

INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER
BIBLE STUDY CLUB.

Answer One Written Question
Each Week For Fifty-Two
Weeks and Win a Prize.

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

March 21st, 1909.

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Review.

Golden Text—They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word. Acts viii:4.

The following review scheme can be used with profit by all the newspaper clubs who are taking up the Bible studies, whether having actually studied the eleven lessons here reviewed, or only one of them, or whether this is the first lesson which has captured a reader's attention; for while it is a "review," it is also complete in itself.

The date and title of each lesson and where found, the Golden Text, and one question on each lesson follow.

Jan. 3—Acts i:1-14. The Ascension of Our Lord. Golden Text: Luke xlv:51. It came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

Verses 10, 11—Would the coming of the Spirit of Jesus on the day of Pentecost, be the return of Jesus as these two men meant?

Jan. 10—Acts ii:1-21. The Descent of the Holy Spirit. Golden Text. John xiv:16, 17. I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth.

Verses 6-12—An educated ministry is desirable but which will make the most converts, a man with fair intelligence and a common school education, filled with the Holy Spirit, or an university graduate lacking that experience?

Jan. 17—Acts ii:22-47. The Beginning of the Christian Church. Golden Text. Acts ii:42. They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers.

Verse 22—How is it that Jesus has impressed Himself upon the world as no other man has ever done, and that he has swayed the hearts of the lowly and mighty alike, and that His influence is increasing with the years?

Jan. 24—Acts iii:1-26. The Lame Man Healed. Golden Text. Acts iii:16. His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know.

Verse 6—Need the lack of money or ability ever prevent any man from doing the work in life which God has appointed him to do?

Jan. 31—Acts iv:1-31. The Trial of Peter and John. Golden Text. Acts iv:31. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.

Verses 1-3—Have priests and preachers, in the past, been quick or slow, to see God's new revelations of truth, whether in science or theology?

Feb. 7—Acts iv:32 to v:11. True and False Brotherhood. Golden Text. Prov. xii:22. Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight.

Verses 34, 35—Is faithfulness to God a sure cure for shortness of money?

Feb. 14—Acts v:17-42. The Apostles Imprisoned. Golden Text. Matt. v:10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Verses 34-40—Is it not true that the heretics of one generation have been the saints of the next?

Feb. 21—Acts vi:1 to vii:3. Stephen, the First Christian Martyr. Golden Text. Acts vii:59. They stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

Verses 11-13—When a man with right views of truth, gets angry at the man with wrong views and persecutes him, which the latter takes with meekness, which is likely the better man of the two?

Feb. 28—Acts viii:4-25. The Gospel in Samaria. Golden Text. Acts viii:5. The people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did.

Verses 9-11—Is there any evidence to believe that there are, or ever have been, persons with the power claimed by witches, conjurers, fortune tellers and similar fakirs?

March 7—Acts viii:26-40. Philip and the Ethiopian. Golden Text. John v:39. Search the scriptures for in them ye

think ye have eternal life; and these are they which testify of me.

Verse 26.—May any person, who is not playing double with God, safely trust "the inward voice" to direct as to outward circumstances?

March 14—Acts ix:31-43. Aeneas and Dorcas. Golden Text. Acts ix:24. And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise and make thy bed. And he arose immediately.

Verses 35-38—How do you classify those who content themselves with going to church and prayer meeting, and talking, and praying, but are not following Jesus, in going about doing good? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Lesson for Sunday, March 28th, 1909.
Temperance Lesson. Prov. xxiii:29-35.

THE HOME LAUNDRY.

How a Bright Woman Makes the Business Pay.

"Look at that waist!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty indignantly as she lifted a fluffy mass of lingerie from the laundry box. Every inch of it is strained with the iron where it is not actually rent. Oh, for a decent laundry where things wouldn't be pulled to pieces!"

The next day Miss Dent, who had been present during the conversation, sent her a card announcing that fine laundering would be done at her own home.

Miss Dent has at the time of writing this all the work she and her assistants can possibly manage.

She began by making a specialty of lingerie waists. These she washed in



PULLED TO PIECES.

a special soapy preparation and stiffened them with gum arabic instead of starch.

She also does up beautifully all kinds of handmade lingerie, and she has the secret of washing china silk nightgowns without making them yellow.

She evens launders' fine lingerie dresses with great success. She charges less and they look better than those sent to the cleaners.

For those who cannot afford her regular prices she does rough dry washing.

She has branched out in other directions also. She keeps on hand specimens of fine underwear, from which she takes orders. Among these are kimonoes and matinees of her own designing.

She has at her call intelligent house-cleaners and scrubwomen a little above the ordinary variety. She even dyes old rugs and has a protégée of hers weave them into artistic rag carpets. These old fashioned mats, by the way, are quite the rage now for bedrooms and studios.

There is practically no limit to what a neat, capable woman may do in the laundry and renovating line.

MARIAN WHITE.

Bananas and Sugar.

A delicious sweetmeat is made in Santo Domingo from ripe bananas cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. These are sprinkled with sugar and placed in the sun several days, being turned occasionally, and each time dusted again with sugar.

Before Forks.

Until the reign of Henry VIII. English sovereigns as well as their subjects ate with their fingers.

The Chemist's Balance.

The range of impressions which we get from lifting an object is exceedingly small. An ordinary chemist's balance is some million times as sensitive and weighs down the two-hundredth part of a milligram.

Night Light and Daylight.

The light intensity of a moonless night is estimated at one-thousandth of a candle foot, of moonlight at fourteen-thousandths of a candle foot and of full daylight at from 2,000 to 8,000 candle feet, depending upon the clouds.

Make Steak Tender.

Steak that is not porterhouse can be improved by treating it as the French chefs prepare their steaks to make them tender. Put three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar on a plate and lay the steak in; then set in the ice-box for four hours. Turn half a dozen times at intervals; then the meat is ready to broil.

Young Folks

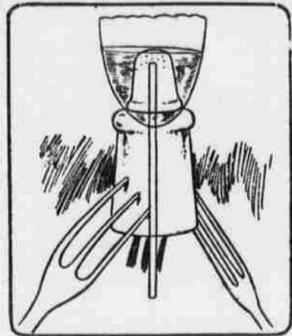
A TANTALIZING CUP.

Interesting Experiment With Eggshell, Cork and Straw.

Tantalus, according to the legend, having offended the gods, was punished by being made very thirsty, having a cup of water placed continually just out of his reach. From this story we get our word tantalize. To make a cup of tantalus—that is, a cup that can be filled part way, but never to the brim—follow directions:

Get an empty eggshell and break off the large end of it, say half an inch down. Through the small end bore a hole just the size to admit a good firm straw. Now hollow out one end of a cork so that the shell will fit in it, and through the cork bore a hole to admit the straw.

Run the straw up through the cork and into the shell for half an inch or so. Make all the joints tight with



THE CUP COMPLETE.

sealing wax and fasten the shell to the cork in the same way.

Cover the top of the straw in the shell with a thimble, which will rest on the bottom of the shell and almost, but not quite, touch the top of the straw.

Now, to make a little tripod for this apparatus stick the prongs of three forks in the cork and then place a tumbler under it. Pour some water into the shell. It will not run out through the straw at the bottom at first, but when it rises as high as the thimble it will begin to run, for it goes up under the thimble and enters the upper end of the straw, thus finding an outlet. By fastening a wire around the cork and bringing one end up to the edge of the cup a manikin may be held in the position of bending over to drink. Have the lips of the manikin just above the level of the water.

CAPTURING SNAKES.

How Serpent Hunters of the Tropics Secure Their Prey.

The capture of snakes is simple and comparatively free from danger, says the Chicago News. In the great swamps of India they are caught in the early morning, when they are stiff from cold. The natives use nets for the purpose or else press a stick against the back of the snake's back, thus holding it fast until they can put it away safely.

Another method is to surround a spot known to be full of snakes with nets during the dry season and set the underbrush on fire. The snakes rush for safety in all directions and fall in great numbers into the nets. This method is often used to catch the big green species of snakes. Hagenbeck states that many specimens of such monsters received by him from Calcutta bear marks of burning.

The giant snakes of Borneo fall a prey to the native hunters after they have gorged themselves to such an extent on food that they can scarcely move at all. Nets are then thrown over them, and they are delivered to Hagenbeck's agents.

Some snake hunters of India rely almost entirely on their sense of smell for ferreting out their victims. These hunters set out in the cold of the morning, knowing, more or less, where the holes are in which the snakes live. By means of their keen sense of smell they can tell whether a snake is at home. They then dig it out and, as it is half frozen still, succeed easily in imprisoning it in their baskets.

The Pine Tree's Secret.

The pine tree lifted his proud head high. While the frolicking winds went trooping by—

The boisterous winds that high and low had trumpeted that morning over the snow. They had climbed to the top of the bleak round hills.

Had loitered to jeer at the captive rills. "Oh, ho!" they cried to the pine tree old. "We can guess, we can guess what your great arms hold!"

They are empty nests, for away on wing The nestlings have flown where the south winds sing." The pine tree sighed—he had grown so wise

From the old white owl with the blinking eyes— The pine tree sighed, but he whispered low To the sunbeams merry that danced below

A secret we, who are friends, may know. The winds went on with rollicking shout. They scattered the brown little leaves about, And they never knew, nor do to this day, What the faithful pine kept hidden away. But the sunbeams merry, he welcomed them all.

They climbed, with never a fear or fall, Higher and higher, where, lo, on his breast The brave old pine held a warm, round nest.

The sunbeams smiled as he gave them a peep. Three small flying squirrels fast asleep! Round and fuzzy and puffy and gray, While mamma squirrel had flown away On her funny flat wings from tree to tree To bring some nuts to her babies three. The winds heard only the pine tree's sigh. But we know him better, you and I.

—Youth's Companion.

NEW SHORT STORIES

When Keene Was Hit Hard.

"I was shorn like a lamb a few years ago," said James R. Keene, the wizard of Wall street, to a group of his intimates the other day. The statement came in answer to a query whether Keene had ever been "trimmed."

"I used to live out in the country," said he, "and rode to and from New York every day on a little jerkwater road. One day the conductor, whom I knew well enough to call by his first name, refused to accept my commutation ticket. I tried to pay my fare, and he wouldn't take the money. He dropped me off the train into six inches of the thickest, stickiest mud in the world. By the time I got to a road where I could call a wagon I had clods on my feet as big as the base of the statue of Liberty."

"I was roaring, raving, ranting mad. When I got to New York my first call was on the officials of the road. I wanted that conductor fired. I had to interview every cussed little petty official of the road before I got to the president. Every one of them insulted me in the most judicial way. When I got to the president I was a howling, ripping maniac. He listened to me for a moment and told his secretary to 'throw that ruffian downstairs.' "And the secretary would have done it, too, if I hadn't beat him to it. As



"HE DROPPED ME OFF INTO THE MUD."

soon as I could get to my broker I told him to buy the controlling interest in that road. It took me a week to get it, and I had to climb for some of the stock. Then I threw out every official that had scorned me. I was just beginning to get back into my usual placid state of mind when one day I saw a familiar face at the track. It was the conductor who had thrown me off. He waved to me blandly. 'Just bought a little place out this way,' he said. 'You know, that stock you bought belonged to us. The X, M, and Z, was a close corporation, and we got you mad on purpose. We stung you good.'—St. Louis Republic.

Doyle Meets Fellow "Author."

When Conan Doyle was in America he was traveling from New York to Chicago when an energetic person with a Derby hat on the back of his head and a cigar stuck in his mouth at an angle of five degrees boarded the train and entered the novelist's car.

"I reckon," he said, "that you are the celebrated Conan Doyle?"

"That is my name," admitted Sir Arthur.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Higgs. I am in the book line myself and know how it goes."

"You are an author?" remarked Sir Arthur. "I am glad to meet you."

"Yes. I have published a book every year since 1890."

"May I ask the name of your latest book?"

"Sure. It's the premium list of the Jones county agricultural fair. Allow me to present you with a copy of it. I'm the secretary of the Jones county board. We're going to beat all records this year—airships, chariot races, baseball games and speed trials on the track until you can't rest. Come and spend the day with us, and you won't have to spend a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Glad to have met you—doylelegoddy."

The enterprising secretary of the Jones county board made a speed record of his own on the last sentence, wrung the novelist's hand and was out of sight down the platform before the astonished creator of Sherlock Holmes could get his breath.

A Brownsville Boy.

Philander C. Knox, the prospective secretary of state, talked at a reception at Valley Forge of an impudent politician.

"The impudence with which he demands his favors," said Mr. Knox, "reminds me of the impudence of young John Gaines, a Brownsville boy."

"One winter day in Brownsville the skating was good, and a game of hockey was proposed."

"John Gaines, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our oldest inhabitants, an 1812 veteran with a wooden leg."

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you going out today?"

"No, I believe not," replied the veteran kindly. "Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because if you are not," said John Gaines, "I'd like to borrow your wooden leg to play hockey with."

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Telephone Announcement
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