

# TELLS OF FRAUDS

## Spitzer, Pardoned, Exposes Sugar Conspiracy.

### ROBBED NATION OF MILLIONS.

Convicted Dock Superintendent of American Sugar Refining Co., Back From Prison, Tells All—Salaries Paid "Discharged" Men.

New York, May 24.—It leaked out today that the federal authorities are preparing to make more important arrests in connection with the sugar frauds and that men of wealth are under surveillance to prevent their becoming fugitives before the time arrives to take them into custody. For the first time the complete story of how millions were stolen from the government by means of sugar weighing frauds was told from the witness stand in the United States district court by Oliver L. Spitzer, recently a convict in the federal prison at Atlanta and before that for a long term of years a trusted official of the American Refining company and its parent corporation, the Havemeyer & Elder company.

Spitzer, who had served one-quarter of the two year term which he got for his share in the series of gigantic cheats, was pardoned last Thursday by the president after he had made a complete confession to representatives



©1910-BY PAUL THOMPSON

OLIVER SPITZER.

of the department of justice. His sudden appearance at the trial of his one time fellow official, Charles R. Helke, and five other workers for the sugar trust came as a surprise, under circumstances of the most dramatic character.

But the evidence which he proceeded to give far eclipsed in interest the manner of his sudden appearance in the case. He swore that, to his knowledge, the thefts had dated back as far as 1894 and that they continued without interruption practically for a period of more than twenty years.

He swore that twelve bags were first used to affect the balance of the scales by which the government was supposed to arrive at the weight of imported products in order that the proper duties might be assessed, but that when James N. Vail became deputy surveyor of this port he stopped the employment of this device and that thereafter such things as paper paddings in the mechanism, pieces of corset wire and other methods were used to bring about the same result.

He swore that a signal of red lights was rigged up in order to carry the warning to his confederates on the docks any time investigators should leave his office at Williamsburg.

He swore that it was customary to apparently reduce the weight by thirty-five or forty pounds on every half ton draft of raw sugar. He swore that he reported the swindles to a man named Le Roy in the Wall street offices of the company when he first learned of them, but no action was taken, and he swore finally that Ernest Gerbracht, the refinery superintendent and one of the men now on trial, continued to pay him and other suspected conspirators after they had been ostensibly discharged and up until their conviction. Gerbracht, he said, brought the money to him weekly at his garage in Brooklyn.

After Spitzer had left the stand and after Judge Martin had decided that he should not be cross examined by the defense until tomorrow Henry D. Stimson, the acting United States district attorney, took the informer upstairs to the grand jury room, where Spitzer spent several hours before the federal grand jury. It was believed that he furnished new evidence which would enable the government to frame fresh indictments not only against some of the men now under charges, but against certain sugar trust people who have not heretofore been formally accused of a hand in the gigantic impostures.

#### How to Clean Asbestos Mats.

"I had a set of asbestos mats given to me," said a housekeeper, "which kept my table from scarring and were a joy to me until they got so soiled I thought they must be thrown away. A friend told me to put them on top of the hot coals in the range to clean them. I did. The dirt was burned off, and they were as clean as when new."

## Living for the Flag.

A Beautiful Example of Devotion from Our Civil War Records.

One of the most touching as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is to be found in the records of our civil war. The Sixteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, after three days of the hardest and bloodiest of fighting, became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted, and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of peril the zealous patriots thought more of the fate of their battle-scarred flag than of their own. Just before the enemy made his final assault on the breastworks the gallant colonel shouted to his men, "Whatever you do, boys, don't give up our flag; save that at any price." In an instant the flag was torn from its staff and cut and torn into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about 500 in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regalia. Through long months of imprisonment many died from sickness brought on by exposure and terrible privation, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunates were entrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their homes, a meeting of the survivors was held and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewn together. That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut today, and is preserved in the State Capitol at Hartford, bearing mute testimony to the devotion of the brave men who were not alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment.

#### BELONGS TO ALL AMERICANS.

Memorial Day Pre-eminently a Day of Patriotism and the Heritage of All. What the United States is, and as to be, rests upon something equally shared by the most venerable soldier and the smallest child with its bay



flag and handful of blossoms. Memorial day is pre-eminently the day of patriotism. As long as the self-sacrificing love of country abides the nation will be safe and its course onward. No emergency can master a people who are ready to offer all and to die, if need be, at their country's call. There is a complete unity about what is done on Memorial day. All



Americans are a part of it. The thoughts that dominate it are the heritage of all. Other crises must come and will not fully define themselves in advance. They can be overcome by patriotism, and that alone. Though it be an invisible spark in the human heart, a nation dies when it falls, and civilization would be lost without it. It is not peculiar to any race or country, but Americans, governing themselves, are glad to know that they have always been among the foremost in its illustration. They do not expect to escape trials, but have a calm faith that they will be ready for them and able to do their duty, though its performance should call for their lives, a self-surrender that outweighs the gift of existence on any terms less noble.

#### General Lingan's Grave.

Two of General Lingan's granddaughters recently asked the War Department to permit the remains of the General and his wife to be interred in Arlington, which permission was readily granted. Five generations followed the remains of the distinguished patriot to their last resting place in beautiful Arlington, and military honors were accorded him. President Roosevelt sent a wreath of flowers and a White House Aide to represent him. A monument will be erected. Gen. Lingan is the only army officer who fought in the Colonial, Continental and Revolutionary Wars that is buried in the National Cemetery.

## The Talkative Barber.

"The talkativeness of barbers long has been the subject for puns and jokes," said a barber. "I had always fancied the matter one of recent origin until the other day. You know in my profession we have a great deal of spare time. Well, the other day I was sitting on the bench waiting for the shaves and hair cuts to come in and to while away the time was glancing through a copy of Plutarch's 'Archeaus.' Imagine my consternation when I happened on a line reading:

"A prating barber asked Archeaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, 'In silence.'"

"Well, that got me. I never knew they even had barbers that long ago. I always supposed the ancients let their whiskers grow and that they wore curly locks as long as their togas, but it seems that the barber is an ancient relic and that his talking proclivities are a matter of history. I'll have to give it to the humorists there.

"But, say," he whispered, "that manure girl over there has got us beat to a frazzle. I wonder if there's anything in Plutarch about her."—Kansas City

#### The Sunny Side of Superstition.

That there is anything genial, cheering or therapeutically valuable about superstition may seem a tall statement. The adjective generally associated with it is "dark." On the contrary, there is something very brightening about a four leaf clover. Who is not a little more of an optimist for picking up a horseshoe? What lonely farmer's wife, stormbound on a winter afternoon, with unwelcome leisure on her hands, but feels a little quickening of the pulse as she drops her scissors and beholds them sticking up in the carpet or discovers that she has laid an extra place at the table? Company signs are the commonest and welcomed of all superstitions. The scissors, the needle, the dishcloth, the fork, the Saturday sneeze, all inculcate hospitality and reward it by an unexpected visitor. If the needle slants as it stands up in the crack of the floor it foretells a gentleman. Run, young daughters of the house, and put a blue bow in your hair!—Atlantic Monthly.

#### Working It Out.

The following note was delivered to a schoolmistress recently:

"Dear Mum—I am sorry that Johnny won't be able to come to school today. He has gone with his father to act as timekeeper. The sum you gave Johnny last night was, 'If the road is one and a quarter miles long how long will it take a man to walk that distance twenty-six and a half times, his average rate of progress being three and three-quarter miles per hour? Johnny ain't a man yet, so as dad's the only man in this house he had to go. They started at 4 o'clock this morning, and dad said he'd finish the sum in one day if he could manage it, though it would mean hard going. Dear mum, next time you want any information please make it 'woman,' then I can do the sum and dad can go to his work."—London Scraps.

#### A Custom of the Balkans.

He or she who enters a house for the first time is supposed in the Balkan countries to bring it good or bad luck for the whole twelvemonth. This belief gives rise to a curious observance. The visitor before crossing the threshold picks up a stone (token of strength) or a green twig (emblem of health and fruitfulness) and lays it on the hearth. He also brings with him some grains of salt, which he casts into the flames, and then, squatting by the fireside, wishes his hosts "a prosperous year, a plentiful crop and many blessings." Then as the grains of salt burst and crackle in the fire he utters the following quaint formula: "As I am sitting, even so may sit the hen and warm the eggs. As this salt splits, even so may split the eggs of the clucking hen and the chickens come forth."

#### Reptiles' Eggs.

Reptiles' eggs are not very attractive objects. In the case of crocodiles and many kinds of tortoises they are pale colored or white and resemble those of birds in shape. But the egg of the gopher tortoise is remarkable for its complete roundness. It might well be mistaken for a golf ball. Many snakes' eggs are soft skinned, brown as to color and look for all the world like a number of new potatoes.—Scientific American.

#### Enthusiasm.

The organist sent a little boy to inquire of the minister what the first hymn would be. "Tell her," said the minister, "I would like 'Carol, Brothers, Carol.'"

The little boy thought he said "Howl, Brothers, Howl," and told the organist that the minister's selection was "Yell, Brothers, Yell."—New York Times.

#### Runs in the Family.

Mr. Agile (to Mr. Stoutman, running for a car)—Hello, old boy! I thought you were too lazy to run like that. Mr. Stoutman (gaily)—Easily explained, my dear boy. Laziness runs in our family.—Lippincott's.

#### Suspended Animation.

"What is suspended animation?" "It's what happens at an afternoon tea when the very women they have been talking about enters the room."—Puck.

#### Cramped.

Knicker—How large is their suburban place? Bocker—Large! Why, they have to have folding beds for the flowers.—New York Sun.

Bless the fools! What would we do if every one were wise?—Antrim.

## Saved His Major From Raging Mob.

I was a private in Company K of the old Sixth Massachusetts when that regiment passed through Baltimore on April 18, 1861, on its way to the defence of the national capital, and I think the most thrilling experience I had during the War of the Rebellion took place in that city.

When we reached the first station in Baltimore there was no display of hostile feeling. Instead, we were cheered at the station, where a large number of Unionists had gathered. But when we started to cross the city in cars drawn by mules the trouble broke out in earnest. We had arrived in Baltimore earlier than was expected, and for that reason the mob was taken somewhat at a disadvantage. But as soon as the word spread that troops were in the city on their way to Washington the crowd was greatly increased, and they immediately began their attack on our cars with stones.

We had strict orders from Colonel Jones not to fire into the crowds promiscuously. He had warned us that we



Statue of General Stedman.

would be insulted, abused and perhaps assaulted, but that we were to maintain our faces square to the front and pay no attention to the mob, even if they threw stones, bricks or other missiles. The real object was to reach Washington, at that time supposed to be in danger, and we were endeavoring to get through the hostile city as quickly as possible.

It had been previously planned that we would march through the city, and the change to hurrying through the cars seemed to stir the crowd to greater fury. Obstructions of every description were thrown across the tracks, and the car in which my own company was riding was thrown from the tracks three times, Major Watson each time rushing to the front and assisting the driver in removing the obstructions.

Cheers for "Jeff" Davis and other leaders of the rebellion urged the mob on to greater deeds of violence, and one member of my company, William H. Daly, finally arose in the middle of the car and fired through the window. He had caught sight of a man approaching the car with a revolver in his hand, but before he could do any damage the shot from Daly's gun dropped him in the street.

At about this time I went to the rear platform when the car had been halted again by obstructions on the track. While I stood there Major Watson, returning to the car after getting it back onto the tracks again, was pressed hard by the mob. The halt had been long enough to allow a number of them to approach to the very platform itself and just as the major was about to get aboard one man raised his arm to bring down a powerful blow upon him.

I was near enough to realize the full danger of the position the major was in and I plunged the bayonet into the right breast of the assailant, toppling him to the ground. There is but little else that I can recall very clearly concerning that episode, for almost at the same instant a shot from the crowd entered my leg and badly disabled me. I do not know whether or not my rifle was discharged at that time. I know that it was emptied, but just when it was fired I could not tell.

I was sent to Washington and my wound healed sufficiently to allow me to re-enlist in the Forty-second Massachusetts, with which I served until the end of the war.—Maj. George A. J. Colgan.

#### Gen. Grant's Reserve.

Seeing Gen. Grant so frequently, I had reasonable opportunities for studying his moods and becoming acquainted with his views on many subjects. The topics were for the most part introduced by himself, and there was a freedom in their discussion that was in strange contrast with his general reputation for studied reserve. His insight into character and motive was the outgrowth of long and varied experience with men and circumstances, and was edifying to the listener. In recognizing fully the hopelessness of his physical ailment, and that the mortal issue was a mere question of time, there was a sad sincerity in his reflections that allowed no doubt of their weight and accuracy. At times he appeared to talk for posterity, that he might leave behind him some testimony that would be suggestive or useful to others.

## BARBERING BY CODE.

How Tonsorial Work is Scientifically Done in Kansas City.

A barber on Kansas avenue in Kansas City, was laying an extra layer of lather over the face of a perspiring customer when suddenly he reached in a drawer under the mirror and drew forth a large leather-bound book. "Just a minute," he said to the customer, whose eyes were covered by a towel. "I want to find the diagnosis for a sore throat. A careful scrutiny of your Adam's apple discloses a slight swelling. And you perhaps do not know that we barbers have received our rules and regulations from the State board of health."

He then removed the towel from the customer's eyes, and pointed to a large sign on the wall.

"I find that you have slight symptoms of sore throat; however, I guess you will pass the regulations." Then he placed the medical book back in the drawer, and proceeded to scrape off the man's whiskers. Having finished shaving, he dipped an end of a towel in a box of powder and applied it to the customer's face. Regulation 10 forbids the use of a powder puff.

"I will be ready for you in just a minute," he said to another customer who was waiting. He then proceeded to abide by Regulation 8, which provides that the barber wash his hands thoroughly after serving each customer. Then by Regulation 4 he sterilized by immersing in boiling water all the tonsorial tools that had been used on the previous customer. Then by Regulation 5 he made sure to get new towels for the new customer. He then took some formaldehyde gas, which he applied to his razor to make sure that any bacilli that might have become secreted in the small indentations would be dead before applying the razor again. After looking over the list to see that none of the regulations were violated, he summoned the customer who was waiting to the chair and repeated the same formula.

#### The Battle of the Engines.

During 1910 it is expected that strenuous efforts will be made to improve the already great efficiency of the gas-engine. Although this form of engine enjoyed a triumph in 1909 through the achievements of the aeroplane, yet it is pointed out that its old rival, the steam-engine, at the same time greatly advanced in fuel economy, achieving a thermal efficiency of 19 per cent., a figure hitherto associated with gas rather than with steam-engine tests. It has recently been discovered that, owing to erroneous assumptions, the gas-engine has not been credited with having approached as close to the theoretical limit of thermal efficiency attainable by the prevailing four-stroke cycle as it really has approached. Thus it has been shown that a gas-engine which by the old standard of efficiency was supposed to have attained 30 points out of a possible 35. This leaves so little room for improvement that experimenters are turning their attention to radical changes in the method of operation which will afford a larger margin for advance.

#### No Encouragement.

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarities of the physician, chosen by Uncle Hobart himself, had been, to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Doctor Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanksgiving coming on and all," said the doctor peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again, he may not; I can't encourage you yet—either way."

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

A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	10:00	12:30	2:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30
10:00	12:30	2:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00
1:30	3:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30
2:00	3:30	5:00	6:30	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00
3:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00
4:00	5:30	7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30	4:00
5:00	6:30	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30	5:00
6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00	4:30	6:00
7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30	4:00	5:30	7:00
8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30	5:00	6:30	8:00
9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00
10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30	4:00	5:30	7:00	8:30	10:00
11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30	5:00	6:30	8:00	9:30	11:00
12:00	1:30	3:00	4:30	6:00	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00

## The Era of New Mixed Paints!

This year opens with a deluge of new mixed paints. A condition brought about by our enterprising dealers to get some kind of a mixed paint that would supplant CHILTON'S MIXED PAINTS. Their compounds, being new and heavily advertised, may find a sale with the unwary.

THE ONLY PLACE IN HONESDALE AUTHORIZED TO HANDLE CHILTON'S MIXED PAINTS Is JADWIN'S PHARMACY.

There are reasons for the pre-eminence of CHILTON PAINTS; 1st—No one can mix a better mixed paint. 2d—The painters declare that it works easily and has wonderful covering qualities.

3d—Chilton stands back of it, and will agree to repaint, at his own expense, every surface painted with Chilton Paint that proves defective. 4th—Those who have used it are perfectly satisfied with it, and recommend its use to others.

## Secret of Horse Whispering.

"The most famous horse whisperer," said a Harvard psychologist at a tea, "was Con of Cork. Con would retire alone with some vicious, man-killing brute, and from the moment of his reappearance the brute would be as mild as milk. They said he whispered to it.

"Con's best authenticated case was Rainbow, a horse belonging to Col. Westavance. Rainbow had kicked a groom to death, bitten a soldier's thumb off, rolled on a woman. They wanted to tie the Rainbow's head in a blanket before Con entered the stall, but the whisperer shook his head and smiled.

"Sending everybody away, he entered. He remained in the stall half an hour. Then he whistled, and the groom and the colonel came to him.

"Con sat on the stable floor and that holy terror of a horse lay on its back beside him, playful as a kitten.

"Mankind thought in those days that horse whispering was magic. We know better now. We know it was hypnotism exercised on animals, a lost art that offers the psychologist a fruitful field of research."

#### Most Important of All.

The man who is always taking up new fads and cults accosted the long-haired stranger on the street.

"My friend," he began, persuasively, "I am a follower of Dr. Fletcher. Let me tell you how to chew your beefsteak."

"First tell me where to get the beefsteak," sighed the long-haired man as his face lengthened. "I am a poet."

## Roll of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

## Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States

Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 23, 1908.

A. O. BLAKE, AUCTIONEER & CATTLE DEALER. You will make money by having me. BETHANY, Pa. BELL PHONE 9-U