

The Scrap Book

Why He Wept.

A medieval sultan had such an alarmingly grotesque and ugly face that he had all the mirrors removed from his palace so that he might avoid the pain of seeing his own features.

This sultan called on his grand vizier one day and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him, and he broke into violent sobbing. In this outburst the vizier promptly joined. Finally the sultan calmed down, wiped his eyes and got ready to smoke and talk, but not so the vizier. He sobbed on and on. His master, tapping his slipper impatiently on the cushions, waited for him to cease.

At length the sultan got angry and exclaimed: "Why do you weep longer than I, vizier?"

"Alas," the grand vizier replied, "you wept, O commander of the faithful, because you saw your face but for an instant, but I see it all day and every day."

BROKE INTO VIOLENT SOBBERING.

HE SOBBED ON.

Today.

Say not tomorrow, Today is your own To parcel as you will.

For who can tell that when the day has flown He shall be living still?

Oh, blest is he whose daily balance sheet Brings perfect work to view, Whose closing day leaves no task incomplete For other hands to do!

Tomorrow's but a jack-o'-lantern sprite That flees the laggard's clasp, Today's the power whose hand of gracious might Holds fortune in its grasp.

Picked Out the Largest.

There was a good but grouchy shortstop in one of the minor league clubs a few years ago who had a grudge against an umpire. Before the game the player bragged to his teammates of what he would do to the umpire if the umpire started anything on the field. There was no trouble, it happened, and when the club got back to the clubhouse the shortstop told his teammates how lucky the umpire was that he did not try to renew the trouble between them.

"I was ready for him," said the shortstop, "for I would have laid him out. I have two large pool balls in my pocket I brought out from the hotel, and I'd have soaked him with them. They were the largest I could find, too, for I picked out the fourteen and the fifteen."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Worrying the Golfer.

After the bungling golf beginner missed the ball seven times the caddy held up his hand.

"There's a man ganging across in front of ye," he said.

"What if he is?" retorted the novice, very red from his exertions. "I didn't tell him to!"

"Ye maun cry 'Fore!' if there's anybody in the way when ye're gaun the hit the ball!"

"That's all very well," exclaimed the novice angrily, "but how am I to know when I'm going to hit the ball?"

A Hot Bird.

There was a queer prank played by several members of a Walnut street club on a fellow member who a few days ago made the rather rash announcement that he never so forgot himself as to become intoxicated.

The friends of "the man with the iron will," as he was at once named, determined to prove that he had made a false boast. So he was invited to attend a banquet at a fashionable hotel. Sparkling wine flowed freely, and he very soon "forgot." Then his friends paid for a room in the fourth floor. The "man with the iron will" was put to bed.

His friends smeared his body with vaseline and then, that he might not take cold, rolled him in a mass of feathers obtained by silting open a pair of pillows. They turned on the steam heat full force and left. In about three hours "the man with the iron will" stirred uneasily. In a moment his eyes opened.

In a bewildered fashion he glanced at his hands and saw that he was covered with feathers. He gasped.

Then a thought struck him, and he muttered, "This must be hades and I am a bird."—Philadelphia Times.

Forgetting Himself.

An elderly gentleman who knew something of law lived in an Irish village where no lawyers had ever penetrated and was in the habit of making the wills of his neighbors.

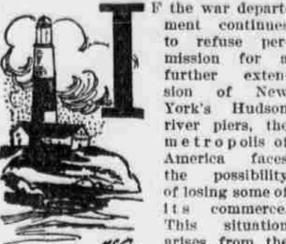
At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumber by a knocking at his gate and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there.

"It's me, your honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep thinking of the will I have made."

"What's the matter with the will?" asked the lawyer.

"Matter, indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure, I've not left myself a three legged stool to sit upon!"

Future Docks Of New York At Montauk?



IF the war department continues to refuse permission for a further extension of New York's Hudson river piers, the metropolis of America faces the possibility of losing some of its commerce. This situation arises from the fact that the present piers are not large enough for the huge new steamers that are being constructed in England and other countries.

It being a condition, not a theory, that confronts New York, many plans are being hatched to permit the construction of longer piers near by to prevent the leviathan steamers from seeking other ports, such as Boston and Philadelphia, which might accommodate them.

Foremost among these projects is the construction of a new city by the sea at Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island, 114 miles from New York, and at present a train journey of some two hours. Matters have gone so far that Congressman W. W. Cocks of New York has asked for a survey of Fort Pond bay as a preliminary to making Montauk Point a port of entry. One of the big railroad companies and some prominent capitalists are said to be behind the movement.

The development of Montauk into a new port for New York was a dream of the late Austin Corbin, the projector of the railroad which now covers Long Island, twenty-five years ago. It was termed fantastic at the time, but is now a serious proposition.

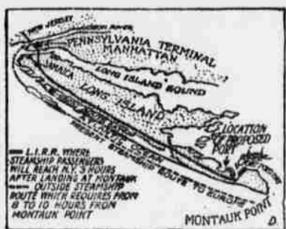
The situation in the Hudson river is simple. The present piers for the transatlantic liners are but 825 feet in length, ample until a few years ago. The new steamers will be nearly 900 feet in length, and the war department declines to permit pier extension because of the narrowing effect it would have on the river. The steamers interests have considered the possibilities of Montauk, Staten Island and Boston, but have made no decision as yet. They are awaiting final action from the United States government.

Approximately 10,000 acres of woodland, sand dunes and rolling hills, embracing an area of about twelve square miles of land, six interior fresh water lakes and thirty miles of coast frontage along the Atlantic ocean and Long Island sound form the area affected by the proposed transformation.

Fort Pond bay is the center of the plans. This is a natural harbor, having a depth of sixty feet of water. It is claimed that with steamers landing at Montauk instead of New York eight hours would be saved and the dangers of the voyage along the south shore of Long Island eliminated.

It is proposed to run through trains from Montauk if the harbor plans materialize, this being made possible by the East river railroad tunnels, and it is asserted that a passenger from abroad who desired to reach San Francisco quickly could save half a day by taking a train at Montauk. It is also claimed that transferring of mail would be greatly expedited, as it could be sorted on mail cars en route to New York, saving almost a day in handling.

Even if the Montauk plan is adopted it will be some time before the city of the sea arises. It would take two years to build the necessary piers and to double the present railroad facilities. Then an act of congress would be required to establish a port and construct a breakwater.



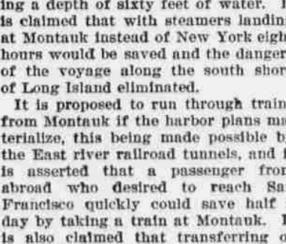
MAP OF LONG ISLAND, SHOWING AVAILABILITY OF MONTAUK POINT AS NEW YORK'S FUTURE DOCKING PLACE.

Caught on the Brain.

Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania, the former professional baseball player, has come to bat with a story of the greatest play in baseball he had ever seen.

"It took place in an amateur game at Charleroi," the governor said. "The teams were playing on a wet field, and an outfielder who wore a derby hat went after a high fly. He came to a little pond and, taking his eye off the ball, made a jump to cross it. As he was leaping the ball struck him on the head, went through the crown of his hat and lodged there.

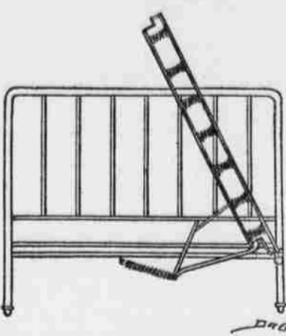
"The base runner was out, yet the fielder had not touched the ball with his hands. Can you beat that?"



As he was leaping the ball struck him on the head, went through the crown of his hat and lodged there.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Bed Attachment For Raising the Spring.



A bed spring is an unwieldy thing for anybody to manipulate, and it is particularly difficult for a woman to raise and turn it about for cleaning. An Illinois man has invented an attachment which is in a sense automatic and which will enable a child to lift a bed spring so equipped. The attachment consists of a series of rods pivoted together and attached to one end of the spring and the lower part of the bed. A strong spring controls their movement, so that they remain in whatever position desired. If a woman wants to clean the bed springs all she has to do is to lift one end, which will rise as easy as the top of a box couch, on the principle of which this invention works, and tilt the springs at any angle she wants them.

Graham Bread Steamed.

Three cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of white flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, three level teaspoonfuls of soda, one-third cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses (scant) and two and one-half cupfuls of sour milk. Stir together the graham flour, white flour, salt, soda and sugar. Add the molasses and milk and beat thoroughly. Pour into a buttered brown bread mold and steam for three and one-half hours. Pound baking powder cans are excellent molds for steamed breads and puddings. When used steam for a shorter time.

Planked Steak With Oysters.

Have a sirloin neatly trimmed; put it on the broiler; broil five minutes on one side, turn and broil five minutes on the other side. Make the planking board very hot while the steak is broiling. Put the steak on, garnish the board quickly with mashed potatoes and put it under the broiler. Turn the steak once. Dust it with salt and pepper and rub it with butter. Cover the top with oysters, then run it again under the broiler for a few minutes. Serve very hot.

Scallop Chowder.

Fry three slices of salt pork, add two quarts of water, six potatoes pared and sliced and three medium sized onions sliced. Season with salt and pepper and cook until the vegetables are nearly tender. Add one cupful of canned tomatoes, a rounding tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little milk and one quart of scallops. Cook ten minutes, add one quart of hot milk and let the chowder come to the boiling point. Serve with crackers.

Oat Flake Wafers.

Beat three-fourths of a cupful of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cupfuls of sugar, then two cupfuls of oatmeal, half a cupful of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda sifted with one cupful of flour. Mix thoroughly, adding flour as it is needed to make a dough. Roll very thin, cut in squares and bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Blancmange.

One quart milk, three level tablespoons granulated gelatin, two ounces chocolate melted, three-fourths cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla. Put gelatin and milk into double boiler. When the milk is scalded add it gradually to the chocolate. Add the sugar and remove from the fire. Add vanilla, pour into a mold wet with cold water and chill. Serve with cream.

Potato Blocks.

Boil and mash one pound of potatoes; add one ounce of butter, the yolk of an egg, pepper and salt and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Knead all together, then roll out on a floured board to about one inch and a half thick; cut into blocks. Brush over with milk and brown nicely in the oven. These are a nice accompaniment to cold meat.

A Laundry Hint.

To whiten handkerchiefs which have become discolored through careless washing, dissolve some pipe clay in warm water and leave them to soak in the solution all night. Next day wash and boil the handkerchiefs in the usual manner, and they will be wonderfully improved in appearance.

Scrambled Scallops.

Boil one-half pint of scallops till tender, drain and pick them apart. Mix them with two well beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Cook in the frying pan in hot butter, stirring as they thicken, and when the egg is firm turn out on to buttered toast.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

How to Keep a Friend.

Always ask him how much he won at poker and express surprise if he says he lost.

Tell him he looks well in any old hat if he asks your opinion of his new headpiece.

Agree with him that his home town is a good place to come from and don't emphasize "come."

Never try to borrow money.

Don't criticize his neckties or his mustache.

Don't correct his French.

Laugh when he tells a joke, but don't try to tell him any.

Let him alone when he becomes foolish about some girl.

Ask him why he never pursued the study of music when he tries to show you how the latest song hit goes and don't smile when you do it.

Assure him that you couldn't think of presuming to advise him if he asks your opinion on any weighty subject or the stock market, for example.

Obey these rules and he will tell your acquaintances that you are a good guy, but absolutely colorless.—Roy R. Atkinson in Puck.

Pride.

"They say Jepson was arrested once for beating his wife."

"I shouldn't think he'd ever want to look anybody in the face after that."

"He seems to be rather proud of it."

She was acting as the strong woman in a circus when he met her.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dead Game.

Bricklayer (to mate, who had just had a hodful of bricks fall on his feet)—"Drop 'em on yer toe! That's nothin'." Why, I seen a bloke get killed stone dead an' 'e never made such a blomin' fuss as you're doin'.—Tit-Bits.

Future Uses.

"Do you think airships will be used for smuggling?"

"Certainly not," said the aviator. "But they will come in handy in enabling us to avoid the big hats at a baseball game."—Washington Star.

His Job.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"M-maw's gone an' drowned all the kittens."

"Dear, dear! Now, that's too bad."

"Yep; she p-promised—boohoo!—at I c'd'd do it."—Harper's Weekly.

Another Kick.

The Duke—And you really called on the heiress? Did you meet the head of the house?

The Count (sadly)—Ach, no! I think I must have met zee foot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Everything to Fit.

"I hear the people who have moved next door are folks of the strictest integrity."

"Strict? I should say so! Why, even their piano is upright."—Baltimore American.

Natural Conclusion.

Mabel—Yes, I'll marry you.

Jack—Oh, I am in the seventh heaven!

Mabel—Oh, Jack! And have six other girls accepted you already?—Cleveland Leader.

Making Sure of a Fee.

The Millionaire—Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?

"Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—Life.

Force of Habit Too Strong.

Diner—How is it that most of the things on your bill of fare are struck out?

Waiter (confidingly)—Our new manager used to be an editor.—Boston Transcript.

Obstructions.

Bacon—I see it is said that a camel can travel a hundred miles a day.

Egbert—He could travel more than that in a day if he could get his hump in the car door.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Self Measurement.

Seymour—Nobblins certainly has a good opinion of himself.

Ashley—Yes, he's the limit. He can't see an ad. for a first class man without answering it.—Chicago News.

A Friend.

"Are you a friend of hers?"

"Yes, indeed. Whenever there's a man she's particularly anxious to win I'm the one she invites him to meet."—Detroit Free Press.

They Always Do.

Hewitt—He is always offering free advice.

Jewett—Yes; he would tell a cross-eyed man to shoot straight.—New York Press.

Why Not "Self Made"?

"Are you a self made man?"

"No; my wife furnished the specifications."—Pittsburg Post.

Slighted.

Couldn't speak to me las' night 'Cause yo' had a beau.

As I ask yo' had I got yo' slight.

Knawed yo' hadn't, though.

Yo' know w'en I come long by Yo' jes' belt yo' haid as high Lak yo' d' business in de sky.

W'en yo' com' into de chu'ch Wouldn't notice me.

Well, I ain' a-carin' much 'Cause yo' didn't see.

Only I want yo' to know Dat w'en yo' ain't got no beau Needn't speak t' me no mo'.

—Lippincott's.

Schoolboy Blunders.

The University Correspondent recently offered a prize for schoolboy mistakes. Here are a few examples: "Mute, inglorious Milton"—these epithets are used by a writer who was envious of Milton's being poet orient. He finds "sermons in stones" expresses the same idea as Wordsworth's "the restless stone that all day long is heard." Calvin was a noted scientist and peer, who died lately. Naples is an independent state in the north of India. Shakespeare made a mistake in mentioning Galen, who did not live until a hundred years after his time. The feminine of fox is foxhen. John Burns was the name of one of the claimants to the throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I. The pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain. The three highest mountains in Scotland are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson. Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London. When the English first landed in Australia the only four footed animal in the country was a rat. Monsoons are fertile gorges between the Himalayas.

When Bjornson Died.

Bjornson's son, in describing the last hours of his father, writes: "Now and then the bright flame of his humor flickered up. The doctor felt his pulse and said it was good. With his face beaming with humor he turned toward us and said, 'I am the first man to die with a good pulse.' He said one evening—and it seemed as if an old wise man was speaking with the weight of experience. 'Now I could write—yes, now I could write, for I have been in the realms of death and have felt the pain that attends death.' And when all of us thought that the indifference of death was upon him—my mother, who always gave him his food, which he would receive only from her, stood at the bedside with a brooch on her breast which she had worn at her confirmation—then he opened his eyes and looked at her. He smiled, lifted his hand and touched the brooch. This was the last sign to the outer world he was able to give."

A Cold Ride.

All through his life Senator Dolliver of Iowa had a horror of fast trains and possible railroad wrecks. Once he was on a train with Vice President Fairbanks.

Dolliver awoke in the middle of the night, and it seemed to him that the train was going at terrific speed. He climbed out of his berth and, arrayed only in his pajamas, started down the length of the train to find the conductor and ask him to order the train run at less speed. It was a cold night, but the senator did not mind that until the door of his car snapped shut and locked behind him and he found that the door of the next coach was also locked. He rode sixty-five miles locked out in the cold of the vestibule before he could wake up anybody to let him in. Mr. Fairbanks finally heard his cries for help and rescued him.—New York Tribune.

A Mighty Difference.

Brougham used to tell an anecdote about the flight from Waterloo. Napoleon was greatly depressed. His aid riding beside him thought he might be sorrowing over the loss of so many old comrades at arms and tried to comfort him by saying that Wellington also must have lost many friends. "He has not lost the battle," was the reply.

NO CAUSE TO DOUBT.

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee immediate and positive relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where our remedy fails to do this we will supply it free. That's a frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

ReXall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and tonic, that are eaten like candy. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take, and work so easily, that they may be taken by any one at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity. They have a most beneficial action upon the liver.

ReXall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Two sizes: 12 tablets 10 cents and 36 tablets 25 cents. Remember you can obtain ReXall Remedies only at our store.—The ReXall Store.

A. M. LEINE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

MANUEL JACOBSON of Honesdale Wayne county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said court at Scranton, in said district, on the 28th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

EDWARD R. W. SEARLE, Clerk.

The Haddock's Spots.

The haddock has a superstition attached to it. On each side of the shoulders near the gills is a dark spot, fabled to be the impression made by the finger and thumb of St. Peter when he took it up and found the penny in its mouth to pay tribute to Caesar with.

An Expensive Plant.

The ivy plant which established itself in a crevice of the tower of St. John the Baptist church at Yardborough, Lincolnshire, England, undermined the foundation and lifted stones out of place until it cost over \$3,000 to make repairs.

Good Swimmers.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim several hundred yards.

W. C. SPRY AUCTIONEER HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE IN STATE.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF SARAH E. NEWCOMB, Late of Vestal Center, N. Y., deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed to report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment on SATURDAY, March 4, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

C. P. SEARLE, Auditor.
Honesdale, Feb. 7, 1911.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF JOHN GROMBLICH, Late of Lake Township, deceased. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed to pass upon exceptions, re state the account if necessary, hear and determine all claims on the assets and report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment on THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

WM. H. LEE, Auditor.
Honesdale, Feb. 7, 1911.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.
ESTATE OF WILLIAM PENWARDEN, OREGON TWP 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.

OLIVE PENWARDEN, E. DARWIN PENWARDEN, LEVI W. PENWARDEN, Executors.
Carley Brook, Pa., Jan. 18, 1911.

JOSEPH N. WELCH Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadin's drug store, Honesdale.

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