

WHERE HON. H. C. JACKSON STANDS



HON. H. C. JACKSON.

Several have asked me personally and others by letter how I stand on the following questions and have requested me to publish a statement of my views. I assume that the public at this time has a right to know.

I favor the election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people.

There seems to be a question or a misunderstanding as to how I stand on the above question, some of my friends throughout the country being under the impression that I voted against the proposed resolution at the last session of the legislature. The fact is that it did not come to a vote at all but was in a very unfair and underhanded way ruled out until too late to present to Congress before the adjournment of that body last winter. I did, however, have the pleasure of signing a petition to Congress with, I think, about eighty-five others who would have voted for it setting forth our position on the above question.

I am a farmer and as such am interested in all that the farmer and the farmers' organization, the Grange, are interested in and if elected will favor any and all legislation in their behalf.

Any legislation in favor of the wage-earner upon whom the farmer is to a great extent dependent, will also receive my support.

I am in favor of free bridges on the Delaware and will use all honorable means to obtain them.

I am in favor of the people having a voice in the making of our laws and am, therefore, in favor of local option and all other measures which give the voters a chance to say how and by what laws we shall be governed; and shall favor such legislation as will offer the freest and fullest expression of citizens on questions concerning the government of the State.

H. C. JACKSON.

Tyler Hill, April 4, 1912. 28e121.

BOY SCOUTS

EDITED BY

ONE OF THEM

United States Senator Carroll S. Page believes that the Boy Scout movement is leading in a line of educational work and character-building that eventually will be approved by Congress through legislation. Before becoming interested in the Boy Scout Movement he made a study of the methods of educating boys and girls in different countries and now has introduced a bill in Congress to provide for the co-operation of the Federal government with the states in encouraging instruction in agriculture, trades, industries and home economics in secondary schools and state normal schools, colleges and universities. Such a bill would call for an appropriation of millions of dollars. The leaders of the Boy Scouts of America and Senator Page will doubtless co-operate in working for this bill because they feel that the Boy Scout principles are along the lines of the measure.

Speaking of his measure and the Boy Scout principles Senator Page says: "I am especially interested in the better education of the boys and girls of our land and my bill is in such entire harmony with the work that you are trying to do, that I have thought it best to send it to you. My theory is that after a boy has come to the age when he must become in part a bread-winner for the family, that he ought to be examined carefully by expert methods and the line of work ascertained for which each particular boy is adapted.

"I have no doubt that a boy scout is a better equipped man by far when he reaches the age of 18 or 21 than a boy who has not had the benefit of scoutcraft instruction.

"My idea is that the general government should blaze the trail for the states in such a way as to lead up to a fairly decent education in agriculture for the boy who decides to be a farmer, and in trades and in industries for the boys who design to be merchants or mechanics, and it should fit the girl with a practical education on home economics so that she becomes a better wife, a better mother and a better housekeeper.

"How much of the boy scout line of education could be introduced into educational work which my bill provides for, may be a matter of doubt, but that they are in harmony and work along kindred lines together, cannot, it seems to me, be questioned, and it occurs to me that scoutcraft work could be very materially benefitted by the splendid equipment which scoutcraft would give."

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The Escape

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

By FRANK A. HUBBELL, Late Private 1st Penn. Vol. and Capt. Co. D 67th Penn. Portage, Wash.

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CHAPTER VI.

Soon several guards made their appearance from across the bridge. In all probability they had been after rations. It now became evident that the bridge was properly guarded. Our plans were soon made. Carefully we traveled up the stream out of sight of the bridge some three miles, and in the early evening inspected the possibility of procuring some loose logs along the bank to build rafts. We soon had our logs in the water, and bound them together with long vines from the tall pines, and with poles and paddles pushed out into the stream. We were making good headway towards the opposite bank, when we struck a boulder, and our frail craft parted into rolling pieces. The water was not deep as yet, and we reluctantly returned to shore, while the two, who were the only swimmers in our party, explored the depth further out, which became quite deep all of a sudden, necessitating the proposition that the two who could swim must carry the other four across on their backs. Then the question arose—would they be capable of performing this gigantic task considering our emaciated and weak physical condition. The possibility of sinking with our load, that under ordinary strength would be doubtful, changed our plan to a bold and daring ruse—returning, just at twilight and before it became too light, to our former position near the approach to the bridge.

Again the sharp lightning lit up the shadows of the woods, but no one in sight. It was a desperate thought to be separated from them but what could we do, so lonely without their counsel. The seriousness of losing them became a strain—separation by death from some loved one could not have preyed upon our minds more than this great loneliness. It became almost unbearable.

A wild shriek of the wind howled through the deep thicket. It was getting cold and we had nothing to shelter our naked bodies.

We move on, nearing a clearing, as the lightning discloses a huge tall plantation house standing lonely and ghostly in that field. Surely no friendly nigger lived there. There were no huts surrounding it. If any one, it must be white folks. But we must know.

We were soon near the window. A fire in the fire place, a drygoods box, three sawed off logs for seats. One chair, a man, white or black, sitting in it, a bedstead in a corner, heads resting on the bolster.

We knock on the door. The man started—he was white. He looks at the window, looks towards the door, then the bed. He hesitates. We address him—"Fear not, we are poor soldiers in distress. Let us into the fire and help us to food or we will perish. Oh, heavens, man, open it!" "Come in—what are you? Where are your clothes? Merciful heavens, man, if you are escaped prisoners of war, go away from here quick. Go, I say! See that bed. My wife, two children, sick, hungry. I stole away from the ranks to be with them. If the patrol riders pass and see your shadows through that window, God help me and my family. Go, I say. Too late. Horses' hoofs, sabers rattling against the horses' trappings, hoofs sounding nearer.

"Oh, my men, why do you stand? Follow me quick up the stairs, then another into the garret—two English style shutters across the stairs next to the roof—get on that barrel, pull yourselves up onto the rafters, then to the stays. Hurry, men, hurry, d—n you, hurry!"

Out on the roof he goes. We follow. The saber knock sounded on the door beneath. They are searching the house, poking behind old boxes and barrels in every corner. Again they ascend into the garret, the first with a torch, the second leading by the arm the mother of those children, the wife of that deserter.

Our hungry action brought this poor, forlorn family into jeopardy and we powerless to help them out. O, for a weapon of some kind! We would make the lorlora hope; we would spring down and fight them to death.

Wait! They are searching every corner. Will they discover the wooden shutters way above? That poor torch is uncertain for them. It will not cast the light far. The slightest wind would blow it out. Oh, that a breath from heaven might go through this hole in the roof and destroy that flame!

Listen. She is talking as they lead her along. "I tell you truly there is no one here. They have gone. They went through the back door, out into the timber."

Woman, the house was surrounded. They could not get out. "For the love of my children, believe me. There is no one here now. They came just before you. They asked for food. I told them I had but a quart of corn meal. I needed for my children until my old father came. He would be here to-day. They heard you coming and left through the back door. Believe me, men. There were three of them."

"No, my husband belongs to the 29th North Carolina. My grandfather is caring for me. We came to this deserted house. There is no rent to pay. Oh, we are so poor."

All this was said in the time they were leaving the garret and going down the flight of stairs. The torch was continuously getting dimmer. All through their search in the garret and when through on the floor it was too dull to cast even a flicker above.

God, in his mercy, certainly answered our prayer.

A moonlight night on a sandy road hedged with the growing pine. We were ascending a hill and be-

tween the moon over the crest and ourselves a figure crossed the road. We crouched low, discovering another, and then came one we knew— from the manner he had the blanket tied around the neck at one end, and as he walked would flaunt in his wake. This was surely Capt. Meany. We gave three low whistles—a signal we had maintained on our trip when separated for any cause.

Never were comrades more affectionate in their greetings. The unbidden tear of joy was irrepresible. In our long sympathetic endurance of prison life we became as comrades in distress, dependent upon each other and more especially at this time, that required tact, caution, woodcraft and courage in the many perplexing, difficult and dangerous situations we encountered. A loss of each other's counsel was like taking away a part of the compass of the mariner in a fog.

Therefore, you can imagine our extreme joy in becoming again reunited. Our pleasure was so great we should have been surprised by this district patrol had it not been for the hoot of an owl immediately over our heads, starting as it did, for the whole district it seemed were hunting for escaped Yankees.

The first question of concern, "Have you anything of concern?" was responded to by our lost comrades, by a great chunk of corn bread, so willingly divided. They were fortunate in obtaining this from a black mammy the next morning after our becoming separated.

And at last we have reached the Catawba River, a wide stream but not swift at this point. How deep was an uncertainty. From our hiding place high up on the slope, leading down to the bridge, we observed a hut close to the approach. It was here we thought the guard for the bridge was stationed. Our object now was to ascertain if many there were of them. All that afternoon we watched the bridge until our observation was attracted by a person leading a donkey hitched to a cart. (To be Continued.)

Write No Letters; Need No Post-office.

The most remarkable town in America, according to Dr. C. G. Percival, editor of Health Magazine, of New York, who has made 45,000 miles in the Abbott-Detroit "Bull-Dog," is to be found among the hills of Southern Ohio. The town is Ironsport with 700 inhabitants, ten miles east of Zanesville. Their post-office was closed October 31, because Joseph Barney, the postmaster, said he had not sold a single stamp in five weeks nor had he received any incoming or outgoing mails. The inhabitants say that they have no friends to write to, are all too busy anyhow. There has not been an idle man in Ironsport since 1909. The mines are running full time and every miner owns his own home. Some time ago the police department there had been no arrests made within six months, and that it was a waste of public money to keep salaried policemen.

The village records show one fire in two years with the damage of \$200. A recent census shows the population is composed of 637 Irishmen, 11 Welshmen and 53 Germans. There are only 11 men in Ironsport who had "no church," and a Zanesville priest now claims he has succeeded in converting these eleven. The school teachers, four in number, declare that Ironsport children are unusually bright, owing to the moral influence of the town. There has not been a person seen on the streets so late as midnight for three years, when a circus struck town.

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APRIL FIRST.



Mother—Why, what is the matter, Johnny? What are you crying about? Johnny—Teacher made me sit in her chair on the platform today, just because I whispered once. Mother—Well, I don't see anything dreadful in that. You have had to sit there before. Johnny—But there was tacks in her chair today! I'd just put 'em there for her to sit on.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR REPRESENTATIVE



FRED C. REICHENBACHER Honesdale, Pa. REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR REPRESENTATIVE

He is in favor of the initiative, referendum and recall, the election of United States Senators by direct vote, more legislation in the interest of the wage worker and the farmer, also wise legislation impartially enforced against criminal trusts and corporations. He also favors free bridges on the Delaware, provided that the cost of acquisition and all future expense of such bridges be borne by the states of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.

He was placed in nomination for state senator of the Fourteenth district (Wayne, Pike, Monroe and Carbon) by the conferees of Wayne at Stroudsburg in 1908 and during the deadlock had the highest vote of any candidate; but, notwithstanding the nomination belonged to Wayne, his name was withdrawn on the fifty-second ballot and the nomination went to Carbon county.

Mr. Reichenbacher was born in Honesdale, Pa., in 1864, and was educated in the Honesdale schools and learned the druggist's business and has followed the business for 27 consecutive years. His father and grandfather were Wayne county farmers, having settled here about the middle of the last century. He has always been an active and consistent Republican, but never held office and asks your support at the Primary Election Saturday, April 13, 1912, from 2 to 8 p. m.

PLAN CONSERVATION OF FOOTSTEPS FOR AMERICANS.

Figures Show Country Wastes 35,000,000 Miles Annually.

New York, April 4.—What is undoubtedly the oddest and at the same time one of the most important conservation movements yet developed in this country, is now taking form here in an investigation looking to the conservation of footsteps. Unimportant as such a project may seem at first glance, it assumes extremely significant proportions when it is realized that the footsteps wasted here every day are equal to 2,000,000 miles of travel for one person, or 750,000,000 miles every year. In obtaining these figures it is estimated that every individual in the city takes at least 1,000 useless steps of two feet in length each day, or 2,000 feet of wasted travel, that is more than one-third of a mile. Even if the average rate of walking be placed as high as four miles an hour, this means that New Yorkers throw away each day 500,000 hours in useless travel, or 182,000,000 hours each year. Reduced to working days of eight hours each this means that in this city alone the equivalent of 62,500 are thrown away every day, or 22,750,000 working days annually. Figuring on a value of two dollars for each working day, the figures show that New Yorkers alone are losing something like \$45,000,000 a year for lack of scientific conservation of footsteps. For the whole country the figures become so enormous as to be almost incomprehensible, showing a daily loss of 364,000,000 days, worth \$728,000,000. The amount of travel wasted throughout the whole country annually is 35,000,000 miles or well over one-third the distance from the earth to the sun, and involving the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of shoe leather. Of course, it is not expected by the originators of the footsteps conservation idea that all this can be saved, but it is believed that as a result of the realization of the enormous loss involved in useless footsteps, a certain part may be conserved with a resultant profit both in time and dollars.

For Delegates to State Convention. (Vote for two).

author, there are scores of millionaires' families sequestered in the city who are living in social obscurity, any aspirants to social honors possess all the requirements with the exception of manner. Those who lack this one essential have been placed in a secret waiting list, out of which they may step into the full glory of the new "peerage," provided they undergo a tedious apprenticeship.

The manner in which humanitarian laws may occasionally work considerable expense to the city undreamed of by their framers, was illustrated here this week in a novel manner, in a case involving a cost of something like ten dollars to put to death one small mouse. The mouse in question had been captured in a trap by a resident of Brooklyn, who had heard vaguely that it was unlawful to put such rodents to death in certain ways. Lacking exact knowledge on the subject he wrote to a local newspaper asking that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be notified that he had a live mouse in his possession which he wanted killed, adding, "I want some one to come and take him away. I read it is against the law to put rats or mice to death by feeding them to dogs, etc., and I am a law-abiding citizen. I don't want to commit an unlawful act by drowning the said mouse." The letter was turned over to the society and an agent assigned to take care of the mouse. Before it could be removed it was necessary to sign a document authorizing him to put the mouse to death, after which it was transported to the gas chamber and subsequently asphyxiated.

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REPRESENTATIVE MEN FOR DELEGATES

List of regular Republican candidates for nomination, to be voted for at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

Clip this list of delegates out and take it to the polls as a guide in voting.

For delegates to national convention. (Vote for both).

John W. Coddington X

Homer Greene X

For Alternate Delegates. (Vote for two).

Henry Manzer X

D. W. Sturdevant X

For Delegates to State Convention. (Vote for two).

L. P. Cooke X

W. F. Riefler X

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