

# TAFT LIKES JOB.

Friends Say That He Is Willing to Run Again.

## PREDICTS VICTORY IN 1912.

A Strong Attempt to Bring Peace into the Republican Party for the Next Presidential Campaign Is Being Made by the Chief Executive.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Friends of the administration have made it known in an emphatic manner that President Taft intends to stand for renomination in 1912. They expect Mr. Taft to have the support of Colonel Roosevelt. The president now looks forward to a Republican victory in 1912. A few weeks ago the situation did not look promising to the president.

It is, of course, out of the question for Mr. Taft to announce his candidacy, but it may be stated on good authority that whatever the political developments of the next few days may be Mr. Taft's name will be placed in nomination at the party gathering in 1912.

The president believes that victory is probable at the next general election, but he knows that a long and hard campaign faces the party. He has counseled many leaders and has taken the first steps toward a reconciliation between the regulars and the insurgents.

According to leaders here, the fight in the convention of 1912 is likely to arise between the extreme insurgent wing and a more conservative but still progressive faction which shall stand for President Taft.

Immediately upon his return to the United States the president held out the olive branch to the insurgents. Senators Cummins, Borah, Bristow and Representatives Norris, Murdock, and others classed as insurgents, went to the White House. They were consulted not merely in regard to the pending judicial appointments, but about legislative matters.

The president had been told that the reconciliation of the differences between the regulars and the insurgents was to be the hardest task of the man who undertook to rehabilitate the party so that it might face November, 1912, with confidence. The calling in of the insurgents was the first move of the president to bring about an era of good feeling among the congress leaders.

### DROPS DEAD ON STAGE.

Frank Worthing, Leading Man For Grace George, Had Suffered Long.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 28.—Frank Worthing, leading man for Grace George, who is playing here this week in "Sauce For the Goose," dropped to the floor as he stepped on the stage at the Garrick for the opening of the first act tonight and was dead in twenty minutes. Hemorrhage of the lungs was the cause.

The orchestra was playing, and the curtain was just about to go up. As soon as it was known that Mr. Worthing's attack was serious the audience was dismissed.

Mr. Worthing has been with the company only seven weeks, though he had been with Grace George in other companies. He has suffered for many years and has been very weak. He was urged by Miss George not to try to go on, but he insisted that he was strong enough.

### MOISANT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Nearly Dashed to Death When Gasoline Freezes in the Air.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 28.—John B. Moisant had a narrow escape from being dashed to death in an exhibition flight.

The wind was strong and gusty, but he essayed a height record and gradually climbed until he was up more than 9,000 feet, according to his barograph. When he was barely visible he began dropping. He found that his motor had stopped in the cold air at the great height he had attained so he undertook to glide back to the aviation field.

The strong, gusty wind veered his machine toward a grove of trees and everybody looked to see him dashed to pieces in a great oak when his motor, suddenly coming to life, he was able to move upward and barely clear the obstruction.

### TWO DROWNED CROSSING ICE.

Man Broke Through and Brother Jumped In to Save Him.

Lynchburg, Va., Dec. 28.—George Gutter, superintendent of the Fort Defiance Coal company of Gauley Bridge, W. Va., and his brother, Risque Hunter, of this city were drowned while crossing the Kanawha river near Gauley Mills when returning home from an entertainment.

George broke through the ice first, and Risque plunged after him in an effort to save him. Both men soon disappeared under the ice.

Spain's Shipping Trade Threatened. Barcelona, Spain, Dec. 28.—The strike here of the longshoremen is growing more serious. It is feared that the strikers will secure the active sympathy of other bodies of workmen, which would have the effect of tying up the shipping trade.



## REFORMATION OF MR. JONES.

JONES' recollections of the previous night were indefinite indeed. Faint gleams of intelligence, fugitive as a summer zephyr, came to him as he sat up in bed, but his efforts to retain and formulate them into entities of thought were futile. He remembered having heard whistles, cannons, firecrackers and tin horns blended in discordant inharmony, while a large gentleman with a flush on his face like the aurora borealis in the Klondike leaned affectionately over a table and, grasping his hand, exclaimed with husky effusiveness, "Ha! Noo Yearsh, ol' chap!" There were other gentlemen around the table, and all had flushes on their faces, but Jones had never seen them before. The portly gentleman with the beaming countenance, though, must have been a pretty jolly fellow. He would look him up.

"Look him up?" Jones thought a moment while both hands pressed tightly against either side of his aching head. "Look him up? Well, I guess not. This is New Year's. This is the day I've been looking for. Will I look him up? Sit still; stay where you are, my beating, throbbing head. I shall treat you as tenderly in the future as a father does his only twin. No longer; never again shall my stomach rule your brain. Bide with me yet but once, and no more aches shall ride roughshod from frontal bone to base. Look him up? This is the day of good resolutions, the dawn of reformations, the moment of reason with a mind that sorrows. Look him up? Oh, Thomas!"

Thomas responded. Jones was provided with a bath, shaving water, towels, rearranged clothing and breakfast. A modicum of the latter sufficed to stay his appetite, not at all ravenous, and make his head fit the hat he had worn the night before. Then he stood before his dressing case, gazing at his reflection in the mirror.

It was enough. His own image, his face, his eyes, reproached him for the excesses of a year. His reformation should be complete. He would not

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with pretty young ladies, some with newspapers to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

voice was Jones'; the man was Jones. But, oh, how different! His overcoat was buttoned on a bias; his hat was crushed in; his toes turned backward when he tried to go ahead; his face, whose image had reproached him twelve hours before, was flushed, but it was Jones, and he had met his fat friend.



derby of the latest block revealed a solitary negro, grimy of countenance and expansive as to mouth, sitting with an air of breezy insouciance on a brick cart. It was called Jones' experience.

It was all over in an instant, and it would take a kinetoscope and a Dickens properly to depict it. Suddenly Jones stopped short with an expression of anticipatory anguish on his face. As his overcoat flapped in the breeze both his arms shot upward and his hands were clasped convulsively on his head. His hat was soaring through the air. That derby of the latest block was bounding over bumps in the atmosphere at the rate of a million a minute, and Jones' hair, overlong, was fluttering. He paused for a moment, hopeful, expectant, but no help came, and he started after it.

"Yah, yah, yah!" yelled the negro on the cart, throwing his feet up in an ecstasy of mirth as he saw Jones dash down the street in pursuit of the hat.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the seventeen old gentlemen, clapping their hands and dancing around.

"Shriek, shriek, shriek!" came from the thirty-three pretty young ladies.

"Keep a-goin'!" "Eat 'im up, coat-tails!" "What's your hurry?" "Oh, look at the man, sister!" "Papa, he's chasing his hat!" "Catch it!" merry ha-has, catcalls, hoots and pertinent comments from the ninety-four small children.

"D—" said Jones as he overtook the hat and stamped on it with the force and vigor of an enraged human being. "D— hats! D— old gentlemen! D— pretty girls! D— New Year's resolutions! D— a man that'll make an ass of himself running after his hat! If I'd waited some bloomin' idiot would have chased it for me. Good resolutions with a mashed hat and a wind like this! I'll look up my fat friend."

"All right, boss; wait a minute," said the negro eschman late that night. "Jes' gib me de key. Ah'll git yo' in de house all right, an' we won't sturb nobody. Reckon yo'd better let me put yo' r' bed."

"Wha's z'mazzer—wh-wherez Thomas?" demanded a voice as the owner of it got unsteadily out of the cab on the arm of the driver and caromed with a six inch balk line he seemed to be steering clear of to the front door.



drink or smoke. He would not date his letters 1910 for the first two weeks in 1911. He would return all the books he had borrowed and retained during the year. He would make no calls, accept no eggs, no seductive punches. He would refrain from smiting on both sides the man who squeezed his hand on the street and shouted "Same to you" or "Hoss an' hoss." All of those things he would let go by, for he was to be a better man.

Full of his good resolutions and prayed in his finest, Jones started downtown. The hat he had worn the previous night he discarded. In its place

### REAL NEW YEAR BELLS.

Some of the Famous Ones That Ring in the New Twelvemonth.

In the early days of the American republic the new year was announced in Philadelphia by the ringing of what is now known as the Liberty bell.

After the events of July 4, 1776 made the bell one of the most priceless relics of the nation custodians of Independence hall restricted its use, fearing some mishap, and after 1830 the bell was no longer used for the new year salute. In 1832, in celebration of George Washington's birthday, it was rung and not again for three years, when, July 8, 1835, while the funeral procession of Chief Justice Marshall was passing, the bell was tolled.

Suddenly the note grew discordant. An investigation was made. It was found that a crack had been started. The bell had completed its task. No more would it greet the new year or pay tribute to the nation's great. But from the tower of liberty's cradle another bell always welcomes the coming of a new year.

Before it collapsed the campanile of Florence had a set of chimes famous the world over. Copenhagen, Ghent, Amsterdam, Oxford, Rouen and Nuremberg have bells famous alike for their beauty and their historical importance. All of these are used to hall the start for a new twelvemonth. Bunyan's bell, No. 4, in the alphabet peal, in the tower of Elstow church, England, is the Mecca for many an admirer of the creator of "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan was noted as a bell ringer, and none could get more beauty out of these chimes than the rough village blacksmith.

England has always revered its New Year peals and the associations they bring to mind. It is nothing unusual for a wealthy member of an English parish to include in his will a bequest which shall insure the ringing of a merry peal on the recurrence of New Year eve.

One of the most loved bells of England is that of St. Mary-le-bow, Cheap-side, London, which forms the basis for a proverbial expression meant to convey emphatically a London nativity. "Born within the sound of Bow bells."

Oldest of New Year chimes in the United States is that of Christ church, in Philadelphia. Philadelphia was a colonial town when they were brought from England at great expense and installed, to become one of the wonders of the city.

It requires eight men to ring these bells, the primitive methods still being adhered to. In the modern method the player sits in front of a keyboard of an octave and a half and plays the black and white keys as he would a piano.

An electric motor supplies the power in this modern form of bells.

The most ancient church bell in the United States was recently discovered by Governor M. A. Otero of New Mexico. The bell bears date 1355 and was undoubtedly brought over to this country by the first Spanish settlers and used to call the early Indian converts to the mission services.

As the centuries went by it was hung successively in a mission church in one of the seven cities of Cibola, next at Gran Quivera and finally in the church at Algodones, where it has rested until now.

## THE NEW YEAR.

NEW Year, I look straight in your eyes. Our ways and our interests blend. You may be a foe in disguise. But I shall believe you a friend. We get what we give in our measure; We cannot give pain and get pleasure. I give you good will and good cheer, And you must return it, New Year.

WE get what we give in this life. Though often the giver indeed. Waits long upon doubting and strife. Ere proving the truth of his creed. But somewhere, some way and forever



Reward is the need of endeavor. And if I am really worth while, New Year, you will give me your smile.

YOU hide in your mystical hand. No luck that I cannot control. If I trust my own courage and stand. On the infinite strength of my soul. Man hides in his brain and his spirit. A power that is godlike, or near it. And he who has measured his force. Can govern events in their course.

YOU come with a crown on your brow, New Year, without blemish or spot. Yet you and not I, sir, must bow. For Time is the servant of Thought. Whatever you bring me of trouble. Shall turn into good and then double. If my spirit looks up without fear. To the source that you came from, New Year.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A New Year's Hope Song. Brothers, listen here a little to the song of one who knows. Why the ripple's on the river and the red is on the rose— One to whom a voice has whispered while his heart stood still to hear. Why the bloom is on the bramble, why love's sunshine glids the tear.

Listen; 'tis a humble message brief as we would wish our cares, Sweet as soft played twilight music stealing o'er us unawares. This it is—the richest reaping of reward your toil will bring. When you think nobody listens to the little songs you sing.

'Tis the nightingale imprisoned in the fastness of a cage, Where no answering philomela's notes his pining may assuage— His the song that sways the heartstrings with the loneliness it breathes. His the power that the poet bath intertwined with laurel wreaths.

Crying out against the darkness, praying for an edict call. In a thrilling, throbbing cadence hear his pleadings rise and fall. So God lets us think our music on a callous world we sing— Let us think nobody listens to the little songs we sing.

Courage, brothers, while a clamor from the busy world may rise, Filling all the songless spaces 'neath the overarching skies, While we feel our little murmur may be heard by none but us. Sing, sing on, though hearts may falter; it is best we labor thus.

Some one here or there or yonder hears no sound amid it all. But the cadences of our carols as they bravely rise and fall. And the very hope it yearns for to some weary soul may bring. While you think nobody listens to the little songs you sing.

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