

The Scrap Book

Worse Than a Failure.

They had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything. By this time, of course, her trousseau was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top, and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of some new gowns had become a sort of permanent hope, as far as she could see, or, in fact, as far as they both could see together.

"Elizabeth," he said one day, "do you think marriage is a failure?"

"Failure!" she said scornfully. "It's a pane!"—Lippincott's.

Life, Love and Death.
A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling by the day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

A short lived, fleeting summer's morn,
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above
And one bird sings—and that is love.

A little weeping of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands, the fainting breath
And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go—
A fitting picture on the wall,
Love, death, the themes! But is that all?

Labeled.

A few years ago Miss Ethel Barrymore, the actress, was besieged by a number of artists who begged the privilege of making sketches of her pretty face. Too gracious to refuse she freely granted permission in every case. Among those for whom Miss Barrymore posed was a young artist of the impressionist school, who, after considerable labor, produced a ghastly yellow and green portrait which was supposed by the budding artist, at least, to be a likeness of the actress. When it was finished the painter bravely took it to Miss Barrymore and asked her to sign it and write something or other—some little sentiment—above her signature.

Miss Barrymore gasped as she looked at the wretched portrait and then quickly pulling herself together, smiled and wrote:

"This is not a sunset; it is Ethel Barrymore."

Did What He Could.

The distinction between the parish rector and the curate in the old days in England is illustrated by a story of an old rector. Returning to his parish after his autumn holiday and noticing a woman at her cottage door with her baby in her arms, he asked, "Has that child been baptized?"

"Well, sir," replied the courtesying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that, but your young man came and did what he could."

When She Laughed.

A somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy English actor complained that the noted actress Ellen Terry continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home."

Long Out of the Sea.

Mr. Gaynor, an Irishman celebrated for his good humor, was dining one Friday with a friend, and fish was the only meat served. Gaynor was particularly fond of haddock and seated himself near a fine specimen. His olfactory nerves, however, soon made him aware that the fish was not too fresh. He first lowered his mouth toward the head of the fish and then his ear, as if conversing with it. The woman of the house, perceiving his peculiar motions, asked him whether he wished anything.

"Nothing," replied Gaynor, "nothing at all, madam. I was merely asking this haddock whether he could give me any news of my friend, Captain Murphy, who was drowned last Monday, but he tells me that he knows nothing of the matter, for he himself hasn't been to sea these three weeks."

One Plain Rule of Life.

There is only one plain rule of life eternally binding. It is this: Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, and then do it.—Mill.

Cautious.

"Sir," she said excitedly, approaching the teller's window in the bank, "I am informed that a check I sent out the other day has been returned marked 'No funds.' What does that mean?"

"It simply means, madam," responds the courteous teller, "that we couldn't pay the check. There are no funds to pay it. You already have an overdraft of \$50."

"And you can't pay the check?"

"No, ma'am. As I say, you have an overdraft of \$50, and we—"

"Well, young man, I'll say this for you: At least you are honest, and it is very kind of you to tell me of the condition of the bank. I will take my overdraft and put the \$50 on deposit elsewhere!"

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

DEVICE FOR KICKING COW.

How a Chronic Offender Can Be Milked Without Difficulty.

A chronic kicking cow can be milked without difficulty by means of the device shown in the accompanying illustration. Fasten a stout chain 2 feet in length around a bar of scrap iron 2 1/2 feet long. In the last link of the chain secure an iron ring.

Bury the iron at the back of the cow's stall deep enough so that only the ring is left above ground, at the



DEVICE FOR KICKING COW.

point where the cow's right hind foot will stand when she is tied in the stall. The earth must be tamped down hard so the iron cannot be pulled out.

At milking time tie a rope with a noose in the end around the right hind foot, and after drawing it up tight slip the end through the ring with a long iron hook and then tie the rope to a post or upright on the left side of the cow.

Room at the Top.

Dairy farming offers a great opportunity for growth. The farmer and all his family can just keep on learning the business and never know too much. There is some talk about the dairy expert, the expert judge of cattle and of butter, etc., but don't get alarmed about them. The "expert" of today is a back number tomorrow. In fact, some of the so-called experts are not able to produce the goods right along. A man makes butter and scores highest in some great contest. He is lauded to the skies. He is called an expert, and for fear that he will not be able to score well again he quits. He lives on one great record and drops out of the race. How few are the men who keep winning high butter scores in the great contests. Many are the "has beens."

Breeders have room at the top also. A breeder may get the prize-winning sire and dam of a great dairy show, mate them, and get what? A still better producer? Not very often. Breeding raises the average but produces very few par excellence individuals. I suppose some day the limit of individual excellence will be reached. That day has not yet come. There is no telling when it will. But the dairy farmer need not bother his head over freak cows. He has plenty of opportunity to raise the standard of his whole herd to a higher degree. A herd of twenty cows that average 400 pounds of butter-fat a year is better than one cow that goes to the 600 pounds while the rest are near the 250-pound mark. I do not disparage the effort of breeders to produce the 600-pound cow. I simply say that this 600-pound cow is not going to be crowded off the top of the ladder till the herd below gets up where she is.

The dairy farmer can keep learning better ways to crop his farm, to care for his stock, to dispose of his by-products, to sell his produce, and to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

The greater number of dairy farmers have not yet started to climb the ladder. They seem content to stay at the bottom with their non-productive herds, and their good-for-nothing store butter. It is always crowded down at the bottom. Can't fall off—that's the only good thing to say about it.

Mottles in butter and "white specks" are sometimes confounded, and by some are considered the same, but there is a difference. Mottled or streaky butter has been explained as being caused by an unequal distribution of the salt; but white specks have a different cause or causes. Sometimes, when the milk is set in shallow pans, the cream dries on top and small portions become so hard that they do not churn into butter. These particles do not take the color like the rest of the butter, and the specks are thus caused. This may be remedied by carefully straining the cream when it is put into the churn.

Another cause of white specks is this: when some milk is skimmed off with the cream, as is usually done in the case of deep cold-setting, this milk settles to the bottom, gets overripe, and forms a curd, which is so hard as not to break up in churning and will not run off with the buttermilk, but will remain with the butter as white specks, or flecks, as they are sometimes called. This can be remedied by not letting the cream stand so long before churning, or by frequent and thorough stirring of the cream during the process of ripening. These hard, white particles can also be taken out by straining the cream.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Curb on Curiosity.

Sir George Reed was once premier of Australia, according to A. T. Macdonald, secretary of the Commercial club, who is an authority on the British empire, since he is a leading member of the Maple Leaf club. Sir George was once making a campaign of the strenuous variety through the provinces, and it was announced when he spoke at Ballarat, the town made famous in one of Conan Doyle's detec-



HE SMOTE THE QUESTIONER UPON THE JAW.

five stories, that when he got through speaking he would be ready to answer any questions put to him.

When the speaking was over a fellow in the front row rose and put to the premier an interrogation that was a sockdolager. It was one that couldn't be evaded or satisfactorily answered. At this critical juncture, as the historians say, one of the partisans of Sir George, who happened to be sitting by the questioner, leaped to his feet and smote the latter upon the jaw, knocking him down and out.

"Is there any other gentleman that would like to ask a question?" said the chairman, one Flinnerty by name.

There was not. Sir George, as might have been expected, won his campaign without having to make many answers to embarrassing questions.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Stickler For Rules.

Isabel D'Armond, who has organized an ozone club among the show girls of New York, urged a reporter to write about this club an article full of warm praise.

"The Ozone club," she said, "will increase the beauty and the longevity of show girls. One of its rules is that members must exercise two hours a day. Another is that they must sleep eight hours. They mustn't be out of bed after midnight. I've been told that since the Ozone club's formation all the Broadway restaurants have lacked the pretty and gay faces of the show girls."

"For the Ozone club sticks to the rules," said Miss D'Armond. "It sticks to the rules with the tenacity of Billy Grimes, the sailor."

"Off a foreign port one night Billy Grimes leaned over the side in answer to a hail.

"'Aho!' he said.

"'Aho!' was the reply. 'Lower down your ship's ladder, shipmate.'"

"You can't come aboard here tonight," said Billy.

"'Lower away, you lubber,' said the voice below impatiently. 'I must come aboard. I'm the river pilot.'"

"I don't care," said Billy, "if you're Punchus pilot, I'll stick to the ship's rules."

Six Supporters.

Richard Croker at a banquet in New York said of English politics:

"English politics are clean. Now and then, though, a queer story comes to light. The moral of this story is that nothing, not even the politics of England, is quite perfect."

Mr. Croker laughed.

"A friend of mine, a rich lawyer," he said, "ran last year for parliament in a small midland town. My friend was elected, and among his congratulatory visitors on election night was a shabby chap smoking a clay.

"This chap snipped my rich friend on the back, shook both his hands violently and congratulated him in a loud voice—a loud, hearty voice, a little thick perhaps with ale.

"'Th-thank y-you,' said my friend as he tried to free his hands, which were being shaken so violently that he quivered all over like an ocean greyhound. Thank you. I suppose you're one of my supporters, eh?"

"The shabby chap winked and smiled.

"'Six of 'em,' he said."

No Fear of John.

Andrew Carnegie tells this story:

"I canna leave ye thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman wailed. "Ye're too auld to work, an' ye couldn't live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry another man wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse; "I couldna wed another man, for what wad I do wif twa husbands in heaven?"

"Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"'I ha'e it, Nancy!' he cried. 'Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him 'twill be all the same in heaven. John's na' Christian, and he's na' likely to get there.'—Tit-Bits.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

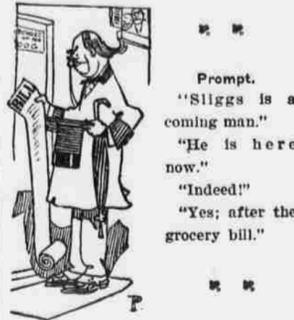
SEASONABLE.

IN June the ancient question On moonlit nights gets popped Unless by an injunction The eager youth is stopped. Though painfully he stammers Whenever she is near, He manages quite deftly To make the meaning clear.

There's something in the season And in the air of June Or maybe in suggestions Reflected from the moon That turns a fellow's fancies To thoughts of wedded bliss And makes him in the shindaws Go fishing for a kiss.

He rather likes the fishing, And with the proper bait He finds that for a nibble He doesn't have to wait. Perhaps a little taffy, A promise—cross his heart— And then they swear in chorus They nevvver will part.

And that's why it is easy, The way is pleasant made. For if in fear he falters She prompts him as first aid, So in the moonlight fishing He makes a pretty catch, And then they talk it over And call the thing a match.



Prompt.
"Sliggs is a coming man."
"He is here now."
"Indeed!"
"Yes; after the grocery bill."

Profitable Humor.
"Do you find a ready market for your jokes?"
"Yes; in the grocery store."
"What do they want of them?"
"They manage to dispose of them. These jokes happen to be storage eggs."

Reason Enough.
"What is he so mad about?"
"He missed a car."
"That is a little thing to make a fuss about."
"But he can't think of any way to blame it on his wife."

Contagious.
"Why so blue?"
"Everybody is going fishing, and I want to go."
"It must be catching."
"I hope it will be when I get there."

Practical Wit.
"Where did he get that fine umbrella?"
"Stole it."
"I suppose he considers that a joke."
"Just a sample of dry humor."

New Breakfast Food.
"Taking any interest in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy?"
"Shakespeare bacon?"
"Yes."
"I never heard of the brand."

No Tick Business.
"What line is he in?"
"A dealer in secondhand clocks."
"How does it go?"
"Not very good. Time hangs heavily on his hands."

Utility.
"Has his education been along practical lines?"
"I should say so. Three ball teams are after him already to sign for next season."

Lost Opportunity.
When called upon to cross the Alps Napoleon should have waited Till Wilbur Wright came on the scene And o'er them aviated.

Couldn't Lose Caste.
"Is old Jacobine a rich man?"
"He must be. He is on speaking terms with his servants."

His Excuse.
The small boy finds the swimming pool And splashes idly there And tells his ma the sprinkling cart Came by and wet his hair.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.
Occasionally we meet a man who is simply a factory for turning out errors.

Keep your promises and discharge your obligations.

It has always been a problem why so careful a creature as a cat should need nine lives.

Truth is mighty, but error often gets there first.

It is sometimes hard to forgive our friends for our loneliness.

Being consistent is an easy and eminently respectable way of being a back number.

Conceit may be deceptive, but it is rarely perceptive.

Ideals carved in solid rock would be hard things to carry around with us.

Facts are unromantic, but quite dependable, which same can't be said of romance.



WHEN THE ENGINE COMES

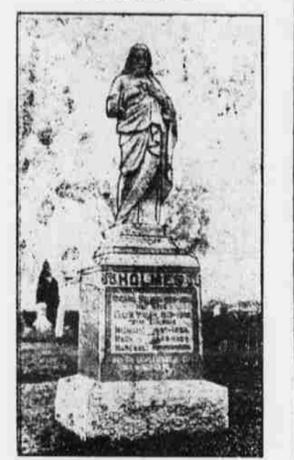
no time to be regretting your neglect to get insured. A little care beforehand is worth more than any amount of regret.

KRAFT & CONGER,

General Insurance Agents

HONESDALE, PA.

Holmes Memorial, St. Rose Cemetery, Carbondale, Pa.



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We have the sort of tooth brushes that are made to thoroughly cleanse and save the teeth.

They are the kind that clean teeth without leaving your mouth full of bristles.

We recommend those costing 25 cents or more, as we can guarantee them and will replace, free, any that show defects of manufacture within three months.

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Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Judwin's drug store, Honesdale.

FARM FOR SALE!

One of the best equipped farms in Wayne county—situated about three miles from Honesdale.

Everything Up-To-Date. Over \$5,000.00 has been expended within the last five years in buildings, tools and improvements.

165 Acres, of which 75 acres are good hard-wood timber. Will be sold reasonably.

A Bargain.—For further particulars enquire of

W. W. WOOD, "Citizen" office.

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JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES

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SPENCER, The Jeweler

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

A. T. SEARLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office near Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reif's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

HERMAN HARMES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Patents and pensions secured. Office in the Schuerholz building Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

R. M. SALMON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Next door to post office. Formerly occupied by W. H. Dimmick, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

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. 86-X

Physicians.

DR. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence, 116 Church street. Telephone. Office Hours—2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 8:00, p. m.

C. M. Betz.

Having purchased the interest of

T. L. Medland, of Carbondale, in the harness business of Betz & Medland of that city, the business

will be conducted in the future by C. M. Betz alone, who will also continue his store in Honesdale as heretofore. In order to reduce stock, reductions in prices will be made on all goods. Bargains may be found in both stores. Mr. Edward Fasshauer, who has been in the

Honesdale store about ten years as clerk, will have full charge of the Carbondale store.

C. M. BETZ

Manufacturer of

Custom Harness

Honesdale, Pa., April 16, 1909.

NOTICE.—Pursuant to Act of Assembly, a meeting of the Stockholders of the Wayne County Savings Bank will be held at the office of the bank on Thursday, July 22, 1909, from one to two o'clock p. m., to vote for or against the proposition to again renew and extend the charter, corporate rights and franchises of said bank for the term of twenty years, from February 17, 1910.

By order of the Board of Directors, H. S. SALMON Cashier,

32eol14

If you don't insure with us, we both lose.

HITTINGER & HAM

General Insurance

White Mills Pa.

Receiver's Notice.

The undersigned having been duly appointed Receiver to take possession of all the assets of the Armony Association and to make distribution of the same among the parties legally entitled thereto will be at his office in the Borough of Honesdale at ten o'clock a. m. on Saturday, July 10th, at which time and place all claims against the said Association, together with the claims of all those claiming to share in the distribution, must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

51-eol-3. R. M. SALMON, Receiver.