

Women's Column

Fashion Land.

The prettiest of our spring and early summer frocks will hail from the bathroom. We are to be garbed in sponge and bath toweling. A few years ago the rage for novelty led us to make frocks out of dusters and curtains; handkerchiefs were turned into blouses, and two years ago we cut up Indian printed bedspreads with which to adorn ourselves. Chints and cretonne have long been in use for dress trimmings and hats. There are only two rooms in the house which so far have not furnished us with frocks—the pantry and the bathroom. We have yet to array ourselves in cut glass jugs or porcelain dinner services—though, to be sure, spun glass aligrettes have been worn, and in Paris the most novel frocks are designed after Wedgwood and Dresden china patterns and colorings. But the bathroom is now being pressed into service, and really the results are quite pleasing. Sponge cloth, which some people seem to think is smarter if called "sponge cloth," is a very charming fabric. With a coarsely cellular ground, it is patterned in a brocade like manner with designs formed by little loops and tufts of a contrasting tone. It washes well and would wear forever did the well-dressed woman allow it any opportunity of being so tactless. It really has the appearance of a slightly woolen cotton brocade, and some of the shades used are delicate and poetical, such as duck egg blue, with a brocade deep border of slightly darker blue; or saffron covered with a brocade of the same tint, thrown into relief by the difference of texture. The toweling can be had in various qualities, the coarser an cheaper being very suitable for morning frocks, tennis dresses, etc., the finer being quite good enough for more ceremonious wear. Patterns consisting of deep borders of tiny colored lines woven close together, or of colored pin stripes, can be had in great variety. A coarse cream colored bath toweling with a stripe of red, made into a simple little frock, with a red patent leather belt and a few groups of tiny red buttons, could hardly be bettered for morning wear. This is only one of many ways in which the material may be used. Rose color is very much in the van of fashion. Combined with purple, with green, with brown, and with blue, it is striking and at the same time quite harmonious. Bold touches of it in headgear should add greatly to the brightness and gaiety of fashionable assemblages, which have been growing almost dull, so hardly have women set themselves against wearing bright hues.

Straw Outing Hat.

The mannish hats promise to be very popular this season. They are very English and the upright tuft of feathers at the side is considered particularly smart. These make splendid outing hats. They are just as serviceable for general wear. In the opinion of the milliner there are five golden rules to be observed when choosing a spring hat. First appearances are the safest. Be judged by the first rapid impression which the looking glass affords. Study the color of the eye before any other consideration. Be certain that the headpiece fits. As every head is individual in shape, to fit bandeau suitably means a great deal from the point of view of comfort and becomingness. See yourself in a full length mirror before making a decision. A hat often looks well in its relation to head and shoulders where it fails ignominiously as the crowning piece of the whole figure. Black velvet ribbon, with interwoven designs in brilliants, forms the new headress. This band is worn tight around the head. Sometimes the rolling or turnup of the brim of the hats reveals a dainty bit of lace, used as a facing, and very often this lace extends over the brim and is fastened to the top of the hat. A new handle for an umbrella is fashioned like the lower end of a lady's riding crop, except that the leather part, which is made of lizard skin, has a loop sufficiently long to hang over the wrist. Lace-covered bar pins hold the jabot in place now, and are more in vogue than jewels. Collars and cuffs of black moire are seen on most of the new white serge suits. Irish lace and shadow net are the most fashionable material for the new jabots. Pompadour chiffon medallions set into shadow lace trim some of the new lingerie hats in Paris. Lace tunics or aprons, fastening under the arms and over the hips with straps of black velvet, are a pretty finish to a plain gown.

For Motor Wear.

At this season of the year, when long motor trips are anticipated, women are interested in practical motor clothes. Considering the varying temperature when traveling from place to place, the question of a suitable motor outfit is most important. A coat must be provided which will be appropriate for cool days as well as the hot, rainy days of summer. The curate coat is the newest model for motor coats. It is severely plain, but possesses a distinctive style. The coat buttons closely around the throat, with a collar the replica of those worn by the clergymen. The sleeves fit snugly about the arm and are finished with a cuff which buttons tightly around the wrist. English tweeds, satine and homespun materials are the popular fabrics used for these smart coats. A very new material much favored by motorists is the pliant, well-

meshed cloth, called turkish toweling. All the lighter shades may be worn in this fabric, as it washes the same as linen, retaining its freshness. Among the latest fads is to wear a coat matching the upholstery of your car. The effect produced by this study in harmony is very good. A popular designer of Paris is responsible for a coat ideally fitted for motor wear. Beneath the arms there is an inverted pleat, extending to the hem. When walking, this is concealed by a series of tabs that button across. Blue serge, so popular a few seasons ago for wearing beneath motor coats, has passed into the limbo of things forgotten. There are endless ideas in motor hoods. The "gloria," in silk and rubber, fits any hat. Oilskin hoods come in all varieties and sizes.

OF AN EDUCATIONAL VALUE.

The State Board of Education has decided that hereafter it will approve no plans for school houses unless proper provision is made for playgrounds. This seems to be a move in the right direction. The physical activity of the child must be provided for in order to secure an all round education. If children are given an opportunity to express themselves in play, they will not resort to practices which interfere with the good order of the community in which they live. No educational movement in the last ten years has attracted as much attention as the movement for the welfare of the child as it can be best conserved in giving it opportunities for proper physical expression. The State Board of Education has received a very interesting report from Supt. Chas. Lose of Williamsport, Pa., concerning the establishment of an Open Air School in that city. About twenty children are provided for in this school and the results indicate that the children are gaining in physical strength as well as making rapid strides in their studies. The children greatly enjoy the work and the prejudice on the part of the parents, which was considerable at the outset, has been entirely removed. There is no doubt that schools of this character will be greatly multiplied and that children who have some physical affliction, who are anaemic or tubercular can be well taken care of in this way. Pennsylvania is the only state in the Union that does not have a permanent state school fund. If the wishes and hopes of the State Board of Education are realized, that deficiency in our educational system will soon be provided for. Under the new Code provision is made for organizing such a fund. The state of Kansas has a fund of \$9,000,000, the income of which cannot be used for any other than public school purposes. This amounts to \$6,000,000 per year. In the early history of the state, Pennsylvania had a fund of \$1,500,000, but that disappeared many years ago. One of the very serious problems confronting the school communities is what to do with the defective children. Pennsylvania has a number of schools taking excellent care of many defectives but the accommodations for the whole number in the state are entirely inadequate. When medical inspection is completely established throughout the state, it will no doubt be found that there are between 12,000 and 13,000 pupils who ought to be specially cared for. The State Board of Education has been asked to consider the matter of making adequate preparation for the care of these children. Last year there were in Pennsylvania 24 poor districts, represented by 149 schools, in which the minimum school term of seven months could not be maintained by levying the maximum amount of tax under the present law. Many of these schools are in mountainous regions where there are few people and where the value of property is very low. The State Board of Education will ask the next Legislature to give consideration to the question of providing proper educational facilities for those unfortunately situated children.

A Lucky Beggar.

Robert Newman telephoned the police: "I want you to find my trousers," he said. "Did you look under the mattress?" asked the telephone clerk in the chief's office. "No," said Newman. "Give me the description," he said. "All right. The number on the case is 5,574,561 and the number on the works is 5,133,475." "What are you talking about, anyway?" "My watch." "I thought it was your trousers." "Yes, the watch was in the trousers' pocket. A beggar called here and asked me to give him a pair of trousers. I did. After he was gone I discovered I gave him the ones with my watch in them. Find that beggar, will you?"

His Ailment.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy? Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you. Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite. Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm sufferin' from is politeness.—Judge.

Recognized Authority.

A little lad was desperately ill, but refused to take the medicine the doctor prescribed. His mother finally gave up. "Oh, my boy will die my boy will die!" she sobbed. Presently a voice piped up from the bed. "Don't cry mother, father'll be home soon and he'll make me take it."—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Earlie—Come in, sister's expectin' you. Mr. De Latestayer—How do you know she is? Earlie—She's sleepin' all the afternoon.

Putting It Up to Ben. Don't you remember last summer, Ben Bolt. Last summer, so hot and so dry, When not a north wind would remain on the job. And not a cloud dotted the sky? Oh, think of those days in mid-August, Ben Bolt, As the frost nipped your hands and your feet— Those days when you sat on the porch at the club, Aggrieved by the blistering heat! —Chicago Record-Herald.

Nature's Newest.

The lady descended from a handsome automobile and entered the seed store. "What have you in bulbs?" she demanded. "I may wish to plant some jonquils and tulips." "Here is our floral catalogue, madam." "Ah! And can you assure me that these blooms are all 1912 models?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gee, Look at That!

At ten a. m. mamma is neatly togged, caparotoned for street. To see her with her lofty mien You'd say, "Oh, isn't she a queen, Enveloped in such dignity?" At ten p. m. mamma is ready, cap-a-pie, to jump in bed. To see her at that time of night You'd cry, "Oh, isn't she a sight Enveloped in that HIG nightie!" —Chicago Tribune.

Something Reliable.

"Our new servant girl," complained the mere man, "has had breakfast late every day this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?" "Well, you might buy her an alarm clock," suggested the woman. "An alarm clock is uncertain. It sometimes fails to go off at 5 in the morning. Why don't you lend her the baby?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As You and I.

A fool there was, and he went away (Even as you and I). He took an outing and swore he'd stay (Even as you and I). But the beds were hard, and the grub was tough. The climate rotten, the boarders rough. And in one week he had had enough (Even as you and I). —Los Angeles Express.

How, Indeed?

The Beggar—Pity a poor blind man wiv a large family, lidy. The Sympathetic Soul—And how many children have you, my poor man? The Beggar (nonplused)—Lor, ma'am, how should I know when I can't see 'em?—Sketch.

Persian Echoes.

[By an ex-member of the Omar Khayyam club.] There once was a party called Shuster. Who crowned at the Russ like a rooster. When they said, "We are sick Of this doodle-doo trick," He replied, "I shall stop when I choose ter." —Punch.

No Difference.

Greener—How do these new automatic telephones work? Slicker—Well, suppose you call Main 4043. You will get Main 2170. Greener—Why, that's just the same as the present system. Slicker—Exactly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Saints and Satan.

THE PARSON. "And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees." THE DEACON. "But what's that weak one, if you please, A-doin' there on Satan's knees?" —Yonkers Statesman.

A Hit at Last.

"And so this is the end," said the hero as he bent over the form of the dying heroine, while the orchestra played soft, sad music. "Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed a pathetic voice from the gallery.—London Tit-Bits.

Miraculous.

The girls who live today are queer. It's wonderful, I swear, To find three blonds and four brunettes Who wear each other's hair! —Dallas News.

No Failure About It.

"It is too bad that your son's marriage was a failure." "That's just the trouble. It wasn't a failure. There doesn't seem to be any way in which he can get a divorce from that chorus girl."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Friends.

I read a comic paper once And straightaway was surprised To see how many of its jokes I promptly recognized. —Buffalo Express.

Catty Consolation.

Grace—No; Dick hasn't proposed to me yet. Maude—Don't worry. Your turn will come.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Sure Thing.

When lovely woman stoops to folly And gets the man she tries to kill The jury soothes her melancholy And sends her into vaudeville. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Truth.

"Bangs declares that his family has a distinguished pedigree." "So it has. His show dogs."—Baltimore American.

Henpeck.

I questioned poor Henpeck today And thought that his answer was fine—"My wife doesn't talk in her sleep; she oftentimes talks, though, in mine!" —Lippincott's Magazine.

All in Good Time.

Patient—Say, that isn't the tooth I want pulled! Dentist—Never mind; I'm coming to it.—Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

A Spring Idyl.

Come out in the garden, Maud; Cy me out and get the air. Perchance the sun is shining, Perchance the birds are trilling, Or else the rain is pouring, Or snowflakes dropping there.

Come out in the garden, Maud, And look for tender shoots. Perchance the birds are trilling Like animated flutes. But you'd better bring your skates; Also your rubber boots.

Come out in the garden, Maud, And wear your thinnest tulle, But bring along your earlaps And keep your mittens full. You'll want your fan and sunshade And thickest coat of wool.

Come out in the garden, Maud, And try your Christmas skis, You'd better bring your rubbers And creepers, lest it freeze; Also bring the garden hoe To plant the early peas.

Come out in the garden, Maud, And feel the cold blasts blow, And breathe the balmy breeze, And watch the tulips grow, And see the hail and sunshine And rain and mud and snow. —Judge.

In Our Siberia.

The congressional committee appointed to investigate the baseball trust was in session. The great room was crowded to the walls. The baseball magnates were huddled together in a cage, fearful of impending doom, as they heard Representative Yaphank denounce them as ogres and traffickers in flesh and blood. At a most dramatic moment Exhibit A was led into the room. His gaunt figure brought tears to the eyes of the spectators. His back resembled that of the man with the hoe, and his hands dangled below his knees. "Exhibit A was held captive by a branch of the trust known as the bloody pirates," announced Representative Yaphank. "He has been a slave for ten years. He is compelled to play short for three long hours each day, and all for the paltry wage of \$10,000 per year. He labors four whole months in each year. "Think of it, my fellow men! This man must slave in silence for four months of each year at \$2,500 a month. He must slave for about \$700 per week, and his daily pittance is but \$100 per playing day. Thus we can see that this man is compelled to starve on the \$33 per hour forced upon him." And as Exhibit A left the stand the janitor mopped up seven buckets of tears.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Wily Husband.

Wife—Which hat shall I take, the one at \$10 or the one at \$20? Husband—The one at \$20, of course! The cheaper one is a fright! Wife—Oh, you're a dear! After having left the store a friend who witnessed the purchase said to the husband, "If I'd been in your place I'd have been crafty and praised the cheaper hat!" Husband—Oh, you don't understand. In the first place, my wife would have taken the more expensive hat anyway, and then if I said I liked the other she would have insisted on buying that one too!—Pittsburgh Courier.

On Both Instruments.

"What's the matter with the horn part?" asked Strauss at a rehearsal. "I'm sorry, Dr. Strauss," replied the horn player, "but I cannot play this passage on the horn. It may be all right on the piano, but—" "Don't worry yourself," answered the composer-conductor; "it is equally impossible on the piano."—Musical Courier.

Setting Him Right.

French Chauffeur (to deaf farmer on a Maine road)—Can you tell me, sare, vere I get some of ze gazzoline? Farmer (with his hand to his ear)—Hey? French Chauffeur—Non, non, non! Not ze hay—ze gazzoline. Zis eez a motorcar, not a horse.—Harper's Weekly.

Cruel and Unusual.

Mrs. Knaggs' mother—Does Henry beat you? Mrs. Knaggs—Worse than that. I had a cold and couldn't speak for three weeks, and when I learned the sign language he'd turn off the lights as soon as he came in the house.—Chicago News.

The Man's Point of View.

Mr. Smith—You women don't use any judgment in making a dress. Mrs. Smith—Why not? Mr. Smith—If you hadn't used so much material in making the train you might have had enough material to finish the waist.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Supply Cleaned Up.

"Goin' fishin' next summer?" asked the man who tells tall stories. "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "If you caught all the fish you said you caught last summer there won't be any use of going fishing next summer."—Washington Star.

He Wished to Know.

"Uncle Bill," asked little Lester Livermore, who possessed an inquiring mind, "when were you born?" "In 1860." "That wasn't what the war was about, was it, Uncle Bill?"—Judge.

Generous.

Pa—Embrace me, Thora. Reginald has asked your hand in marriage. Thora—But I don't want to leave mother, pa. Pa—Oh! Never mind that. Take her along with you.—Stray Stories.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HONSDALE NATIONAL BANK

AT HONSDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA. AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, APRIL 18, 1912.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Assets include Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, U.S. Bonds, etc. Total Assets: \$1,934,997.10. Liabilities include Capital Stock, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc. Total Liabilities: \$1,934,997.10.

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Table with columns for A.M., P.M., and STATIONS. Lists train schedules between Honsdale and various locations like Albany, Binghamton, Philadelphia, etc.