

TOBACCO NO GOOD

"Plugs Losing Quality," Justice Harlan Complains.

TRUST METHODS DEFENDED.

Attorneys Say Combination Isn't Violating the Sherman Antitrust Law. Delaney Nicoll Explains Where All the Snuff Goes To.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The business methods of the American Tobacco company were defended in the supreme court by Attorneys John G. Johnson and Delaney Nicoll, while William B. Hornblower did a like service for the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain, which was brought into the suit filed by the government as one of the defendants against the charge of being engaged in a conspiracy in restraint of trade. Incidentally the Sherman law was construed by counsel in a way to exempt the American Tobacco company from its penalties.

The profound legal argument was varied at times by flashes of humor, as when Justice Harlan, who is celebrated as a chewer of tobacco, complained to Attorney Hornblower of the poor quality of chewing tobacco on the market.

"It is rotten," the justice observed mournfully. "We cannot get any good chewing tobacco any more."

Mr. Hornblower, who was in the act of defending his British client, the Imperial company, solemnly acquiesced that concern of the responsibility.

"The English people do not chew, I am told," Mr. Hornblower said. "Personally I have no knowledge of the quality of chewing tobacco. I presume the only demand for it in Great Britain is by Americans who are abroad and demand the comforts of home."

There was unusual interest manifested in the brief argument of John G. Johnson, the Philadelphia lawyer. He declared that the Sherman law was a statute to promote commerce, not to restrain it. The government proposed to force the American Tobacco company, which had three-fourths of the commerce, to quit business and permit the concerns that had only one-fourth to continue.

Delaney Nicoll, in concluding his argument, declared that the theory of the government was that there was a stifling of competition by every purchase of new property made by the trust.

"There is no competition between the snuff used by the Swedes in the northwest and the snuff highly flavored with wintergreen used by New England factory girls," Mr. Nicoll said. "I wondered who consumed snuff," interposed Justice Holmes. "I never knew."

The argument will be finished today and the Standard Oil case taken up tomorrow.

Tamed Him.

"Slip me a brace of cackles," ordered the cheery looking young man with a bored air as he perched on the first stool in the lunch room.

"A what?" asked the waitress as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs. A pair of sunny sliders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "E-g-g-s, the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd 'a' had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things!" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."—Kansas City Times.

Knew Just How.

Many years ago in Paris at the first presentation of a tragedy that had for its closing scene the murder of a Swedish king which had taken place nearly half a century earlier all went well, till the murder scene came on, when a very dignified old gentleman in the stage box showed signs of strong dissatisfaction and at length called out angrily:

"Absurd! They've got it all wrong!"

The manager himself heard this plain spoken comment, and, being naturally disturbed by so sweeping a condemnation, he sought out the critic and politely begged to know what fault he had to find with it.

"Why, my good sir," cried the old man, with an air of authority, "the whole grouping of the scene is incorrect! You have made them kill the king to the right of the door, whereas we murdered him on the left!"

Serious Intentions.

Nellie—Hasn't Mr. Felewalley proposed yet? Nora—No, but he has gone as far as to ask what time we have breakfast and whether mother is a good cook.—Exchange.

Consolation.

Mrs. Gramercy—My husband is anxious to get rid of me. Mrs. Park—Don't cry, dear. In that case he won't haggle over the alimony.—Smart Set.

Content can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart.

For the Children

Prince Olaf, Who May Be King of Norway.



Prince Olaf, who may some day be king of Norway, is a little, yellow haired boy that loves nothing so much as to play with his pony, Chris. Prince Olaf's father is Danish and his mother is English, and so the small boy is both Danish and English as well as Norwegian. Several months ago he went to England for a visit, and there he saw his cousins, the children of the British king, and they all had ponies. They all could ride well. This made Prince Olaf envious. He could not ride, and he did not have a pony to ride on, anyway. So when he reached home after his visit in England he begged his father and mother, the king and queen of Norway, to give him a pony. It was not long before the little horse was brought to the royal stables, and Prince Olaf named him Chris for no reason that any one knows except that Chris is a good name. The pony follows the little prince about like a dog.

The Boys and the Peddler.

Even the roughest street gamin has a tender spot if circumstances shape themselves in such a manner as to appeal to his better nature. This was illustrated recently when an Italian peddler pushing his handcart along a New York street struck a stone and upset his vehicle, which was piled high with apples and pears. In a twinkling the fruit was rolling in all directions and a score of newsboys were filling their pockets. The Italian stood in hopeless despair, wrung his hands and burst into tears. The astonished newsboys at first laughed and then, apparently touched by the poor fellow's grief, drew near and emptied their pockets into the cart. Then they pitched in vigorously and helped the now encouraged man to gather up the remainder of the scattered fruit. The apples and pears were soon back in the cart with not one missing, and the Italian felt so thankful to the boys that he presented each one of them with a large apple. The boys laughed merrily this time and soon disappeared in the crowd.

The Anteater.

The anteater, as its name implies, feeds largely on ants, as well as on termites and various other insects. Its long, flexible tongue acting as a hand for the purpose of conveying food to its mouth. The tongue of the anteater when protruded to its fullest extent bears resemblance to a great red earthworm, and as it is employed in its food collecting task it coils and twists about as if possessed of a separate vitality of its own.

Snatch the Handkerchief.

The two squads stand fifty feet apart, and on an Indian club halfway between is placed a handkerchief. At the word "Go!" a player from each side runs out to snatch the handkerchief and get back without being tagged by the other. If she succeeds her opponent becomes her prisoner; if tagged she herself becomes the prisoner. The girl who fails to get the handkerchief and falls to catch the one who did becomes prisoner.

Hate-to-Hurry and Put-It-Off.

Hate-to-Hurry and Put-It-Off. They had to go a mile. "I'll rest," said one, "now I've begun." "Said one, 'I'll wait awhile'."

Resting and waiting, they planned their trip. And, lo, at set of sun They rubbed their eyes in great surprise, For neither mile was done.

And I heard the old clock on the shelf Set up a sorry chime, The wee hand told the seconds, And the long hand told the minutes, And the short hand told the hours, And they all told Father Time.

Hate-to-Hurry and Put-It-Off. You didn't mean to shirk, You just went slow where you had to go, You just delayed your work.

But he who rests by the busy road And he who hates to start, They take poor place in any race And play a sorry part.

So next time let the old clock tick A merry, cheery time, When the wee hand tells the seconds, And the long hand tells the minutes, And the short hand tells the hours, And they all tell Father Time. —Youth's Companion.

SKI JUMPERS IN BIG MEET.

National Tournament to Be Held in Chippewa Falls.

NEW RECORDS ARE EXPECTED.

Course Has Been Lengthened and Takeoff Widened to Help Skiers Make Great Jumps—Extra Inducements to Man Who Beats Record.

By TOMMY CLARK.

Wisconsin ski jumpers and those of other states have been hard at work for the past few weeks preparing for the national ski tournament to be held this year at Chippewa Falls, Jan. 28 and 29. This event of the old world winter sport in America is always looked forward to by the followers of the British king, and they gather in large crowds to witness the wonderful flights of the sturdy competitors on their wooden runners.

This fascinating winter pastime is extremely popular in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it is expected that skiers from all three states and the Dominion of Canada will be on hand to set new figures for the long leap that is the magnet that attracts the admirers of this reckless form of sport.

Improvements in Big Slide.

Great preparations have been made to perfect the long slide so that the daring knights of the spruce blades will have every opportunity to either equal or excel the record figures of 144 feet, made by Ole Felring at Duluth, Minn., a year ago. The long incline, which measured 800 feet in length last season, has been added to still more, and the takeoff has been moved thirty feet back.

These improvements will give the men an opportunity to get up greater



SKI JUMPER IN AIR AFTER LEAVING TAKEOFF.

momentum, and the moving of the take off will afford them a much safer landing place. A feature of the Chippewa slide that is enjoyed by few others in this country is that the path is sixteen feet wide at the "bump," or takeoff, thus enabling the men to take the jump in their own peculiar manner and not to have to follow the beaten track of their predecessors, as is the case at all other frozen pathways.

One hundred and twenty-two feet was done at this course at the last meet of the skiers, and it is expected that with the improved conditions several feet will be added to this mark when the lovers of the sport gather for the banner event of the season. There is every reason to believe that the slide will be lightning fast, provided that the weather man is kind and furnishes conditions favorable for fast participation in the sport.

Ski Jumping Gaining Favor.

Ski jumping has rapidly forged to the front rank of winter athletics in the western section of this country, since its introduction by the Norwegians here not many years ago, and it bids fair to retain the popular favor by reason of its freedom from objectionable features that enter into other sports. The love of victory is firmly installed in the minds of the fearless and shifty followers of the sport, and as the money prizes are comparatively small and the betting conspicuous by its absence there is absolutely no reason for the men not putting forth their best efforts.

No thoughts of holding back enter the mind of a man when he faces a glassy stretch of nearly 300 yards that requires his utmost skill and nerve to slide down at a death defying speed and then exacting a gathering of all his power for the leap that sends him sailing through the air to a safe landing in a snow bank or perhaps a dangerous fall.

As a consequence skiing is slowly earning a well deserved popularity, and from all indications there is every reason to believe that this form of sport will in time become a fixture.

Vanderbilt's Big Turf Winnings.

In France W. K. Vanderbilt's aggregate turf winnings for six years are \$1,008,100.

Matz und Murks.

Quintessenz von Ralph Kobbdenhusen (Wittelheim).

(Fortsetzung.)

Kellner zu bejahren. Ehe der Affessor hinzuspringen, selbst ehe seine Frau es verhindern konnte, hatte Murks die Wurst erwischt und verschlungen. Der Herr ließ die tausend Entschuldigungen zwar gelten — aber er war doch wohl reichlich sornig; denn als Murks ihn hämisch anblinzelte und sich die Schnauze leckte, wuschte er ihm mit einer raschen Bewegung den Nofkrich um die Nase. Die Wurst sei mit Sentz wesentlich bedammlicher, meinte er dann.

Mies Ichte. Nur Jean Affessor war auf's höchste empört und verließ mit dem heftig niedenden Murks das Lokal.

Als sie nach einer Viertelstunde wiederkehrte, hatte ihr Gatte sich noch nicht ganz von dem Aerger erholt, den er inzwischen mit der harten Dame gehabt. Diese hatte behauptet, daß eine Hla Zode überall 24 Mark koste. Die von den Wittreidenden unterfüßten Vergleichsverhandlungen hatten zu einer Einigung auf 15 Mark geführt.

Wenn hätte der Affessor auch diesen Betrag verdünnet, wenn die rohe Hoffnung sich erfüllt hätte, die heiß in ihm aufgestiegen war, als seine Frau ohne Hund zurückkehrte. Sollte Murks sich tod genieß haben? Erstickt sein? "Und der Hund?" fragte er lauernd.

"It im Padwagen untergebracht", zischelte Frau Affessor spitz zurück. "Man kann doch das Thier nicht groben Wiphandlungen aussetzen."

Herr Affessor ließ diese Frage offen. Dafür erzählte er ausführlich die Abenteuer mit Matz.

"Aber dann hat doch das Vögeln jekt kein Wasser!"

"Allerdings — jedenfalls nicht mehr viel. Aber ich meine, es wird genügen."

"Genügen! Deinetwegen könnte solch ein Geißhöfchen natürlich verburten und verhungern. Reiche mir, bitte, das Bauer und die kleine Sandtjade. Ich werde ihm frisches Futter geben — und Wasserchen hole ich ihm dann auch."

"Aber, liebes Kind", wandte der Affessor ein, "Wasserchen hat doch eben 15 Mark gekostet!"

"Weil Du nicht acht gegeben hast. Ich behalte das Bauer bei mir und es wird nichts geschehen."

Man näherte sich Wittenberg — einer Station, auf der viel umgestiegen wird. Die starke Dame wuschte mit doppeltem Eifer an den Hla Seidenbändern. Ein junger Mann — ein Seminarist anscheinend — mit einem gewaltigen Adamsapfel und ganz wasserhellen, blonden Augen tauchte seine Keifemüge gegen einen Zylinder aus, den er ordentlich feierlich sich auf's Haupt drückte. Auch der Herr mit der nichtgeöffneten warmen Wurst ordnete sein Gepäc.

Der Zug fuhr schon langsamer. Plötzlich — — — furr!!! Wie eine irrfinnig gewordene Fledermaus stob Ray im Nebel umher. Der Seminarist verlor seinen Examenshut und ein Dragoner-Wachtmeister erhielt ein neues, aber unmillitärliches Abzeichen auf den Kermel seines lichten Waffenrocks.

Es gibt Situationen, in denen auch der abgehärtete Mensch einen mitleidigen Erdpalt von mindestens vier Klaffern Tiefe erfährt, um mit seinen Klammern darin zu verschwinden. Dergleichen gibt es aber auf der Preussisch-Deffischen Staatsbahn nicht — und so blieb dem Affessor nichts übrig, als alles, alles mit anzuhören, was die Herrschaften über seinen ambulanten Thierpark zu äußern hatten.

Und die Erregung erreichte ihren Siedepunkt, als der Zug hielt und Frau Affessor entschieden dagegen protestierte, daß die Thür geöffnet würde, ehe Matz eingelangt war.

"Sie sehen doch selbst, daß im Ganzen das Fenster offen ist! Der Vogel fliegt mir ja davon!"

"Ihr Vogel fliegt nicht fort", äußerte der um die Wurst Geschädigte mit bösarigen Humor. "Lassen Sie uns, bitte, hinaus!"

Die starke Dame ließ sich gar nicht erit auf's Parlamentieren ein. Lediglich durch ein Bordrängen ihrer Körpermassen schuf sie freie Bahn.

Matz sah auf dem Beleuchtungs-färber, wippte fibel mit dem Schwänzchen und machte "Hichiep" und noch Anderes. Als die Thür aufgerissen wurde, ging das "Hichiep" in eine Art Juchzer über und — weg war er!

Eine sehr, sehr trübe Fahrt in der Folge. Im sich aufzurichten, holte die Frau Affessor Murkschen wieder in das Nebel. Was der Hund im Padwagen ausgefressen hatte, erfuhr ihr Gatte nicht. Daß er aber was ausgefressen, war sicher. Die wilden Blide, die der Zugführer und die Schaffner ihm zuwarfen, sobald sie vorbei gingen, ließen das deutlich erkennen.

"Ach, Murkschen", seufzte der Affessor in sich hinein, "wenn Du ein Vögeln wärst und auch zwei Flügel hättest —"

(Fortsetzung folgt)

When Tolstoy Tried to Fly.

From earliest childhood Tolstoy was remarkably observant of the things that were going on in the world around him. Thus, while still in his teens, we find him taking an interest in the art of flying that was too practical to suit his devoted mother. With characteristic thoroughness he invented a design of his own and with equally characteristic courage proceeded to put it to an immediate test from a second story window. But the boy who was afterward to find food for thought for the whole civilized world was not destined to make his mark as an infant aeroplanist. He fell in stantly to the ground, and, though by great good fortune no bones were actually broken, the concussion was so great that young Tolstoy afterward slept for sixteen hours on end.

Joy For Johnny.

Johnny's mother was telling Johnny stories from Bible history. And Johnny for a long time was very silent. At last he sighed and looked up questioningly into his mother's face.

"When I get to heaven shall I know every one?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered his mother.

"Napoleon, and Samuel, and George Washington, and Solomon, and— and David?" persisted Johnny.

"Certainly, dear!"

"Well, then, mother, if I'm very good — if I'm ever so good and ask him ever so nicely, do you think that David will let me touch his slingshot — just touch it — once?" — Philadelphia Times.

Death.

Death, the dry pedant, spares neither the rose nor the thistle, nor does he forget the solitary blade of grass in the distant waste. He destroys thoroughly and unceasingly. Everywhere we may see how he crushes to dust plants and beasts, men and their works. Even the Egyptian pyramid that would seem to defy him, are trophies of his power, monuments of decay, graves of primeval kings. — Heinrich Heine.

CLOCK AND WATCH FREAKS.

Not Necessarily Dirty When They Require Cleaning.

"A watch isn't necessarily dirty when it requires cleaning," says a watchmaker. "It may need cleaning when it hasn't even been worn."

"A common cause of this is that the oil in the works has dried up and become sticky, causing the watch to go slow, or even to stop. In this case it not only wants cleaning, but also the addition of fresh oil."

"The best oil for this purpose is obtained from the jawbone of the porpoise, and kindred fish. Many watchmakers mix their own oil from various kinds."

"Clocks also stop for no apparent reason. During a thunderstorm, for instance a clock may stop, only resuming work when minutes, days, or even weeks have passed."

"Thunderstorms again, have been responsible for the restarting of old clocks which apparently had retired altogether from active service." — Answers.

Frozen Butterflies.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen in the snow, and as brittle as that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate, recover and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the North Pole.

Fabrics from Peat.

Peat beds of Ireland may yet become a valuable asset in the country's industrial development other than for fuel, as it is now claimed, upon the authority of an Austrian experimenter, the fibres of the remains of the reeds and grasses of which peat is composed can be utilized not only for paper-making and carpets, but for weaving the finest fabrics as well.

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