

# THE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY BY THE CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered as second-class matter, at the post-office, Honesdale, Pa.

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SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1909.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER  
BIBLE STUDY CLUB.  
GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS,  
BIBLES, BOOKS.

The International Newspaper Bible Study Club is for the purpose of promoting, in an unfettered way among the masses, a wider study of the Bible, the basal truth of Christianity, and the problems which enter into every man's life. It is composed of all those who join a Local Club, and take up the simple course herein outlined, barring only ordained clergymen. All who have not joined are warmly invited to do so and to compete for the prizes.

Persons may join the club at any time during the year, but must, of course, answer the 52 questions hereinafter explained, to qualify for the prizes, and the back questions may be obtained from this office.

THE CITIZEN has secured the right to publish the International Sunday School Lesson questions by Rev. Dr. Lincoln, which have aroused so much interest elsewhere, and they will appear weekly. One of these questions each week is to be answered in writing, and upon these answers the prizes are to be awarded.

This paper is authorized to form a Local Newspaper Bible Study Club for its readers, and guarantees to all who join and fulfill the conditions, that everything promised herein shall be faithfully carried out.

### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

1.—Each contestant, or his or her family, must be a subscriber to this paper, in order to qualify for membership in the International Newspaper Bible Study Club and this Local Club.

2.—Each contestant in this Local Club, must answer each of the written questions, for 52 consecutive weeks commencing for Sunday, Jan. 3, 1909, and the answers must all be in the possession of this paper within two weeks of the close of this period.

3.—Each question must be answered separately, and the paper written on one side only. No answer must exceed two hundred words in length and may be less. Each answer must have the name and address of the writer at the bottom of the answer.

4.—The answers must be delivered to this office, and they will be collated at the close of the contest, and forwarded to headquarters for independent examination by competent examiners.

The prizes will then be awarded according to the highest number of marks, won by members of the International Newspaper Bible Study Club, and prizes which may be awarded to members of this Local Club will be given out from this office.

### THE PRIZES.

First Series—A gold medal to each of the first five contestants.

Second Series—A silver medal to each of the five contestants.

Third Series—A Teacher's Bible, price \$5.50, to each of the next five contestants.

Fourth Series—The book "The Heart of Christianity," price \$1.50, to each of the next thirty-five contestants.

Each medal will be suitably engraved, giving the name of the winner, and for what it is awarded, and in like manner each Bible and book will be inscribed. All who can write, and have ideas, are urged to take up these studies regardless of the degree of their education, as the papers are not valued from an educational or literary standpoint but from the point of view of the cogency of their reasoned ideas.

### AT THE LYRIC.

Not many years ago, actors, actresses and all those who performed on the stage for their livelihood were eschewed by society in general. But with the fast growing, intelligent growing public, all this has been changed, until to-day, the ties which bring us all closer together and make the whole world kin are stronger than adamant. It is even more so in the relations between the stage and the people. Playgoers realize that much pleasure and knowledge can be gained from pure, wholesome dramas. The drama has advanced considerably during the last century and this fact has had much to do with the popularity of the theatre. But as Hamlet said "The play is the thing" and he wisely knew whereof he spoke. The days of unwholesome shows are past and any drama to be successful must be human as well as interesting. One play which can really boast of being among the best of its kind is "The Volunteer Organist" which is to be produced at THE LYRIC Thursday Feb. 18. It is pastoral in atmosphere, yet it tells a human, engrossing story. The characters are true to life and with every tear there is a laugh. Sunshine is blended with gloom and it teaches a moral which goes straight to the heart.

## One Hundredth Birthday ANNIVERSARY

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Suitably Observed Under Direction of the

### Ladies Circle of the G. A. R.

Addresses by A. T. Searle  
Rev. Dr. W. H. Swift  
and Homer Greene.

### APPROPRIATE MUSIC

On Friday evening last, February 12th, the Court House was filled to overflowing with an audience which included the veterans of the G. A. R. and Co. E. of the 13th Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, all full of a patriotism, and showing their love for the martyred President by outbursts of applause whenever his name or deeds were mentioned. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Will H. Hiller, after which the chairman, Dr. Homer Greene, with one of his characteristic talks, explained how the arrangements had been made for the celebration, giving the entire credit to the Ladies of the G. A. R. Circle, omitting the fact that practically the major part of the work had fallen to his own lot.

The Gettysburg address by Lincoln was declaimed by Reuben J. Brown, in a manner that showed he possessed unusual ability as an orator.

The Musical Programme was most excellent, and every selection was well rendered, Frank Jenkins acting as leader of the choruses. Mrs. Harry Rockwell rendered a solo in a superb manner, which elicited loud applause. Mr. Jones and Mrs. Heft, the other soloists, captured the audience with the excellent rendering of their respective parts. The orchestra dispensed faultless music, while the File and Drum Corps stirred the martial spirit of the audience to the highest pitch. The chairman in his usual felicitous manner introduced A. T. Searle, who spoke as follows:

In the picture-que and beautiful Hardin county, Kentucky, now Larue county, on Feb. 12th, 1809, was born the man of the century, our Abraham Lincoln.

His father, Thomas Lincoln, was a man of undoubted integrity but of improvident habits, yet beloved by all; his mother, Nancy Hanke, a slender, pale, sensitive woman, of heroic nature, of whom Mr. Lincoln always spoke with the greatest affection, and on one occasion, with tears in his eyes said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother; blessings on her memory!"

More has been written and said of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his fascinating and wonderful career than of any American citizen, and every phase of his life, from his humble birth to that terrible night of April 14, 1865, is instructive and interesting. History, myth, story and song have already almost translated him to the realms of Heroes and given him attributes possessed by no mortal man. As Secretary Stanton said on that fatal morning when the great President drew his last breath, "He now belongs to the Ages."

But Lincoln was a real, true, live man, and it is well for us to consider those characteristics of the man which we may emulate and hope to attain.

It is Lincoln, the man, who, each day since his death, has won his way deeper and deeper into the hearts of the American people. Books can be written upon his many manly attributes; of his great love for each and every human being. For that reason, the black race has already crowned him, and to that race he is the very ideal of power and goodness, and his memory will live in the hearts of those unfortunate people while they exist upon the earth.

To the soldiers of the Rebellion, he will ever be an ideal man. Whenever victory was won in the fields, he never failed to give credit to the men behind the guns. When President, his thoughts, his hopes, his sympathies and his prayers were always with the Boys in Blue. His heart bled through those terrible years, and deep furrows came in his face, which was filled with inexpressible sympathy at the thought of the suffering which the war was causing.

Books have been written upon his humble life and origin; of the hired laborer, the clerk, the surveyor, the captain, the legislator, the lawyer, the debater, the orator, the politician, the statesman, the emancipator of a race, the President and savior of the Republic.

Permit me to speak briefly of Lincoln as a lawyer. To judge him as such, we must consider a few of his leading characteristics as a man.

He was an intensely religious man. He believed in God and that he was under His control and guidance, and he had the utmost faith in the power and ultimate triumph of the right. Though so strong and powerful, he loved justice and never used his strength except to right a wrong or punish some evil. He was a tender-hearted as a woman, with sympathy towards all mankind. We see him going back in his journey while on his way to court and soiling his clothes

to get a poor pig out of a slough hole. In his whole treatment of mankind he had "malice toward none and charity for all."

We see his honesty illustrated by his walking several miles to rectify a mistake in making change and correct an underweight, unintentionally made in a half pound of tea.

As a young man, he acquired the title of "Honest Abe."

His aim was high; he certainly "hitched his wagon to a star." On one occasion, talking to a friend, he exclaimed, "Oh, how hard it is to die and not be able to leave the world any better for one's life in it!"

His love of books, deep study and patient research were well known. He loved justice and hated deceit and a lie.

He never loved money nor slaved to acquire it. Towards the latter part of his practice, he said, "I have my house and about eight thousand dollars, and when I get twenty thousand will have enough for any man."

With such characteristics as a man, it is not difficult to picture the lawyer.

There was no place in his practice for bullying and bragging, nor the deceitful tricks of the pettifogger. He did not look upon the law as a series of sharp practices by which the doing of the right could be avoided, but as a principle of action and rule of conduct for the orderly, upright and just regulation of affairs.

To the debtor who consulted him to devise a new way of paying old debts; he turned a deaf ear. He never stirred up litigation. He was a weak lawyer when engaged by the weak side. He had a genuine interest in the establishment of justice between man and man. When his clients had deceived him, he forsook their case in the very midst of a trial.

He was a remarkable advocate. No man in Illinois had such power before a jury as he. "He applied the principles of law to the transactions of men with great clearness and precision. He was a close reasoner. His mode of speaking was generally of a plain and unimpassioned character, and yet he was the author of some of the most beautiful and eloquent passages in our language."

Judge Breece, in speaking of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer, said, "For my single self, I have for a quarter of a century regarded Mr. Lincoln as the finest lawyer I ever knew, and of a professional bearing so high-toned and honorable as justly, and without derogating from the claims of others, entitled him to be presented to the profession as a model well worthy of the closest imitation."

Judge Thomas Drummond of Chicago, representing the bar of that city, said, "I have no hesitation in saying that he was one of the ablest lawyers I have ever known." In addition, he said, "no intelligent man who ever watched Mr. Lincoln through a hard-contested case at the bar, questioned his great ability." Judge Drummond's picture of Mr. Lincoln at the bar, and his mode of speech and action is so graphic and so just that it deserves to be quoted:

"With a voice by no means pleasant, and, indeed, when excited, in its shrill tones, sometimes almost disagreeable; without any of the personal graces of the orator; without much in the outward man indicating superiority of intellect; without great quickness of perception—still, his mind was so vigorous, his comprehension so exact and clear, and his judgment so sure, that he easily mastered the intricacies of his profession, and became one of the ablest reasoners and most impressive speakers at our bar. With a probity of character known to all, with an intuitive insight into the human heart, with a clearness of statement which was itself an argument, with uncommon power and felicity of illustration,—often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind,—and with that sincerity and earnestness of manner which carried conviction, he was, perhaps, one of the most successful jury lawyers we have ever had in the country. He always tried a case fairly and honestly. He never intentionally misrepresented the evidence of a witness or the argument of an opponent. He met both squarely, and, if he could not explain the one or answer the other, substantially admitted it. He never mistated the law according to his own intelligent view of it."

It is well, on these occasions, for each person to take an inventory of his own character. And these occasions, with the opportunity for self-inspection and emulation of his virtues, will be of great good to all.

His simplicity of character, honesty, truthfulness, and love of right, are all qualifications any may successfully strive to attain, and every struggling, well-meaning man can read of him and gain courage in his own battle in life.

His character was one which will grow and will become the basis of an ideal man. It was so pure, and so unselfish, and so rich in its materials, that fine imagination will spring from it to blossom and bear fruit through all the centuries.

After appropriate music, Rev. Dr. W. H. Swift was introduced and spoke, in part, as follows:

"Now he belongs to the Ages," said Secretary Stanton, when the end came and that great heart ceased to beat. The prophecy is finding its fulfillment today, when, all over the land, in every city and town and hamlet, almost, men and women and little children are thinking and talking together about the rugged; gentle, martyred President, who first saw the light one hundred years ago to-day. Not only at home is his name revered and honored and his memory cherished and the story of his life again told and its lessons enforced by

those who speak tenderly the name of Lincoln because they love him; but wherever the love of liberty burns on the altar of the heart among high or low, rich or poor; wherever the sun shines on human souls, this day is a holy day, and the tones of the voice are softer and the heart beats faster and the eye is moistened and patriotic fervor runs high and the old songs thrill us and the flag he loved and stained with his own blood we press to our hearts, and give to the breezes, with higher, nobler, finer resolves written with our prayers, all through its ample folds. 'Tis true as one has said: "When God made Abraham Lincoln He used a pattern never used before, and when the work was completed He broke the mould so that the world will never look upon his like again." For that hour He, who flings the stars to right and left with a lavish, omnipotent hand, called to a special work the Kentucky boy.

"He who sits on no precarious throne. Nor borrows leave to be."

always has His man, with his grip on the helm when the hour and minute hands on the dial of history point to the need. His clock that strikes the centuries only, for all time has registered FEBRUARY 12th, 1809.

Let us look for a moment at his environment in that home in Hardin county, Kentucky. 'Twas a log cabin in which he first saw the light. A one room, log cabin, with one window, one door and a fire place. His father could neither read nor write except to "scrawl his signature;" poor, shiftless—a man with no force was he, and in such a home as that was born a man of force incarnate—the man we love to honor because he rose above his environment and compelled his very poverty to minister to his greatness of soul. There was in that home a mother as well as a father, and here as in countless other homes we find that the secret of the after-Lincoln was the guiding hand, the sacrificing love, the prayers of the devoted Christian mother. She could read but not write, and she was his teacher. So indelibly did she in that home of poverty impress herself upon her greater son, that although she laid down the cares and burdens of the earthly life when the boy was but nine years of age, he not only mourned her loss but in later years said: "All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother!" One year schooling, all told, the boy had. After a hard day's work, he would stretch himself on the dirt floor in front of the old-fashioned fire place and spreading the ashes thin, would with a hickory stick for a pencil solve problems. And yet this man with such an environment became a master, aye, a past master in the use of the English language.

But poor as he was, he had a magnificent library. One shelf held the books, and there were five of them—"Esop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "A Life of Washington," "Burns's Poems," and the "Bible." And that Bible, as well as the other books, he knew by heart. And 'tis this man, with such a start in life, whom to-day we are honoring, in whose memory the flags float, and who draws from the strings of the universal heart the sweetest music. This is the man of whom the historian Motley wrote: "He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow with a smiling face. As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." 'Twas of this man the London Spectator, in an article on Cromwell said: "There is no other name in the long and splendid history of our race, unless it be that of Lincoln, which can claim more respect for wisdom, for true patriotism, for dutifulness in its highest sense."

Just listen to his own words: "When we read about men, great men, we somehow imagine that they were born great, and had little to do with their own development." 'Twas not so with Lincoln. "Some men are born great;" Mr. Lincoln achieved greatness. "I never went to school more than six months in my life; but I can say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have grasped it."

Think of this child, who was father to the man, demonstrating every proposition till he let in daylight. We could well afford to stop right here, for the one lesson the young may learn from this career, which was also a mission, is this: No obstacles, no mountains of difficulty that oppose our progress, can stand in the way of the boy of indomitable will, who is determined to succeed. He who masters himself, and masters circumstances, will some day wear the crown. Hindrances are only challenges to the best that is in us, and, if we will

it, we can win out and touch the goal.

Just one thought, now, in connection with his political life. It was openly said, when he declared, "A house divided against itself cannot stand; I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free; I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided," it was openly said that he threw away all chance of being elected United States Senator from Illinois, simply because he stood for great principles, and in the end, though temporarily defeated, saw those principles triumph.

It must not be supposed for one moment that Mr. Lincoln was as uncouth, as lacking in all refinement as some seem to think. That is our inheritance from the cartoonists of his time, and the men who hated him. Indeed we must remember that there were rivals for the Presidency in his own Cabinet, who had little patience with him; independent men; that there were great newspapers opposed to his policies, so that Mr. Lincoln at one time said in his droll way: "I seem to have very little influence with this administration." He was a gentleman who observed the proprieties, free lance though he was, and no slave to the rules of polite society. Yet Edward Everett, the polished gentleman, statesman and orator, to whom Harvard pointed with pride, said: "I recognize in the President a full measure of the qualities which entitle him to the personal respect of the people. On the only social occasion on which I ever had the honor to be in his company, at Gettysburg, he sat at the table of my friend David Willis, by the side of several distinguished persons, foreigners and Americans, and in gentlemanly appearance, manners and conversation, he was the peer of any man at the table."

Awkward he was. He had little time for the superficial, but was always the gentleman, because his great heart beat true to the highest ideals. He had the gentleness of a woman, the heart of a child, and, during the civil war, the furrows deepened on the care-worn face. 'Twas a heavy burden he bore, a burden lightened for a moment as the flashes of wit and humor lighted up that heavenly, beautiful face,—beautiful because of the wondrous eyes through which the great soul shone.

I never think of Lincoln, Lincoln the big hearted, warm hearted, tender hearted Lincoln; stopping when on a pressing errand, with the cares of State on his mind, to replace a bird that had fallen from its nest; finding rest by looking into the eyes of the children who loved him so; putting his great heart under the burdened heart of some lonely soldier boy's mother, as he wrote his sympathy in tears of blood, but that the whole history of that awful Civil War passes before me. Hastily we tramp over hundreds of battlefields. Now we are at Gettysburg; here is Cemetery Hill; there is Missionary Ridge; yonder Culp's Hill; now we stand on Big Round Top; now across the wheat field, through the Peach Orchard we go into the Devil's Den; then make our stand at the Bloody Angle and together hold back the forces of Pickett, as, flushed with anticipated victory, they make that splendid charge; now we listen to the groans of the dying and look in the pale faces of the dead; now we listen to the agonized prayers of mothers in their far off mountain homes; now we are with Sherman in his march to the sea; now with Sheridan as he changes rout to victory; now with Hayes, as he makes his famous charge across the swamp at Winchester and saves the day; now with Garfield at Chattanooga as the stripes of a Major

General mark his daring; now with Grant as he fights it out on this line "if it takes all summer," till the sword of Lee is offered him and returned. But, best of all, Lookout Mountain above the clouds. We catch a glimpse, aye, a prophetic vision of what it means, yes, and is to mean, in the history of our beloved land for all time to come, as the gaunt form of the greatest of them all offers himself a sacrifice for his country. What does it all mean? We are only beginning to enter into its fullness of meaning. We are entering on the reign of the Common People from whom Lincoln came; who were so dear to him; from whom, through his words and life, the chains are being struck. The common people are at last coming to their own. 'Tis manhood that is crowned in the story of Lincoln! Manhood! Ten thousand thrones and crowns could add not one additional ray of luster to that star that shines in the blue of the national firmament. He who stands for principle; he who believes in eternal right; he whose heart beats true in patriotic fervor toward all the flag stands for; he who embodies in his life the square deal, will win the crown and immortality. Worn by the weight of years or in the full flush of life may you go, but die you cannot. No, no! He lives and will forever live, wearing the crown of immortality placed on his brow by the thoughtful love of a grateful people. No, no! "Now he belongs to the Ages!" At the conclusion of Dr. Swift's remarks the choir of sixty voices rendered "Marching Through Georgia," after which chairman Homer Greene spoke in his usual felicitous and impressive manner, making interesting reference to his serial story now running in The Youth's Companion, which is based largely on incidents in the life of the martyred president. His remarks were enlivened by some pat anecdotes, which kept his hearers in the best of humor. Previous to the introduction of Mr. Seale as the first speaker of the evening Mr. Greene read a large number of letters and telegrams from distinguished persons expressing their regrets that they were unable to be present. The closing musical number was "America" in the singing of which the entire audience joined.

## ATTENTION!



I will be at the 80th anniversary of the organization of the First Presbyterian church of Honesdale, which will be celebrated Feb. 22d—Monday next, in the chapel.

This is the annual Martha Washington Turkey Dinner.

**A Square Deal and a Square Meal**  
All for 50c. First table at 5:30.

CITIZEN JOB PRINT means STYLE, QUALITY, and PROMPTNESS. Try it.

HENRY Z. RUSSELL, PRESIDENT.  
ANDREW THOMPSON, VICE PRESIDENT.

EDWIN F. TORREY, CASHIER.  
ALBERT C. LINDSAY, ASSISTANT CASHIER.

## HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK.

This Bank was Organized in December, 1836, and Nationalized in December, 1864.

Since its organization it has paid in Dividends to its Stockholders,

# \$1,905,800.00

The Comptroller of the Currency has placed it on the HONOR ROLL, from the fact that its Surplus Fund more than equals its capital stock.

## What Class? are YOU in?

The world has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved, those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant.

It is the savers who have built the houses, the mills, the bridges, the railroads, the ships and all the other great works which stand for man's advancement and happiness.

The spenders are slaves to the savers. It is the law of nature. We want you to be a saver—to open an account in our Savings Department and be independent.

**One Dollar will Start an Account.**

**This Bank will be pleased to receive all, or a portion of YOUR banking business.**