

# THE CITIZEN.

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THERE are few monarchs of finance who are not believers in the divine right of kings.

## Something for Honesdalers to Paste in Their Hats.

One of the drawbacks to Honesdale's growth and greater prosperity is the impression that the outside world has of our actual status. Strangers get their impressions from the published descriptions of our town, which is that Honesdale is situated on a branch of the Erie Railroad, has a population of 2,800, and was at one time the head of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, which is now ABANDONED. Dun's and Bradstreet's agencies, reports, railway guides, post-office directories, and all publications which are deemed reliable and disseminate authentic information, tend to convey the impression that Honesdale is one of the many little villages that dot the map, and are tributary to some large city. One of the first questions that a Honesdaler is requested to answer is: "How far are you from Philadelphia or Pittsburg?" And the natural answer is, "We are nearer Scranton." As a rule the questioner will tell you he has been to Scranton, and will further state he has been to Moosic and Jermyn, and other places nearby, which is evidence that his mental picture and idea of Honesdale is not what it should be. The fact is the town has an actual population of close to 8,000 people, and has all the requisites of a city. Our boundary lines should take in Texas Nos. 2 and 4, and part of No. 1, and we should go on record as a flourishing town, with four banks; three semi-weekly newspapers, and a separate job printing establishment; the center of the glass cutting industry; with large boot and shoe, knitting, underwear, ladies' waists, electric elevator, box, edge tools, and cigar manufacturers; with educational facilities of the highest order, consisting of primary, intermediate and high schools; churches of every denomination; and up-to-date stores to meet every want. A Civic Club could take up matters of this character, discuss it from every standpoint, and mould public opinion to take action.

## CHRISTMAS.

### What It Is To Big Folks and Little Ones.

You know what Christmas is, says Eugene Wood, in the December Declinator. In a manner of speaking it is a kind of Sunday. Six days of the week the ideal set before you is to have the alarm clock wake you; to gobble down your breakfast before you are thoroughly aroused; to rush to the shop and get your overalls on before the whistle gets done blowing or be docketed an hour's time; to work like a nailer until noon, when you look into your dinner pail to see what the old lady has put there for you, and warm your coffee on the steam pipes, to begrudge the time for that luncheon; to lie into your work again till six o'clock, with the foreman sauntering up and down, watching that you don't take too many drinks of water, or get a chip in your eye too often, or gas too much with the man next to you; to get home so tired that you fall asleep reading the newspaper after supper—the same thing over again to-morrow and the next day, and the next day, and the next day, all your life long. That's business.

Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year we live up to that ideal, and St. Paul calls in vain to us across the ages: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." That isn't business. And when you say, "It isn't business," it is supposed to close the incident.

But Christmas comes along. You tell your little ones that awful whopper about Santa Claus and his reindeer, and they, to whom you are the pattern of truthfulness, stand and listen to you with their jaws hanging loose and their eyes looking like hard boiled eggs with the shells off. And the older ones aid and abet you in the deceit, and help the little ones compose their sprawling letter to old Santa, asking for dolls and skates, and choo-choo cars and all such extravagances, when you ought to be saving your money against a rainy day. And you skimp yourself of necessary food to buy these follies, and sit up nights wasting your strength for the next day, (which really doesn't belong to you, since your boss buys it and pays for it), and when eleven o'clock, Christmas eve, comes, and you get down from the chair, having hung up the last gilt ball or glass peacock, you are so tuckered you can scarcely stand. But you turn out the gas and light the candles, to see how pretty it all looks, and your wife says: "Won't she be tickled at this? And won't he jump for joy when he sees that!" and you put your arm around her, and the twinkling candles swim before your sight, and your throat kind of chokes you. Isn't it lovely?

## The Church in the Public Eye.

Monday night's street procession from St. George's with its flaming cross, its band and its singers of gospel hymns, constituted a striking novelty in the work of an established New York church. As a sign of the times this demonstration may be considered along with the Barre, Vt., preacher, who says he has doubted his congregation by means of display advertising, even to the extent of half pages in the newspapers.

The spread of the Emmanuel movement, in which the mind is set actively to the healing of the body, furnishes still another example of current departure from the routine of church effort.

In forming street processions a church is said to imitate the Salvation Army; in large-letter advertising it apes the man of commercial instinct; in propagating the faith cure it is accused of taking a leaf from the book of Christian Science. Yet the parish or congregation going into one or all of these activities can be actuated by no other desire than to increase its strength, its field and its usefulness. Its life depends on the maintenance of a popular interest. Are those its best friends who would limit by tradition its appeals to the popular attention?

Martin Luther could not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. Perhaps he would find it no easier to see why to the church alone to-day it should be forbidden to seek success by modern aids to publicity.—NEW YORK WORLD.

## "BILLY, THE KID."

One of the feature attractions of the season to be presented at the Lyric, tonight, Friday, Dec. 11th, is "Billy the Kid," with the favorite young actor, Frederick Santley in the title role.

The play is in four acts, representing scenes realistic and correct, of life on the Western plains. While melodramatic it is consistent and tells a story that is full of interest, having for its big climaxes situations which are exceptionally dramatic. The comedy element is furnished by a good natured Irishman, a fine type of old school Southern Colonel and his colored orderly. Each of the four acts has been given handsome and artistic settings.

## GAME LAWS ENFORCED.

NOTCH, Pennsylvania, Dec. 3, 1908.

THE CITIZEN, Honesdale, Pa. On November 28th, 1908, Cleveland McKean and others were brought before Esquire Howell, of Blooming Grove, by the State Game Warden, for having a deer in their possession without a head, and when asked for the head could not produce it. McKean was heavily fined, with costs, which he paid. There were others arrested for different offenses: some for killing insectivorous birds; non-residents, hunting without a license; and some for killing doe deer. They all settled with the game warden and paid the full fines, excepting the above case mentioned, which was settled before Esquire Howell.

HIRAM A. RAKE.

## Glass Toys.

Glass toys are the latest for babies. They are intended to replace the dear old painted articles that baby would put into his mouth and consequently run serious danger of lead poisoning. But to the onlooker it would seem as though death by glass were little preferable to death from paint and that baby is quite as likely to endanger his life through breakage of his toy as he is by sucking it.

Broadly this is true, but the glass of which playthings are made is so heavy that it takes a regular Sandow of a young one to hold them. The object of thickness is of course to lessen the danger of breakage, but even the strongest can chip at the edge, and a splinter is capable of doing a good deal of damage.

As a matter of fact, only the babies of the rich are likely to be protected in this doubtful fashion, for the toys made of glass are by no means inexpensive. The healthy youngsters of ordinary families will have to thrive upon wood and paint, as did their forebears.

## Chartreuse of Chicken.

Chop enough chicken to fill a cup twice, add half a cup of lean ham, chopped, and half a cup of bread-crumbs taken from the center of a stale loaf, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, juice of half a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of capers and a cucumber pickle, chopped fine, salt and paprika to taste, two eggs, beaten until well mixed, and about a cup of well seasoned and flavored soup stock. When well mixed press the mixture into a well buttered melon mold, leaving an open space at the top, as the mixture will rise in cooking.

Cook nearly one hour, setting in a pan of hot water in the oven or steaming in a kettle. When done turn from the mold and surround with hot string beans or peas, cooked and dressed with salt, pepper and butter. To serve cold cut in thin slices.

## Chocolate Creams.

Boil for five minutes half a cupful of cream and two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Set dish in another dish of cold water and stir until the cream is hard enough to make into balls. Flavor first with vanilla. Melt chocolate and dip balls into it.

## Butter Scotch.

Melt together two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses and one of water and two of butter. Pour in a buttered dish and set away to cool.

# COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

## White Mills.

DEC. 7th.—Much interest was shown in the nomination and election of officers at a meeting of No. 499 Conclave of Improved Order of Heptasophs at White Mills, on Tuesday evening in I. O. H. Hall, which resulted in the election of the following: Archon, Edward Haden; Prelate, Paul Loven; Provost, Fred. Mittan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Firminstone; Financier, George Haden; Trustees, George Miller, Phillip Dean and Fred. Mittan. The election of a delegate to the National Convention, to be held at Boston, Mass., in June, resulted in the selection of Fred. Werner; Alternate, John Sohner.

The Athletic Club, of White Mills will hold a grand masquerade ball, Dec. 20th, in the I. O. H. hall. Music by the "Ideal Full Orchestra." The committee of arrangements report every thing in gilt-edge shape for the enjoyment of all, and a good time is promised. Tickets, 25 cents.

Mrs. Henry Utteg, of Mast Hope Road, died yesterday at her home, at 6 o'clock of heart disease, after a year's illness, aged 67 years. She is survived by her husband and the following sons and daughters; Mrs. John Schneider and Henry Utteg, Jr., of White Mills; Mrs. Henry Bleutcher, of Narrowsburg, N. Y.; Mrs. Chris. Lutz, of Seelyville; Herman, Charles, John and Miss Elizabeth, at home.

The White Mills Central Republican Club held their regular monthly meeting at the Florence theatre. Much business was transacted, including the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted, as follows: President, Henry F. Weber; 1st Vice President, Sol. Markle; 2d Vice President, Ed. Reed; Recording Secretary, Wm. Weber; Financial Secretary, Fred. Mittan, and Treasurer, George Kimble.

Martin Helmier had a long tramp through the woods in search for foxes on Saturday last, but from all reports the foxes saw Martin first.

Undertaker John Loercher, of Honesdale, was on a business trip on the Mast Hope road on Sunday, Dec. 6th.

Russell Clark, the popular shearer at the Dorfingler plant here, had a mishap on Friday last, smashing his thumb. Though the wound is very painful, he is still at his post, doing his daily work.

A very pleasant gathering of jolly old folks gathered at the home of Fred. Werner, of this place, on Saturday, Dec. 5th, it being the occasion of the birthday of Mrs. Fred. Werner. A bountiful spread was set, and all partook of the good things to eat and drink. Those in attendance were friends from White Mills, Indian Orchard, Honesdale, Hawley, and Cherry Ridge. Mrs. Werner was the recipient of a very pretty silver set, which came as a great surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Werner left to pay a visit to friends in Scranton, of about a week's duration.

Joseph Dorfingler, of this place, was the winner of the beautiful gold watch that was chanced off at Weber's bakery, his lucky number being 79. Joe is all smiles now, because of the gold watch.

The Catholic church, of this place, will hold a fair for the benefit of the church next Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th inclusive.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Box are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith have a fine baby boy to brighten their home.

Hugo Liliquist and Sadie Daniels, one of our very popular couples, are now nicely settled in their new home after spending their honeymoon in and around Scranton. Their many friends assembled and gave them quite a reception upon their return, and wished them a long and happy matrimonial voyage.

Walter Graham represented Anthony Wayne Chapter No. 204, of Royal Arch Masons, at the election of Grand Chapter officers at Masonic Temple, Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week.

## Maplewood.

Miss Lula Bidwell spent Sunday among Scranton friends.

Owing to a wreck at Elmhurst there was no effort made to run passenger trains Saturday morning.

Mrs. E. S. Noble, of Pittston, was the guest of Mrs. F. S. Keene last week.

Don't forget the chicken supper Friday night, Dec. 11, at Philander Black's. Supper will be served from seven to eleven o'clock. Everybody welcome.

The Maplewood Dramatic Club is preparing to give a comedy some time next month.

O. P. Sharpe spent Monday in Scranton attending court.

The Consumer's Ice Co.'s storage houses at Lake Henry have been repaired, and everything is in readiness for the harvesting of the season's supply.

W. W. Kizer, of Scranton, was a guest of his son Leslie, our genial store keeper, Saturday.

Christopher Colwell, of Scranton, was the guest of his brother, Samuel, last Friday.

Owing to the high price of grain nearly everyone is disposing of surplus cattle, pigs and poultry. Many cattle have been sold as low as \$8 and \$9 per head.

The new township road from Diegatal's crossing to the depot has been reviewed and at last laid out where people want

it. A "bee" will be held soon to get the road in shape to drive over this winter. This road could have been ready for use months ago if one of the supervisors had not wanted everything his own way. It seems hardly right that one man should hold up a road as much needed as this one is, for the sake of having the teams keep his own road open in the winter time.

The station is to have a much-needed stove in the waiting room.

Wm. Bidwell has finished the contract of cutting and placing at the mill the lumber on the Boland tract.

## Milanville.

DEC. 9th.—Miss Minnie Gay and Miss Mabel Skinner were guests of Mrs. Elmer Olver, at Tyler Hill, Pa., on Friday last.

Mrs. Caroline Smith, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Wm. Crane, at Port Byron, N. Y., arrived in town last week to stay with her sister, Mrs. D. H. Beach.

Merlin Ilman is home from Albany, N. Y., until after the holidays.

Mrs. Charles Decker, who has been staying for some weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Yerkes, has returned to her home at Calkins, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Page and children, and Miss Ida Coots, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Orville Keys, at this place.

R. R. Dexter, of Hoboken, N. J., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Helen Dexter. Nelson Conklin, formerly a farmer at this place, but now owner of the George Bush property at Damascus, Pa., left on Tuesday of this week for a trip through the Virginias and the Carolinas. Mr. Conklin, who was a volunteer in the 143d New York Volunteer Regiment, will visit the old battle grounds on which he fought, and as far as possible will go over the routes on which he marched as a soldier. At Henry Hill, near Charleston, S. C., Mr. Conklin was biting a cartridge when a bullet struck him in the mouth knocking out a tooth; afterward he was hit in the leg with a spent buckshot.

## Maplewood.

DEC. 7th.—William Bidwell and men have finished cutting the logs on the Boland job.

Seth Moore was a recent visitor in New York city, spending a short time with his sister, Miss Alice.

Mrs. Bert Noble, of Pittston, spent a few days of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Keene.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, last Friday morning, and left them a baby girl.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Evangelical church met at the home of Mrs. John M. Gromlich, on Thursday.

## Siko.

DEC. 9th.—Calvin Kimble and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a son.

Several of Anna Brooks's friends assembled at her home on Tuesday evening and gave her a pleasant surprise, the occasion being the twenty-second anniversary of her birth. Games were played, and a good time enjoyed by all.

## Notice to Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Honesdale Consolidated Water Company will be held on Monday, January 4th, 1909, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the office of the corporation in the borough of Honesdale. Purpose of meeting: Election of directors for ensuing year, and such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. J. SMITH, Secretary.

Honesdale, Pa., Dec. 1, 1908.

## THE EGG QUESTION.

### Does It Pay to Keep Hens?—Practical Hints to Poultry Raisers.

Correspondence of THE CITIZEN.

STEENE, Dec. 9th.—As there has been considerable controversy of late among farmers in this and other sections of the country, as to whether or not it pays to keep hens, I venture to give you for the benefit of the readers of THE CITIZEN some facts based on my own observation.

We hear of a farmer who has at the present time 389 hens, and gets from them during the months of October and November an average of 100 eggs daily. Now I know of several farmers in this section, who keep from 50 to 200 hens, but don't at this time of the year get an egg, and are all the time finding fault because their chickens don't lay. I notice, also, that, as a rule among farmers who keep a lot of poultry, that they pay little or no attention as to whether or not their hens are in a fit condition to live and thrive—whether they get feed but once a day and whether they have access to fresh water whenever they choose.

Now, then, what would our horses, our cows or our pigs amount to if they didn't get proper care—a warm place to sleep, their regular three meals a day and good, pure water to drink?

I keep 30 hens, all last spring's chicks but six. During the months of October and November the average from these pullets was 180 eggs each month. In

the present month they are averaging 7 each day, and at this writing eggs are bringing 45 cents per dozen; and still the question arises, "Does it pay to keep poultry?"

In one sense of the word I will say that it does; and from another view-point my answer is that it does not.

In the first place if we try to keep more stock and poultry than our farm can produce food for, I can say from experience that it does not pay; for the old saying is true that one acre of soil, well manured and tilled, is worth more than ten acres permitted to lay for years without attention. It does pay if we so manage the farm that we can, after generous feeding, have a ton of hay, a few bushels of oats and buckwheat and corn left over, instead of starving the stock during the spring months.

A few more words and I am done. In the first place set your hens as early as possible without danger of chilling the eggs. Have your chickens all hatched out not later than the middle of May, and not more than you can keep at that, as late hatched pullets will not lay during the winter months, hence there is no profit in them.

Let us hear from some other poultry raiser.

J. E. HALEY.

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HUMAN LIFE has a peculiar style and method of its own, which gets the reader into intimate relation with the subject written about. It may be said here, on these pages, you almost meet the people. You get them at close range—"off the stage," as it were; you see all their little mannerisms and peculiarities, and you hear them tell good anecdotes; you laugh with them, you find out about their homes and hobbies and children and "better halves."

All About Human Life

## CITIZEN CLUB RATES

The Citizen Human Life \$1.50

The Citizen, Human Life, \$2.00 and Tribune Farmer.

The Citizen, Human Life, \$2.25 and Tri-Weekly Tribune

The Citizen, Human Life, \$2.25 and Cosmopolitan

THE CITIZEN, Human Life, Tribune Farmer, \$2.75 and Cosmopolitan

THE CITIZEN, Tri-Weekly Tribune, Cosmopolitan and Human Life. \$3.00