

FARM'S FUTURE.

With the aid of the President of the United States it has been determined through a learned commission that the lot of the farmer, and especially the lot of the farmer's wife, is an unhappy one.

The commission finds that the average farmer is unhappy; that his wife is lonesome; that his sons do not want to stay on the farm because the district school teaches him that he should go to the city; that "hired help" cannot be depended upon to work from "up to down" as regulated by the sun, and that the man who rents a farm is constantly moving in search of a better lease.

Unfortunately, we are afraid that all of this is true. But we fall to see how the Government is going to regulate it, even with the appropriation of \$25,000, as suggested by the President in his message.

There are many excellent recommendations in the report of the commission—things which the Government would do well to look after at some time when it has finished with appropriation bills. But the scope of the present inquiry was too great. You cannot legislate the farmer into happiness any more than you can legislate the city "dude" into a "hired man" on a farm.

What is needed is a means to make the farmer recognize his own dignity—his own position as a landholder and a producer of wealth, and his own dignity as one of the most important factors—not only in his own community, but in the world.

The curse of the farm in the past has been its poverty. Ignorance has been the principal cause of that—ignorance and shiftlessness.

We can scarcely blame the boy, raised on a farm, with no pleasures allowed; with nothing save hard work from sunrise to sunset; with no money for his youthful pleasures—no "store clothes," no shoe polish—if he prefers to go to the city of which he reads and earn money which is his own and which he can spend in any way that he chooses.

Some farmers make hard fathers. Their life is hard and they forget that if they want the boy to stay on the farm they should interest him in the business of running it and give him a share in its profits—no matter how small.

Every boy has his period of gypsy longing—his desire for the gaudy things of life—his desire to scatter the "wild oats" while the soil is ripe for the crop. Fathers in contact with the world recognize that fact, but the fathers on the farms are too far away from the world and they blame the boy who is forced to leave them forever in order to have the little temporary fling which his heart craves.

Our race has cause to rejoice because of the fact that it is usually the boys who would not make good farmers who are most certain to break the leash and run to the city. The good, steady boy will usually remain under the parental restraint—no matter how harsh—or at least he will come back home after a little while and take up his work again.

This, however, is mainly a matter of temperament, and many a man who would have made a fine farmer is wasting his life as a barkeeper, or clerk in a dry goods store.

As the President says, one of the greatest needs of the farm is sociality. We might add to that "less work."

There is no life more ideal than the life of a prosperous and liberal-minded farmer. There is no life more narrow and more prison-like than that of the farmer who is both narrow-minded and short of money.

We are glad to see provision made in the recommendations of the committee for a change in the usual style of education in the country schools. What is needed there is a course of instruction along lines which will lead the boy to the ambition to become a successful farmer rather than a successful business man in a great city.

What is needed there is a training which will make the farmer's daughter willing and glad to be a farmer's wife rather than to adventure into the city with the idea of wearing fine clothes at a price which she cannot reckon and ending in rags bedraggled by worse than mud. What is needed there also is a course of education which will fit the farmer's boy and girl for work in their own community.

The city boy in his city school might profit by the same line of education, but it is scarcely available. The country boy not only deserves, but should have this education, and the farmer who supports his own schools is in a position to demand that he should have it.

When the boys and girls of the farmers are brought up along the proper lines—there will not be anything to deplore in the line of social conditions because they will create a country society for themselves.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

SPARE THE BIRDS!

What the Audubon Societies are Doing.

MISSDICKINSON'S STIRRING PLEA.

A General Movement for the Prevention of Bird Slaughter—Women Pledge Themselves Never Again to Wear Bird Plumage.

At the time of year when the birds are coming back to their northern nesting home—and the time also when so large a number of Scranton dwellers are preparing to depart for their summer homes in all the region round about us through which the Lackawanna railroad and the Northern Electric gives easy access for the suburban dweller and the vacation seeker—it is eminently timely to call attention to the present day efforts of the Audubon societies for the protection of the birds and the education of the American public to that end.

What they are doing, and what they are telling land owners of all kinds in rural and semi-urban districts, concerns city dwellers also; particularly in every community that has any aspirations whatever towards becoming "a city beautiful."

Before quoting from the 1909 circular of the New York Audubon society, which is apparently the most wide awake one of them all, let me first call attention to the New York Independent's record of the fact that in France the protection of birds has, happily, passed over into the hands of women; that they are forming organizations all through the rural districts; that every clubwoman pledges herself never to wear bird plumage; but, on the contrary, to provide food and shelter and drink for the birds; and in every way to count winged friends as members of her family.

The New York Independent comments: "Woman heretofore has been the chief enemy of the birds, and it stands to reason that she should now make compensation, as their efficient friend. The women of America will do well to imitate the women of France and take bird protection into their special care."

The New York Audubon society makes it known that it has initiated measures to establish an international agreement that will suppress the trade in bird feathers throughout civilized countries—preventing the passage through custom houses of the plumage of beneficent wild birds. It is a satisfactory first step that has withdrawn the protection of law from the slaughterers of the egret or heron of the South who used to kill them off in the breeding season to procure their snowy breast plumage (worn by them only then), while the young birds were left in the nests to perish.

The New York society proposes also to begin this season a general movement for the better care of the migrating song birds coming north to raise their families. Their circulars suggest the planting of viburnums, dogwood, mulberry bushes, woodbine, mountain ash, and such other bushes and vines and trees as supply the most food for the bird we desire to encourage. They urge that this work shall be taken up systematically by owners of homes and of land throughout all the birds' summer country. "Nesting boxes," they say, "should be put up for wrens and warblers; cotton waste and similar material supplied for orioles' nests. Swallows, because they destroy moths and mosquitoes, should particularly be encouraged by leaving for their use heaps of moistened clay. Martins and thrushes like the nesting boxes also as well as they do the hollows of trees"—which last are by no means abundant in this ear of forest, farm woodland, and homestead grove destruction.

Returning to the New York Independent's comments on the Audubon society's circular it points to the fact that while everybody is busily praising Luther Burbank for his evolution of a few variations of plants and flowers, the birds have been doing such work on an immeasurably greater scale throughout generations. As it says, "It is certain that a very large part of the evolution of useful berries and fruits and edible vegetable as well as beautiful trees has been brought about by birds carrying the pollenized seeds and planting them about the hillsides and valleys," and "along the fence corners in fields and by the roadside."

Furthermore, the authorities on bird life call to mind that it is not simply the same species of birds, but the same families and individuals which return each Spring to the homesteads and trees where they have aforesaid found welcome and protection.

Again: it is strictly correct, as urged, that the birds returning each spring-time form the chief protection of the farmer's crops, and of all the trees, against every kind of insect devourer and destroyer. "They constitute an invaluable asset in the private affairs of every land owner, as well as in the wealth of the whole people. They eat the same fruit, but they protect it also; and, while they take some grain from the fields, they do not waste by trampling down; neither do they sting fruit

and grain for their eggs (as the insect tribes do by wholesale); in fact, they take no more than fair wages, provided the wages are forthcoming."

The Independent brings its article to a close by suggesting that over all the nesting states there shall be, in this year of grace, 1909, a Bird Day—to be annually observed hereafter—when we feast them and renew with them our treaties of alliance. Make the day early enough, it urges, to include the robins and bluebirds, but late enough for catbirds, grosbeaks and other late Springs comers also.

The suggestion is a wise and splendid one. Also, there is no reason why the dwellers in our Northeastern Pennsylvania farming region and suburban home sections should wait for people anywhere else to be in the lead of them in inaugurating such a day.

Personally, I recall the circumstance (which must be known to many Scranton visitors to Southern California) that, years ago, a few wise and public-spirited families imported birds from far and near in America, in Europe, in Asia, and the islands of the sea—where they have multiplied and been protected ever since, to the immeasurable advantage of Southern California fruits and crops of every kind, and the pleasure of residents and visitors. Pennsylvania agricultural districts, Pennsylvania suburban residents, Pennsylvania cities, towns and villages that want trees in their residence sections, have as great, or greater need than Southern California to carry out the same course of action.

THE FISH INDUSTRY.

Between three and four million fish fry have been distributed during the past fortnight throughout northeastern Pennsylvania from the Pleasant Mount fish hatchery in Wayne county. Each year the hatchery produces about 3,000,000 brook trout fry, 4,000,000 yellow perch, 2,000,000 pickerel, 1,000,000 catfish, 500,000 bullfrogs, 250,000 black bass, 200,000 lake trout and 100,000 silver sided salmon. The hatchery is in charge of N. R. Buller, who has been employed by the government in this capacity for a number of years, and is thoroughly experienced in fish breeding. In shipping the fry, ordinary milk cans are used, 1,000 tiny fry being used in each can in which the purest of water and large chunks of ice are placed. The superintendent or an assistant accompanies each shipment, and every twelve hours the water and ice are replenished. Fishermen have taken more interest than usual this year in stocking the streams, the drought last season having been disastrous to the denizens of the brooks.

Fish News.

An important discovery has been made by Commissioner of Fisheries William E. Meehan of Pennsylvania, that may result in the restocking of the Delaware river with sturgeon, a fish that was practically exterminated 20 years ago by the extensive fishing done to satisfy the demand for "real" Russian caviare, says the Philadelphia Record. He has found, after five years of investigation, that eggs may be procured from small sturgeon, of evidently immature growth, and there are now 100 such eggs in the State hatcheries at Torresdale. Within a week, Mr. Meehan expects to have a million sturgeon eggs.

Years ago the Delaware was full of sturgeon. A great industry grew up around them, not because of their flesh, although that is palatable, but because of their roes, which were used as caviare. Before 1890 much of the so-called "Russian" caviare was procured from the Delaware sturgeon, shipped from here to Russia, put up in Russian boxes with Russian labels and sent back here as imported stuff. The fishermen were so greedy that they practically exterminated the sturgeon. For a while the fish itself was a drug on the market. So much of it came in that it had no value. The flesh was entirely subordinated to the roes. Suddenly a scarcity came, because no roes were left for breeding, and since then sturgeon have been rare. The price of a big sturgeon, 8 to 10 feet long, was \$10 in 1890; now it is from \$100 to \$150.

Should Mr. Meehan's experiments prove successful the Delaware will once again team with sturgeon. The former waste, however, will not be repeated, since the fish laws will provide against this and the State fisheries of New Jersey and Pennsylvania will annually restock the river. Once the river is sufficiently stocked, there can be no extermination as that previous to 1890.

Another Job for the Regulators.

"I see where a scientific feller says there's a dark planet goin' to hit the sun an' end the world," says the man on the cracker barrel. "Huh!" observes the man with his heels on the stove. "I reckon we needn't bother much about that, I spoke to our congressman about it this mornin', an' he'll interduce a bill makin' such acts a violation of interplanetary commerce."

CHEAPER AUTO-MOBILES.

The doom of high automobile prices has sounded. One can buy a better car to-day for \$1,500 than he could a few years ago for \$3,000. It is only a matter of time now until any man who can afford to keep a horse can afford to own an automobile.

HIS BIBLE.

As Miss Vinton was carelessly looking over the miscellaneous assortment of books and magazines in the little, low-ceilinged, second-hand book shop into which the sudden autumn shower had driven her, her sleeve happened to brush open the cover of an old-fashioned Bible lying on a pile of dusty almanacs. The delicate, faded traceries of an inscription on the yellow fly-leaf caught her eye, and looking closer she read:

"To my darling son, from his loving mother."

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a pained start, "how could anyone part with it!" Then, as the bent, gray figure of the proprietor approached, she closed the cover quickly, reverently and said:

"Will you please do this up for me?"

It seemed to her a wicked, shocking, needlessly cruel thing for anyone to do; to part with such a gift, such a reminder of a dear mother. The fine, faded handwriting called up numberless memories, memories of a happy home and a mother's fondling care, and, as her thoughts ran on, she wondered who was the mother in this instance and who and where was the son who had forgotten and so coldheartedly parted with this sacred token of mother love.

The shower had passed and a stray ray of sunshine came straggling through the transom above the door. As she picked up her bundle and turned to go, she observed a man watching her through the window, with a peculiar eager, covert look. Somewhat startled, she nervously opened the door and stepped out, casting a quick, comprehensive glance at the figure now lounging indifferently against the building.

She noticed that he was a tall, thin, broken-down man of, perhaps, 40, and that there was a hectic flush in his hollow cheeks. There was something so pathetic, so appealing in his weak intellectual face, that her feeling of uneasiness gave away to a sense of sympathy and pity and she wished that she could assist him in some way, for she could not help believing him to be a gentleman.

On her return home she removed the Bible from its wrappings with a sort of indignant pity, and dreamily turned the pages.

"Ah, he didn't forget," she murmured in a kind of sad pleasure as, here and there through the book she came upon verses containing the word "mother" inclosed in broad circles of ink. She was sorry that she had judged him so hastily and so unkindly. Perhaps he was dead, and his book had fallen into careless strangers' hands, and thus found its way to the old bookshop.

There were tears in her eyes as she gently closed the Bible, and she was glad that it had come into her possession for she would preserve and cherish it as something precious and sacred.

One morning, about three months later, she received a letter addressed in a large, shaly masculine hand, and, opening it quickly, she said: "Doubtless you remember buying an old Bible in a second-hand book shop about three months ago. The book was mine, a gift from my mother, and I know that you will understand how I value it."

"Hunger was the cause of my parting with it, and each day I hoped to be able to get it back, but luck was against me and then you came and took it. I was at the window and knew by your face why you did it, and I bless you for it."

"With the intention of buying it from you, I got your address from Mr. Dunn, the proprietor of the store, but now I can never repay you, for they tell me that I am dying."

"Would you mind sending it to me? It cannot mean much to you, but to me it is everything."

"He wrote that letter three weeks ago," said the white, capped nurse, as she led Miss Vinton through the long, bare hospital wards, "and asked me to send it when we were sure that the end was near."

When they reached his cot, the nurse touched him lightly on the shoulder, saying, gently:

"Here is someone to see you."

He opened his eyes, and smiling his recognition, feebly held out his poor, bony hands for the bundle Miss Vinton carried, pressed against her coat.

Bending down she pressed his hand and laid the book upon his arm.

With a look of the most grateful happiness, and a force for which she was entirely unprepared, he took the Bible and pressed it to his lips and breast, murmuring:

"Mother, dear, dear mother!"

For some time he lay silent with his eyes shut, then a little contented sigh escaped him, and he softly said:

"You have been so kind to me, that I want you to know that I was a good man once; but after she died I got into bad company, I lost my money and finally took to drink—oh, it's the same old sorry and there are hundreds like me; but I was good while she lived."

Miss Vinton felt the tears coming as she said:

"I might have done so much, if I had only known."

He closed his eyes again, and she could see his lips moving, the book still tightly held against his breast.

She leaned toward him, and caught the words, "I—pray—the—Lord—my—soul—to—keep."

It was a prayer learned at his mother's knee, and as he breathed it, his face wore a look as peaceful and innocent as a little child's.

The nurse returned presently and stopped beside the bed.

"Your mission is fulfilled," she whispered gently.—Boston Post.

The Old Reliable Headache Cure.

The patent medicine craze had a firm hold on its victims way back in Queen Anne's time. In the current Atlantic the following advertisement is reprinted from Addison's Spectator: "A Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions vulgarly called the Hypo in Men and Vapours in Women" was advertised, as well as many nostrums of which the following is a typical notice:

The Vapours in Women Infallibly Cured in an Instant, so as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, dispels Sadness, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c., to a Miracle, and most certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cause it forcibly Cures as Hundreds have experienced; It . . . causes Liveliness and settled Health. Is sold only at Mrs. Osborn's Toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2s. 6d. the Bottle, with directions.

Ancient Beauty Doctor.

It seems that the "Beauty Doctor" is by no means a modern invention. The current Atlantic cites an amusing advertisement in this effect printed in Addison's Spectator.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor: Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubbed off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toy-shop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapside, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

New Answers to Old Questions.

"Is this a good ten-cent cigar?" "No, sir. That cigar is Connecticut filled and Wisconsin wrapped. It's worse than a second. We don't sell a decent cigar for ten cents, because our trade is mostly transient and isn't worth holding. We have a fair ten-cent cigar at thirty-five cents or three for a dollar."—Exchange.

Dr. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. OFFICE Hours—8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 8-X.

H. C. HAND, PRESIDENT. W. B. HOLMES, VICE PRES.

We want you to understand the reasons for the ABSOLUTE SECURITY of this Bank.

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

HONESDALE, PA.,

HAS A CAPITAL OF \$100,000.00 AND SURPLUS AND PROFITS OF 355,000.00 MAKING ALTOGETHER 455,000.00

EVERY DOLLAR of which must be lost before any depositor can lose a PENNY. It has conducted a growing and successful business for over 35 years, serving an increasing number of customers with fidelity and satisfaction.

Its cash funds are protected by MODERN STEEL VAULTS. All of these things, coupled with conservative management, insured by the CAREFUL PERSONAL ATTENTION constantly given the Bank's affairs by a notably able Board of Directors assures the patrons of that SUPREME SAFETY which is the prime essential of a good Bank.

Total Assets, - - - \$2,733,000.00

DEPOSITS MAY BE MADE BY MAIL.

DIRECTORS—

H. C. HAND, A. T. SEARLE, T. E. CLARK, CHAS. J. SMITH, H. J. CONGER, W. F. SUYDAM, W. B. HOLMES, F. P. KIMBLE, H. S. SALMON

Is Your Money Lying Around Idle?

Nobody knows without trying it how easy it is to make money save money when an account is opened in the

HONESDALE DIME BANK

Right away you will get the desire to enlarge it. Then it furnishes the very best lesson in economy, weans a person from habits of extravagance and is one of the greatest comforts in the world. It is not safe in these days of hold-ups and robberies to have money lying around idle in your home or pocket. It is safe in the bank where it works for you day and night.

The modern burglar proof safe and vault of this bank afford the greatest protection for your money, and its safety deposit boxes for all other valuables. Active or savings accounts received. Three per cent. paid on savings deposits. Its drafts are the safest and cheapest method of sending money to foreign countries. Call and get a pocket check book. Money loaned on good security to home people to whom preference is always given.

OFFICERS: E. C. MUMFORD, President. W. F. RIEFLER, Vice President. JOS. A. FISCH, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: E. C. MUMFORD, THOMAS M. HANLEY, JACOB F. KATZ, E. D. PENWARDEN, W. H. KRANTZ, BENJ. F. HAINES, W. F. REIFLER, W. E. PERHAM, JOEL G. HILL, FRANK STEINMAN, H. B. ELY, M. D.

BEACH HARGIS GUILTY.

Goes to Prison For Life For Murder of His Father.

IRVINE, Ky., April 29.—On his second trial for the murder of his father, Beach Hargis, was found guilty, and the jury fixed his punishment at imprisonment for life.

Young Hargis showed no emotion when the verdict was rendered. Neither did his mother and sister, by whom he sat.

The murder of Judge Hargis by his son occurred in the judge's store at Jackson, Breathitt county, Feb. 6, 1908. Beach went to the Hargis store, where his father asked him what he had been doing. It is not known what Beach answered, but the two clinched.

In the struggle Beach shot his father four times. The bullets were fired through Beach's coat, he not having had time, it is said, to draw the weapon. The pistol belonged to the murdered father, having been taken from the store by young Hargis. The boy's mother made every effort to get his freedom.

The postage stamp made its first appearance in 1839. Its invention is due to James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, who died in 1863. England adopted the adhesive stamp, according to a decree of Dec. 21, 1839, and issued the first stamps for public use on May 6, 1840. A year later they were introduced in the United States and Switzerland.

THE CITIZEN Has made arrangements for

A FIVE MILE FOOT RACE

AFTER THE MARATHON PLAN

WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE ON Decoration Day MAY 31

5 Handsome Gold and Silver Medals will be Awarded the Winners!

ENTRANCE FREE

To all competitors living in the county, exclusive of professionals; entries to be made at any time prior to May 20th.

ALL CONTESTANTS will be required to submit to a physical examination by competent physicians, to insure proper endurance condition for race.

FURTHER DETAILS including instructions for proper training, will appear in succeeding issues of THE CITIZEN.

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