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MANY ATTEND THE MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES

Excellent Addresses Delivered by Rev. A. L. Whittaker, F. P. Kimble and C. P. Searle—Post Commander Wilson Missed at Exercises—Nearly Thousand Children in Parade.



W. W. WOOD, Marshal of the Day.

Memorial Day in Honesdale will go down in the annals of local history as one of the most patriotic and spectacular events ever to have occurred in the Maple City. Although the day was cloudy, sunshine radiated from the faces of the thousand or more children who were in line to pay homage to the departed marine, soldiers and unknown dead, by carrying flowers to be strewn upon the water and tenderly placed upon the graves. The procession formed at Captain James Ham Post, G. A. R., headquarters and at 10:30 began to move. It was a spectacular parade, representing all ages from small children to gray-haired sires, who left their homes and loved ones back in '61 to fight for freedom and the flag. The line-up and formation as reproduced in Wednesday's Citizen was followed to the letter. The procession, instead of going to Fourth street as upon other occasions, turned at Fifth street, thus shortening the distance a block.

W. W. Wood was marshal of the day. The Honesdale Fife and Drum Corps appeared in dazzling new uniforms, consisting of red coats, white trousers, white helmets with red tassels and knee-high leather boots. The suits were trimmed with gold and brought forth considerable worthy praise. Horace Williams was drum major. The corps was recently reorganized and displayed an unusual amount of training, reflecting considerable credit upon the leader and drum major.

Jenkins' Boy Band made their first street appearance Thursday and it too brought forth much commendation from the people, being applauded as they passed.

At the State bridge special exercises to the marine were given, an impressive part of which was the strewing of flowers upon the Lackawanna thrown thereon by the marching school children. Hon. Frank P. Kimble made the address for the soldiers at sea.

Hon. F. P. Kimble's Speech. Mr. Kimble said in part:

Again we are met in the performance of a patriotic duty. Decoration day was conceived in a universal gratitude for heroism in the cause of civil government, and its establishment and general observance of its purposes, have contributed powerfully toward the greatness of our country.

Throughout our land to-day will be heard eulogies upon the lives and characters of those noble men who, on land and sea, sacrificed their lives for their country.

To many taking part to-day the observance of Decoration Day is but a compliance with a universal and national duty, resting on all good citizens; while to others, the exercises of the day will awaken memories that reach back a lifetime.

In family groups and public gatherings everywhere, sad memories will well up in the throats of speakers and hearts of hearers, as the panoramic scenes of civil and national life are passed in review.

As the events of early life crowd upon the memory in advanced age, in greater number and clearer distinctness, so, indeed, is it with the recollections of those sad and harrowing separations of the darker days when our fathers and elder brothers went down to the sea in ships.

And on each succeeding Decoration Day, in the years to come, those broken friendships, severe trials and enforced privations of the belligerent past, will come vividly before the mental vision; increasingly vivid as time recedes.

To the younger of those who engage in the laudable duty of honoring the dead—heroes of the sea—the great Admirals of noted fame exist only in history. Every school boy and girl above the lower grades, has studied of the daring of Farragut, of the fearlessness of Porter, of the systematic planning of Sampson and bull-dog fighting of Dewey and Schley. But possibly there may be some old men here who served under these brave Admirals, or with whom you have run a blockade, engaged at close range in bloody fight, or have torn the enemy's fleet to

fragments. To such men Decoration Day means a great deal. Such men depend not upon any speaker to direct their thoughts, but by reason of intimate association of recollections and dire experience, are transported in mind to those momentous struggles, when Admiral and seamen alike and together fought mightily.

Since the dawn of civilization, history is replete with acts of heroism upon the seas. And nowhere have bravery, fortitude, and unselfish devotion to national obligation, found brighter example of heroism; nor has any country furnished more patriotic Admirals and seamen, than adorn the pages of American history. It is not necessary or desirable that we stop here to specialize. Time will not permit. Suffice it to say, since the formation of our government, our naval institutions, as well as school of actual experience, have furnished and always will furnish to us, a full quota of experienced men of the sea—men not only to rule the ships as Admirals, but seamen at the wheel, the engine and the guns—all masters of their particular work.

It may be asked what service is the scattering of flowers upon the graves. To those lying in watery graves, no eulogy will raise a ripple on the bosom of the deep, or cause an inch higher a crest of a single wave. Decoration Days are for the living and for our own glory. This should be made a day of respect—thankfulness for the patriotism in others, through whose acts of sacrifice we have entered into security and national peace. It should be a day also of buoyant hope—and self-consolation. From such an exalted pedestal of historic patriotism in America, on land and sea, we ought to view the future with warm hearts, and national optimism.

Outward manifestations of regard for the heroes of the past ought honestly to express our appreciation for the lives and characters of those noble men. And the heartiness of this expression should also be at the same time, full assurance to the living. An assurance that heroic acts are not forgotten; that our citizenship regards unselfishness and self-sacrifice for others as Christlike.

A zealous spirit for the country, wide sympathy for others, and clearly expressed words and acts indicative of a true interest in the country's welfare, are the seeds sown broadcast, which, in times of danger, find large returns in heroism, both in war and in peace. For there is a heroism in peace as well as in war.

When the Titanic sank last month in mid-ocean, we beheld the glorious results of humane teaching. With life-boats sufficient for only one-third of the passengers on board, stalwart men nobly stood aside and permitted helpless women and children to enter and fill these boats.

Here was an exhibition of real heroism as great, if not greater, than history records of any battle. The historic accounts of friendly attachment, between Damon and Pythias, and David and Jonathan, have moved thousands to constancy in individual friendships, but nobler far is the inspiring record of brave men in the disaster of that ill-fated ship, who in the very jaws of death gave to the world an exhibition of God-like sacrifice for strangers and humanity in general.

There are heroes in peace equal to or greater than those in war. Or as happily expressed by Whittier:

"Dream not of helm or harness
The signs of valor true
Peace hath its test of manhood
That battle never knew."

May the entire people of this country be impressed with the nobility of heroism; heroism in the cause of humanity, and heroism in the cause of civil liberty.

Long and abundantly, may this tree of civil and national liberty scatter its blossoms upon the watery graves of heroes who sleep in honor beneath the waves; and may the fruition of that same tree throughout the borders of this country, prove a prodigious yield of national peace, manly character and true heroism.

The procession then closed ranks and proceeded to the cemetery where the services were concluded. After the decorating of the soldiers' graves and other numbers on the program Rev. A. L. Whittaker delivered the oration of the day, which was as follows:

Rev. Whittaker's Speech.

Mr. Post Commander and Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Other Fellow Citizens:

The angry Jordan had been passed by the children of Israel, and a grateful people had set up stones from the river bed as a memorial of the merciful kindness of Jehovah. But the great leader, Joshua, wished to make sure that the people should never forget that deliverance from danger and that achievement of bright promises. And so he called the people together in Gibeon, where the stones were set up, as we are gathered here in the presence of these dear memorial stones, "and he spake unto the children of Israel, saying, When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, 'What mean these stones? Then ye

shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.' He knew that the time would come when those who had taken part in that great crossing and were doubtless nearly all of them there that day would lie in the dust, and there would be nought but those stones to tell the story.

Friends, at that service Sunday night and here in this acre of God to-day, we had and we have now some of these brave men who crossed the bloody flood of a crisis in our country's history. The great leaders have gone. Long years ago all who were old enough to wield a commanding influence in that momentous struggle have passed on over a darker flood into a brighter promised land. With us still, thank God for the inspiration of the sight, are some of those who bore the brunt and burden of that toilsome march from slavery to freedom, from darkness into light. But the time will soon come when the last wave will have lain upon its final earthly pillow, receiving the last loving tender cares, the last and breathings of farewell will have been said, and the very last member of the Grand Army of the Republic will have joined the Grand Army beyond. Then there will be left only these stones and their sacred memories. And the memories will remain only as we, the children of that older generation, shall obey the solemn command to preserve them by handing them down to our children, as we shall interpret the record and message of these dumb but eloquent bits of marble to our children and they to their posterity.

Friends, that is our fond and reverent thought to-day—the record of these stones which mark heroes' graves. What a precious gift of God to men—the naked stone upon which may be written the story of the past that it may be read with grateful hearts by the men of the distant future. Thus have come down to us the priceless tablets of empire that have long since perished. Underneath the soil where they were cast upon the destruction of mighty temples and palaces have they lain for uncounted centuries. Covered with the uncouth characters of tongues unremembered and unknown, which the eager and undaunted spirits of men who wished to learn their story have by an ingenuously almost divine deciphered, the fascinating story has been revealed of forgotten deeds of valor, of battles long ago, upon which too they hinged the decision of human rights and the fate of nations. Reverently have these monuments of the hoary past been placed in our museums of history, that the story that each stone to tell may not be lost, but handed down to-day to our latest future time. In the presence of such stones telling of the sanguinary struggles of ancient races of men, who can be so sluggish in the imagination of his soul as not to have a heart filled with kindly feeling for his brothers of other days, and from a genuine and real emotion to drop a tear of sympathy with their noble endeavors, their splendid achievements or their brave failures.

But friends, of all the struggles at arms of which the great long past knows, so far as I have read history, there has never been one with nobler motive than that in which these men with us here to-day took part, whose story it is the eternal mission of these stones in this beautiful resting place to tell. Where on the monuments of antiquity dug from the heart of the earth do we find that three million men fought for the freedom of an alien race and half a million gave up their lives in bloody sacrifice. Where do we discover that the men of a higher race have fought for the men of a lower race? Where that white men were willing to bleed for black men? Do you not discover on the bloody face of that struggle the lineaments of the face of Christ? And where in those ancient times do we find men fighting for political freedom with any such conception of the meaning of that struggle as we find here on the hearts of the soldiers of these United States from 1861 to 1865?

The victory that was won for the black man causes us sometimes to forget the greater achievement for the race of men as a whole, for men as men, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The patience of Washington had won the opportunity for our fathers to embark upon the most liberal experiment in popular government ever attempted on a large scale. How many of us have stopped to think how near was the people's ship of state to being wrecked upon the rocks that threatened it upon a merciless shore? or upon the low-lying ledges of men's selfishness and devotion to private interests? How severe a blow to freedom would have been struck, had not the boys and the farms responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln for men, for men to fight in a battle for the right, for human liberty and justice universal!

I repeat it, on the pages of human history I have not found a struggle that has meant so much for the race of men, that has been motivated in such Christlike devotion to the defenseless and the disinherited, and that has so contributed to the winning of precious liberty of conscience and action for all the sons of men. And to tell that story we are surrounded by these stones. All over our land today they are telling that same story. Where human speech is all inadequate to tell it, the stones bear silent and eloquent record. In parks where the living congregated and upon the crowded city streets where men have raised their tributes to those who have fallen in their nation's defense, and in the

quiet seclusion of where rest the bodies which once gave shelter to brave souls, the story is being told. Even should the men of tomorrow, heartless, forget the story and fail to pass it on, yet would these stones, broken perhaps and buried, sometime tell the story to ages of men unborn.

Antony once stood before the men of Rome and pled for great dead Caesar—
"I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show your sweet Caesar's wounds,
poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

And so I point you to-day to the dear wounds of those who fought and bled for freedom and humanity; I call to your remembrance the sufferings of unfortunate victims of Southern prisons, the paths of unseen deaths upon fields of battle where the sad night has succeeded to the glare of day. I point you to the sufferings of those whose lives were spared for suffering. Yea, in every wound would I put a tongue that should move the very stones to rise up and tell the story whenever men shall forget.

Ah! yes! the stones of a more eternal state than ancient Rome which crumbled and fell shall tell this story. Down through mazes of Egypt and Chaldaea, or the struggles of mighty Assyrian kings. But never, my fellow-citizens, will I be left to the cold stones to tell this story. On the living tablets of grateful hearts will it be engraved; and the record will never be wiped out while men of our race shall live nobly, reaping the benefits of the sacrifices which on this day we are commemorating.

But, men of Wayne county the story will unworthily be handed down to our children's children, it will have a hollow sound as from hypocritical hearts, unless in our acts as citizens of this nation we shall continue the noble traditions of those whom we blessed to honor. Strip from their blighted memory every vestige of false sentiment, pure from it the accretions of all the facile eloquence of unfeeling souls, and you will still have left a home-ly, unvarnished tale of sacrifice. Men were willing to go to war knowing that war meant possible death. They were willing to leave happy homes and those they loved, with the strong likelihood that they would never see them more. They did it not for their own good alone or at all, not for their worldly advantages, but in devotion to principle, in furtherance of the plans of the Almighty for the advancement of the race. They were worthy spiritual some of Him who hung upon Calvary's Cross that men might have more abundant life. In the battles of peace and in the performance of our everyday duties of citizenship let us send forth in warmer tones than the dull cold stones patriotism's deathless story. Let it ring from the pavements of our streets, from the walls of our factories and those of our offices, let it burn brightly in crackling, cheering flame on the hearths of our homes. Let our children learn well the story, that it be not forgot. May the heavenly Father bless our land with the remembered story lived in grateful lives.

Charles P. Searle's Address on the "Unknown Dead."

We are here assembled to render homage to our distinguished dead. Those who with quick step and heaven-sent patriotism marched to the front in '61 and offered up their lives in defense of the great principles of freedom and equality. It is with the lapse of years that real men are discovered and their worth impartially weighed.

Then it is that history writes their true rank and honor in the golden letters of undying fame. So it is with our heroes, the living and the dead. To-day this nation of ours appreciates as never before the tremendous debt of eternal gratitude which we of the present and those of posterity, owe to those gallant comrades who marched on the field of battle with the noblest—with the grandest army that ever shook the earth with its mighty tread.

Those men who marched towards death for a cause, who charged the enemy amid the roar of battle, who heard shrieks of the shell, the whistle of the mini bullets, the groans of the dying, the rebel yell and that Union cheer of victory. To-day we decorate their graves with flowers and with the flag which they loved so well. And while doing so we must not forget those whose last resting place is lost upon this earth forever.

Thousands upon thousands of wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts kissed their loved ones good-bye as they marched to the front and never saw them again in life or in death. They never knew where that last resting place was. They only knew that at Shilo, at Gettysburg, at the Wilderness or before Richmond that their son, their husband, their brother or their sweetheart had been taken from them in the service of his country and his God.

And this was their consoling thought—deepened and intensified with each passing year that their heroic death had not been in vain and although their last resting place was with the unknown dead—that their names and their deeds were recorded among the archives of their country who numbers them

among its noble army of martyrs. And to-day we shall deck this mound with flowers and with the flag and render to them full tribute of honor for the noble part which they played in the preservation of this nation.

And it is pleasant to believe that the spirit of these heroes is with us here to-day, rejoicing with us at the present greatness of the nation which they preserved to us in freedom and unity and an inspiration to every liberty loving individual of every nation in the world, and which shall be for them an ever living monument to their undying patriotism.

And may we all derive from their lives such an inspiration of good citizenship and patriotic service that our country, the last discovered, may ever remain the greatest heritage to the human race.

After bugle call and benediction the procession marched to Post headquarters, where the procession disbanded. Dinner was then served to the members of the post and their families and the afternoon was spent in story-telling.

The absence of Judge Henry Wilson, the post's commander, who has always attended these occasions, was decidedly noticeable and his non-attendance was regretted by his many comrades and friends. Owing to illness Commander Wilson was unable to be present, but all knew and felt that his heart was with the boys, even though physical disabilities prevented him from being present in person.

Several of Honesdale people spent the remainder of the day at Lake Ludore and entertaining visiting relatives and friends.

At St. John's Cemetery.

Memorial services were held in St. John's Roman Catholic church at 8:30 a. m., at which time a requiem High mass was said for the souls of the soldiers and all others buried in St. John's cemetery. A large number received Holy Communion for the benefit of deceased relatives.

After mass the children and members of the parish went in a procession from the church to St. John's cemetery. A large flag headed the procession and each child carried a small flag. Burgess C. A. McCarty delivered the Memorial address, which was scholarly and very ably delivered. Thomas Kilroe recited "Bivouac of the Dead," a poem written by Theodore O'Hara. "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address" was delivered by Francis Igo. Patriotic songs were sung by joint choruses of the church. The graves of Father Francis Canivan and Father J. J. Doherty were blessed and decorated. The procession then marched back and held services in the old cemetery at the rear of St. John's church. The only soldier's grave in this plot was visited and prayers were said and hymns sung over it.

At 12 o'clock M. St. John's bell was tolled five minutes, a beautiful custom observed in many states throughout the Union.

CAMERA USED TO SNAP AUTO NUMBER

An Innovation of Honesdale Police—Dust Will Have No Dominion Over the Camera.

That Honesdale's police force has solved the question of obtaining the numbers of scorching automobiles that whizz in and out and through the town is a certainty. It matters not how thick the dust or with what speed the scorches may be traveling, the Honesdale police have solved the problem. Now strangers, and local automobilists beware!

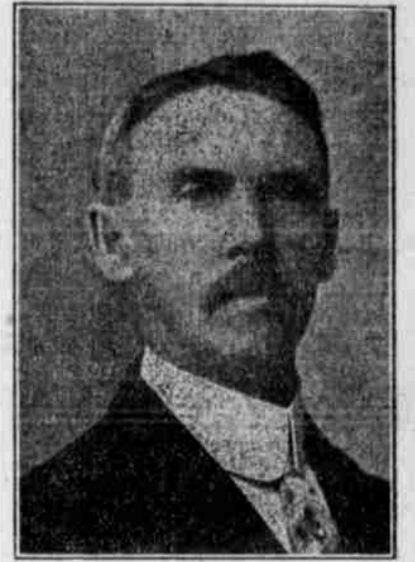
It is true that the police are equipped with stop watches and have the distances of the different blocks of the town down pat, but what can they do when a cloud of dust follows the machines and envelopes the automobile and party with particles of flying dust? Just stand still and watch the clouds roll by. What else can they do under the circumstances? The riddle has been solved and automobiles coming in town from Carbondale way can scorch just as fast as they want to as they approach the town limits if they want to be fined. Owners can no longer defy the police. The fig is up and scorching automobilists might as well surrender to the Honesdale police, for if they attempt to speed past them the police will catch them coming and going—the camera or kodak will do the work. One policeman will be equipped with a kodak and as the speeding auto approaches him he will push the button—"click"—and the number is secure on the film. In any event there might be two different number cards on the machine so as to evade the law, as some scorches do, the other policeman will be "Johnny (Carbondale) on the spot" and snap his kodak as the auto passes. Dust and dirt will have no dominion over the number, as the kodak shutter is fast enough to take a train going nearly a mile per minute, and the automobilist who may be going faster than the borough ordinance permits, cannot get away from the camera.

Automobilists beware of Honesdale's police! Run slow when in the town limits. Don't try to scorch, for if you do you will have your picture taken. Observe the town's sign post as you enter Honesdale, live up to the rule and you will be all right.

Architect Harry Weaver went to Stroudsburg on Tuesday on business connected with the erection of the new theatre at that place. Mr. Weaver is the architect for the new play house at that place.

FRIEND OF EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Thus Was Burgess McCarty Introduced by Prof. Oday at High School Exercises Wednesday Afternoon—in Great Demand.



HON. CHARLES A. MCCARTY.

Burgess C. A. McCarty is a much-sought-after man, having received three invitations to make patriotic addresses, two of which were delivered Memorial Day and the other at the exercises in the Honesdale High school, Wednesday afternoon. Burgess McCarty never refuses to accommodate his friends if he can possibly do so.

The good people of Salem sent an early invitation to Honesdale's popular Burgess to the effect that they desired him to deliver the Memorial Day address at that place. Burgess McCarty lost no time in acknowledging the invitation and accepting the offer with thanks.

Later Prof. H. A. Oday, principal of the Honesdale High school, asked the Burgess to speak at the Memorial Day exercises Wednesday afternoon. Burgess McCarty accepted the invitation and gave one of the most patriotic and spirited addresses that has ever been delivered in that institution on similar occasions.

Another invitation was extended to our popular Burgess by Rev. John O'Toole, asking Mr. McCarty to speak to the children in St. John's Roman Catholic church, Thursday morning prior to marching. This he did much to the gratification of pastor and children.

The Burgess cheerfully filled all engagements, delivering an entirely different address upon each occasion.

Exercises at High School.

Patriotic exercises of the rarest type were observed at the Honesdale High school, Wednesday afternoon. The program was varied and intensely interesting and instructive. Members of Captain James Ham Post, G. A. R., were present. Miss Margaret Eberhardt delighted the assemblage by the rendition of a sweet solo. Patriotic songs were sung by the school and W. W. Wood, county treasurer and marshal of the day, gave an interesting and patriotic address. He was followed by Burgess C. A. McCarty. Principal Oday introduced the Burgess as being the friend of every boy and girl, which was a true statement. Burgess McCarty said in part:

Mr. McCarty's Address.

Decoration Day or Memorial Day as observed by us is a product of the Civil War and is perhaps the richest legacy left to us by that mighty struggle. The observance of Memorial Day is rich in accomplishments and achievements, but the richer still in possibilities. To-day the schools will be closed throughout the land, but only for the purpose of turning this nation into a school house, but American boys and American girls shall learn the nobler lessons and gain the most valuable information from the exercises incident to Memorial Day. This day being set apart to commemorate the Civil War, it naturally brings us to consider the questions arising for discussion regarding that great event, and in doing so, we are confronted by two most important questions—the causes and the consequences of the war. You will naturally ask, is not the war itself worthy of consideration, is not the war itself greater than its cause or its results? but it will not be so treated by me.

You have taught the austere Puritan of Massachusetts, that to persecute Quakers and Catholics, you have taught the lordly Catholic of Maryland that only a hypocrite could kneel down in his magnificent church on Sunday and pray to a God of infinite justice, and go home to lash his slaves.

Besides all these results of the war and many others which will come to perfection as time goes on, you have given us Memorial Day with its sunshine and flowers, its joys and sadness, its flags and music, its memories and hopes, its aspirations and inspirations.

Take away from us Memorial Day and you leave a void in our lives that nothing else can fill. Yes, Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, you have given us the occasion for Memorial Day, you have made Memorial Day not only possible but almost necessary, you have given us, yourselves, you are greater than your flags and your flowers, greater than your guns and your medals, greater than the battles which you fought and the victory you won. You are the living flags.

(Continued on Page Four.)