

PRESIDENT SEES VICTORY AT POLLS

Trusts Sober Judgment of the Voters to Continue Present Conditions — Expects Democratic Help.

THE THIRD PARTY CAN'T WIN.

Mr. Taft Says It's Open Secret That Progressives Do Not Expect Success and That Every Mail Tells of Wanderers' Return.

Beverly, Mass.—President Taft issued a statement predicting Republican victory next month and declaring it "obvious that either the Republican or Democratic nominees will be elected." He asserts it to be an open secret that "the third party does not expect success."

The president reviews business conditions of the country, which, he says, are unprecedentedly prosperous, and asserts the belief that the sober judgment of the voters will continue present conditions.

President Taft says that from all parts of the country assurances are coming that Democrats intend to vote for the Republican candidates and a continuance of prosperity and against the program of economic confusion and socialistic subversion of American institutions supported by Democratic candidates and their allies. He calls attention to the great progress of the country since 1890 as regards the home and foreign markets and says that the American manufacturer and worker would not have much spirit left for invading the foreign market if deprived by a Democratic tariff for revenue only of the home market, which they now control, thanks to the Republican protective tariff.

The President's Statement.

The president's statement follows: "Fifty-two years ago seceders from the Union thought they were facing a divided north and would win an easy victory. There had been division among the loyal people, but all united in face of the common danger, and in addition a great number of Democrats joined the Republicans in the successful struggle for the nation's life. Then it was said by hostile critics that the ship of state was drifting. It drifted—yes—with Lincoln at the helm, from the reefs of secession and slavery into the placid waters of union and liberty. Under Lincoln's successors it has sailed on, propelled by the winds of prosperity, save when its voyage has been halted by just such a visitation of storm and stress, of torn protection sails and broken business bulkheads, as we are now threatened with should Baltimore supplant Chicago, which it did not in 1890 and will not in 1912.

"Our friends the enemy say that the Democracy has learned its mistakes and does not mean to repeat them. In some measure true as to the past; and the Republican party has had a difficult if successful task in teaching the Democracy its mistakes, so far as it has been taught, but somehow the obstinate pupil comes forward every four years to be taught again.

"I am glad to say, however," the president added, "that many Democrats have learned their lessons well and are refusing to leave the firm ground of national prosperity for the quagmire of business disruption, trade depression and commercial and industrial depletion.

"From all parts of the country assurances are coming that Democrats intend to vote for the Republican candidates and a continuance of prosperous business conditions, and against the programs of economic confusion and socialistic subversion of our institutions supported by the Democratic candidates and their allies. Democratic workmen refuse to be led from the factory and good wages of 1912 back to the Democratic hard times of 1893-97. They prefer independence and money in the savings bank to loss of employment and dependence on charity.

"Pay Envelopes Feeders of Trade. "Democratic business men feel the same way. They know that when industries languish their business languishes too. The pay envelopes are the feeders of trade in every form. When they are empty or scrippy the biggest department store feels the effect as well as the corner grocery."

President Taft continued: "Drifting? Well, let me glance at some of the drift. Our home market has drifted from \$7,000,000,000 in 1870 to \$33,000,000,000—not a bad drift, that. And it is this magnificent home market, without equal in the past or present, that the Democrats propose to dismember and disorganize, and invite every nation in the world to prey upon, while those same nations keep the barriers to their own markets just as high as they please.

"Then look at our foreign trade. A favorite Democratic argument is that Republicans build up and cultivate the home market at the expense of our foreign commerce, when the fact is that the growth of foreign trade has almost kept proportionate pace with the domestic—from \$1,000,000,000 in 1870 to \$4,000,000,000 in 1912. "Our exports for the past year amounted to \$2,170,310,328, of which \$674,302,993 were manufactures ready for consumption, the largest export trade and the largest proportion of

manufactures ready for consumption the country has ever known.

Change Would Cost Home Market. "The American manufacturer and the American worker," President Taft declared, "would not have much spirit left for invading the foreign market if deprived by a Democratic tariff for revenue only of the best market of all more than equal in purchasing power to all Europe, the home market, which they now control, thanks to the Republican protective tariff."

The statement goes on to say: "German foreign commerce is also making great advances, particularly among our neighbors of South America, but a suggestion that Germany should, for that reason, take protection out of its tariff would probably be received with arching of eyebrows by German statesmen and economists. "And this unprecedented growth of our foreign trade is accompanied by expansion as unprecedented in our home trade from one end of the country to the other—the Atlantic to the Pacific, the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. It is not a sudden inflation, but a gradual advance under favorable conditions from the prostration of 1907 to prosperity as substantial as it is general.

"All industries are humming and there is work at good wages—principally, compared with wages abroad—for all who are willing to work, while in the Pittsburgh district alone, I understand, there is a demand for at least 30,000 workers in excess of the number available. Business, wholesale and retail, is active and profitable, for the people have money with which to buy. The question for the American voter is whether this condition shall continue, and the nation shall go forward to even greater prosperity.

"The farmers are enjoying the greatest prosperity in the experience of American agriculture. Every day the Northern Pacific is carrying a million bushels of grain to Duluth. The yield in that zone alone is 157,000,000 bushels, so that the conveyance by the railway of the farmers' grain from the region tributary to the Northern Pacific to that point of distribution will require 157 days. This vast crop is worth in excess of \$100,000,000 to the farmers producing it.

"At the present the steel industry commonly regarded as the barometer of business, is driven far ahead for steel rails. Other industries are equally active, and altogether national conditions and prospects were never so prosperous and promising, provided the American people decide to apply to their political choice the same good judgment and prudent foresight which they apply, as a rule, to their personal affairs.

"As we come nearer the day of election," says Mr. Taft, "it is to be expected that the intelligent voter will appreciate more keenly the responsibility which attaches to his ballot. In national elections, at least, the great majority like to feel that they are voting for a candidate who has a chance of success. It is obvious that either the Republican or the Democratic nominees will be elected, and not to vote for the Republican candidates is, in effect, to support their Democratic opponents and the Democratic platform of a tariff for revenue only, freighted with dire consequences for the country, now busy and prosperous under Republican rule. It is well known to every sane, open secret on every street corner, that the third term party does not expect success."

The president continues: "A special correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Chicago, says: 'It may be said that neither Colonel Roosevelt nor any of the experienced politicians who surround him expects to carry Illinois or any other important state, with the possible exception of California and Kansas. From sources close to the candidate it is learned that Colonel Roosevelt will be satisfied if he can complete the demoralization of the Republican party.' "It remains to be seen how many Republicans are willing to assist in completing the demoralization of the Republican party and handing the reins of government over to the Democrats to gratify mere desire for revenge.

"I believe that the Republican party will be found, as a whole," President Taft concluded, "too patriotic, too loyal to its principles and its traditions, too just in its attitude toward public servants whom it has intrusted with duties faithfully performed to commit harikari in the form and for the objects indicated. Every mail brings assurances that those who have strayed are returning to the fold, and that in every state in which the Republican party is not disfranchised old time majorities will be rolled up for the Republican candidates."

Governor Johnson's progressive administration of California has cost the state during its first year \$1,500,000 more than the last year of the previous administration cost, and it is asserted that the holders of the many new jobs created are required "voluntarily" to contribute 10 per cent of their pay to the Roosevelt-Johnson campaign sack.

Nearly four years of honest, wise, efficient and economical Republican administration in national affairs has produced a condition where presidential politics has ceased to be a disturbing factor in the economic life of the nation. Still there are those who are clamoring for a change for the purpose of altering our scheme of government.

The matter with Kansas just now seems to be an overdose of slick politics. Indications are that Kansas will reject the dose.

WHAT WELL-DRESSED WOMEN ARE WEARING.

The underwear that women now demand is entirely different from the garments that went so long under that name. Of course, white petticoats, made of muslin that hold starch, are dead; they were discarded three years ago by women who they followed fashion so closely that they trod upon its heels. Then the conservative women insisted it was a caprice of the moment, whereas, it has proved that mills have closed down and work girls thrown out of employment because of it.

We are now quite surprised to see any woman wearing a starched white petticoat with an embroidery ruffle, especially as the narrow skirt of today does not allow for anything stiff under it. White silk and all the various colors in Jersey weave have become the usual garment and they prove grateful, economic, and far less expensive than the white ones, which must be laundered.

So it is not in petticoats that we have any novelty this year. The messaline ones with pleated ruffles which have been worn by the French women so many seasons and have been a feature at the Galerie Lafayette and the Bon Marche, are still dominant over here, but they are not made as smartly as those bought in America.

The Jersey petticoats in colors, with their soft, knife-pleated ruffle at the foot covered with an eight-inch silk fringe, are in exceedingly good fashion and wear better than those of other material. These are used in the morning under coat suits and one-piece frocks; they fit the figure snugly and are cut off above the shoe tops.

For commercial reasons all these petticoats still have drawing strings at the back of the waist, as the shops say that it is not possible to attempt to make a fitted waist line; therefore the buyer must go home at once and take out the fullness, run it into darts, and put a glove clamp as a fastener.

The debutantes are thrilled over such an addition to their outfits, and truly they are the very prettiest petticoat for dancing that has yet been invented. The addition of the lace to the chiffon keeps them from being transparent and as they are cut two inches above the ankle in an even line they show the attractive slipper and silken hose that has become a feature of every costume.

At the smart houses, such as Elise Polre's, where such wonderful bridal clothes are made, the sets of pink chiffon cloth have garters of small pink satin rosebuds to go with them, finished at the sides with streamers of narrow pink ribbon, each holding a rosebud.

It is a serious question to get the right clothes to wear under the gown of to-day, and therefore Paris, which has always prided itself on lingerie, is inventing all sorts and kinds of ornaments to answer it.

Such things as muslin knickers of moderately thick cloth trimmed with any kind of embroidery or lace at the knee have been abandoned. Few women wear the garment at all, but those who do cling to it use it under the corset and keep its fullness in place with the elastic that hold up the stockings.

The material used is the finest Paris muslin or nainsook or bastiste and the lace ruffles are put on with scarce any fullness and lifted up to a point at the sides. There is a hip yoke and a facing instead of a band and the fastening is with tiny flat white linen buttons and loops made of crochet.

It is far more comfortable to wear the knee length, low necked combination of Italian silk or woven silk and these are sold instead of the knickers. You see when the latter are worn there must be an under-shirt above and even when it is of Italian silk it means an added thickness under the corset, which is never comfortable. There is no use wearing two garments when one will suffice.

These combinations end at the knees with an elastic band which holds them down or with a flat band of lace into which the fullness is either shaped or gathered. The stocking goes over it so it must be well fitted to the leg. Over such a garment the corset of today goes without causing any disagreeable wrinkles to gather around the waist or to ride up on the hips and make one thicker there than is necessary.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

Have you seen the trees in autumn? They are dressed in their most gorgeous colors, in reds, bronzes, greens and browns of all the different shades. A walk through the parks or forests in October in the crisp air, clear sunshine without the languor of summer, with the brown leaves underfoot and the splendid old oaks, maples, elms and chestnuts overhead—its like a breath from another world. It clears your brain of the cobwebs, fills your lungs with fresh air and gives you a new lease on life. "The trees were God's first temples," and to them we resort when we would commune with nature. For worries, cares, headaches, colds or blues, try this prescription:

Rx—One long walk in the park or woods. To be taken with an open mind, a thankful heart and a brisk foot, with intervals of rest and thought upon the beauties of the trees and streams, the wonderful world the good Lord has given us and how grateful we should be that we are able to enjoy it.

PLEASANT MOUNT.

Pleasant Mount, Oct. 29. The speaking contest will be held Friday evening, Nov. 1, in the auditorium of the Mount Pleasant High school at 7:30 o'clock. Two contestants from each of the following High schools, Lake Como, Lakewood and Mount Pleasant will compete. A social will be given by high school students after the contest and everyone is cordially invited to attend. Admission ten cents.

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LADY AMELIA POINDEXTER

An Experience on an Ocean Liner

By RUFUS B. HENDERSON

The flood of the tidal wave of tourists to Europe had ended and the ebb had set in. Reginald Fairchild, an American gentleman of means, had been spending the summer and a part of the autumn abroad and was returning on an ocean liner. Mr. Fairchild, though he had reached middle age, was still unmarried. He had been much abroad, where society is made up, or at least led, by aristocrats.

Mr. Fairchild was coming home from his trip especially dissatisfied at being obliged to resume his position with what he called the commercial aristocracy of America. This was the more galling because in his veins ran the blood of that older aristocracy whose members had been leaders in colonial times. His family had felt themselves better than soap boilers. Now, there were soap boilers who felt themselves better than he. Some of them at least lived in far better style, spending thousands where he spent hundreds.

One day when the wind was fresh Mr. Fairchild was walking the deck. A lady sat in a steamer chair wrapped in rugs with a little writing case before her, evidently getting up her correspondence. She was perhaps twenty-four years old and very pretty, with light English hair and rosy complexion. There was about her the air of one who had mingled with well bred persons. As Mr. Fairchild passed her she very naturally raised her eyes from the paper before her, but seeing his gaze fixed upon her, immediately lowered them.

Mr. Fairchild walked back and forth past the lady a number of times, and every time he thought her more charming. She faced the bow of the vessel, the motion increasing the force of the wind. Walking aft, Mr. Fairchild saw a sheet of writing paper blown past him and become pinned by the wind to the stern rail. When he reached it he took it up. It was a partly finished letter—a family crest stamped on the paper—and he could not help seeing the first words, which were "My Dear Duchess."

Mr. Fairchild, assuming that the lady engaged at her correspondence had written and lost the paper, turned toward her. Her back was to him, and she did not look around. He hesitated, being tempted to read the letter with a view to discovering the social status of the writer, but the habit of gentility was too strong in him, and without again looking at it he walked back to the lady and with a courteous bow asked her if it was not her property. She took it from him, glanced at it, seemed surprised, thanked him and asked him where he had found it.

The incident broke the ice for an acquaintance. Later, when they were talking about the lost letter, Fairchild admitted that he had felt strongly moved to read it, whereupon the lady, remarking that there was nothing in it to be concealed, took it from her writing case and handed it to him.

Fairchild declined to read it, but the lady insisted, so he ran it over. It proved conclusively that she was of a noble family, her elder brother being an earl and her nephew and niece being lords and honorables. Furthermore, the lady left lying on her lap several letters, on one of which Fairchild read the address "Lady Amelia Poindexter."

One feature grated a bit on Fairchild. While the composition of the letter he read was such as a titled lady would write, the chirography was defective, there were one or two errors in grammar, and here and there a word was spelled wrong. But the world is full of bad writers, bad spellers, and, as for grammar, a genius of literature has admitted that he was unable to learn the correct use of "shall" and "will."

Fairchild remarked upon the crest, and the lady admitted that, strictly considered, her brother, the Earl of Entwate, alone had the right to use it. When told that in America, where there were no patents of nobility, almost any family adopted a crest which could afford to pay for the stamping of it on his or her writing paper, Lady Amelia was astonished and said she didn't think she would like American at all.

Fairchild had a few acquaintances among the nobility in England and spoke of them to his new acquaintance. She seemed to know all about most of them and told him things concerning them he did not know himself. Naturally refined, not caring to boast of his acquaintances, he refrained from telling her how intimate he had been with them. But she had no such qualms herself. This was not surprising to Fairchild, for he had noticed that persons of rank considered themselves as good as other persons of rank and were unconcerned of anything boastful in speaking of them familiarly.

Before the voyage was half completed Fairchild saw that he had met the opportunity of his life. A pleasing vision came up before him. If he could win Lady Amelia Poindexter he would place his property in America in the hands of an agent, go to England to live and resume a position that had been held by his ancestors several

centuries ago. Then he would not be disgruntled by American soap boilers and shopkeepers assuming airs of superiority over him.

Of course the sister of a British earl was not to be won during a voyage across the Atlantic ocean, but Lady Amelia showed Fairchild an invitation from Mrs. T. V. W. Harker-Boylington to visit her at Newport and he might follow her there. His family had three generations before, when New York and New England persons had begun to build cottages at Newport—they were really cottages then—spent their summers there and owned a cottage. Many of those now inhabiting palaces at Newport had sold fish and vegetables to his ancestors, but the present generation knew nothing of that, and Fairchild was not admitted to their charmed circle. However, he could call upon Lady Amelia at Mrs. Harker-Boylington's and would be welcomed as the latter's friend.

Having asked permission to do this and received it, he felt comparatively easy—that is, as to gaining access to Lady Amelia. As to the matter of winning her, he could not but consider himself presumptuous to think of such a thing. Besides, he had but a beggarly half million, and he suspected the noble lady was to visit America with a view to making a match with some rich man.

As the ship neared port Lady Amelia grew ill at ease. She said that no arrangement had been made with any one to meet her and she dreaded landing alone and unprotected on the shores of a new country. Were she landing in England her brother would send his man, Connors, who had been in the family since his birth and had waited upon her since she was a little girl. But landing in America was far different.

This was gratifying to Fairchild, since it gave him an opportunity to place Lady Amelia under obligations to him and become initiated to relying upon him. He told her that he would be only too happy to assist her in getting her luggage through the custom house and would see her to her carriage and to any place she proposed to go. She accepted his offer, but somehow that dread she felt in landing in a new country did not disappear. He assisted her in making out her "declaration" for the customs officers, and she asked him if she must declare jewels she had inherited. She had brought them all since she would need them in New York and Newport. He gave her full instructions on this point and all others that concerned her.

When the ship was docked Lady Amelia and Fairchild stood together near the gangway, he carrying her hand baggage. He noticed that she was pale and seemed to be laboring under suspense. He escorted her down the gangway, and they had scarcely set foot on the dock when a man stepped up to Lady Amelia and said:

"Come this way, please."

"What for?" asked Fairchild, bristling.

"Don't you interfere, sir. I have a telegram from England to arrest a woman answering to her description. I don't think I am mistaken."

Fairchild, thunderstruck, followed the man and his prisoner into a private room, where the officer read the telegram directing the arrest of Mary Thompson, maid to Lady Amelia Poindexter, who had decamped with her mistress' jewels and was supposed to have sailed for New York on the steamer just arrived. The man then took a suit case belonging to the so called Lady Amelia and asked for the key. She produced it, he opened the case, and there, rolled in underclothing, was a small fortune in jewels.

Fairchild would not believe but that a mistake had been made till he was informed that Lady Amelia had consented to go back to England without making any trouble, trusting to her mistress to be lenient with her. Then he gave it up. It turned out that Mary Thompson had been born a servant in a noble British family and from constant contact with its members had acquired the manners of a lady, which she could assume at will. She and a valet had concluded to make way with some of the family property, go to America and set up for themselves. The valet arrived on the next steamer and was also taken in.

The maid had appropriated some of her mistress' writing paper with the family crest on it, but she was unable to write her native language grammatically or spell correctly, not having received much of an education. She had been brought into contact with the aristocratic friends of her mistress, who not only knew everybody in the upper circles in England, but had been to New York and been entertained at Newport. Indeed, her maid before leaving her had stolen an invitation she had shown Fairchild, having changed the date.

Fairchild came to believe that she had purposely let slip the letter that had been blown away from her on the steamer's deck to get a grip on him, but what she intended to do with him after getting him he remained in ignorance about.

Fairchild has become socially misanthropic. He is beginning to think that after all refinement comes usually with—or, rather, after—the possession of wealth, and the fact that a man is refined comes from his ancestors having acquired money to be used in his refinement. He goes still further, averring that, while in America our aristocracy comes from the possession of funds acquired in trade, abroad it originally came from robbery, most of the powerful families in England today having obtained their fortunes from the dispossession of some one who likely originally stole it from another.

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