



WAYNE COUNTY'S HALL OF JUSTICE.

Why You Should Live Here—Many Advantages Not Found Elsewhere.

Honesdale is the home of a half hundred varied industries and its wheels in the different mills and shops hum from morning till night. Industrially Honesdale is far ahead of other towns and cities.

The opportunities afforded in Honesdale and Wayne county are many and diversified. There are several waterpowers developed and others possible of development.

Why not get interested in Honesdale? Prospective industries anticipating locating outside of the crowded metropolitan districts would do well to investigate Honesdale and the advantages obtained here before locating elsewhere.

Honesdale's population, including the immediate territory within a radius of a mile, is 10,000. It is 985 feet above sea level and enjoys many natural resources.

Its fire department is complete. In addition to two steamers, four other fire companies are within a radius of less than a mile.

Honesdale is noted for its healthfulness, its death rate being less than 19 in every 1,000 inhabitants, which is the lowest in this section of the country.

Honesdale is near the foot of the Moosic Mountains, is in close proximity with the coal mines, and is built on solid ground.

Honesdale is 135 miles from New York city. Its government is borough and township.

Honesdale postoffice serves a population of 12,000 with mail. The town enjoys free delivery.

The town has both gas and electricity. A \$150,000 electric light plant was erected two years ago, which is equipped with the latest and best machinery.

Honesdale has upwards of \$20,000 invested in an opera house for the enjoyment of its citizens.

Its High school is foremost in the State and furnishes a complete preparatory course for college.

Honesdale furnishes one of the State's crack companies, Company E of the 12th regiment, N. G. P., which company holds a high mark in efficiency for service.

Honesdale recently built a fine new \$27,000 armory, modern in all its appointments, for Company E.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL BOOTH

Late Head of Salvation Army Was Many Sided.

HIS PRECEPTS FOR LONG LIFE.

Urged "Faster" in His Motor Missionary Campaign—Why the Anti-suicide Bureaus Were Founded—Could Tell a Good Story to Make a Point.

The death of General William Booth, founder and head of the Salvation Army, removes the grand old man of the world. Yet so well had his work been done that the army itself will not be appreciably affected by his removal.

Many anecdotes are told of the dead leader to illustrate his many sided character. In discussing the anti-suicide bureaus of the army he once said:

"Kindness and charity are factors of these bureaus. The charity will be of the right kind, I trust. There are, you know, two kinds of charity, and too much of it is like the barber's."

"There was a poor deacon in Warwick who had no money and needed to be shaved, and he went from barber to barber, but none of them, despite his holy office, was willing to shave him for nothing."

"In the end, though, he found a barber who, on hearing his tale, said gruffly:

"Sit down there in that chair."

"Suddenly the barber's dog in the adjacent room set up a terrific howling."

"Be still, there!" cried the barber. And he muttered anxiously, "What can they be doing to him?"

"Alas," said the deacon, "I shouldn't wonder if some one was shaving him out of charity."

Needed No More Prayers.

On another occasion General Booth was talking to a New York reporter. "Are you saved?" he asked suddenly. The young man flushed, stammered and hesitated.

"Well," said the general, "do not despair. There is a chance even for New York reporters."

Then, discussing prayer, General Booth told a story, a story with a moral.

"There was a young clergyman appointed to a small country town," he began, "and a short time after his arrival a horsey looking man in leggings stopped him on the street one day, bowed respectfully and said in a tremulous voice:

"If you please, sir, would you mind next Sabbath offering up a bit of a prayer for Milly Dean?"

"The minister, of course, assented. The man, whose look was worried and haggard, took leave gratefully, and on the next and the two following Sundays Milly Dean was prayed for from the pulpit."

"Then one afternoon the man in leggings met the minister again.

"Thank you for them prayers, sir," he said, "but you needn't pray no more for Milly Dean."

"Why," said the other, shocked, "is she dead?"

"Dead?" said the man in leggings. "No; she's just won the Blue Ribbon handicap by a length and a half."

An instance of the fire and feverish anxiety of General Booth to compress as much work as possible into the closing years of his ministry was provided on his missions by motor. "Faster" was the word that impelled the general ever forward, and it is to be feared that in his anxiety to carry the message into the remote villages that are still off the train track he did not always observe the speed limit. He frequently exceeded thirty miles an hour.

When his chauffeur was getting all he could out of the engine the general's cry was still "Faster!" The car was capable of thirty-five miles an hour. That did not satisfy him. He always wanted to move quicker. He would sit on the front seat by the driver, whispering every now and again, "Faster!"

Precepts For Longevity.

Seven pithy precepts for the attainment of old age were given by General Booth in explanation of his surprising activity and vigor. He said:

"Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

"Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

"Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labor; dig, walk, chop wood or, if you can talk with your whole body, why, then talk, but do it with all your might.

"Abstain from indulgences which overtax the body and injure not only yourself, but the generations that come after you.

"Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else; that is beneficent to those about you and not to your own greedy self alone. If there is one thing for which I am glad it is that I have found a purpose which involves not me alone, but all humanity."

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SPOONING BARRED AT CAPITOL

Cannot Even Hug and Kiss on Potomac Boats.

"No more spooning on the upper decks in the dark corners," is the edict that has gone out from the offices of the St. Johns and the Charles MacAlester, two pleasure boats that ply the Potomac river between Washington and Marshall Hall.

"Stop promiscuous hugging, kissing and flirting on the approaches to the capitol," is an order issued to capitol policemen.

The new rules on the St. Johns and the MacAlester prohibit kissing, embracing or squeezing hands. "Break away there," is the command given by the officers on the vessels and at the capitol when they come upon spooning couples. If the mandate is not obeyed a brilliant searchlight is turned on the guilty persons.

For many years dark spots about the approaches to the capitol have been used by spooners. It was not unusual to see as many as twenty-five couples in the cozy nooks that flank the senate and house wings.

CHICAGO CLAIMS 2,381,700.

School Census Shows 157 Children Unable to Read or Write.

Chicago's present population is 2,381,700, according to the biennial school census completed by the board of education. The figures of the last federal census, taken in 1910, were 2,185,283.

The school census shows the total number of minors in the city to be 882,516, of whom 50,791 are foreign born and 11,191 are negroes.

According to the count, there are only 157 children between the ages of twelve and twenty-one who are unable to read or write either English or some other language.



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