

## Col. Garibaldi Talks of Campaigns and Fighters

Soldier of Fortune Schooling Himself for a Definite Work

Mexican Government Forces Good Fighters, but in the Wrong

ONE starlit night, just before the battle of Juarez, Colonel Giuseppe Garibaldi sat on a blanket in the insurrecto camp, near the Mexican border, and talked of fighting men and campaigns the world over, razing all the while the polished cartridges that filled many loops in the double belt encircling him. Nearby stood McCutcheon, bandit, who a few days later, in a fit of jealousy, tried to kill the Italian soldier of fortune, and from the canyon came the challenges of ragged sentries. The grandson of the Italian liberator had a visitor, the correspondent of the Houston Daily Post, and to him he confided an unnamed ambition.

"I am preparing," he said, "for a certain great and definite work to which I long ago deliberately dedicated what there is or may be in me of energy and ability."

First of all he expressed his frank opinion about Americans and their country. "Your independence of the other nations of the world is admirable," he remarked, "but you lie prostrate, unresisting, humble in the presence of financial power. The worship of Americans for money is unfortunate, I think, and it apparently is almost universal."

### Fascination of Fighting.

"I have known so many fine Americans in my own country where each year increasing numbers go as tourists and where every year more linger and eventually become resident, have known so many and such splendid, able Americans at Panama, have met such fine young fighters among the Americans here in the foreign legion of the insurrecto army that I don't like to criticize you. Let us rather talk about the situation here in Mexico. I have found it a most fascinating experience to work among and fight among these patriotic Mexicans."

"But why should you fight at all? Is it for pure love of fighting?"

"I don't know that I love fighting more than most men," he replied, "but it seems to be my fate to fight, and if it is my fate to fight why, then, certainly I must know how to fight. What might be called the polished fighting of trained armies, those of Italy and Germany and France, the British army and the Austrian—that is, most admirable in certain ways, but I believe better training for a man like me lies in commanding forces of this kind. Nondescript my little regiment may be, but it is tremendously in earnest. There is not a single uniform in it, neither is there a coward. Even the foreigners, most of them Americans, are fighting for the cause and not for money. That's pretty fine when you come to think of it."

"And you are fighting for experience?"

"The experience will be valuable, but the cause is worthy too."

### The Men He Was Leading.

"It has been a queer experiment," he continued in answer to a question about the qualifications of the Mexicans for self government, "a republic which has been far more a monarchy than the assured monarchies of many European countries. Diaz was a monarch from the start. It is said that at the beginning it was necessary that the country be controlled by something of the nature of a despotism. It is not possible for one of Garibaldi blood to really believe that this was true, but if there ever was a time when it was even partly true that time has passed long, long ere this. The men of my command here are of every class."

"There are untutored peasants among them who have never owned a hundred dollars or any sum approaching that in all their lives, and they are of as high an average intelligence as the untutored in any land which I have ever visited. There are other men who are not only prosperous, but really very rich. They are fighting in the ranks, some of them, and taking what comes with the rest."

"I have heard no more complaints from them—and there have been times in plenty since the war began when all of us have really been very hungry, when we have been worked to the point of absolute exhaustion, and there has been as real cause for great discontent as any situation could produce—than I have heard from the poor farmers, some of whom undoubtedly became insurrecto soldiers because they could secure a livelihood in no other way. This revolt in Mexico has not been political. It has not been fomented by the agitators. It is a universal and an almost involuntary protest against intolerable conditions. Against such conditions humanity has always risen."

Garibaldi's visitor asked him what work he had done in preparation for his unnamed task. This was his answer:

"I was a wild boy in an Italian college, but I had already settled on my lifework, and as soon as the Greek war broke out left my studies of naval construction and engineering and became a member of the foreign legion. My father was an officer in the same

army, but was much opposed to having me among his soldiers. I served throughout the war, however, and when it ended he made me a corporal. "As a private I saw three engagements during this campaign, but was not wounded. The officers were good to me and thought my father a bit severe in keeping me in such inferior position. I thought so, too, but father answered when the officers petitioned him: 'A corporal he is and must remain, so far as this Greek service is concerned. A Garibaldi must be either in full command or be a corporal.'"

### In South America.

"After the Greek war I went home to Rome and proceeded with my studies for six months. I could not see that they were helping me toward what I had in mind and still have on my mind, so I abandoned them and went to Buenos Aires. First of all, I fancy, I wished to see the world, but I also wished to see what use all the things which I had learned in college were and find out if I could get on alone. I became a draftsman on the Buenos Aires and Belgrano Electric railway, then a civil engineer on the Nicaraguan railway. It was fine ground for me to visit, for my grandfather fought nine years in Uruguay—from 1838 to 1847. Presently I began to organize the young men of the Partido Colorado, the same party he had fought for. Before I left these young men gave me a dinner in Montevideo, at which they made me swear that if a revolution overtook the country I would answer the call."

"And did the call come?"

"It may some day. It was from there I went to South Africa. At first my sympathies were with the Boers, but later, acting under direct orders from my father, I was made an official at tache with Kitchener. It was a great experience, and as I learned more about the situation I was glad I had been forced to change the side of my allegiance. Thus I served more than a year and was fortunate, for I saw eleven fierce engagements. The Boers were good fighters, but were wrong. They lost. The government soldiers here in Mexico are good fighters, but are wrong, and they must lose."

"It is merely one more manifestation of the worldwide movement toward real freedom. That republic which like Mexico, becomes monarchial is as certain of its downfall as that monarchy which in the face of the modern democratic tendency does not go half way to meet it. There have been and there are kingdoms which are so administered that to a large extent they meet the modern yearning after freedom. Here was the case of a republic which did not. Really, the Mexican republic has been a despotism and one in which the despot and his followers took full advantage of every opportunity their power gave them to preserve the system by whose favor they existed."

"Education means destruction of monarchical institutions; education means invariably the spread of republican ideas. The strongest possible indictment of the Diaz system in Mexico lies in its definite opposition to the education of the people."

### A Patriotic Struggle.

"Has it been a really patriotic struggle?" his visitor inquired. "Are these men really patriots?"

"It has been an absolutely patriotic struggle, and these men are true patriots," said Garibaldi. "A few of them and by no means those least admirable—for the government down here in Mexico has outlawed many a good citizen—are officially outlaws, but nearly all of them are farmers, tradesmen and the like, who, finding it impossible to live in peace and average security through earnest industry beneath the Diaz government, decided to join hands with the more radical who had begun the movement and enforce a change."

"There has been a tendency, I think, in some American minds to belittle the advance of the various South American nations. It is unjust. They have been folk of high ideals—these Latins to the southward of you—and they have, with their extraordinary revolutions, worked out many problems much in need of working out. This Mexican revolt is very worthy. You of the United States should be the first to recognize this."

Again the talk drifted to Garibaldi himself, to the man who chooses to spend his time in armed camps or in the wilderness.

"Like all men," he remarked, "I have an aim in life, and that aim involves a training not to be found in schools. It can be found in part in working through real wildernesses after what is left of the big game, but such training for it is but a poor substitute for work upon the firing line in any just and worthy cause. No schools make soldiers as the field does. With difficulty I have managed to secure about twenty-four months of actual fighting life in which I have through great endeavor actually participated in thirty really big battles with almost every kind of army. It has been a fine experience—illuminating, splendid."

## Two Kisses

By C. ARNOLD COLE

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Formerly railroad cars passing through tunnels were not lighted as they are now. A number of episodes have been recorded of affectionate action in these dark holes in the ground, and kisses have been surreptitiously taken. Leonard Starkweather, a young man of some twenty-one years and proportionately inexperienced, took one of these kisses, and it led to no end of worry on his part. He finally paid the penalty.

He was traveling with Miss Gwen Dolin Stewart, a young lady two years his junior. Miss Stewart had one of those complexions which can only be compared to a ripe peach of a light shade, a pale rose on ivory. Her lips were of that same shade of pink and quite tempting enough to cause any man to wreck himself to touch them with his own. Starkweather had been introduced to her by a mutual friend before the train started, and she had been put under his care. This rendered his act all the more dishonorable.

The better to cover his tracks the kiss was stolen with malice aforethought. He told the young lady just before the train entered the long tunnel, the location of which he well knew, that he was going into the smoking car for a whiff at a cigar. Instead of doing so he went into the next car back, where he remained till the train shot under the hill. The young lady sat on the right of the car, the eighth seat from the rear. This he had carefully noted. Putting his hand on the back of every seat till he reached the eighth, he felt carefully till he had noted Miss Stewart's position, then quietly bent down and took the kiss.

A muffled cry was heard above the rattle of the train, but when the car shot out into the light there was no evidence of anything wrong. Starkweather had made good his escape, and Miss Stewart was apparently endeavoring to regain her equanimity by fumbling with her handkerchief, which she was examining as though she had bought it at a bargain counter and doubted if she had not been sold as well as the linen.

Half an hour passed—quite enough to enable her to quiet down after the episode—when Mr. Starkweather returned to his seat beside her, bringing with him the odor of tobacco smoke. He was a trifle nervous, but felt relieved to find Miss Stewart quite composed. He expected that she would tell him of the outrage that had been inflicted upon her and ask him to take measures to discover the perpetrator. He was surprised that she didn't mention the matter and considered her refraining from doing so due to maid only modesty.

But Miss Stewart's treatment of her escort was somewhat different from what it had been. An innocent freedom was replaced by a slight reserve. The ingenuousness, the confidence—call it what you will—of girlhood seemed to have departed from her. Occasionally Starkweather caught her looking up at him sideways with an expression that he could not fathom. He began to be troubled lest she had known or at least divined that he was the man who had insulted her. But how could she have got any inkling of this? When he kissed her not a ray of light had penetrated the car. He had felt no touch. His face was smoothly shaven, so that no pointer could have been obtained from the character of a beard. No; it was simply impossible that she should have any evidence of having been kissed by him. This being the case, why should she have withdrawn that outspoken confidence with which she had treated him? And yet it was not a turning against him; it was rather like that condition which comes between friends of different sexes when the man lets go friendship to grasp at love.

Starkweather looked upon a young girl as something too holy to be profaned. This is a characteristic of youth, and another is a great sensitiveness to woman's treatment. His theft was to him like that of the Spartan boy who stole the wolf—not criminal so long as not found out. The boy had the wolf under his coat and let it gnaw the flesh away rather than that it should be discovered. Starkweather began to believe that Miss Stewart knew he had kissed her. Perhaps if he had been sure of this it would have been more tolerable than the uncertainty under which he suffered. Horrible situation! An innocent girl had been put under his care, and he had kissed her in a tunnel. Should she really know that he had so betrayed a trust possibly before they parted she might resent the outrage as it deserved. The thought was maddening.

They arrived at their destination after dark. Starkweather saw the young lady to her home, leaving her at her door. In the light of a street lamp he stood, half expecting that she would give evidence of her scorn. Instead she turned up to him those lips that had tempted him. What did it mean? He didn't stop to ask. He kissed them.

"Did you know I kissed you in the tunnel?" he asked.

In reply she gave him his handkerchief with his initials on it, which she had pulled out of his pocket when the kiss was taken.

"Are we engaged?" she asked.

"Of course."

## IN DIRECT LINE FROM GEORGE THE FIRST.

Family "Tree" of Britain's Monarch includes Many Illustrious Names.

George V., who has just been crowned king of England, is a direct descendant of George I., the first Hanoverian king of England. His line comes through George III., though not through George IV. or William IV., his ancestor being the Duke of Kent, their brother, who never reigned.

The line is as follows:  
Edward I. (died 1307).  
Edward II.  
Edward III.  
Lionel Plantagenet, duke of Clarence.

Lady Philippa Plantagenet, married third Earl of March.

Roger Mortimer, third Earl of March.

Lady Ann Mortimer, married Richard Plantagenet.

Richard, duke of York.

Edward IV.

Elizabeth, queen of Henry VII.

Margaret, queen of James IV. of Scotland.

James V. of Scotland.

Mary, queen of Scots.

James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.

Elizabeth, queen of the king of Bohemia.

Sophia, wife of the elector of Hanover.

George I.

George II.

Frederick, prince of Wales.

George III.

Duke of Kent.

Victoria.

Edward VII.

George V.

## HEIRESS WEDS COACHMAN.

Mrs. Harris, Worth \$6,000,000, Was Once Sued For \$150,000.

The culmination of what has been styled a romance occurred when Mrs. Grace Velle Harper of Boston married Sidney Harris, her former coachman-chauffeur.

Mrs. Harper, who is known as an heiress to \$6,000,000, has been prominent in certain social sets in New York, Chicago, Boston and Moline, Ill., which is the home of her father, the late S. H. Velle, a manufacturer. She is the niece of the late Charles Deere, a plow manufacturer.

Some time ago she was sued for \$150,000 by Mrs. Harris, the first wife of Sidney Harris, for alienating the affections of Harris. The filing of the suit in Los Angeles, Cal., ended a long pursuit. For three years Mrs. Harris followed her husband and Mrs. Harper into every state of the Union, into Europe and Japan. Mrs. Harris proved to be untiring in her quest, but she finally decided that she could not locate them, so she swore to the charges, and the papers were served upon Mrs. Harper in Los Angeles. She denied vehemently that she had won the affections of her former coachman-chauffeur.

## "Live Bait" For Alligators.

The negroes of Jamaica, in the British West Indies, use "live bait" to catch alligators. They tie a puppy to a tree near the alligator's haunt and await developments with a gun. The puppy's yelp is exactly like the bark of the baby alligator. Naturally Mrs. Alligator comes out of her mudhole in the lagoon, thinking somebody is troubling her offspring. Then the negro gets to work with his gun, and Mrs. Alligator falls a victim to her maternal affection.

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