

THE CITIZEN

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E. B. HARDENBERGH, - - - PRESIDENT
W. W. WOOD, - - - MANAGER AND SECRETARY

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FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1909.

Leave your homes with loving words, they may be your last.

"In our hearts lies the Eldorado which we scour the world to find."

Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight.

For your work's sake, for your friends' sake, for your health's sake, quit worrying.

Treat your wife as though she were a queen and that will help make her one.

When man is a success he claims the credit; when he is a failure he finds some woman to blame for it.

We are inclined to think that heaven will be given to those who are trying to make a heaven on this earth.

There are Honesdale people who do not talk about hard times, but go right along doing business and making themselves and others, happy, just as though they were right in the swim and leading the way. What is the use of always and everlastingly talking hard times, why not go right ahead without grumbling and do the best you can.

If you wish to send a letter in a hurry, be sure to write "in haste" on the envelope. The postmaster and clerks will then fall over each other in their haste to get it in the first mail, then the postal clerk will yell to the engineer: "Pull her wide open, here's a letter in a rush." And the train will just fly. It is expensive for the railroads, as accidents are liable to happen, and the officials will not thank us for giving the snap away, but this is the way to get letters through real quick.

An exchange puts it this way: "We live in a land of high mountains and high taxes, low valleys and low wages, big crooked rivers and big crooked statesmen, big lakes, big pumpkins, big men with pumpkin heads, silver streams that gambol in the mountains, and pious politicians that gamble in the night, roaring cataracts and roaring orators, fast trains, fast horses, fast young men, sharp lawyers, sharp financiers, and sharp toed shoes, noisy children, fertile plains that lie like a sheet of water, and a thousand newspaper that lie like thunder."

Why does a man when he becomes possessed of a \$4.50 raw-boned plug and a \$10 cart have to rein the poor crowbar up like a turtle treading water until it can't see the ground before it, and goes along as if trying to read the answer to the stars. Why does a girl whom nature has given a clear and healthy complexion have to paint it till she can't wink for fear of cracking the enamel. And why does she bang her hair like a Spitz poodle and make her head look like a window mop? Why, bless you, all these things are the style, and that is all that can or ought to be said about them!

A happy home is the brightest spot on earth that the eye of God looks down upon. Love and peace in his home sends sunshine around the man wherever he goes; disorder and trouble there is misery everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off, but who can shake himself free from the skeleton in the closet, from the worry of the household, a blister on the heart. A day will tell how many a man carried that with him without wincing down to the grave. When husband and wife are helmpate to each other in the best sense; when order and love and goodness prevail in the house then the man who has a hard battle in life to fight can leave his struggles behind him when he enters there. With all our faults we are the most home loving of people and that is the reason why we are the greatest of people. Whatever helps home life is a national blessing; what ever hurts home life is a national curse, and the greatest curse that can touch these blessings is what would tamper with the peace and blessedness of our homes.

God Bless Them.
The schoolmarm is the guiding star of the republic. She takes the little bantling fresh from the home nest, full of his pouts, his pets and his passions, ungovernable in many cases, a rampant, riotous little wretch whose own mother often admits she sends him to school purposely to get rid of him. The schoolmarm takes a whole carload of these little anarchists, half of whom singly and alone cannot be handled by their own mothers, and she puts them in the way of becoming useful citizens.

Every Man Makes His Own Fortune.
We like to attribute our poor endeavors to some malign, obstructing and thwarting influence beyond ourselves. However this may be, it must be admitted that persons are frequently the victims of what are called accidents, perhaps accidents of birth and environment, which seriously handicap them in the effort to rise in the world. Some are so deficient in faculties that they seem doomed to ill fortune; but the vast majority who persuade themselves that they are the victims of ill luck bring misfortune upon themselves by acts of commission or of omission. Between those born apparently under an evil star and those destined from birth for every kind of prosperity to be gained with no effort come the great mass of persons who have the making of their fortunes entirely in their own hands.

Remember This.
Our county has one thing which she is justly proud of and to which she largely owes her good name, the influence of our schools. They have sent out a class of young ladies and gentlemen that are wielding a power for good and most successfully filling the best places and positions in life. There is no more efficient aid to morality, honesty, sobriety and good citizenship than well-conducted public schools, and it is the part of wisdom to keep these schools up to the very highest point of excellency, and to do this there must be harmony of four elements, viz: the school board, the patrons, the scholars and the teachers, and without which perfect success cannot be attained, therefore, let it be the duty of these four elements to see that no deficiency or hindrance arises on their parts to thwart the good purposes of our schools. If factions exist, pray disband, and give your hearty sanction and co-operation to the efforts being made to maintain the excellencies of our schools to-day, and so enhance their interest that they shall stand second to none in the land.

Knock Not Thy Competitor.
Advertising that knocks a competitor is like going after business with a club. The real scientific advertising doesn't knock. Says one writer: "In order to get more lemon business you don't have to steal any trade from Brother Brown. Forget about Brown entirely. Your lemon business will wax fat, if you conduct the right kind of an educational campaign. Make two lemon customers spring up where only one existed before, and then make your old lemon customers use four lemons where they formerly used only two. The right kind of advertising will do this for you. Advertising to increase the per capita consumption of your product is scientific."

Baby, when he's hungry cries, Schoolboys beg for cakes and pies, Lovers plead with lips and eyes, You want business—Advertise!

A Business Decalogue.
I. Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but thou shalt pull off thy coat and go to work, that thou mayest prosper in thy affairs.
II. Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking like a loafer, but thou shalt know that thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.
III. Thou shalt not try to make excuses, nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee, "I didn't think."
IV. Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may thy days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.
V. Thou shalt not fail to maintain thine own integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen the good respect for thyself.
VI. Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position that he hath gained by his own hard labor.
VII. Thou shalt not fail to live within thy income, nor shalt thou contract any debts when thou canst not see the way clear to pay them.
VIII. Thou shalt not be afraid to blow thine own horn, for he who so falleth to blow his own horn at the proper occasion findeth nobody standing ready to blow it for him.
IX. Thou shalt not hesitate to say "No" when thou meanest "No" nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are times when it is unsafe to bind thyself to hasty judgment.
X. Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last great commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this commandment hangs all the law and the profits of the business world.—Graham Hood.

Deutscher Gottesdienst.
Den Deutschen von Honesdale u. umgegend zur Kenntnis das in der Lutherischen Kirche, Church St. Jeden Sonntag morgen 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Uhr deutscher Gottesdienst stattfindet woszu alle deutschen Christen herzlich eingeladen sind.
H. COENEN, Pastor.

If you want to be worth a million dollars it would cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of many aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home—because you fear a lovely wife and a handsome home would be expensive—a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of charitable societies, a fretful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive.

A Tragic Event.
It was a teacher—and she was attending the Institute—and the same sad story that, alas, has often been told, and checked many a young life which had its beginning in sunshine, surrounded by luxury and the wealth of the world. Her eyes were now wild and staring, her face was flushed, her hands were nervously working. She was a deeply troubled and injured woman, and we hear her saying: "O, cruel one, I have injured the very foundations of my being! Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me. But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have injured my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part forever!" There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her "new shoe."

Fireproof Village for New Jersey.
On a big tract of land in Orange, N. J., which has laid undeveloped for many years, there has been started a unique building venture. The residents of Orange call it a "fireproof village." It is a colony of houses built entirely of terra cotta, designed to be fireproof inside and out.

There has not been attempted before any such large development of the "fireproof home" idea isolated houses of the kind have been built, but here there are twenty-four of them going up at once, as a beginning. Though they differ in architectural style, they are all alike in their structural qualities. It is used for walls, floors and partitions. The novel system of construction is largely due to the rise in the price of lumber in recent years. The cost of frame dwellings has approached so closely the cost of masonry dwellings, that the savings in maintenance and insurance on the fireproof structures more than makes up for the difference in original price. This economic consideration is the element that has caused so many homes of sturdy, permanent construction to spring up in the last two or three years.

Until recently terra cotta blocks were used almost exclusively for fireproofing business buildings. Plans for the first terra cotta dwelling in New York City were filed with the Building Department only last year.

The new colony in Orange calls for by far the largest order of hollow terra cotta blocks ever used in residence construction. Six thousand and tons of the burnt clay material are being shipped from the Perth Amboy factories of the National Fireproofing company. In terms of measurement, this means 500,000 square feet.

In the walls and partitions the blocks are laid end on end, so that the hollow spaces form continuous chambers from top to bottom. These "dead air" spaces, as they are called, make the walls non-conductors of heat, the result being a cooler house in summer and a warmer one in winter. In the floors the blocks are laid in rows between masonry beams, and any kind of surface flooring that individual taste calls for may be placed on top of them.

Consideration.
A man under the influence of liquor got on a suburban trolley-car. He got a seat and made himself quite offensive to an old lady who sat near him. When the conductor came around for his fare this old lady jumped up and said:
"Conductor, do you allow drunk people on this car?"
"No, madam," replied the conductor, "but sit down and nobody will notice you!"

Couldn't Miss It.
A young married couple, who resides not far from this place, were returning from their honeymoon trip on a sleeping car. During the night when the train was running slowly over some still, mountainous country, the bride, in a very soft voice, told John that she wanted a drink of water.
"All right, dear," replied John. "The cooler is only a step down the aisle."
"But how shall I know which berth is ours when I come back?" he asked timidly.
"I will stick my foot out in the aisle," said she, "then you can't miss it."
When he came back there was a large sized foot sticking out of every berth in the aisle.

REVERIES

Sensitive people seem to enjoy sensitiveness. They are always on the lookout for something to give them pain. They are much like a cat would be with a tall forty feet long, dragging around on the floor ready to be tramped upon. We are crowded pretty thick upon life's great thoroughfare, and can't well help elbowing each other as we pass along. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred no harm is intended, but those sensitive people, who have the longest and sharpest elbows of anybody, are always attributing a motive to every accidental jog they get. The fact is, personal importance is at the bottom of this whole thing. The world is not thinking about you—has no desire to hurt you—but you imagine that the whole world should be run in your interest.

A "Cheery Good morning" often sends a ray of sunshine streaming through the innermost recesses of a household, resting there all the live-long day, and again follows hastening footsteps into the mart of business, lighting up and brightening "the way of the world" as it goes. A hearty "Good night" often soothes many a troubled mind to rest, and heals the wounds which have either come anew to a struggling soul, or been re-opened by the harsh words or deeds that are spoken or done in season or out of season, as the daily battle of our life progresses. "Good morning," with a heartfelt wish for blessings in the tone of its utterance, cheers the heart of faint and fearful ones, and softens many a hard spot that has place by inheritance or cultivation. In the breasts of humanity, the lovelight, that beams from the eye when one is greeted by such words as "Good night" lights many a weary spirit to a chamber of rest and peace and to a land of pleasant dreams.

The home where "Good morning" and "Good night" are carefully said by one to another, are the homes of the world where good thoughts are generated, where good deeds have place, and from whence go out good lives.

Then don't forget to say "Good morning," say it to parents, to children, brothers, sisters, schoolmates, teachers, friends and to all you meet, and say it cheerfully and with a smile. It will do you good and do your friends good. It will cheer the discouraged, rest the tired ones, and somehow makes the wheel of life move more smoothly. A "Good morning" heartily spoken makes hope fresher and brighter and seems ready to make the morning good, and to be a prophesy of a good day to come after it.

Could anything be a better illustration of the way women do their work as compared with the way men do theirs, than to look over a village of say, a thousand families, on Monday? In a thousand little kitchens a thousand women would be seen thrusting wood into a thousand little cook stoves, beating a thousand little wash boliers, bending their backs over a thousand little washboards, and hanging their clothes on a thousand little clothes lines. If, by some singular social revolution, the men of such a village were to undertake to do the work, their first step would be to get up a stock company, invest capital in building and machinery, so organize the work that about a half dozen men would do the work for the whole town, receive good salaries therefor, and the rest of the men would go about their own business on Monday just as on any other days.

We are almost out of home girls; girls that are "mother's right hand;" girls that can cuddle the little ones next best to manna, and smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; girls that father takes comfort in for something better than beauty, and big brothers are proud of for something that outtricks the ability of leading a dude.

There is sweet music in every home where the heart strings are touched by gentleness and courtesy. The mild word, the gentle answer, the tender act, the patient consideration, will touch chords of kindness and make sweet melody in the family as everywhere. A desolate, dreary place is a home devoid of those little courtesies which are practiced in the best social life.

It is the little foxes that destroy the vines in home life. We have known men who would lay down their lives for their wives and children, who would almost have fits of apoplexy over a button off a shirt or a mislaid paper. There are women who would die at the stake for their husbands, but who have an almost unconscious habit of nagging the poor man from morning till night. Strange isn't it.

When news is scarce we have but little stock to fall back on. If we try to be "phunny we phall," and if we produce anything containing any merit outside of itemizing we dare not publish it, lest our readers will say, "that crank." If we touch on politics, we hear the cry of "calamity howler." If at times we feel religiously inclined and should make slight allusions, somehow the pith will get punched out, and some one will come in our sanctum and ask, "what did you intend to convey?" Sometimes we spell bad and

Betsy, who spells by intuition, will ask "how do you spell such a word?" We go on and spell it according to Hoyle. "Why didn't you write it so then?" These words will creep in and then the compositor will doubtless say, "old fool, I wish he would stop writing or learn to spell." Our greatest fault in this direction is, we are too lavish with letters. We have been caught with two d's in widow and two t's in city, all from a desire to be liberal and accord the "intrinsic value", in all cases. It is too late now. We have made a mistake in our calling, having had a touch of most everything. We sometimes think we ought to have been a clergyman, then we could have walloped our congregation with no back talk.

To All Whom it May Concern.
Gentle reader, you who owe us for this paper you are reading, as well as for several of its ancestors: Did you ever see an editor's pocketbook? Well, it is just as fallible and prone to emptiness as those of other common mortals. The newspaper business hasn't yet been brought to that degree of perfection that it can be run without expense, and until that is successfully done we shall be under the painful necessity of asking you for a little cash, now and then, especially now. We have been patient—in some cases long-suffering—knowing that your pocketbooks were about as lean and lank as our own. But now, the harvest is past and some of you have sold your hogs. When the big, round dollars begin to jingle in your breeches pockets, please remember that vacuum in the editorial purse.

For Our Merchants.
Is it not a fact the world over that the extent and skill of a firm's advertisement is taken as an indication of its importance? None but the best, largest and most successful firms advertise intelligently and continuously. Others may make a show, spasmodically, but their intermittent efforts lose them the benefit to be gained by unceasing effort in any pursuit. As well might a man expect to accomplish success in business by striking out with all his force in unsympathetic efforts for a day or two, and then loafing for an equal time, as to achieve the best results from advertising shiftlessly or intermittently. If you think it pays to advertise at all, set aside some fixed sum or per cent. for this especial purpose, select carefully the mediums to be used, then write your advertisement skillfully and truthfully, and have them printed continuously, with frequent change, and if you have anything that anybody wants you cannot fail to secure satisfactory results.

—How the children enjoy exchanging those good photographs with their school mates. What a nice keepsake! 24 for 25 cents.

The Schoolmarm.
We have always had the American schoolmarm, but according to a report of the United States Commissioner of Education, we now have her more than ever—and better. There are fewer men teachers to-day in the country than in 1875, while there are almost two and one-half times as many women teachers. Three hundred and sixty-nine thousand and American schoolmarms are teaching the young American idea how to shoot, and every year there are more lady and fewer men teachers. And the schoolmarm are better than ever before, and better paid, though not yet paid nearly enough. Some German professors and a few antiseptic near-Americans have rushed into print to complain about the swarming of the schoolmarms, and protesting that the schools are being over-feminized. We have not noticed it. The average American boy does not yet seem to show any unhealthy sign of shrinking, over-studiousness, and weakness, or any other of the vices that we associate with the gentler sex. He still retains a lingering taste for baseball, and he occasionally goes fishing or swimming instead of being allured by the over-feminized school.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,

OF HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA. at the close of business, Nov. 6th, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund.....	\$
Cash, specie and notes.....	85,128
Due from approved reserve agents.....	\$31,484 54 - 39,612 54
Nicksels, cents and fractional currency.....	1,142 21
Checks and other cash items.....	1,572 23
Bills discounted, not due.....	74,966 29
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral.....	20,800 00
Loans on call with collateral.....	15,431 47
Loans on call upon one name.....	1,000 00
Loans upon call upon two or more names.....	23,195 00
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages.....	14,100 00
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz.....	
Stocks, bonds, etc.....	\$44,280 41
Mortgages and judgments of record.....	36,480 22 - 80,770 63
Office Building and Lot.....	18,880 25
Furniture and fixtures.....	1,804 41
	\$ 283,443 33

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 75,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	5,000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	4,530 18
Deposits, subject to check.....	\$65,858 64
Deposits, special.....	142,883 11
Cashier's Checks outstanding.....	171 60 - 208,913 15
	\$283,443 33

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss: I, C. A. Emery, Cashier of the above named company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
C. A. EMERY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of Nov. 1909.
Rena S. Edgert, N. P.
Correct attest:
M. E. SMITH,
F. W. K. BREWER,
W. M. FOWLER, } Directors.

Telephone Announcement.

All of the New Telephone Company's contracts call for unlimited service without restriction as to the number of calls for Business and Residence Telephones. Other telephone users are cautioned to examine their contracts so that they will not receive limited service upon expiration of the six months' free service period. Limited service is dear at any price even with a little free service thrown in.

CONSOLIDATED TELEPHONE CO'S OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Foster Building, Honesdale.

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 Stock holders,

\$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.