

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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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1909.

Make yourself happy by seeing the best in people and things about you.

You can fool udder peoples some of der time, but you can fool yourself all der time.

A woman with a secret she must keep is the most unhappy of mortals, but she does not remain so very long.

One of the Judges behind that sweeping Standard Oil decision is a jurist named Hook. Another case of hook-worm Mr. Rockefeller?

The man who dyes his hair doesn't fool any more people, submits the Philadelphia Record, than the man who whitewashed his conscience.

Reform is the grandest thing in the world, when it is reform, but the professional reformers like Hearst of New York, Guffey of Pennsylvania, Davis of Arkansas, Tillman of South Carolina and the fifty-seven varieties of professional crooks make reform almost obnoxious. The pure food law should be applied to these unworthy fakers. They are a hindrance to real reform.

People are blamed curious creatures. When attending a public entertainment they all make a rush for the front seats, but when those same folks attend church the rush is right the reverse, everybody crowding into back seats until the empty pews are all between them and the preacher. It looks as if they are afraid to get salvation right off the bat, but would rather get it on the first or second bound.

The farmer is the man who moves the world, we might say. If he would go out on a strike and refuse to raise a crop for a single year, it would undoubtedly produce a more disastrous effect than would result from a universal strike of all the other labor organizations combined. In fact he could paralyze the world; yet there are many people who don't seem to know how much more our prosperity depends on the farmer than it does on the dude with the cane and waxed mustache.

"What is a dollar, anyhow?" The question is an easy one to answer. It is something a newspaper man enjoys more in anticipation than in reality. It is the price of a day's work for some men and a single night's drink for others. It is what the wife frequently needs, but seldom has. It is the power that makes or unmakes men. It is the hardest thing to get and the easiest thing to get rid of, known to mankind. It is a blessing in a small measure and a curse in many instances. It is mighty and scarce. No man ever had more than he wanted and no man ever will. A dollar is a snare and a delusion, and every one of us are chasing the delusion.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in Scranton. The Democratic organ—the Scranton Times—has started in its columns a crusade against the saloons by the way of the "Ladies' Entrance." It pictures in its vivid way the evils that are enacted in the back rooms of Scranton's saloons. Mayor Van Bergen, who was elected on the Republican ticket, comes out with a wishy-washy letter in which he claims that the motive of The Times is not to suppress the evils it mentions, but to reflect discredit upon his administration, and endeavors to impress the people that it is a political move. Everybody knows this and good thinking people all agree that it is a good move, for if political animosity can be turned in the direction of helping to stamp out the curse which The Times claims exist, it will accomplish infinitely more good than political combinations do when they elect men who are morally and intellectually unfit to hold office of trust and responsibility. Mayor Van Bergen is fitted by his past business experience to ascertain whether The Times is printing the truth or is making "one grand bluff" about these things and if he does not get busy and follow up the clues that The Times is giving him, and suppress or curtail these evils, it will look as if Scranton has a Mayor who is afflicted with a moral curvature of the spine.

Half the things we groan over at night will right themselves by tomorrow night if let alone.

We ardently wish that John J. Ingalls was on earth again—just to see what he would have said about Tillman refusing to cough up ten dollars for a dinner to the President.

Alabama, in one of the hottest contests ever known in that state, decided by a majority of 15,000 not to amend the state constitution and place the state in the Prohibition column. Feeling ran so high that fist-fights were too numerous to keep account of. The State has a local option law. Only three, possibly four, counties in the State, had majorities for the amendment.

William Jennings Bryan has come out flat-footed for Prohibition and will line up for Local Option and with the Anti-Saloon League. This means trouble for the liquor interests, for all the temperance forces need to carry the war still further into the camp of the enemy is an able leader. Bryan will fill the bill, and with a live issue that appeals to every home, and to every good thinking voter, he will cause such a rattling of dry bones in the ranks of the older parties that will cause their leaders to sit up and think. Bryan, although handicapped in his previous campaigns with a lot of decayed policies and ideas, managed to keep the Republican party on the anxious seat until the votes were counted, may possibly be carried into the Presidential chair by the wave of moral uplift that is now sweeping over this country and engulfing the saloons.

Advertised for a Wife. Up in Towanda a man named Fred Springer, an attache of the Hotel Kinney of that place, advertised for a wife; one who could sew, and cook and bake, and save money. Since he sent the advertisement to the papers he has become the busiest man in the busy village of Towanda, for up to yesterday he had received 787 letters, 200 telephone calls and he answered the letters and the telephone himself. Sayre appears to be the town with the greatest number of comely maidens who are anxious to secure a real live man, one they can love, cherish and obey.

Following is a sample from one of the anxious ones: "Freddie, Dear: "Thank you for your picture and for your lovely letter. I think that you are too sweet for anything. After doing on your photo, I hasten to say that I would faintly consider it a pleasure to bake your pancakes and send the washing out. "With love in advance, "CONSTANCE." Sayre, Pa., Nov. 20.

Come and help the boys pay for their uniforms by your presence at the ball of the Maple City F. & D. C. at Alert Hall, December 3rd. 3t

—The new winter Ladies' Waists at Menner & Co. are the latest models made of silk, lawn and fancy waistings.

Farmers' Week at State College. Hundreds of the progressive farmers of Pennsylvania spend one week of the winter at their State School of Agriculture and Experiment Station. The time is known as "Farmers' Week" and this year it begins Monday, December 27th, and closes Saturday, January 1st. Over one hundred lectures are given by State College scientists, experts from various parts of the state, and some of the most noted agricultural authorities of other states. Five sections of work are running nearly every period throughout the week. One section is devoted to soils, farm crops and farm management; another deals with practical problems in animal husbandry; another is devoted to horticulture; a fourth section deals with the problems of the dairyman and creameryman; a fifth section deals in part with domestic science. In the evening the various sections come together for addresses by gentlemen of national reputation. The evening program for this winter provides for illustrated lectures by Professor W. J. Spillman, of Washington, Professor C. G. Williams, of Ohio, Mr. B. D. White, of Washington, Professor R. L. Watts, of State College, and others. One evening will be devoted largely to an address by D. Ward King, the road expert. Other persons of note appear on the evening programs. All lectures are free.

Reduced fares to State College for Farmers' Week have been granted by all railroads in the Trunk Line Association. The rate is two cents per mile in each direction from points in Pennsylvania. Tickets will be sold to Lemont, or Bellefonte; or Williamsport. The reduction is an open one and it will not be necessary to secure orders for tickets. Simply ask your railway agent for tickets at the reduced rates. The program for Farmers' Week is now ready. Send a postal card to Alva Agee, State College, Pa., for a copy. It will give you information concerning the lectures to be given each day of Farmers' Week.

—The fur-lined and storm collar coats at Menner & Co. are just the thing for comfortable wear in extreme weather.

FUEL-SAVING DEVICE.

Test Made by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company.

One hundred and fifty locomotives of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been equipped with a new fuel-saving device which is expected to prove of immense value to railroads throughout the country. Economy in fuel has been, for many years, one of the great problems for railroad officials, so that they will welcome this new device with unusual interest.

On all locomotives there are air-brake pumps operated by steam, and it has been the practice to conduct the exhaust steam from the pumps to the "smoke box," to which the stack is attached, and there release it. The effect is to create a draft on the fire. Since much of the work of the brake pumps is done when the locomotive is at a standstill, or going down grade, this means that fuel is consumed uselessly.

The new arrangement is simply to carry the exhaust steam pipe outside, instead of inside, the smoke stack. The piping is carried forward in the usual manner, then upward around the smoke box, and is clamped against the stack. A 4-inch pipe, 15 inches long, is used to muffle the sound.

The arrangement is particularly economical in locomotives which have two air pumps, because the exhaust from two pumps creates practically a continuous draft on the fire, when the engine is standing or drifting, and necessitates a constant replenishing of the fuel.

Actual tests made by the Lehigh Valley show that the company is saving about 1,000 pounds of coal per engine on the descent of the grade from Glen Summit to Penn Haven Junction, Pa., a distance of 26 miles. In addition to the 150 locomotives already equipped others are being equipped as they pass through the shops.

THE ORIGIN OF COFFEE.

A Dervish Discovers Uses of the Plant and Berry Centuries Ago.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia, says a writer in Success. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 624 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mecha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norwegian gentleman by the name of De Cileux, a captain of infantry, on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Cileux with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, and not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until eventually he had pounds of coffee beans, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadeloupe and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree, and when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries.

The Oldest Book in the World. The oldest book in the world is a papyrus scroll now preserved in the National Library at Paris, says the Japan Register and Messenger. The scroll is very old; it was written about the year B. C. 2500—about 4410 years ago! Yet the scroll itself is only a copy of a much older treatise, and is said to date from the year B. C. 3400 or thereabouts—about 5310 years ago.—truly an old book, and one which shows that civilization and culture is by no means a new thing in the world.

The book is called the precepts of Ptah-Hotep, an Egyptian Viceroy, and son of one of the ancient kings of Egypt. It is said to have been written by its author late in life, as a book of guidance for his sons. In style it is very like the Proverbs of Solomon; indeed it is very difficult to suppose that King Solomon, who was a great scholar, and had many intimacies with Egypt, was unacquainted with the book when he was compiling the collection of old sayings which bears his name. The subjoined extract will give an idea of the character of the book.

"Here beginneth the book of the wise sayings of the Lord Prefect Ptah-Hotep, the first-born, the son of the King, the well-beloved of the Lord:

That the ignorant and the foolish may be instructed in the understanding of wisdom.

Whoso giveth ear, to him these words be as riches; To him that heedeth them not, to the same shall come emptiness forever.

Thus speaketh he, giving counsel unto his son. Be not thou puffed up with thy learning; honour the wise, neither withhold thou honour from the simple.

The gates of art are closed unto none; whose entereth threat though he seeketh perfection, yet shall he not find it.

But the words of wisdom are hid, even as the emerald is hid in the earth, and adamant in the rock, which the slave diggeth up.

Yield unto him whose strength is more than thine who falleth upon thee in anger, be not thou inflamed, neither lay thy hands upon him, so shalt thou escape calamity.

He is forward, it shall not profit thee to contend against him; be contained, and when he rageth against thee, oppose him not; so in the end shalt thou prevail over him.

If one rail against thee, and flout thee, answer him not again, but be as one who cannot be moved; even so shalt thou overcome him. For the bystanders shall declare that he who, being provoked, holdeth his tongue, is greater than he who provoketh; and thou shalt be honoured of those who have understanding.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

The wolf on the national doorstep seems more real to Mr. James J. Hill than to the rest of us, while the vision of hostile battalions menacing our coasts is more real to the rest of the country than to him. We are spending hundreds of millions yearly for past wars and present defense, and very little for ammunition against the wolf. "The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors," Mr. Hill declares, "would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population."

Mr. Hill is perhaps the best authority on the great wheat regions of the Northwest, and his article is published in The World's Work (November), whose editor is a member of the Country Life Commission, so these words come with considerable weight. This appeal for the stopping of agricultural waste is looked upon by the Springfield Republican as "good economic gospel," while the New York Tribune regards it as "one of the most timely and pertinent utterances which have been made on the whole subject of the conservation of our natural resources." Mr. Hill's conclusions are based upon a careful study of statistics as well as a thorough personal knowledge of the great wheat-producing section. He first reminds us that our national prosperity and all our varied activities are after all founded upon "the agricultural growth of the nation and must continue to depend upon it."

Our agricultural population, though comparing favorably with any in the world, must, however, be taught to honor its occupation and to make the occupation worthy of honor." This result can be brought about only by instruction in modern scientific agriculture and in farm economy and management. As a means to such an extension of our educational system Mr. Hill suggests:

"If I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 a year and start at least 1,000 agricultural schools in the United States at \$5,000 a year each, in the shape of model farms. This model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. Its purpose would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. Cultivating, perhaps, from forty to sixty acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock-raising, alternation of crops, and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting, and marketing. The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders how their daily labors might bring increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and its needs. As fast as it was followed, it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise more attractive to the young and the intelligent, and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitutes our enduring national wealth.

Results reached by this arrangement would have the conclusiveness of a demonstration in science. Every crop that could be or ought to be raised should be experimented with, not at some distant spot seldom visited, but right at home on the farm. I would bring the model farm into every agricultural county; and if any farmer was in doubt, he could visit it, see with his own eyes, and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as

well as a material aspect."

Mr. Hill then proceeds to explain his fears for the future. He estimates that "by about the middle of the present century, or in less than fifty years," the population of the United States will be 200,000,000. At the same time, according to our present standard of living and advance in population, and taking into consideration the rising price of wheat and the limited "possible increase of wheat production by increasing acreage," he figures that each year we will come short of feeding "these coming millions" by a shortage of 400,000,000 bushels of wheat. Moreover, even now the growth of wheat production no longer keeps pace with the growth of our population, and we must therefore "provide from some source for an annual deficit of more than 35,000,000 bushels." To quote further:

"I have stated the national problem in terms of wheat for the sake of clearness; its solution admits of similar statement. The average wheat yield per acre in the United States in 1907 was 14 bushels. The average for the last ten years is 13.88. That is, in 1907 it required 45,211,000 acres to produce the 634,087,000 bushels that we raised. It is a disgraceful record. . . . Suppose that the United States produced 28 bushels, or double its present showing. That would be nothing extraordinary in view of what European countries have done with inferior soils and less favorable climates. It would have added 634,000,000 bushels to our product last year.

"Here we perceive an answer to the question that the future asks. Here we see how the 200,000,000 people of about the year 1950 are to be fed. Here we see where the money will come from for our national support. It must be earned by and paid to the farmers of this country. But that implies a kind of agriculture differing greatly from that which now prevails. . . .

"We can not feed our future population with our present methods. We must improve; and years of scientific investigation and practical experience have demonstrated how it may be done."

The Model Subscriber.

Good morning, sir; Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day? I owe you for next year's paper, and I thought I'd come in and pay. And Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here, I shut down lendin' it to him and then coaxed him to try it a year. And here is a few little items that happened last week out our way; I thought they'd look good for the paper and so I just jotted 'em down. And here is a basket of apples my wife picked expressly for you; and here is a pumpkin from Jennie—she thought she must send something, too. You're doing the politics bully, as all of our family agree; but keep your old goose quill a-flappin' and give bad men a good one for me. And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time; I've things of my own I must tend to—good day, sir, I believe I will climb." The editor sat on his hard bottom chair, and brought down his fist with a thump. "God bless that sturdy farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular ole trump." And it's thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still, there are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will. But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound, and they who have labored and rested, shall come from the quivering ground, when they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race, shall march at the head of the column, each one in his God given place, as they march through the gates of the golden city with proud victorious tread, the country editor and his devil will travel not far from the head.

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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.

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the mild weather we are over stocked with a large line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats, which we are compelled to cut prices on. All of our stock must go as we do not intend to carry any goods over.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AND SAVE MONEY.

Remember we handle nothing but the best made clothes in the county.

SUITS. For young men or old we can please you well for we have suits here made by Strause Bros. and David Addler, the best makers in the world in so wide a range of patterns and sizes that every taste, everybody can be fitted perfectly.

OVERCOATS. As with our suits, so it is with our overcoat garments here for young and old made by Strause Bros. and David Addler to suit the exacting requirements of the best dressed men in the world.

Remember we have a full line of the Best Gent's Furnishing Goods in the market. Men's Hats and Caps, Shirts, Collars, Underwear, Pajamas, Trunks, and Dress Suit Cases, Hand Bags and the best Rain Coats to be found.

Children's Suits \$1 up to \$7. **REMEMBER THE PLACE** Children's Overcoats \$1.50 to \$7.

BREGSTEIN BROS.