of a letter received by a local stove concern:

"Gentlemen—Dere Sirs: I received de stove by which I by from you airite, but vy don't you send me no feet, what is de use of de stove ven he don't get no feet I lose to you no customer suer ting by having de feet as tats no very pleasure for me wat is de matter mit you is not my trade money as good like another mans. I lose my trade and I mad like hell and now I tell you are darn fools and no good I send you back de stove tomorrow forever because you are such darn foolishness.

"P. S.—Zince I rite dis, I find my feet in the oven."

What the Ailment Was.

A New England statesman was referring to the dry humor of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:

One day Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester who had been thought to have appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

Whereupon the Senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

'Tis Distance Lends Enchantment.

An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never perhaps with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the various definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling-lesson and I said: "Sadie, what is a gentleman?" "Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."

Sounded Like Sarcasm.

"What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk.

"That is a foreign book, entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed.

"I guess I'll have to charge you a duty on it," replied the inspector. "It competes with a small and struggling industry in this country."

Put it on Himself.

"I thought you were working on Smith's new house," said the house painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes; that is where he put most of it."

Inappropriate.

The captain was explaining what would be done in case of accident.

"And should the ship strike a rock," he continued, "we'd burn red fire and send up rockets."

"But wouldn't that be a rather unusual time to celebrate, captain?" asked the towheaded youth with the bulldog pipe.

Polar Bill of Fare.

Shoe Dealer—Here are a pair of boots that will suit you exactly in your next dash for the pole. How did you like the last pair I sold you?

Arctic Explorer (reminiscently)—The best I ever tasted.

In Hands of His Friends.

"Yea, sub," said Brother Dickey, "any race what wants to live in Illinois kin go dar, how an' when dey likes, but es for me, I'll stay whar I is—'mongst de folks I raise an' born wid, an' ef I is lynched, please God, I'll be lynched by my fr'en's!"

Gets There Anyhow.

Suffragette—We believe that a woman should get a man's wages.

Married Man—Well, judging from my own experience, she does.—Boston Transcript.

A STATESMAN'S PLEA.

Members from Shellback Tells Why His Bill Should Be Passed.

"Er—H'm—Mister Speaker—" began the cross-grown member from Shellback County, rising in his place in the midst of the Arkansas Legislature, "I ask for the passage of this yere hen-hawk bill o' mine in the interests of religion, good morals and civilization.

"If we don't have a law payin' a bounty for killin' 'em, nobody will kill hen-hawks; if nobody kills the hawks the fetch-taked hawks will kill the chickens; if we don't have no chickens we won't have no preachers after a little while, and whur there ain't no preachers there ain't no religion, and whur there ain't no religion there ain't no morals; without good morals there ain't no happy homes, and happy homes is the bully-works of the State—without 'em, Mr. Speaker, our boasted civilization becomes a howling wilderness. For the preservation of civilization we've got to have happy homes in our midst, and in order to have 'em we've got to have good morals, good morals depend upon religion, and to have religion we must have preachers, and it 'pears like preachers have just naturally got to have chickens; if we want 'em to have chickens we must slay off the hawks, and in order to git the hawks slew we are forced to make it to the interest of somebody to kill 'em. No bounty, no chickens; no chickens, no preachers; no preachers, no religion; no religion, no morals; no morals, no homes. Therefore, I ag'in ask that this yere bill o' mine be passed."

"I'm that's strange. I've only been at the sea two hours and I have already put on twelve pounds."

A Treat for the Doctor.

A Philadelphian, who has since then fortunately regained his health, was last year the subject of an extended examination by specialists.

"The examination seems to have delighted Dr. Blank," said the patient to one of the doctors, when they were alone for a moment, "for I have noticed that his eyes are positively beaming. I assume, then, that my case is not a grave one."

"Well," hesitated the physician addressed, "I hardly feel justified in saying that. But I understand from Dr. Blank that he is going to perform a number of interesting operations on you."

Clerical Repartee.

A prominent rabbi of Pittsburg met recently at a dinner a priest whom he had known intimately years before. During the meal the conversation took a bantering turn, and the father, turning to the rabbi, inquired:

"My friend, when are you going to begin eating pork?"

Instantly the rabbi replied, "At your wedding, sir."

Price of Opportunity.

Town Marshall—Ye can't git a drink under any circumstances in this town. Stranger (fingering a roll of bills)—Then I suppose I'll have to give it up. Town Marshall (lowering voice)—Well, say—I'll make the circumstances two dollars, just to accommodate ya.

A Western Solon.

Prosecuting Attorney (Frozen Dog)—Your Honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible!

Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then! We can't adjourn court for a week just to hunt up a new Bible!

His All.

Knox—There goes young De Short in Jay Greene's automobile.

Crox—Why, I thought De Short owned it. He told me not an hour ago that he had put all his money into it. Knox—Well, he probably told the truth. He bought 50 cents' worth of gasoline.

No Value Whatever.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head. Doctor—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it as a gift.

In Price, not Size.

He looked in a store window, and saw, "Hats reduced." "Heavens!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"

Organic.

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?" "Now, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

The Sinking Rooms of Persia.

A Persian diplomat, seated on the white beach at Ormond, fanned his moist brow with a Panama. "The sun is hot," he said. "It recalls faintly to me the heat of Persia. But you have no need of sinking rooms here."

"Sinking rooms?" said the girl in white. "I've heard of sinking funds, but—"

"You use them in Persia—if you're rich enough—in the great heats," he interposed. "They're rooms of glass that sink down into the vitreous blue depths of Lake Niris, the most beautiful of Persian lakes, is almost crowded with sinking rooms during the hot weather.

"They're very pleasant. You furnish them sumptuously—rugs and pale silk hangings, ivory carvings and mother-o-pearl—and you take down with you singing girls and dancing girls and girls to serve the sherbet and to fill the hookahs."

He sighed.

"All this," he said, "is very pleasant, but I would gladly exchange the glare of this hot sun, the smell 'nd dust and roar of these high powered motor-cars for Lake Niris's cool depths, the vitreous blue light, and the clear laughter of the Circassian serving-girls."

The First Desert Spoon.

When desert spoons were invented, Hamilton Palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Lo you think ma mouth has got any smaller since I lapped up ma soup?"

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 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.

A BANK WITH A GROWING RECORD

SURPLUS EARNED IN FOUR YEARS \$37,500

Are You One of the 3,553 Depositors Doing business at the

HONESDALE DIME BANK?

If not, the opportunity awaits you to open an account now.

Start the idle money you have at your home to earning interest.

If you have a small bank, bring or send it to us at once. Put your idle money at work.

If you wish to make a loan on your farm or house or to borrow some money call at the Dime Bank.

Business and Savings Accounts Solicited.

Wayne County money for Wayne Counteans.

D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH

A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8:30	10:00	10:00	4:30	2:00	10:50	10:50	8:45
10:00	10:00	6:05	6:05	12:40	8:45	8:45	
10:00	12:30	8:30	2:15	3:55	7:31	7:31	7:32
1:20	7:25	4:40	1:20	7:10	10:20	4:05	7:15
2:08	8:15	5:30	2:08	7:55	9:37	3:15	6:20
5:40	9:45	6:30	2:05	8:45	8:05	1:35	5:40
5:50	9:15	6:30	2:15	8:55	7:54	1:25	5:30
6:11	9:36	6:52	2:37	9:18	7:56	1:27	5:34
6:17	9:42	6:58	2:43	9:24	7:53	1:24	5:28
6:23	9:48	7:04	2:49	9:30	7:49	1:22	5:22
6:29	9:54	7:10	2:55	9:36	7:45	1:20	5:16
6:35	10:00	7:16	3:01	9:42	7:41	1:18	5:10
6:41	10:06	7:22	3:07	9:48	7:37	1:16	5:04
6:47	10:12	7:28	3:13	9:54	7:33	1:14	4:58
6:53	10:18	7:34	3:19	10:00	7:29	1:12	4:52
6:59	10:24	7:40	3:25	10:06	7:25	1:10	4:46
7:05	10:30	7:46	3:31	10:12	7:21	1:08	4:40
7:11	10:36	7:52	3:37	10:18	7:17	1:06	4:34
7:17	10:42	7:58	3:43	10:24	7:13	1:04	4:28
7:23	10:48	8:04	3:49	10:30	7:09	1:02	4:22
7:29	10:54	8:10	3:55	10:36	7:05	1:00	4:16
7:35	11:00	8:16	4:01	10:42	7:01	1:00	4:10
7:41	11:06	8:22	4:07	10:48	6:57	1:00	4:04
7:47	11:12	8:28	4:13	10:54	6:53	1:00	3:58
7:53	11:18	8:34	4:19	11:00	6:49	1:00	3:52
7:59	11:24	8:40	4:25	11:06	6:45	1:00	3:46
8:05	11:30	8:46	4:31	11:12	6:41	1:00	3:40
8:11	11:36	8:52	4:37	11:18	6:37	1:00	3:34
8:17	11:42	8:58	4:43	11:24	6:33	1:00	3:28
8:23	11:48	9:04	4:49	11:30	6:29	1:00	3:22
8:29	11:54	9:10	4:55	11:36	6:25	1:00	3:16
8:35	12:00	9:16	5:01	11:42	6:21	1:00	3:10
8:41	12:06	9:22	5:07	11:48	6:17	1:00	3:04
8:47	12:12	9:28	5:13	11:54	6:13	1:00	