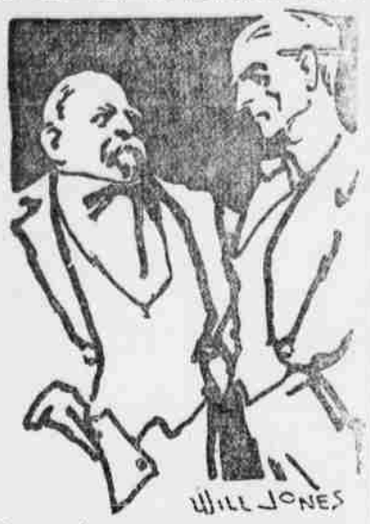
NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

The Bigness of Texas.

Representative Burleson of Texas is proud of telling how big and powerful is the state in which he has the honor to live.

"It's so big," said Burleson on one occasion, "that some of its people don't bother about the rest of the country. One day Colonel Edgar, editor and owner of the Lincoln Star, Nebraska, was traveling in the state, and he came to a little railroad station. At that time all newspaper editors



"BUT IT'S GOOD ANYWHERE IN THE UNION."

had telegraph franks. The colonel wrote out a telegram and carried it into the telegraph office.

"The operator, who was tall and slender and fierce looking, said, 'Charges are 80 cents.'

"'But it's franked,' explained Edgar, pointing to the stamp.

"'No good here,' objected the operator.

"'But it's good anywhere in the Union,' argued Edgar. 'The book of franks says so.'

"'Can't help it,' was the obdurate response.

"'Isn't Texas in the Union?' asked Edgar, thoroughly indignant.

"'Oh,' replied the Texan, 'theoretically, suh; merely theoretically.'"

The People—A Paradox.

As illustrative of the pessimistic attitude of the average politician suffering the pangs of defeat Tom Johnson of Cleveland is fond of telling the following:

The day after the routing of Bryan in 1900 one of the Democratic newspapers in Cleveland sent out a circular telegram inviting expressions of opinion from various politicians throughout the country. Perhaps the quaintest of the replies was that of an Indiana man, chairman of a county committee. It read:

"County has gone for McKinley by 200. The people are in the minority. Heaven help us!"

PUT ONE OVER ON A GEORGIA FARMER.

Mean Trick to Which a Rural Legislator Was Subjected.

Hoke Smith of Georgia believes his state crowns all others in its sense of civic and political honesty, and he tells this story to prove it:

A wealthy farmer named Sneads, who, though he could neither read nor write, was elected to the Georgia legislature, was a power in politics because of his sterling honesty. When he arrived at Atlanta he was invited to luncheon at a swell hotel by another member of the legislature.

Sneads' host nonchalantly passed him the bill of fare. Sneads held it before him as if studying it intently.

"Well, how does that bill look to you?" asked the host, unaware of his guest's inability to read.

"Well, it may be all right," replied Sneads, slapping it down on the table, "but you don't catch me votin' for it till I know more about it!"

Preferred No Other Side.

Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse were promenading in Edinburgh one afternoon when they met a stalwart beggar, whom Gosse refused to aid. Stevenson, however, wavered and finally handed him a sixpence. The man pocketed the coin forbore to thank his benefactor, but fixing his eyes on Gosse, said in a loud voice:

"And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?"

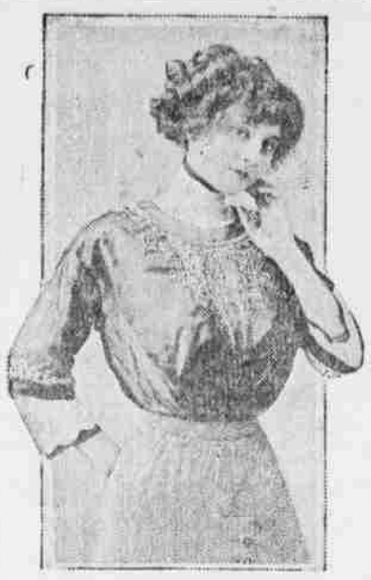
"In future," said Stevenson as they strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"—London News.

An Awkward Interviewer.

One of the raw reporters visiting Frank Hedley of the New York subway asked him an indiscreet question. Mr. Hedley merely smiled and said: "If your city editor was to send you to get a story about a baby of distinguished parentage I know perfectly well what question you would ask the baby's mother."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said the raw reporter. "What would it be?"

"You would look the cherub over critically and then ask the mother, 'Isn't it a trifle cross eyed?'"



A NOVELTY IN SEPARATE WAISTS.

The next time you are near a china shop step in and look at the Wedgwood jugs and plates with their charming blue coloring and snowy white patterns that stand out boldly against the blue; then go home and try to imitate the effect with blue satin and white cord or, better still, porcelain beads. These porcelain blouses, as they are called, are distinctly the thing just now, and the pretty blue coloring is most becoming.

The waist pictured is of blue chiffon over duchess lace. The popular kimono sleeve is used in the confection. Pipings of blue satin edge the cuffs and collars.

Justice White Married a Widow.

Mrs. Edward D. White, wife of the new chief justice of the supreme court, is, like her husband, a Catholic. She is a woman of retiring disposition. In girlhood in New Orleans she fell in love with White, but he had his fortune to make, and her family objected to the match. They married her to a more prosperous suitor, though her friends say she was heartbroken. The husband, uncle of Preston Gibson, playwright, lived only a few years. After a season of mourning the widow was married to White. The couple possess a fortune, and their home in Rhode Island avenue, Washington, is filled with artistic treasures. They are more conspicuous in church affairs than in purely social circles.

The Party Frock.

Party frocks for small girls are more attractive than usual this winter, for, although the lines remain about the same, details and materials vary, and the note of exquisite fineness and daintiness which distinguishes the simple

EYELET EMBROIDERY IS THE MATERIAL USED.

evening frock for the young girl is repeated in the party frock of her little sister.

Fine white net trimmed with tucking and insertion, chiffon, lingerie fabrics and china silk are all utilized in the making of the party frock for the small girl. India silk, messaline or soft satin is used for the slip. In some instances the outer frock is not attached to the lining.

The illustration shows a dainty little dress of all over eyelet embroidery, which will be found as useful for summer wear as it is appropriate for the dance dress. A slip of pink silk gives the color note.

A Newspaper Serial

It Was Written For One Purpose, But Accomplished Two Purposes

By F. A. MITCHEL

"What we want," said the managing editor, "in our serials is plot. You must have our characters or some of them at the end of an installment hanging over a precipice a thousand feet deep, to be rescued in the next, tumbled overboard in mid-ocean, left to drown, rescued again, etc. And you needn't bring it all out happily in the end. Kill the hero if you like. There's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, who was strung up at the end of the story, and the whole world read it and wept over it. Big sales, large profits."

"You want it true to life, don't you?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction. If you'll strike a plot that every one says couldn't possibly have happened you'll get a selling story. The critics will call it 'rot,' but the people will want to read it. Try to do something startling. My object is to put the paper on its feet. Many a newspaper has been made by an ingenious serial."

I had no confidence in the paper's being established by any serial I could write, however improbable I should make it, and I told Heaton so, but he told me to get out and do as he had instructed. He had no more time to talk about the matter. "You know what we want," he said; "go and do it."

I puzzled for a considerable time over a plot, but could invent nothing original. Then it occurred to me that there is nothing original except in real incidents that occur from time to time, and even these repeat themselves. After all, the novel Heaton had quoted had nothing startling in the plot. It was the writing of it and the tragedy at the end. I determined to be content with a commonplace plan and rely on hanging somebody to do the rest. I would drag in all the horrid details of an execution, and I hoped in this way to serve the managing editor's purpose to a limited extent. In order to make the story more harrowing I determined that the man who dangled at the end of a rope should be the innocent victim of circumstances.

Haycroft was my hero, Gwendolin Montclaveries my heroine. They loved. Haycroft was a distant connection to a millionaire who was a bachelor, and, since Haycroft was the only child of several generations of older children descending from the millionaire's only brother (or sister, for that matter), in case the millionaire died without will Haycroft would inherit all his property. Pitblado, the villian of the story, also loves Gwendolin, and I must invent some plan for him to get Haycroft out of the way. It was very easy for me to kill the rich man under suspicious circumstances—at least I had Pitblado manufacture the circumstances—which went to show that Haycroft had poisoned the old gentleman to get his money. The ingenuity required was to weave a lot of circumstances that would convict Haycroft and yet he must be innocent.

Nothing very original about that, you say. Well, if there is any originality in the matter at all I didn't supply it. Fate lays all the plots for stories, and all we scribblers do is to write them up. Nevertheless, though I didn't know it, I was doing the biggest job of my life. And do you know while I thought I was writing a blood and thunder love tragedy I was turning bitterness and gall in a real household into a great happiness.

The story was coming out, the installments appearing once a week. I had convicted the hero, and he was waiting the result of an appeal which I intended to have denied by a merciless judge. I was writing the description of the hanging and intended as soon as it was over to drive the heroine insane and conclude with her shrieks dying away gradually as doors were closing behind her in a mad house. The issue of the paper had appeared containing an explanation of that chain of circumstances which had convicted the murderer. Though they were not to save him, I felt bound to show my skill in finding a key to them which if brought to light would save the victim. But, relying as I did on a double tragedy at the end, I proposed to bring out the key when it was too late to do any good. You see, I didn't intend to spoil the tragic effect by being chicken hearted, especially as the people involved were merely creatures of my own brain. Besides, I remembered the instructions of the managing editor, and I was to attract the attention of the reading public, which increases the circulation of the paper and brings in the advertisements, the ultimate object of the whole thing.

About a week after the appearance of the issue containing the explanation of the incidents that had proved Haycroft guilty, while I was engaged writing the removal of Gwendolin to a madhouse, a servant knocked at my door to say that a man was downstairs who wished to see me.

"Get out of here," I cried, "and tell the man to get out too! I'm doing work that must not be interrupted."

The maid went away and returned to say that she thought the man was having a fit. It required something of the sort to cause me to break off from my work, and, throwing down my pen, I hastened away. The man had buried his face in the lounge pillows and was giving way to violent spasmodic contortions. Hearing me enter, he arose and faced me. I never saw greater agony on any face. He looked from me to the maid and pointed to the door. I told her to leave us and closed the door behind her. Then I turned to my visitor.

"How did you get on to it?" he asked, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Get on to what?"

"My making up that prescription wrong."

"What prescription?"

"That killed the man in your story."

"Killed the man in my story!" I repeated, my eyes bulging with astonishment. I had been writing of an imaginary lunatic, and my first impression was that I had a real one before me.

"You called him Chesterton."

"Well?"

"Oh, my God! He was Middleton. You might as well have given the real name as one so like it."

I stood staring at the man for a while, then said to him:

"My friend, you must pardon me for excusing myself, but I have no time to devote to cranks. I am putting the finishing touches to the serial you speak of, and the copy must be ready this afternoon. The hero has been executed, the girl who loved him has gone mad, and"—

I didn't finish the sentence, for the fellow fell in a fit true enough. I picked him up and laid him on the lounge. As soon as he quieted down a bit he started up and began to talk in a hoarse whisper just as people on the dramatic stage do when they have something harrowing to communicate.

"I'm a drug clerk. One day a prescription came in and I put it up. Hours after it had gone out I found a small vial of deadly poison standing on the board where I had mixed the medicine. I had taken it up by mistake and put enough to kill any one into the mixture. I darted out to stop the patient from taking it. A boy rushed past me selling newspapers and crying, 'Sudden death of Banker Middleton!' That was the name given when the medicine was called for.

"I went back to the store, told my employer that my mother was dying and left town within an hour. My secret has preyed on me, but I never dreamed it would involve another life."

The man had given the key to the circumstances that had convicted an innocent man as I had concocted it for my novel. I saw at once that it was fate and not I who had been writing a detective story, the parts of which fate had evolved in its way, not mine.

In a distant town the drug clerk had picked up a copy of our paper containing that installment of my story which gave my concocted key, it being identical with his own act. Later his eye met a newspaper item that the man who had poisoned Middleton for his money would be executed in three weeks. He had come to me as the author of the story, supposing that I had his secret.

In this sequel to the product of my brain I saw what the story itself would not produce. I am a newspaper man, and my newspaper instincts came to the front.

"You come with me," I said. "Put yourself in the hands of our paper, and we'll give you the best outcome to your fatal mistake one can secure for you."

He assented, and, taking him to the office, I told the story to Heaton.

"Shake!" he said, thrusting out his hand and grasping mine in an iron grip. "The paper's made!"

Then I called the drug clerk in and introduced him to the managing editor. Heaton gave him what money he wanted and told him to go where he liked—leaving his address, of course—and keep his mouth shut. The next morning out came scare heads announcing that a remarkable combination detective-fiction exploit had led to the discovery that George Barton, the man who had been convicted of the murder of Banker Middleton, was innocent. This set everybody agog for the next issue.

In the morning we announced that the paper had produced a drug clerk whose mistake had caused the poisoning of Middleton. A hint was thrown out that an author-detective who wrote exclusively for the paper had built a theory of his own as to the cause of Middleton's death and had written the story with the intent of bringing out the real culprit.

And so it came about that an innocent man was saved from a hanging because people like to read about such tragedies and because I was instructed to hang an imaginary character. But, after all, did it not come about on the principal of an ad.?

We got the drug clerk off with light punishment and had Barton up in our editorial rooms, where I was introduced to him as the man who had saved him from a felon's death. He asked me if I had really written the story on the theory that Middleton had been poisoned by the mistake of a drug clerk. The look of noncommittal wisdom I put on was a stroke of genius. It claimed nothing for me, but helped the paper.

There was another coincidence which I have left to the last, for it is the touching part. Barton was engaged to a very lovely girl. She had stood by him during his trial, confident in his innocence. Barton asked me to go to see her, and I did so. The interview was very affecting. She told me that if her fiance had been executed she believed she would have gone mad, as did the heroine of my story. Then I realized that better things had been accomplished by my serial than the building up of a newspaper.

Hydrated Lime.

Now that fruit growers are planning to spray their trees with one form or another of lime-sulphur solution, many inquiries reach the office of Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., on the subject of kinds of materials to be used in its preparation. The following letter to a Cumberland county apple grower, on the subject of hydrated lime, may be found instructive to such as wish to use this lime in preference to the fresh lump lime:

"I have made careful examination of the package of hydrated lime which you left with me, and upon such limited test as I have been able to make, I must give it as my opinion that it is all right for making the lime-sulphur solution, if you use one-third more lime than ordinarily called for in the lime-sulphur formula. Even with this, it is not expensive, as the lime is very cheap. The advantage of this prepared lime is, that it is so finely divided, that it should cause no clogging of the nozzles. I myself have tried it in some of my spraying operations. I believe that I can faithfully recommend it for highly satisfactory results. I find no printed statements concerning its use for spraying purposes, but shall have something further to say from my own observations and experiments ere long."

"I wonder if I'll look well in black?"

"What's the matter with you now? You won't have to wear black for years to come."

"Oh, I don't know about that. My husband is an aviator."—Detroit Free Press.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,
ESTATE OF
SARAH A. WILSON,
Late of Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

J. ADAM KRAFT,
Administrator.

Honesdale, Pa., Jan. 17 1911.

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

A.M. SUN	A.M. SUN	.....	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	P.M.		A.M.	.....	SP.. UN	A.M. SUN
8 30	.....	.....	10 00	.....	4 30	..... Albany	2 00	10 50	.....	.....	10 50	.....
10 00	.....	.....	10 00	.....	6 05	.... Binghamton	12 40	8 45	.....	.....	8 45	.....
					A.M.							
10 00	2 15	.....	12 30	8 30	2 15	.... Philadelphia	3 53	7 31	7 32	.....	7 31	7 32
							A.M		P.M.			
1 20	7 25	.....	4 40	1 20	7 10	.... Wilkes-Barre....	10 20	4 05	7 15	.....	2 25	P.M.
2 08	8 15	.....	5 30	2 08	7 55	..... Scranton.....	9 37	3 15	6 20	.....	1 35	10 05
P.M.	A.M.	.....	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Lv Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	.....	P.M.	P.M.
5 40	9 05	.....	6 20	2 05	8 45	.....Carbondale.....	8 05	1 35	5 40	.....	12 17	8 29
5 50	9 15	.....	6 30	2 15	8 55	...Lincoln Avenue..	7 54	1 25	5 30	.....	12 07	8 17
5 54	9 19	.....	6 34	2 19	8 59	..... Whites.....	7 50	1 21	5 24	.....	12 03	8 13
6 11	9 36	.....	6 52	2 37	9 18	..... Farview.....	7 33	1 03	5 08	.....	11 44	7 54
6 17	9 42	.....	6 58	2 43	9 24	..... Canaan	7 25	12 56	5 01	.....	11 37	7 47
6 23	9 48	.....	7 04	2 49	9 29	.... Lake Lodore	7 19	12 51	5 56	.....	11 31	7 41
6 26	9 51	.....	7 07	2 52	9 32	... Waymart.....	7 17	12 49	4 54	.....	11 29	7 39
6 32	9 57	.....	7 13	2 57	9 37	..... Keene.....	7 12	12 43	4 48	.....	11 23	7 32
6 35	10 00	.....	7 16	2 59	9 39	..... Steene.....	7 09	12 40	4 45	.....	11 20	7 30
6 39	10 04	.....	7 20	3 03	9 43	..... Prompton.....	7 05	12 36	4 41	.....	11 16	7 26
6 43	10 08	.....	7 24	3 07	9 47	..... Fortenia	7 01	12 32	4 37	.....	11 12	7 22
6 46	10 11	.....	7 27	3 10	9 50	..... Seelyville	6 58	12 29	4 34	.....	11 09	7 19
6 50	10 15	.....	7 31	3 15	9 55	..... Honesdale	6 55	12 25	4 40	.....	11 05	7 15
P.M.	A.M.	.....	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Ar Lv	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	.....	A.M.	P.M.