

ITALY'S DISPUTE WITH TURKEY

Tripoli Has Long Been the Aim of the Former.

POLITICS BACK OF HER DESIRE

Country Has Been Part of Turkish Empire Since Middle of Sixteenth Century—Powers Recognize Italy's Special Rights There.

The dispute between Turkey and Italy over Tripoli has arisen out of Italy's old desire to have possession of that part of the northern coast of Africa, a desire dictated by political rather than commercial reasons. Of the old Roman colonies Egypt, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco have passed out of the hands of the modern government of the Italian peninsula, and of the five powers on the Mediterranean, Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy and Austria, only the last two are without a base for their fleets on the south shore.

Although the country has formed a part of the Turkish empire since the middle of the sixteenth century, until 1835 the authority of the sultan had long been purely nominal. Then, after an extended period, during which the country was a stronghold of pirates, an expedition was dispatched from Constantinople, and the state was made a vilayet of the Ottoman empire. Formerly Tripoli was of high commercial importance as the gate to the interior, but since the Sudan has been chiefly approached by way of the Atlantic Tripoli has dwindled in this respect, and her commercial value today rests chiefly on the fertile coast lands.

Dispute of 1908. Italy and Turkey had a dispute in April, 1908, over the refusal of Turkey to permit Italian postoffices in Turkey's territory. At the same time considerable irritation was felt in Italy over the murder of an Italian missionary in Tripoli and the persecution by the Ottoman authorities of natives who had sold land to Italians. Government circles in Rome had felt for years that Turkey had been taking advantage of the international situation to act in a high handed manner toward Italian rights.

Italy prepared at that time to send a large fleet to Turkish waters, whereupon Turkey immediately withdrew all objections to the postoffices and practically acknowledged the other Italian claims with regard to the right of the Italians freely to purchase property on Turkish territory and with regard also to coast navigation.

While Turkey yielded on the question of the postoffices, the main reason of diffidence, distrust and antagonism remained, as the sultan was determined to do all in his power not to yield Tripoli, with Europe's consent, as a field for Italian expansion. In virtue of the accord concluded by the Marquis Visconti-Venosta with France and afterward acknowledged by all the powers Italy, while renouncing her interest in Morocco, was left free to exercise her influence in Tripoli, and thus she is in a position to take advantage of any pretext to occupy it under the form of a "protectorate" such as France exercises in Tunis and England in Egypt.

Turkey's Last Possession. Tripoli is Turkey's last possession in Africa, and the vilayet is garrisoned by 30,000 Turkish troops, but the proposed occupation by Italy, rumored in former years, has been approached warily less from a fear of Turkey's resistance than a fear of how the other powers might take it.

In the present instance it is said that Italy has already obtained the consent of France, Germany, Russia and Austria to the move which she is making. England also in the past has recognized the special rights of the peninsular kingdom in the province. Not many days ago Premier Giolitti, after a conference with the ministers of war and marine, declared that if the Turkish government were not ready to recognize Italian influence over Tripoli in some form of protectorate the only recourse must be the military occupation of that Turkish province.

It has been understood that such action would be delayed until France and Germany had reached a practical agreement upon Morocco, and general opinion has credited the existence of a tacit or specific arrangement among the continental powers to leave Italy a free hand in the affair once that crisis was over.

Hard Luck.
He had a prophylactic bent
And led a sterile life,
Had hygienic children and
A sanitary wife,
Lived in a fumigated house
And wore aseptic suits,
Ate germicidal food and smoked
Denicotined cheroots.
His milk was always pasteurized;
He drank denatured water;
He never forgot to swat the flies;
Mosquitoes he would slaughter;
He screened his doors and windows and
His office disinfected;
Against microbes of every kind
He felt himself protected.
He exercised; he slept by rule
And timed his every breath;
His health was excellent, and he
Defied disease and death.
His plan was admirable, no doubt,
But, darn the measly luck,
He went and got run over by
A ten ton power truck!
—Chicago News.

MILLINERY MODES.

Tall Hats Are the Winners This Season.



Courtesy Ora Cna.

TWO SMART FALL HATS.

Tall hats of medium size are the leaders in the new millinery this fall. Many of these crowns are so high that the names of "aspiration hat" and "sky-scraper creation," but the crown of moderate altitude is going to be taken up by the best dressed women, while the exaggerated creation with enormous crown will be left severely alone. In the cut are two very smart hats. The plateau, with Indian bow trimming, is very good looking, while the tall crowned hat with an uncurled ostrich feather for its trimming is mighty fetching.

In a Woman's World.

Now that the nights are beginning to lengthen the soft veiled light of the lamp has a peculiar charm. In a country cottage or for a girl's room at any time a shade of flowered cretonne is pretty and appropriate and should be closely plaited in the eppire style, with a garland of flowers surrounded by a roccoco ribbon.

The sweetest of shades may be made of white muslin with applique muslin flowers, and in the bedroom, whether the light is shaded from a lamp or from an electric globe, daintiness is completely expressed by a washing cover of broderie anglaise or of muslin trimmed with lace motifs.

Lace frills are again to be seen, and shades of liberty satin are surrounded with deep lace, the pattern being picked out in ribbon work, while a trail of flowers is added to the ornamentation. A pleasant occupation is the making of shades for lamps. The gayly colored bead fringes are easily made at home, and stringing the beads is a lazy pastime which takes no toll of either physical or mental fatigue.

The Ruling Passion.

An Englishwoman who was famed in her village for her economical bent took by mistake a quantity of mercurial poison, the antidote for which comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: "Marry, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!"

One of the Huge Side Jabots.

One cannot wear too large a jabot now, provided the largeness is all on one side. The new jabots reach over to the top of the sleeve at the left



SIDE FRILL OF LACE AND LAWN.

side and must be pinned in place to keep them from tumbling about untidily. Sometimes a tiny hook is sewed to the under side of the jabot and a corresponding loop to the shoulder of the bodice beneath. The jabot pictured is of fine lawn edged with Irish lace, and there is a strip of the Irish insertion down the center to which the plaited frill is attached. The stock is of tucked lawn edged with a band of the Irish insertion at the top.

THE LAST MAN.

A Story of British Columbia.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The manager of the Great Mines outfitting company of Victoria, British Columbia, frowned as the door of his private office was pushed softly open and the chief clerk deferentially placed a card on his desk.

Woolson scanned the card thoughtfully, his frown growing blacker and deep lines settling about his mouth. At last he flung back his head and shook his broad shoulders as if preparing himself for contest. His face became an urbane mask as he turned to the waiting clerk.

"Send him in," he said briefly. Again the door opened and closed, and a short, stout man approached the manager's desk.

"Mr. Arthur St. Claire Woolson?" he asked suavely.

"My name is Woolson," replied the manager curtly. The sound of his several appellations savored too strongly of that hateful period when they had blazed in black type across the front pages of English newspapers. Now he glanced down at the card before him and added: "You are Inspector Duffy of Scotland Yard. Sit down, sir, and tell me what I can do for you."

The inspector sat down and pulled out a large notebook from an inner pocket and consulted it nearsightedly.

"In the matter of Laurence Kimball," he snapped out suddenly. His bulldog voice did not accord with his fine appearance. The contrast was startling.

Woolson stiffened in his chair. "I thought that matter was settled when Kimball was convicted and imprisoned," he said indifferently.

Inspector Duffy consulted his book again. "Laurence Kimball served one year of his sentence and then escaped from Dartmoor prison on June 3 last. I have traced him across the Atlantic, through Canada and British Columbia to Victoria."

"You have caught him then?" There was almost a sneer in Woolson's voice. The other reddened to the roots of his pale hair, and his catty smile widened. His voice growled the deeper when he replied:

"I lost the trail. I know he arrived in Victoria July 25 because he was recognized. Since then he has dropped out of sight."

"I will instruct our superintendent to aid you in every way. Here is a card which will admit you to every department of our company."

The inspector hesitated and shot a furtive glance at the face of the manager. "Of course his majesty's warrant opens all doors to my knock, but I always choose the other way when it is possible."

"That is very considerate of you, inspector," said Woolson ironically. "Do you know of any reason why I should be unwilling for you to seek your escaped man?" he challenged.

"Escaped convict," corrected Duffy, with a square look into Woolson's stern eyes. "I can think of no reason except that he was your friend—and pardon me, sir, your testimony was given reluctantly. I hope you won't take offense, but I've got to have your best help, whether you are willing or not. Besides accomplishing the ends of justice, there's a big reward out for Kimball's capture, and I want it!" He smiled greedily.

"A reward large enough to lure you to the uttermost end of the earth, I fancy," observed Woolson carelessly.

A rueful look overspread the ruddy face of the inspector. "Hardly that," he responded. "The Yukon is the limit so far as I'm concerned. My time's worth something at home."

Woolson touched a bell. "Mr. Jameson will be at your service, inspector, and if you decide to go to the Yukon one of our steamers will sail at 6 tomorrow morning. Here is a pass that will take you up the coast to your destination, whatever it may be."

After the detective and Jameson had left the room the manager turned to the window and stared out at the wharf. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes he stood there, motionless. Then he put on his hat and went out.

The long stream of coolies wavered back and forth across the gangplank. The tallyman yelled lustily until Woolson's drawing accents cut him short.

"Hodgson, you may discharge the man on the end of the line. He's a clumsy beggar. Send him to the paymaster tonight."

Whenever the long line straggled to its final end the last man, tall and gaunt, a rugged cloth tied about his head and half concealing a yellow countenance, would pause to stretch his lean and shrunken arms bare to the shoulder. He walked with a stoop from the waist, and the burdens that he bore seemed all too heavy for the wavering gait with which he followed his companions. Always he was the last man to reach the gangplank with his burden for the steamer's hold, and, returning, he was the last to leave the vessel. The tallyman swore at him in various languages, and his mates grinned chidishly at his meek acceptance of the insults that were heaped upon his bowed back.

Woolson, observing all this, clinched

his strong hands on the counter. Once his mouth opened to reprimand the tallyman, but it snapped shut as he observed the roly poly form of Inspector Duffy coming down the wharf. The detective cast a sleepy glance over the men on the wharf, stared impudently into Hodgson's face and when that belligerent gentleman flung an angry word at him flashed open his coat and displayed his badge to the utter confusion of the tallyman.

This betrayal of petty vanity on the part of the inspector brought a gleam to Woolson's brooding eyes. He stepped out of the cage and approached the detective. The line of coolies was stringing off on to the wharf, and the bowed gaunt form of the last man would soon approach to pick up the boxes against which the inspector was carelessly leaning.

Woolson thrust an arm through the inspector's pudgy one and turned him away. "Come over to the hotel and have something," he said genially. "Can't you drop your duties long enough to spend a sociable half hour?"

Inspector Duffy reddened with tickled vanity. "Thank you, sir, I'll be pleased to join you," he agreed as he accompanied the manager across the wide street where the glittering glass front of a large hotel reflected the busy scenes on the wharf.

Inside the hotel Woolson sat facing a water front. "Making out pretty well?" he asked at length.

"The inspector shook his head. "No trace of his being in the city," he said ruefully. "You see, Mr. Woolson, I've been in Victoria for two days past and raked the place clean, and I went to you as a last resort. I've cross questioned your men, and I've got a slight clew—that's all."

"You were saying you had a clew," suggested Woolson as the inspector yawned sleepily.

"There is a slight clew. One of your men described a man that bought an outfit last week. At any rate, I feel justified in carrying my chase to the Yukon," said Mr. Duffy. "Our boats are at your disposal," murmured Woolson, lighting another cigar.

"Thanks, I'll take that one in the morning. Now, if you'll excuse me, sir, I'll go to my lodgings and get some traps together."

On the steps of the hotel Woolson stood and watched Inspector Duffy roll down the street until the crowded pavements swallowed him. Twilight was falling, and the water front was darkened with the approaching end of the day. In another half hour the coolie gang would stop work.

The manager of the Great Mines company went back to his office and worked rapidly for several moments. Then he made his way to the wharf and entered the paymaster's cage. He sent the man away on some errand and called Hodgson. The tallyman came, throwing blustering commands over his shoulder at his coolies.

"Send that fellow around for his money, Hodgson," directed his superior, "that Chinaman I told you to dismiss."

"Right, sir," And Hodgson hustled away.

Woolson stood stiffly, waiting while the disreputable figure of the last man crept up to the wharf. He lifted his head and peered through at the big red and white skinned Englishman with a shrinking fear in his own dirt concealed features. Coarse black hair straggled into his dark eyes, and a long cue hung down his back. He thrust a trembling hand through the wicket as Woolson shoved a fat envelope toward him.

"Laurence," whispered Woolson guardedly, with his eyes fixed at some point beyond the man's head, "cut it! Duffy of Scotland Yard is after you. There's plenty of money in this envelope. It's yours in remembrance of old times and, God willing, in anticipation of new and better times to come. Lie low until midnight and get aboard the Queen of the Sea. You can easily lose yourself in China."

The coolie drew a deep breath. "You recognized me at once then, Arthur?" he gasped.

"Yes—never mind, it's all right, old man. Keep me posted of your movements. Better stick to the Yangtze valley until it blows over. Perhaps I can help you regain what you've lost." He laid his broad hand over the thin one of the coolie.

The man's face worked strangely for a moment, and he turned away; then with a sudden impulse he flung the envelope back on the desk and said sharply: "I can't do it, Arthur. I'm too big a scoundrel as it is—I have wronged you enough. I'll find Duffy and go back to England with him. After I've taken my medicine I'll come back, and perhaps then I'll be worthy to grasp your hand"— He choked suddenly.

Woolson spoke gruffly. "I've done nothing more than you would have done in like circumstances," he said to the weaker one. "You make me deuced happy, old man, though I write to think of your doing time again. When you come back there will be a place for you with me." He wrung the thin hand and winced as hot tears fell on his own. Then he was conscious that the "last man" had disappeared.

After he had dismissed Hodgson and paid that bewildered tallyman his due of wages Woolson sauntered back to his office to await a message from Inspector Duffy.

One hour passed and another, and his face grew baggard and bitter with renewed disappointment. Then the message came. "Got him!" belowered the inspector joyfully. "Come and give himself up—was dressed like a lord and cool as you please! Jolly odd how I missed him, ain't it?"

Woolson hung up the receiver and smiled contentedly

MAINE'S NEW SENATOR.

Obadiah Gardner Has Often Tried to Be Elected Governor.

Obadiah Gardner of Rockland, appointed United States senator to succeed the late Senator William P. Frye, is well known in Maine politics, having several times aspired to the governorship. In 1903 the state grange, of which Gardner was state master, considered securing his nomination as Democratic candidate for governor on the game laws issue. The taxes issue again caused the mention of Gardner as gubernatorial nominee in 1906, to run against Congressman Charles E. Littlefield.

In 1908 Gardner secured his party's nomination, being the only candidate. He lost the election to Bert M. Fernald, Republican, by 7,799 votes. In 1910, again an aspirant, he lost the nomination to the present governor, Colonel Frederick W. Plafsted.

The Barefoot Boy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy,
You must be a happy soul.
How we envy you your joy
Splashing in your swimming hole.
—Youngtown Telegram

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy,
All your ways are glad and sweet.
Nights, though, end the long day's joy.
For you have to wash your feet.
—Houston Post

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy,
You must be happy, heaven knows,
Sitting on the river bank
Squeezing mud up through your toes.
—Johnstown Democrat

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy,
How we pity you—oh, gee,
When you in your childish joy
Step upon a bumblebee!
—Los Angeles Express

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy,
Who has glee that thine can match
When thou dost, pursuing joy,
Hustle through a briar patch?
—Chicago Record-Herald

Pursuits of French People.
French agricultural pursuits account for 5,500,000 men and nearly 3,500,000 women. Nearly 4,750,000 men and more than 2,500,000 women are employed in the trades.

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