

THE COUNTY

BETHANY.

(Special to The Citizen.) BETHANY, May 27.—Miss Alta Many is spending the week at Tyler Hill and Fallsdale. Mrs. J. B. Cody spent last Sunday in Scranton. Rev. J. B. Cody came Thursday to see his friend, Mr. Egan, who is visiting at the manse. Mrs. J. V. Starnes had a very severe attack of pleural pneumonia but is improving. Dr. Powell and Vining Cody are in attendance. Her daughters, Blanche and Mrs. Noyes, of Honesdale, have been with her the past week. Mr. Eisenberger, the Princeton student, who is in charge of the Presbyterian church here, at Prompton and Waymart, left for Prompton to locate Thursday as it is more central for his work. The supper in the Presbyterian dining room was liberally attended the amount raised being about four dollars. Mrs. George Hauser and Fred Hauser spent Friday at the Fitze home in Whites Valley. Mrs. M. E. Bolckom, Honesdale, is spending Sunday with her brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Faatz. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clemons, a daughter on Friday. Miss V. Halsey and Miss Giehrst will leave Monday to visit relatives and friends in Wilkes-Barre and Kingston. They expect to take in the aviation meet.

STERLING.

(Special to The Citizen.) STERLING, Pa., May 29.—William Shaffer, Canaan, is moving into O. B. Mezargle's house. On the evening of May 19, about thirty-five of Miss Ada Simons' young friends helped her celebrate her twentieth birthday. A few very pleasant hours were passed. Mrs. I. Gilpin, Kellam, and son, Dunmore, are guests of M. A. Gilpin's. Miss A. M. Noble has a young lady assisting her in cleaning house. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Noble, Arlington, spent a day in town this week. On the 7th Mrs. S. N. Cross and daughter, Mrs. W. B. Lesher, and children, went to Wilkes-Barre and spent two days at Rev. D. Evans' and then Mrs. Cross returned and Mrs. Lesher and children went to Washington, N. J., where they will spend a couple of weeks with New Jersey friends. There was preaching at Jericho last Sunday and we think there will be every other Sunday for some time. Last Sunday Rev. Williams preached a memorial sermon and on Memorial Day Attorney C. P. Searle, Honesdale, will deliver an address.

MOUNTAIN HOME.

(Special to The Citizen.) MOUNTAIN HOME, Pa., May 29.—Olive Martin is visiting her sister of Mountain Home. Mr. Edington is improving slowly. Mrs. George Sheffer is able to be out again. Mrs. George Jones called on her mother Thursday. Mrs. Compton was a pleasant caller at Mrs. George Edington's last week. Miss Marie Mutchler spent last week with friends at Mountain Home. Miss Meta Place entertained friends from Florida last week. Mrs. Fannie Place has gone to Pocono Inn as housekeeper this season. Mt. Pocono M. E. church was struck by lightning last Wednesday evening. Miss Lena French is improving slowly and will soon be able to return home again. Miss Loya Edington spent Sunday with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Mart Mutchler.

PAUPACK.

(Special to The Citizen.) PAUPACK, Pa., May 29.—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Killam left this place on Monday for a trip to Camden, N. J. The box party which was held at H. Gumble's on Saturday last was a success. Proceeds about \$15. William Martin and family, Ledgedale, spent Sunday in this place. Mr. Healy is having garden made on the Bennett farm which the Water company have purchased. Miss Frances Killam returned home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. F. Gilpin, who were spending last week at Greentown with Mr. Gilpin's mother, who is very ill, returned to their home at Honesdale on Monday. Fred Haussman is employed by Walter Vetterlein. Miss Walter returned to her home at Newfoundland last Friday, after spending a time at this place.

HAWLEY.

(Special to The Citizen.) HAWLEY, Pa., May 29.—Miss Wetzel spent the latter part of last week in the Electric City. Mrs. Nellie Caruth and daughters went to Wilkes-Barre on Saturday. They will be present at the aviation meet in that city on Memorial Day. William James, East Orange, called on his brother, Samuel, and family of this place between trains last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Gravity, were shopping in town on Thursday. Erasmus Ames, Dunmore, was calling on relatives here Saturday. Miss Lela Atkinson, a trained nurse of New York, has arrived for her annual vacation. George Hittinger, who was recently injured in a runaway accident, was able to be taken in an auto to his home on Long Ridge Friday. August Buck, Scranton, was a Sunday visitor here. Mrs. Miles Wilds will soon leave for an extended visit at Schenectady, N. Y. Mrs. George Haas and little son, New York City, are being entertained at the home of the former's parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Matter, of Bellemont avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Daniels have moved from the Murray farm on Cherry Ridge to Wilsonville where he is employed in the lumber woods. Miss Bessie Williams and Miss Anna Hausman will open a dress-making establishment on Main avenue in rooms over H. Harnes' law office this week. Lillian Townsend, one of Uncle Sam's obliging distributors of mails in the local postoffice, had her face quite badly burned by using a handkerchief on which was carbolic acid, unknown to the user. Leonard Degrote, who resides on Bellemont Hill, was taken to a hospital in Scranton Friday. He has been a sufferer of rheumatic trouble the greater part of the winter. While taking a short walk recently he fell and as was thought at the time slightly strained one leg. Of late this member caused him so much pain that his doctor, A. H. Catterall, found upon close examination that his leg was broken and required hospital attention. The High School Alumni, for which extensive preparations have been made will banquet in the Auditorium this Friday. Main Avenue and one block on Penn Avenue and Church street was oiled during the week. May the good work continue is the general wish. The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs of this place will observe their Memorial day, which occurs on the 13th of June, by decorating the graves of their brothers and sisters and exercises in the lodge rooms. A load of guests arrived on the Saturday evening train bound for East Lynn of Tafton to pass the Memorial Day vacation. Miss Kathryn, daughter of J. F. Drake and wife, has been awarded third honor at the East Stroudsburg Normal school where she will graduate next month. This is considered excellent work, since she has only been at the Normal little more than a year and a half. William Porter, a member of the stock exchange of Dickson, Perkins & Co., who was seriously injured in an automobile accident near Paterson, N. J., Monday, May 22, is the husband of a former Hawley girl whose maiden name was Ruth Alice Cole. Mrs. George Kohlman leaves this Monday to enjoy a fortnight's recreation in the metropolis and other nearby cities. She will also take a trip up the Hudson. Mrs. W. S. Peterson is slightly indisposed at this writing. The Y. P. S. of the Lutheran church will meet in the church basement Thursday, June 1. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Murphy spent Sunday at their summer cottage at Woodside. T. J. Burke, Scranton, was in town Saturday. C. D. Simpson, Scranton, L. B. Stillwell, New York City, and several of the promoters of the big dam to be built at Wilsonville, held a meeting at Park View Hotel on Friday. Mr. Still came to decide on the exact location where the dam will be built. It is rumored that it will go across just below the Wilsonville bridge. Lon Bidwell, Arlington, is among the number who will finish the course at West Chester Normal School this Spring. The annual literary contest held at the High school building on Friday night proved to be an interesting affair. The stage was profusely decked with flowers and a conspicuous motto which read: "Impossible is Un-American." Six pupils recited—three girls and three boys. Harriet Andrews and Edward Dapper were the winners of the five dollar gold prize. The other contestants were Norman Swingle, Abe Harris, Mabel Tutbill and Sylvia Rodman. The Judges were Herman Harnes, County Superintendent J. J. Koehler and Prof. A. H. Howell. Other features of the evening was a song and drill by the primary regiment which was well rendered. Vice Principal Marts gave an exhibition in Indian Club swinging. George Kehr, Long Ridge, lost a valuable horse on Friday. Miss Georgie Teeter, representative of the Vallen-Paupack Council of Pocaconty, attended the great council of that order assembled at Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week. F. H. McDonough, liverman, has moved his family from River street in rooms over R. T. Warg's shoe store. A young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gelsler is now crippled in both feet from an accident a few days ago to one of his feet blood poison set in and while still very sore he in some way gashed the other with a hatchet.

years or so ago, even though they are now forgotten. Yates ordered by will that his jugular vein be severed and he covered the cost of the operation by a bequest of \$100. These are a few illustrations of this distressing apprehension which have come to the general knowledge and it is likely that any doctor whose practice has been extended could out of his own experience add many others to the list. People dread being buried alive, because no imagination can conceive a more awful fate and because every once in a while it is reported that, some coffin having been opened, the disposition of the body within it exhibited indications of a struggle. The feeling is that as such an examination is exceedingly rare there is no telling how frequently the same thing may have happened in the millions of cases which have been unobserved. Of course, the chance of a premature burial is so remote as not to be worth taking into account. To the expert eye the signs of death are both unmistakable and infallible, and even where there have been indications of movement succeeding inhumation it does not follow that there was a conscious struggle. Yet the apprehension is one which reason is powerless to remove and no argument will so effectually relieve those whom it affects as the taking of some appropriate precaution.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Get Rid Of Flies and Mosquitoes.

A Philadelphia correspondent recently wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, as follows: "Will you kindly send me information regarding the prevention of flies and mosquitoes. I have a stable in the rear of my property, back of which there is a manure pile. I think the flies breed here, and have been told that if I mix lime with the flies will be killed. \* \* \* The mosquitoes breed, I think, in several ponds that are near the house. Any information furnished by you will be greatly appreciated." The Professor's reply was as follows: "The habits of flies and mosquitoes are quite different, and I must discuss each separately. Of course, you know there are many different species of flies, and the breeding habits of each differ considerably. However, I presume you refer to the one commonly known as the House fly or Typhoid fly. This pest passes the winter generally as a mature or adult insect in some place of concealment or protection, or even as a pupa or chrysalis in or near the place where it fed as a larva. In the early part of the summer it commences to lay its eggs, chiefly in manure, either in stables themselves, or around the manure piles. Any kind of filth or decaying organic matter may serve as a place for the laying of the eggs, and also for the development of the young. Within a few days after laying, they hatch, and the young larvae or maggots come forth to live upon the organic matter they can find. They develop into white worms, which in a short time transform into brown pupae or chrysalids, and in a few days these split open and the winged fly comes forth. "The best means of suppressing the fly nuisance is to be clean up the breeding places absolutely. This demands unusual care. As an aid to this, nothing is better than the lime-sulfur solution, made by boiling lime and sulfur together, and diluting it just the same as is directed in our bulletins and circulars from time to time for spraying for the San Jose scale. In other words, boil one pound of lime with two pounds of sulfur in one gallon of water for one hour. This is a strong solution that can be kept. It can also be purchased as a commercial lime-sulfur solution, sold by most seedsmen and many hardware dealers. Dilute one gallon of this with seven or eight gallons of water, and sprinkle it or spray it abundantly around the premises. It is not only a contact insecticide, but it is also a good germicide. It is the best treatment that can be given for the interior of poultry houses, cow stables, horse stables, pig pens, etc. However, muddy or soft ground should not be soaked with it, and then oblige the animals to wade through it to any great extent. It will gradually injure their feet, if they must stand or walk in it for any great length of time. "If the stable is cleaned out thoroughly and swept once each week, it will be sufficient to provide against the breeding of the house fly or typhoid fly at that particular place. "Mosquitoes breed in water, as you suggest. It is remarkable what a small quantity of water may be sufficient to cause enough of these pests to be very annoying to several families. Sometimes an old tin can or a water bucket or a post hole left standing with water in it, will be sufficient to give the breeding place to hundreds or thousands of these pests. A thin film of oil on top of the water will immediately destroy them. "One should look around the premises and see if there are any old vessels containing water, and if so, either empty them, or put a few spoonfuls of oil on them. Drains, sinks and cisterns should be kept covered with netting, and thus be mosquito-proof. Oil on water would not injure it, although stock would not come to it to drink the water while the oil was on it. If one should, for example, have a watering tub in which mosquitoes are breeding, it is best to pour in a few spoonfuls of oil, and let this spread, and kill the pests, which it will do within much less than one hour. Then with some vessel like a bucket he can skim off the oil and throw it away. "We can scarcely hope to exterminate the House fly, but if we reduce its numbers and suppress it, we will be doing a good thing for ourselves and neighbors."

TO SUCCEED, OBEY E. Hubbard Says He Always Gets His

"THE ONLY REAL NEUTRAL IN THIS GAME OF LIFE IS A DEAD ONE."

True, Terese, I'm well turned fifty. And what I told you five years ago still holds good; I have never had a sick day in my life and never took a dose of medicine. I have ridden horses all my life and have never been thrown—but of course I do not let the other fellow pick my mounts. Also, chee-ild, look you, I haven't an enemy in the world that I recognize as such. My enemies are simply good people who do not understand me. This is this misfortune.

If they injure me in some ways, they more than make up for it in advertising, so I am the gainer by their fall. I've traveled on railroad-trains for forty years—in this country and in Europe—and I've never been robbed and I've never had a ticket, every time I reached for my faithful walletoski, I repeat, and it wasn't there. I had left it under my pillow at the hotel. In desperation I looked around to see if I knew any one in that car. Alas! Not a soul was there I had ever seen before. Opposite me was a freckled party with a derby cocked over his eye at a vicious angle. In his buttonhole modestly gleamed the little gold antlers of the Elks. Without a second thought I reached over and said, "Hey, you, Bill, loan me five dollars."

He glanced at me lazily, and reaching in his trousers brought up a big, greenish roll. He skimmed off a five, and as he handed it to me he said, "Yes, brother, sure; and if there is any change, get your hair cut." And the pocketbook? Yes, the freckled little Elk told the conductor, who was also an antlered back, to telegraph back and get that leather. That evening a smoky, smudgy, greasy, locomotive freeman walked into the hotel and gave me my pocketbook. Not a card or a postage-stamp was missing, and the one hundred sixty-five dollars in good bills was there just as I had left it. I offered the freeman a V. He smiled and refused to touch it. All he wanted was a copy of The Philistine with my name written to it.

"You have done so much for the railroad boys—they all shout for you," said the greasy one. Of course I haven't done anything for them. But I would like to. I love the boys—the section men, the track-walkers, flagmen, engineers—the folks who toil and carry burdens, and who ask for so little in return. God bless them all! The very first item in the creed of commonsense is Obedience. Perseverance may be sometimes necessary, but the man who tries to mix revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings.

To flavor work with protest is to fall in the protest and fail in the work. When you revolt, why revolt—climb, hike, get out, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to hades! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself. The man who quits in disgust when ordered to perform a task which he considers menial or unjust may be a pretty good fellow; but the malcontent who takes your order with a smile, and then secretly disobeys, is a dangerous proposition.

To pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted, slipshod work. If revolt and obedience are equal in power, your engine will then stop on the center and you benefit no one, not even yourself. The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse that dominates the receptive mind and the hospitable heart. There are boats that mind the helm and there are boats that do not. Those that do not, get holes knocked in them sooner or later. To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder. Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental state which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without any back talk—uttered or expressed. Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey as trouble ahead of him every step of the way. The world has it in for him continually, because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them to others. But the individual who knows how to execute the orders given him is preparing the way to issue orders, and better still—to have them obeyed. There is known to me a prominent business house that by the very force of its directness and worth has managed to incur the enmity of many rivals. In fact, there is a very general conspiracy on hand to put the institution down and out.

In talking with a young man employed by this house, he yawned and said, "Oh, in this quarrel I am neutral." "But you get your bread and butter from this firm, and in a matter where the very life of the institution is concerned, I do not see how you can be neutral."

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

TO SUCCEED, OBEY E. Hubbard Says He Always Gets His

"THE ONLY REAL NEUTRAL IN THIS GAME OF LIFE IS A DEAD ONE."

True, Terese, I'm well turned fifty. And what I told you five years ago still holds good; I have never had a sick day in my life and never took a dose of medicine. I have ridden horses all my life and have never been thrown—but of course I do not let the other fellow pick my mounts. Also, chee-ild, look you, I haven't an enemy in the world that I recognize as such. My enemies are simply good people who do not understand me. This is this misfortune.

If they injure me in some ways, they more than make up for it in advertising, so I am the gainer by their fall. I've traveled on railroad-trains for forty years—in this country and in Europe—and I've never been robbed and I've never had a ticket, every time I reached for my faithful walletoski, I repeat, and it wasn't there. I had left it under my pillow at the hotel. In desperation I looked around to see if I knew any one in that car. Alas! Not a soul was there I had ever seen before. Opposite me was a freckled party with a derby cocked over his eye at a vicious angle. In his buttonhole modestly gleamed the little gold antlers of the Elks. Without a second thought I reached over and said, "Hey, you, Bill, loan me five dollars."

He glanced at me lazily, and reaching in his trousers brought up a big, greenish roll. He skimmed off a five, and as he handed it to me he said, "Yes, brother, sure; and if there is any change, get your hair cut." And the pocketbook? Yes, the freckled little Elk told the conductor, who was also an antlered back, to telegraph back and get that leather. That evening a smoky, smudgy, greasy, locomotive freeman walked into the hotel and gave me my pocketbook. Not a card or a postage-stamp was missing, and the one hundred sixty-five dollars in good bills was there just as I had left it. I offered the freeman a V. He smiled and refused to touch it. All he wanted was a copy of The Philistine with my name written to it.

"You have done so much for the railroad boys—they all shout for you," said the greasy one. Of course I haven't done anything for them. But I would like to. I love the boys—the section men, the track-walkers, flagmen, engineers—the folks who toil and carry burdens, and who ask for so little in return. God bless them all! The very first item in the creed of commonsense is Obedience. Perseverance may be sometimes necessary, but the man who tries to mix revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings.

To flavor work with protest is to fall in the protest and fail in the work. When you revolt, why revolt—climb, hike, get out, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to hades! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself. The man who quits in disgust when ordered to perform a task which he considers menial or unjust may be a pretty good fellow; but the malcontent who takes your order with a smile, and then secretly disobeys, is a dangerous proposition.

To pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted, slipshod work. If revolt and obedience are equal in power, your engine will then stop on the center and you benefit no one, not even yourself. The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse that dominates the receptive mind and the hospitable heart. There are boats that mind the helm and there are boats that do not. Those that do not, get holes knocked in them sooner or later. To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder. Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental state which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without any back talk—uttered or expressed. Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey as trouble ahead of him every step of the way. The world has it in for him continually, because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them to others. But the individual who knows how to execute the orders given him is preparing the way to issue orders, and better still—to have them obeyed. There is known to me a prominent business house that by the very force of its directness and worth has managed to incur the enmity of many rivals. In fact, there is a very general conspiracy on hand to put the institution down and out.

In talking with a young man employed by this house, he yawned and said, "Oh, in this quarrel I am neutral." "But you get your bread and butter from this firm, and in a matter where the very life of the institution is concerned, I do not see how you can be neutral."

And he changed the subject. I think that if I enlisted in the Japanese army I would not be a neutral. Business is a struggle. Business is a fight—a continual struggle—just as life is. Man has reached his present degree of development through struggle. Struggle there must be and always will be. The struggle began as purely physical. As man evolved it shifted ground to the mental, the psychic, and the spiritual, with a few dashes of caveman proclivities still left. But depend upon it, the struggle will always be—life is activity. And when it gets to be a struggle in well-doing, it will still be a struggle. When inertia gets the better of you, it is time to telephone the undertaker. The only real neutral in this game of life is a dead one.

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of every other good thing. A business that is not safeguarded on every side by active, alert, attentive vigilance men is gone. As oxygen is the disintegrating principle of life, working night and day to dissolve, separate, pull apart and dissipate, so there is something in business that continually tends to scatter, destroy and shift possession from this man to that. A million mice nibble eternally at every business venture. The mice are not neutrals, and if enough employees in a business house are neutrals, the whole concern will eventually come tumbling about their ears. I like that order of Field-Marshal Oyama: "Give every honorable neutral that you find in our lines the honorable ju-jitsu hikerino."—[Elbert Hubbard in The Philistine.]

THE TUSSOCK MOTH. To a correspondent from Ohio, who asked for definite directions for destroying the Tussock moth, which had infested his trees last year, Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, said: "The Tussock moth, which is so injurious to shade trees, especially along streets, can be held in check by spraying with arsenate of lead, using about three pounds in fifty gallons of water, which is practically in the proportion of one ounce in each gallon.

"Spray thoroughly, with any kind of an apparatus that will throw the liquid over the leaves as a spray, but be sure and do this while the moths or larvae are yet young. At the present time the Tussock moth is in the egg stage, in the white egg masses seen on the trunks or branches of trees. The larvae crawled to such spot, and there shed its hairs, and spun its loose cocoon, making this of a few silken threads combined with spiny hairs. "Later the female moth came from the cocoon as a wingless creature, the males flying and mating. The eggs were then deposited upon the old cocoons, and covered with a kind of white froth, which hardened over them, and protected them, as we now find them. Along in May the little larvae or worms will come from these eggs, and commence feeding on the foliage.

"The best thing to do is to gather these egg masses by hand now. Where this cannot be done, it is possible to reach them with a sponge on the end of a pole, dipping the sponge into kerosene, and being sure that each of the egg masses is well touched with the oil. In order to color it so that you can see which have been treated as you go around the trees, it is a good plan to use lamp black in the kerosene oil. "If for any reason all of the egg masses are not removed or treated, and the young should commence to feed on the foliage, it is important to spray them with an arsenical poison, just as soon as possible, because the younger they are the easier they

WAYNE COMMON PLEAS: TRIAL LIST, JUNE 1, 1911. Smith vs. Brown. Tellep vs. Chapiak. Klausner vs. De Breun. Town vs. Cortright. M. J. HANLAN, Prot'y. Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1911. 43e03

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery in and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1911, and to continue one week: And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, June 12, 1911, at 2 p. m. Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 12th day of June, 1911, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to get those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognizance or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 29th day of May 1911, and in the 133rd year of the Independence of the United States M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Honesdale, May 29 1911. 43wt

are to kill, and also the less damage they do to the trees. If some of this material blows on the grass or lawn or upon the sidewalk, it will do no harm.

THE WATER AND THE CELERY.

The following story is told in the Saturday Evening Post about Rhinelander Waldo who has just been appointed to the Police Commissioner-ship of New York: The lobster palaces on Broadway had bought an oversupply of celery and the waiters were given instructions to rush celery on every customer who would stand for it. Fire Commissioner Waldo came in with a friend. The waiter asked him what he would have. "Some oysters," said Waldo. "And some celery?" suggested the waiter. "No, not a sprig. I don't want any celery. I want some chicken gumbo soup, strained."

"With celery, of course," put in the waiter. "No; I tell you I don't want any celery. And some shad."

"With celery?" said the waiter. "No celery—and a bit of the roast." "Some celery would go fine with that," said the waiter. "Forget the celery! Now, what shall we have in the way of a salad?" "Some celery salad," suggested the waiter. "Get out!" shouted Waldo, "and bring those oysters. If you put any celery in I'll make you eat it."

The waiter brought the oysters and again suggested celery, but was rebuffed so earnestly he stood around and cursed under his breath. After he had brought the coffee, Waldo saw the manager of the place. "Tom," he said, "come here a minute.

"What is it, Mr. Waldo?" asked the manager. "Tom, haven't I been a good customer of this place?" "None better, sir." "Then, why is it I can't get what I want?" "What is it you want, Mr. Waldo?" "Why, ever since I sat down I have been trying to get a little celery, but all to no avail. What's the matter with this restaurant? Haven't you got any celery? If not why don't you send out and get some?"

During this recital the face of the manager changed from red to purple of that rare old apoplectic tinge. "Here, you!" he shouted to the waiter. "Why didn't you get Mr. Waldo some celery? What d'ye mean by that sort of thing? Get out of here!"

The waiter was too quick for him, however. As Waldo was talking, he took off his apron, threw it on the floor and said: "Celery, hey? Celery! Say, you! I done everything to get him to take celery but tyin' him to the chair an' gaggin' him wit' it. Here's where I quit."

"Where are you going?" asked Waldo. "Goin'?" repeated the waiter, with fine scorn. "Goin'! Why, I'm goin' crazy. No, I ain't; I'm gone already. Celery! Celery! Who wants the celery waiter?" And he vanished into the night.

FARMER MECHANIC LABORER MERCHANT BANK WITH US THE BANK FOR ALL CLASSES M. E. SIMONS, PRESIDENT C. A. EMERY, CASHIER The Farmers and Mechanics Bank COR. MAIN AND 10TH ST., HONESDALE \$1 starts you with an account Open a savings account in your name and then see that you deposit some of your spending money in the bank at intervals. Once establish the saving habit and gratifying results are certain. With the latest improved vault safe with time lock, fire proof vaults, modern methods, and assured courteous treatment We Solicit a Share of Your Trade Bring your deposit in person, send money order, express order, draft or send it with a friend. LAWYER DOCTOR