

WEATHER FORECAST: FAIR.

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READ THE CITIZEN SAFE, SANE, SURE.

The Citizen

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68th YEAR --NO. 40

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1911.

PRICE 2 CENTS

FORTUNE TELLER ARRESTED FINED \$16

Told Others' Fortunes by Cards, Her Own She Couldn't Tell

OTHERWISE SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SEE THE DARK MAN CROSSING HER PATH WITH A WARRANT IN HIS HAND.

Charged with telling fortunes by the use of cards, for the sake of gain, Mrs. Denham was arraigned Wednesday afternoon before Squire Robert A. Smith and fined \$16 and costs, \$16 in all.

A warrant was sworn out against her Wednesday on information made by deputy constable Patrick J. Moran, Honesdale, and was to the effect that "Patrick F. Moran being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that at the county of Wayne aforesaid on the 17th day of May, 1911, one Mrs. Denham, late of said county, for the sake of gain, pretended to tell fortunes by the use of cards."

Constable Jesse L. Sherwood, Preston township, accompanied deputy constable Frank J. Moran, Wednesday, to Mrs. Denham's boarding-place at 610 Court street, where she has been staying for the past week. Mr. Sherwood had his fortune told thereby securing evidence against her. Information was then lodged before Squire Smith, who issued the warrant which was served by deputy constable Patrick J. Moran.

The hearing was held at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in Squire Robert A. Smith's office, in the presence of the interested parties and a small crowd of attentive spectators.

A little fellow, Russell Sherman by name, who lives at 423 River street, was there for a witness in case his services were needed. He told a reporter for The Citizen that he would be eleven on May 27. He peddled cards last Saturday about town for Mrs. Denham, announcing her presence and business in Honesdale for which he received twenty-five cents. He said Mrs. Denham told his mother's fortune.

Mrs. Denham, who boarded a week at Raymond Smith's home, 610 Church street, was informed by Squire Smith of the charges against her.

"Squire Smith asked her if she knew what the law said about fortune-telling."

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Denham. "I was here once before. Mr. — was in and he didn't bother me. I didn't know they changed the laws. No one told me of any changes of the law since then."

"Squire Smith: 'I'll tell you what the law is.'"

"Squire Smith then read the Act of April 8, 1861, P. L. 270, which provides penalties of fine or imprisonment for fortune-telling."

Mrs. Denham wanted to know if others were allowed to tell fortunes in Honesdale.

"There's others going on," she said, "just the same as I am."

"Squire Smith: 'I don't know anything about that. That don't help your case. That's a violation of the law wherever done. All I can do for you is to have you give bail and go into Court and do the best you can with it.'"

Mrs. Denham: "Wouldn't a fine satisfy you?"

"Squire Smith: 'I don't know. I'll have to see the District Attorney about that.'"

The District Attorney was sent for. Squire Smith took advantage of the interim by remarking: "No person with common sense would think there was anything in fortune-telling. It's an outrage in the country. It shouldn't be allowed anywhere."

Mrs. Denham, who sat patiently awaiting the arrival of the District Attorney, was dressed in black from head to foot. She even had on a pair of black gloves, although the day was an unusually hot and humid one. She appeared to be a woman of about fifty years of age or thereabouts.

District Attorney M. E. Simons came in and after hearing the facts in the case thought the Squire would have to follow the law in the case.

Mrs. Denham: "I am a stranger here. I can't get any bail. If you'll accept a fine, I'll get out of town."

When the Squire told her the fine couldn't be less than ten dollars, Mrs. Denham replied:

"Well, I've only been here a week."

"Squire Smith thought that since it was her first offense he would let her off with a fine and costs."

Mrs. Denham: "How much would that be?"

"Squire Smith: 'I don't know what the costs would be. The fine can't be less than \$10.'"

"Squire Smith then canvassed the matter of costs. There were two witnesses in the case, the constable and his fee, which brought the costs up to \$6.

When Mrs. Denham learned how much the fine would be, she was dumfounded.

"I'll have to wait," she said, "until I send for money. I'll give you what I've got. I don't have \$16 with me."

From the recesses of her portmanteau she fished out eight quarters and offered them to the Squire.

"That's all I've got," she said. "Two dollars. I'll have to send for

the rest. I've only been here a week."

The Squire explained to her that he could only accept the whole amount.

"I can't give what I haven't got," said Mrs. Denham. "If you will allow me time I'll get it. I'm a perfect stranger here."

"Squire Smith: 'Have you any friends here?'"

Mrs. Denham: "No, not a living soul."

"What can I do?" wailed Mrs. Denham.

"Well," responded the Squire, "if you can get some one to guarantee the fine it will be all right."

Mrs. Denham then left in the custody of deputy constable Patrick J. Moran for her boarding place, returning about twenty minutes later with Mrs. Raymond Smith, who offered to go her security, saying that her husband had money in the bank.

"We can't take females," said Squire Smith.

"There's no danger of my running away," protested Mrs. Denham.

But the Squire was obdurate and so deputy constable Patrick J. Moran, Mrs. Denham and Mrs. Raymond Smith sallied forth in search of Mrs. Smith's husband.

They were fortunate in running across Mr. Smith, who is a dealer in tea, and he returned with them, and offered to go her security, which offer was accepted.

Mrs. Denham, who had in the meantime telegraphed to Yonkers, N. Y., for funds to help her out of her predicament, stated that she would get her money on the 1:20 o'clock train Thursday afternoon.

Fortune tellers must be rare in Honesdale, for Squire Smith informed the reporter that he didn't recall ever having had a woman brought before him charged with such an offense.

WILL QUIT SOON

Special Session of Congress May Last Another Month However

WILL HAVE DONE ITS WORK IF RECIPROcity BILL IS PASSED.

Washington, D. C., May 18.—Although the special session of Congress is but little more than a month old, talk of adjournment has already become general. Republicans in both branches have been hinting that a recess during the hot months would not interfere with legislation, while many Democrats in the House are beginning to believe they will be through with all they care to enact of their legislative program within another month.

High temperature experienced last week in Washington served to stimulate in the Democratic representatives more interest in summer resort matters than in tariff questions. For several days they have been considering the possibility of getting through for the summer by June 15.

The House expects to have before it the revised woolen schedule within a week or ten days. There has been much missionary work during the last week to unite the factions for an agreement upon a revision in the nature of a compromise between the advocates of a revenue tariff on free wool and the champions of no duty on raw wool. While many Democrats have openly declared for free raw wool, all have agreed to abide by the caucus decision.

Though the Democratic free list bill probably will not be passed by the Senate—it may not be considered at all—the Democratic leaders insist that they have demonstrated to the people that in passing in that measure their intentions were good and that it will not be necessary for them to insist upon remaining in session to await action on it by the Senate. The reciprocity bill they expect the Senate to pass within a month and then all that President Taft asked of the extraordinary session will have been disposed of.

In the Senate hearings will continue this week before the finance committee on the Canadian reciprocity bill, and on the floor the fight over the election of a president pro tempore to succeed Senator Frye will be resumed. Representatives of the regular and insurgent Republicans insist that there will be no break in the deadlock. The opposition of the progressives to Senator Gallinger will hold intact, it is declared and the stalwarts will not yield to agree on some other candidate.

W. F. Kloss, Scranton, is spending several weeks in Honesdale in the interests of The Scranton Truth, Fred Cody, Bethany, having resigned his position as the local representative of that paper.

HOW TO FIX IT

W. H. Ham Suggests Plan to Prevent Mine Fire

IN LETTER TO MAYOR OF CARBONDALE SAYS LACKAWANNA WOULD EXTINGUISH SUBTERRANEAN CONFLAGRATION.

Mayor A. L. Sahn, Carbondale, has received a letter from William H. Ham, Honesdale, suggesting a plan which he thinks would be feasible in extinguishing the mine fire here. His suggestions follow:

"I learn by the press that your city is in some distress in consequence of a burning mine beneath a portion of it and that the state proposes, with what assistance from the county I don't recall, to spend \$100,000 to cure the trouble. Now it seems to me it would be feasible to first, make a level or survey from the opening of the mine to a point or similar level on the Lackawanna river. This might be a mile, more or less, from the mine opening. When that level or point is fixed in the stream, lead up stream a hundred feet or more and then at that point construct any cheap little dam—a few dollars would pay for it—and in the dam set a pipe or hose, whichever might be best, and so arrange it that the stream would run. There would be no pressure at the dam.

"Now get cheap, worn out hose from your city, Scranton or elsewhere, which might be able to stand considerable pressure. When that limit is reached extend the line by thin iron or steel pipe, sufficiently strong for the purpose to carry the water to the mouth of the mine, at perhaps 100 pounds pressure. Now this pipe might be laid alongside the stream in almost any position at little or no cost worth speaking about. Now for the work: The water is let into the pipe, say one hundred feet above the level of the opening of the mine. It finally reaches the opening and is poured into the mine. No other work need be done for the present. Eventually the Lackawanna fills every vacant spot in the mine and the fire is extinguished. If there is any opening at a lower level than the burning mine let the water, which it has previously retained, out again into the bed of the river or pump it out.

"Of course any pipe or hose used would not be injured by its use for this purpose and might be returned to the original owners. The explosion of gases within the mine when the water comes in contact with the burning coal will be left for the consideration of experts in such matters, but to me the plan seems quite feasible, and would cost but little time or money."

Locusts Locate In Jersey

SPEND SEVENTEEN YEARS TO GROW UP AND LIVE ONLY A FEW WEEKS.

A seventeen year locust was lying on its back waving its legs and appearing to be perfectly miserable in a box of baking powder, which was the centre of a peering group at the meeting of the New York Entomological Society at the Museum of Natural History recently.

The bug in the baking powder is a specimen of the thing that New Jersey is viewing with apprehension and alarm nowadays, and we are going to see a lot of his brothers and sisters in these parts in a short time. They will be crying aloud in the wilds of Staten Island, western Long Island and northern New Jersey some time in the middle of next month, according to all the best entomological dope obtainable. Their advent is so dreaded by the owners of gardens and orchards that word comes from Jersey that S. P. S. C.'s are being organized from Montclair to Peapack. It was with this in mind and having a pretty low opinion of the cicada anyway that the reporter broke in on a group of entomologists who were puffing comfortably at their pipes (they have a smoker in their meetings) and who were discussing with some heat the love affairs of beetles. The reporter asked one of the wise men what seemed to be an innocent question as to how this cicada invasion could be stopped. Whereupon all of the entomologists fell upon the reporter and convinced him of his astounding ignorance.

"Stop it!" said Entomologist William T. Davis, treasurer of the society, "what do you want to stop for? Don't you realize what a wonderful thing this is—this return of the cicada after seventeen painful years of growth and now you come along and want to stop it?"

They one and all gazed at the reporter, who felt too much like a specimen to be entirely comfortable.

"But what good do they do?" he finally piped.

"What good do Niagara Falls do?" they asked him scornfully and then they sat down and expounded the life of a cicada to the layman.

In 1894 a female cicada (there were ever so many of them then) on her last visit to Staten Island dug and dug and dug into a tree and in to the hole she dug out she laid her egg, and having fulfilled her mission in this world she turned up her antennae and expired.

In a little while the egg that she

(Continued on Page Eight)

SENATOR PENROSE

Interesting Sketch of Career, Personal and Political

NEW LEADER OF THE SENATE HAS "MORE SENSE THAN ALDRICH," SAY INSURGENTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Penrose has more sense than Aldrich." This observation from an insurgent Republican Senator was intended neither as a tribute nor a historical fact, but as an explanation. He had hated Aldrich and he did not love Penrose. The caucus of Republican senators had just adjourned. A steering committee charged with the duty of reorganizing the majority membership of the Senate committees had been selected. The insurgent senators, long barred from a Republican caucus by the ruthless and uncompromising leadership of Senator Aldrich, had come into their own. They had been recognized as Republican senators with membership in the steering committee, which made certain the square deal for them in the reorganization of the Senate.

"How did that happen?" a newspaper correspondent asked the insurgent senator.

And the explanation from the insurgent's viewpoint was clearly stated. Penrose had more sense than Aldrich.

When the Sixty-second Congress came to an end at noon on March 4 last the leadership of the Senate nominally passed from Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, to Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, Senator Aldrich had surrendered his commission weeks before the session closed, and it was Senator Penrose who directed the uncertain Republican organization in a tumultuous party conflict which commanded the attention of the people. With the coming of the new congress he planned the reorganization of the Senate. Friends of Senator Penrose in the Senate say that with the hostile attitude of Senator Aldrich toward the insurgents he never had been in sympathy. At any rate, he not only counseled, but insisted upon, party harmony. Concession and conciliation followed.

When the caucus assembled the insurgents were there; when it adjourned they went away satisfied.

No other man Pennsylvania has sent to the United States Senate has attained the position of prominence in that body now held by Boies Penrose. The story of Senator Penrose's start in life presents nothing to suggest the simple annals of the poor. He is a member of a wealthy and aristocratic Philadelphia family. On both sides he comes from pure colonial stock. His father, the late R. A. F. Penrose, was widely known as a scholar, physician and professor in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. His grandfather, Hon. Charles B. Penrose, was solicitor of the Treasury under Presidents William Henry Harrison and John Tyler, speaker of the Pennsylvania Senate for several terms and a lawyer who stood at the head of the Pennsylvania bar. His great grandfather was Clement Biddle Penrose, appointed by President Thomas Jefferson one of three commissioners to take charge of the recently acquired territory of Louisiana. He is a direct descendant of William Biddle, a friend and contemporary of William Penn, who came to America about the same time as Penn and who was one of the proprietors of the province of New Jersey. Nicholas Scull, surveyor general of Pennsylvania in the old colonial days, and Philip Thomas, secretary to Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and founder of the Thomas family, of Maryland, are among Senator Penrose's direct ancestors.

Senator Penrose was educated by private tutors at home until he was sixteen years old. Then he entered Harvard college and graduated with high honors. As one of the graduates selected to deliver a commencement oration his subject was, "The political leadership of Martin Van Buren." Senator Penrose has a genius for politics. He has been in politics since he was old enough to vote. When 24 years old he was elected to represent a Philadelphia district as a member of the House at Harrisburg. From that body he went to the state senate where he served ten years. In both branches of the legislature he was a recognized leader. He resigned from the United States Senate on March 1, 1897, the date of William McKinley's first inauguration, and twice has been re-elected.

During half a century the mantle of Republican leadership in Pennsylvania has fallen upon the shoulders of only three men, Simon Cameron, Matthew Stanley Quay and Boies Penrose. The control of Cameron was an incident of the politics of the Civil war period. Years before he died he was supplanted by Quay. The leadership of Penrose dates from the death of Quay. Quay had to fight for everything he secured in politics. Each chapter in the story of his supremacy of the Republican organization records rebellion against his rule. The forces that opposed him were defeated but they never surrendered. They re-

(Continued on Page Five)

KILL DULL KARE BY KLEVER KICKS

4 More Kickers Forget Their Troubles To-Day. Are You Among Them?

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU'RE A GENIUS. TELL THE KICK EDITOR WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, BY LETTER ONLY. GLADLY PAY FOR GOOD ONES. ALSO KICK.

Up to the time of going to press, no geniuses seem to have sprouted in Wayne county. Still the kick editor has not lost hope of securing a regular genius for this column. Of course he will gladly pay for the best original letters on "Why I think I'm a Genius" which are sent in applying for the position.

The editor has the great pleasure to announce the prize winners this week as follows: (1) Cora Nevin, whose kick appeared last issue. (2) Bobolink, see below. (3) Zena Perkins, see below. (4) Mrs. L. R. Sheard, last issue.

Dear Editor: I kick because I have not got a decent stitch to wear and if I get the dollar bill with all poor folks I'll share.

S. E. MARSHALL, Ledgedale, Pa.

Answer: The stitch or the dollar?

Dear Editor: I kick because all of my grown up sisters wear such awful big hats that there is hardly room for anything else in the house.

RALPH L. KERR, Newfoundland.

Answer: Cheer up, Ralph. The styles will soon change.

Dear Editor: I kick because the aviators go flying in the air. And if I get that dollar I'll soon be going up there.

HARRIET WESTBROOK, Honesdale, Pa.

Answer: Just think how you'd holler if you got that dollar, and when up in the air, your big monoplane skid, you'd surely be frightened if things came untightened, but ain't she the daring young aeroplane kid?

Dear Editor: I kick again because I have gone to my neighbors with tears in my eyes knowing that they liked to read The Citizen, and explained that they could get The Citizen twice a week for a whole year for \$1.50. I think that if I kept the tears flowing that some of their hearts will melt shortly.

ROBOLINK, constant dropping will wear away the hardest stone.

Dear Editor: I kick because this is only a dream: Last night as I was sleeping and all around was still, I dreamed I saw the editor a bringing in his bill;

I says, kind sir, I only have just fifty cents to-day.

He says, "Here, take this dollar and your subscription pay."

P. S.—It was only a dream. ZANA PERKINS, Austin, Pa.

Sure It Wasn't a Nightmare? Answer: Of course you know that dreams go just the opposite, don't you? Still this is a case of a dream coming true.

Homer Greene on Committee.

Homer G. Greene, of Honesdale, and this city, is a member of the Union Alumni committee which has in charge the Payne memorial on the Union campus, Schenectady, N. Y. The memorial is to John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and is to be dedicated at the one hundred and fifteenth commencement of Union college, June 11-14. Payne attended Union college one hundred years ago. The memorial is a gateway, to be erected at the entrance to "Library Lane," the most beautiful of the college roadways, and to be dedicated to the memory of him who has charmed the whole world with the melodious lay of "Home, Sweet Home," and whom his Alma Mater now delights to honor. The gateway will be completed within a month and its dedication will be one of the distinctive features of the one hundred and fifteenth commencement of the college, June 11-14. Dr. Geo. Pierce Baker, professor of dramatic literature at Harvard, will deliver the main address at the dedicatory ceremonies.

Death Of Mrs. Jacob C. Storr.

Mary A., wife of Jacob C. Storr, died early Thursday morning at her home, 516 Church street, from Bright's disease, aged 23 years, nine months, and eight days. She was born August 10, 1877, at Hawley, her parents being John McCloskey, and his wife, Annie Kelly. She was married, September 27, 1905, at Hawley, to Jacob C. Storr, a glass cutter, who with a four-year-old son, Joseph, survives to mourn her loss. Surviving relatives are her parents, and four brothers and two sisters, viz.: James, principal of schools at Jessup; Eugene, of St. Bonaventura's school, New York state; Joseph, a student at the Stroudsburg State Normal school; William, Hawley; Misses Catherine and Elizabeth, Hawley. Funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 10 o'clock in St. Philomena's R. C. church, Hawley, Rev. Father R. C. Burke officiating, with interment in St. Philomena's cemetery.

In The Recorder's Office.

Susan Hirt to Henry J. Bassney, two acres in Texas, \$1450. Minor Brown to Frederick Cook of White Mills, five acres in Palmyra, \$750.

William Crooks to John B. Crooks of Gouidsboro, land in Lehigh, \$425. Christian Eppley, Jr., Cherry Ridge, to James Butler, Moosic, 180 acres in Paupack, \$2,500.

William Herwig, Paupack, to Jesse Davis, Green Point, N. Y., 318 acres in Paupack, \$1,000. Jennie M. Buchanan and others to Elizabeth Plev, two acres in Starrucca.

Josephine Adgate to Morton A. Tutbill, 60 acres in Canaan, \$1690. Lucretia A. Buckland, New Milford, to E. F. Buckland, Waymart, property in Canaan, \$2,000.

Editor Citizen:

I kicked for cash road; I'll kick for worked roads. Have no big auto. But drive a trotter that can go fast, as she oughto.

Where is Rip Van Winkle No. 1? That's for Preston No. 2. Give me the dollar, I'll grab his collar, if the roads are not worked.

J. WINFORD HINE, Orson, Pa.

Answer: We thought Rip Van Winkle never wore a collar.

Dear Editor: I kick against chronic grumblers.

MRS. R. NELSON, Siko, Pa.

Answer: Then this verse should appeal to you. We don't know to whom the credit should be given.

Always Kicking.

Kicking in the morning, Kicking all the day; Kicking if he's busy, Kicking at delay. Thus the chronic kicker Fills his life with woes, Frowning, grumbling, wrangling, Everywhere he goes.

Nothing ever suits him, Always finding fault; Every kind of pleasure He is sure to halt. Scowling at the children, Growling at his wife; Turning peace and comfort Into constant strife.

Kicking if the weather Happens to be dry; Kicking when the rain is Tumbling from the sky. Kicking in the summer— Heat has then no charm; Kicking in the winter— Then he'd have it warm.

Kicking every meal-time, Glaring at the meat; Often he is saying: "Nothing fit to eat." Kicking when he's reading, Grumbling at the light; Now and then denouncing Everything in sight.

Kicking in the morning, Kicking all the day; Kicking in the evening, Kicking should he pray. Kicking while he's thinking, Kicking when in bed; Wonder if he'll keep on Kicking when he's dead?

FEATURES IN DAY'S NEWS OF STANDARD OIL SITUATION.

An early struggle is looked for in Congress over proposals to amend the Sherman law. Insurgent Republicans are disturbed by that phase of the Standard Oil decision which construes the act as permitting "reasonable" restraints upon trade.

Important men allied with "big business" today hailed the decision as relieving the industrial and commercial world of uncertainty. It was predicted that enterprises involving the investment of billions of new capital would begin at once to take form.

There was a boom in the stock market from the opening of the Exchange. Standard Oil and other trust stocks advanced rapidly.

Attorney General Wickersham was reported to be considering the advisability of bringing criminal prosecution against Standard Oil officials on the ground that the conspiracy to restrain trade has continued up to this time.

M. F. Elliott, general solicitor for the Standard Oil Company, announced this afternoon that the company will obey the decree of the Supreme Court. He intimated that subordinate concerns already carry on business as the court has ordered.

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