



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip from Washington

SENATOR JAMES A. O'GORMAN of New York is said to be one of the ablest exponents of the gentle art of golf to be found among the members of the upper house. He is recognized as a master of the mysteries and intricacies of the venerable game that is at once the joy and despair of diplomats, kings and other folks.

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, the leading spirit in the annual Washington horse show, is an authority on naval matters. He graduated from Annapolis in 1868, but left the navy four years later to enter business. Since then he has put in most of his spare time studying naval affairs.

Joseph P. Tumulty—accident on the "Tum," please—secretary to President Wilson, is declared to be the only man in Washington who has never been discovered with a grouch. His "turn-down" smile is so sunny and caressing, it is said, that job hunters frequently do not realize that they have had their hopes dashed until late the next day, when the lingering luminance of the Tumulty presence has died away.

Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, before she entered the matrimonial state, was for four years her father's deputy while he was clerk of the courts of Steuben county, Ind.



COLONEL R. M. THOMPSON.

Colonel J. Hamilton Lewis, the picturesque senator from Illinois, once came near spending sixty days in jail. A suit he had brought in the interests of a client clashed with an injunction issued by Judge J. Otis Humphrey of Chicago, and that jurist sentenced the colonel to sixty days in jail provided the suit was not withdrawn and apology made within five days. Colonel Lewis thought it over about five hours, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, in this case at least, and gracefully acceded to the court's demands.

Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina has a pet aversion in the overfed, overfatted and oftentimes underbred canine that is frequently the chief recipient of milady's favors. He rarely fails to express himself forcibly on this subject when opportunity offers.

SENATOR J. H. LEWIS.

In addition to the many distinctions that have been, are and will be his, Senator Ollie M. James, the giant solon from Kentucky, shares with Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food expert, and Colonel Henry Watterson, the honor of determining once and for all the merits of the mint julep. The three once constituted a committee who defined authoritatively for the benefit of an eagerly awaiting world exactly the ingredients, method of preparation, fashion of manufacture, etc., necessary to create a perfect julep. The James julep was unanimously adopted as the official one by the committee despite the fact that Dr. Wiley himself is a teetotaler.

Today's Short Story

Sallie's Clever Scheme

MARCIA WORTHINGTON was the crack swimmer of the season at Crane's Beach.

Rodney Temple was at Crane's Beach that summer for the express purpose of proposing to Miss Worthington. He, too, was a swimmer, and many were the excursions beyond the ropes made by the two in company.

"That's the way for a girl to get a husband," said a woman on the over-looking pavilion. "I'm going to have my daughters learn to swim. Do you see that timid girl over there watching them with tears in her eyes? She's Sallie Jones. She's dead gone on Temple, but what can she do? Sallie hasn't a ghost of a show."

But if there were tears in Sallie's eyes there were schemes in her head.

The next mail carried an order to the city for a bathing suit, and one morning Sallie appeared on the beach arrayed in it.

"Why, Miss Jones," said one, "I thought you never bathed!"

"Why, Miss Jones," said another, "you're not going in! Be careful. Don't let go the rope."

Just then Temple came down to the beach and stood looking out over the ocean like an Apollo. A timid voice beside him recalled him to his surroundings. "Mr. Temple, would you mind helping me to the raft when you go out this morning?"

"Mind it? I'd be delighted. Why, how—how becoming a bathing suit is to you!"

Then came Miss Worthington, looking for all the world like Diana treading the sand.

"Miss Jones is going out with us this morning," said Temple.

The eyes of the two girls met. Marcia knew that some game was intended; Sallie knew that it would be blocked if possible. Temple and Sallie started first, and when beyond their depth Temple passed over the short space remaining swimming with one hand and supporting Sallie with the other. Just as he got her on to the raft a graceful mermaid with a yard and a half of hair shining behind her swam past. It was March.

There was no one besides Sallie on the raft, and Temple didn't like to leave her there; she looked so frail, so frightened. He would have remained, but she bade him go. "Enjoy your swim," she said in a sad voice.

"But you'll be washed off."

"No; I'll hold on tight."

He followed the mermaid, swam about with her for awhile and was floating on his back looking up at the heavens when he heard a scream. Turning over on his chest, he saw the people on the shore pointing with horrified looks to the raft. Like a mighty surfer he made a couple of dozen long strokes and as he neared the raft saw Sallie's head emerge from the depths. She went down again, but he dived for her, brought her up and supported her to shallow water. There she lay in his arms, pale, helpless, unconscious.

"Poor, little girl!" he said in his heart, and a mighty interest arose in one whose life he had saved.

"They say," said a girl at a social tea, "that Rodney Temple is engaged. He went to the seashore last summer to propose to that splendid Miss Worthington. Plain little Sallie Jones fell off a raft. Temple rescued her, with the result of a transfer of affection."

"And they say," said another girl sipping tea, "that Sallie Jones fell off the raft on purpose."

THE CHIC THING.

Sleeves of figured silk crape are worn with sleeveless bolero corsets.

Flowered foulards and crepe de chine show draped skirts and cutup effects.

Wide fringed shawls are a pretty feature of both day and evening gowns.

Right Off the Griddle



THIS sounds like the innocent kidding indulged in at church sociables:

"You have heard the phrase 'madder than a hornet?'"

"Often."

"Well, what's madder than a hornet?"

"The fellow the hornet stung."

"Haw-haw-haw!"



Wife—I wish, dear, that you'd settle my last year's milliner's bill. I really can't sleep for thinking of it.

Hub—Your conscience pricking you, eh?

Wife—Oh, no, but I need two more hats right away.

She Gave the Number.

The nervous old lady approached the porter in the sleeping car anxiously.

"Oh, porter, porter, where do I sleep?"

"What is the numbah ob youah berth, ma'am?" he asked. She looked at him questioningly for a moment, then said:

"I don't see what that has to do with it; but, if you must know, it is third. There were a brother and a sister born before me."

Both Suited.

Fond Mother—How do you like your new governess, Johnny?

Johnny—Oh, I like her ever so much.

Fond Mother—Why do you like her?

Johnny—Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not so long as papa pays her salary.

Inquiring Son—Papa, what is reason? Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Inquiring Son—And what is instinct? Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.

The Limit.

"And before you were married you said you would be willing to die for me."

"I know it."

"And yet you refuse to beat the rugs?"

"Sure! Dying is my limit."

Their Haunts.

"Pop, whereabouts are the man hunting tribes?"

"They're about here, sonny, in leap year."

An Old Favorite

Good Night

DOWNWARD sinks the setting sun. Soft the evening shadows fall; Light is flying; Day is dying; Darkness stealth over all. Good night!

Autumn garners in her stores— Poison of the fading year. Leaves are dying; Winds are sighing; Whispering of the winter near. Good night!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes; Age its forward shadow throws; Day is dying; Years are flying; Life runs onward to its close. Good night!

FASHION BREVITIES.

Cotton voile embroidered with small beads makes a very pretty gown for summer.

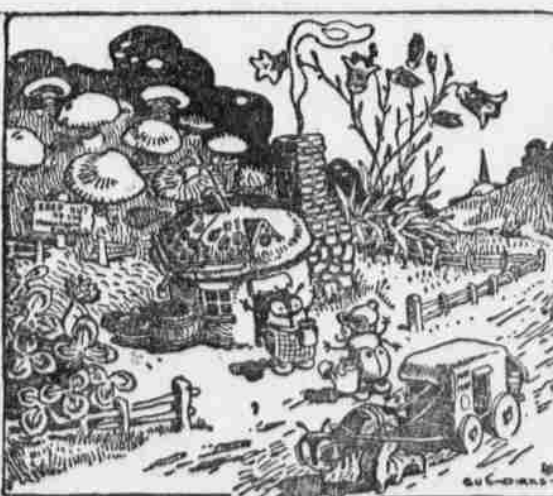
Yellow silk hose and black satin shoes are worn with beige or dark colored suits.

Evening gowns grow more elaborate, much cloth of gold and bugle trimming being worn.

Brocaded crape meteor is very new, soft and clinging and makes up into charming gowns for elderly women.

Black jet beads are being worn around the neck and as coiffure decorations. When worn in the hair they are attached to a band of black tulle, broadly encircling the head and ornamented sideways or backwards with a bow of tulle.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER



Mrs. Beetle—Say, Mr. Perkins, this milk is bitter.

Milk Bug—That's queer. I got it fresh from the milkweed just this morning.

Telling Fortunes.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," Tell by your buttons which you'll be; "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief"— There, you're rich and a great M. D.!

Next say, "Silk, satin, calico, rags," To choose a gown for our charming bride. Oh, good! But of course she would have silk To sit by her own true lover's side.

Where shall the happy couple live? "Big house, little house, pig pen, barn." Oh, grief! In a barn? It can't be true! This fortune telling is all a yarn.

And yet who knows what the buttons know? Who knows they are not as wise as men? Some button fortunes do come true. So say the rigmorale again.

What was the first bet ever made? The alphabet.

God's Acre.

The old Teutonic term, God's acre, as applied to the last resting place of the human body, is the exquisite theme of one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems. The field or acre of God contains the seed which shall ripen after a time into splendid harvest. The name cemetery also signifies merely the place where one may lie slumbering for a time before the coming of the dawn and the sounding of the great trumpet.

His Error.

"Say, uncle, do you know Bill Stickers?"

"Know Bill Stickers? No. Why?"

"Because there's a notice on the wall outside saying he will be prosecuted."—Boy's Own Paper.

GRAND JURORS.

John Nonnenmacher, farmer, Berlin. Miles Kessler, farmer, Lake. Albert Swingle, farmer, South Canaan. George Kehr, farmer, Palmyra. Victor Messler, laborer, Honesdale. Howard Bea, glass-cutter, Texas. Otto Jaubner, clerk, Honesdale. John Corcoran, glass-cutter, Hawley. George N. Musters, farmer, Salem. Robert Batten, laborer, Waymart. Warren Hinds, farmer, Sterling. Wm. D. Curtis, farmer, Lake. Chas. Bryant, farmer, Cherry Ridge. C. R. Gillow, teacher, Manchester. Robert Kennedy, farmer, Lebanon. R. W. Kimble, farmer, Dyberry. David L. Sanford, farmer, Preston. Henry Kniewasser, farmer, Scott. Lyman Kennedy, farmer, So. Canaan. David Hopkins, farmer, Clinton. Peter Murphy, farmer, Mt. Pleasant. Wm. J. Ward, cashier, Honesdale. Edward Fasshauer, clerk, Texas. Howard Burke, farmer, Damascus.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Charles C. Brown, carpenter, Texas. H. S. Goodnough, laborer, Scott. Enoch Adams, farmer, Lehigh. George Beers, laborer, Dyberry. Daniel McGee, farmer, Buckingham. Wm. H. Gaston, laborer, Damascus. J. E. Tiffany, merchant, Mt. Pleasant. Archibald Hine, laborer, Preston. G. W. Dersheimer, laborer, South Canaan. M. H. Harlow, farmer, Salem. George Hoffman, laborer, Hawley. Lewis E. Haynes, farmer, Starrucca. Carlton Brooks, farmer, Berlin. Otis Highhouse, laborer, Oregon. Grant Caffery, laborer, Manchester. J. M. Lyons, engineer, Honesdale. Judson N. Stephens, farmer, Paupack. Clarence Bodie, laborer, Cherry Ridge. George West, farmer, Berlin. Albert C. Gilpin, laborer, Dreher. Joseph Cole, shoemaker, Texas. Earl L. Crocker, farmer, Damascus. Frank Scudder, farmer, Lebanon. Geo. Randle, farmer, Lake. Robert Boland, laborer, Palmyra. George Goodman, laborer, Texas. J. E. Mandeville, foreman, Hawley. W. J. Matthews, farmer, Clinton. Jas. J. Burnett, farmer, Canaan. Colvin Schweighofer, farmer, Damascus. Charles Bentley, clerk, Honesdale. Myron LaBarr, laborer, Mt. Pleasant. Fred C. Dillmuth, farmer, Dyberry. Joseph North, farmer, Damascus. Frank Moulter, glass-cutter, Texas. Ernest Ludwig, laborer, Hawley. Graham Watts, merchant, Honesdale. Charles Bartleson, Jr., laborer, Dreher. G. H. Knapp, farmer, Clinton. W. J. Philo, farmer, Sterling. W. H. Altemus, farmer, Salem. S. A. Stanton, farmer, Scott. Walter Graham, engraver, Texas. John R. Buckingham, farmer, Damascus. W. H. Swingle, farmer, Lake. Thomas O'Neill, farmer, Mt. Pleasant. Ellis W. Bush, farmer, Manchester. Enos Marsh, carpenter, Honesdale.

portion of the land is improved. Seized and taken in execution at the suit of Leslie Cease and Russell Cease, assignees. No. 88, June Term, 1911. Judgment, \$1200. Attorney, Simons.

ALSO

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 2:30 P. M.

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Texas, county of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the western side of the Cherry Ridge Turnpike twenty-five feet from the centre thereof at a stake and on the south side of alley No. 2, being a front eastward of five rods on said turnpike, and northward of eight rods on said alley and enclosed by lines at right angles with said turnpike and alley and containing one-fourth acre of land. Included with this land is the right and privilege of getting water from the spring on the lot north of the aforesaid property and west of the turnpike in quantity sufficient for one family's use. Being the same parcel of land which F. A. Doney et al. by deed dated February 6th, 1869, and recorded in Wayne County in Deed Book No. 36, page 69, granted and conveyed to Isaac R. Schenck. The said Isaac R. Schenck having died intestate January 28th, 1887, leaving to survive him a widow Rebecca B. Schenck and two children, W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck. And the said Rebecca B. Schenck having since died, the sole title to the real estate above described became thereupon vested in the said W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck. On the above described land, all of which is cleared, are one dwelling house, barn and out-buildings. Reserving, nevertheless, from the above described property, a lot on the southerly side thereof conveyed by the heirs of Isaac R. Schenck to John F. Seeliff.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of W. P. Schenck and Giles G. Schenck at the suit of Homer Greene. No. 73, January Term, 1913. Debt, \$8,000. Attorney, Greene.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.



Grain and Cotton Markets.

Future prices of grain and cotton are now being approximately estimated on the basis of future crop weather conditions. This is a new process for estimating future values. For information regarding this service address FOSTER'S WEATHER BUREAU, Washington, D. C.

You find The Citizen interesting? Well, you will find that it will grow better and better.

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