

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1909.

Congress is now in session. Wait until you hear the Cannon roar.

A man has just died in Chicago who confessed he wrote "Beautiful Snow."

The comet can now be seen with a three-inch glass. This means a telescope and not the three-finger kind.

A sure way of getting other people's money is to have something they want and to let them know it, and what price they must pay for it. These facts told simply, plainly and honestly through advertisements, correctly written and placed in the right newspaper, will as surely bring you money in exchange for your goods as that the day succeeds the night.

When the frost is on the windows, and the kitchen pail is froze; when the little icy needles comes with every breath that blows; when the chilblains make us sick and cold feet give us pain; it's safe to bet we all wish for summer days again. For while we swear and fume around in summer clothes; it is an easy thing to cool off, as everybody knows. But its different in the winter, when the world is full of ice, and the weather is as hard to beat as a pair of loaded dice. We may talk about our climate and about our spring and fall, but the balmy days of summer are the days that suit us all.

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN.

President Taft is realizing that there is some truth in the above new fangled Proverb, for he is being prodded on all sides; even our contemporary The Independent, has its big stick out, and its last issue contained a long editorial, the rear end of which has the North American brand, while the front end is a maverick. It is the usual Mrs. Caudle lecture. We are not surprised at this outburst of our highly esteemed neighbor, for he has for some time, in fact, ever since the primaries were held that preceded our last general election, been soaring with his airship up in the skies, and it is about time for him to come down for more gasoline.

Reciprocity is a great thing for a town. The mechanic desires to be favored with work in his line if there is any demand whatever for his services in the town where he resides. The merchant and tradesman desire the patronage of all in their community. Now how unjust it seems when we find the former advertising people whom they know and have influence with, to go off to some adjoining town to buy, when, at the same time, all things considered, they could have done just as well or better at home. And just so with the second-class when they seek every method to throw the former out of a job at home. Brethren, these things ought not to many a dollar into the hands of our be. Often, just a word would turn citizens, that now go away to enhance other interests than our own. In union there is strength; let us stand by one another, help one another and show a spirit of reciprocity.

The streets are now thronged with busy buyers and the merchants are raising their heads in ecstasy. The activity on the thoroughfares beams with metropolitan life. What is the use of harping about hard times? Our town has stood well the test of monetary stringency, our people are living well, our town is progressing, we have all the advantages and resources that could be reasonably wished for; then, why should our people continue to complain of hard times? The least said of misfortune or bad times and bad conditions, the better it will be in the end. Let us lift our voices and with one accord exult over good luck during the few months. Let us speak the truth of our resources, our business and our general stability. Ours is a good, solid, progressive, conservative borough with brilliant prospects of being some day a metropolis and we can do much for it by speaking of its continual, steady advancement. Let us do it.

While it is true that James J. Hill is a remarkable prophet in that he gives dates, he makes them far enough ahead to avoid a come-back.

Sheldon, President of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Co. got away with a million dollars. He evidently thought the company had money to burn.

What's the matter with sending Uncle Joe Cannon as a special Ambassador to Nicaragua to call Zelaya to order. He would do it or knock his head off.

Physicians say that the new woman is becoming round shouldered by wearing suspenders to support heavy skirts. We are of the opinion that it is caused by supporting good-for-nothing husbands.

The hope of the world lies in the little child. If all the children of one generation were humanely trained both at home and at school, what a leap upward unto golden possibilities civilization would make!

WHAT TO GIVE!

Millions are asking to-day, What am I going to give? And the answer must be, Give what you can of material things; there are many that gain happiness only from things that are bought and sold, and you wish to give happiness to all; but remember, there are other gifts besides those that can be weighed and measured. He who gives friendship to the heart-sick, strength to the weak, encouragement to the faltering and inspiration to those who are made for greater things, gives infinitely more than they who give jewels of fabulous price. Give in every manner possible; every gift is a good gift; every day is intended to be a Christmas day; but give principally from the riches of heart and soul. It is such gifts that add most truly to the welfare and happiness of the world; and it is such a purpose that the Christmas spirit has come to create in the life of the human race.

Japanese Sensitiveness.

Sensitiveness exists in the Japanese to an extent never supposed by the foreigners who treat them harshly at the open ports. In Izumo I knew a case of a maid servant who received a slight rebuke with a smile, and then quietly went out and hung herself. I have notes of many curious suicides of a similar sort. And yet the Japanese master is never brutal or cruel. How Japanese can serve a certain class of foreigners at all, I can't understand. Possibly they do not think of them (the foreigners) as being exactly human beings,—but rather Oni, or at best Tengu.

Well, here is another thing. My cook wears a smiling, healthy, rather pleasing face. He is a good looking young man. Whenever I used to think of him I thought of the smile, I saw a mask before me merry as one of those little masks of Oho-kumihushi-no-kami they sell at Mionosaki. One day I looked through a little hole in the shoji, and saw him alone. The face was not the same face. It was thin and drawn, and showed queer lines worn by old hardship. I thought "he will look just like that when he is dead." I went in, and the man was all changed—young and happy again,—nor have I ever seen that look of trouble in his face since. But I know when he is alone he wears it. He never shows his real face to me; he wears the mask of happiness as an etiquette.

—In the Dec. Atlantic.

The Value of Work.

Work is noble, and it is just as necessary for the progress of man as food and clothing. Wherever we look we can see the result of work of some kind; and Nature, the greatest of all teachers, is constantly reminding us that if we want to be happy, useful and strong, we must do something for ourselves and others. If God did not intend that we should work, He would not have given us so many faculties. The workers of the world are the doers, and it is a blessed privilege to be able to prove that we are not in the idle class. Did you ever think that if we all stopped work there would be nothing in the world to interest us? It is a strange but true fact that, if we do not use our faculties and muscles, we will soon lose them. Your brain is made to think with, and if you fail to use it properly you will not only weaken your memory, but you will destroy your power for clear thinking. It is the same with your muscles. If you neglect to give them exercise, they will become flabby, soft and useless, and you cannot raise a light weight without feeling tired. To be well-balanced, one should use both his brain and his muscles carefully. This does not mean that boys should try to become extraordinary athletes, or that they should strive to perform some wonderful feat that unduly taxes their mental faculties. Simply work moderately with both brain and muscle, but do not allow them to lie dormant. When a child is playing, he is working; when a man or woman works, he or she is playing.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ADVERTISE YOUR HOLIDAY GOODS.

River Water Eats Off Feathers.

Fish Commissioner William E. Meehan has been asked to make an inspection of the Clarion river on one of the most original complaints ever filed in his office. It is to the effect that the stream, which is a part of the Allegheny system, is so polluted by acids and refuse from manufacturing plants that no living thing can remain in its waters and the commissioner says that he has been informed that cows wading in the stream lose the hair from their legs, while the ducks long since quit the waters because the acids ate off their feathers and crippled their legs.

Mr. Meehan says that the river is the most polluted in the State and that the business men of the towns along its banks are writing for state aid for better conditions.

Next week the commissioner will confer with members of the legislature at Pittsburg in regard to ways and means to improve stream conditions within Allegheny county. He has a comprehensive scheme for the purification of the stream and will ask for aid in the next session. A conference will also be held in New Castle next week in regard to the conditions in the Shenango Valley.

Great Trade Secrets.

One of the profoundest trade secrets in the world is that pertaining to the manufacture of ink used in printing Uncle Sam's banknotes. This ink is invaluable for Government purposes. Indeed, it cannot do without it, inasmuch as it is the only known variety that will "take" on the peculiar surface of the paper employed for the notes; a paper that is, to a great extent, another carefully guarded secret. These considerations are a great safeguard against counterfeiting; for would be forgers are confronted with the task of simulating not only unique paper itself, but unique ink as well. It is said that the Government pays one man, the sole possessor of the formula for making this ink, some fifty thousand dollars annually. Another invaluable trade secret in the matter of banknote paper is preserved by the Bank of England. This secret is known only to the governor of the bank and to three other persons, and about all the outside world knows of the paper is that charred husks and Rhenish vines—a strangely incongruous combination—are among the ingredients.

Of private trade secrets perhaps the most famous is that of the manufacture by the Chartreuse monks of the famous liqueur that bears their name. This liqueur is said to be flavored with more than fifty varieties of seeds and flowers. An annual profit of over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is netted to the religious order, which, it is understood, is distributed among various religious and charitable institutions. An interesting story is that the Rothschild family once offered a representative of the monks five million dollars for the secret; but the offer was promptly declined. The Benedictine monks possess a trade secret, also pertaining to the manufacture of a liqueur, scarcely less profitable than that of Chartreuse. The recipe for making it was lost during the French Revolution, and for awhile its manufacture ceased. The priceless recipe turned up again, however, and the fortunate monks resumed their lucrative industry.

About Advertising.

Advertising is a legitimate part of a newspaper's stock in trade, and something to be paid for like any other commodity. Some persons in every community need education on this subject.

The more rural the locality the more contracted the ideas of the applicant and the more he feels at liberty to ask for free advertising that shall contribute to something in which he is interested. Thus it often happens that people will request a "notice" of their entertainment out of which they propose to make money, provided they can get the notice without paying for it. The chances are that the persons asking such favors of a newspaper have been to some other printing office to get their circulars and their tickets printed—not for nothing, however. They can understand that the advertising which the circulars and such afford is to be paid for, but they do not fully comprehend why a newspaper should not notice and benefit their speculation without charging for it. These remarks are preliminary to the statement of a business principle which prevails in all regulated newspaper offices, and which is based on principles of equity. It is this: Whatever a newspaper publishes that is calculated to put money in the coffers of an individual or to further the interest of his business in any way the newspaper is entitled to pay for its service. That is the long and short of the principle. A newspaper must have a revenue from its advertising just as much as the baker must have pay for his bread. The one is as much a stock in trade as the other and in large cities this is well understood and every bit of space in the city papers is well paid for. It is undoubtedly true that in some small places in the country, feeble newspapers yield to the kind of sponging referred to. In such places there are always persons who think the whole newspaper establishment is at their beck and command if they take one copy of the weekly paper.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE.

On Friday Evening "Et. Elmo" Will Be Played in Honesdale. Since the first appearance of "St. Elmo" many years ago, its author,

Augusta Evans Wilson, has enjoyed a unique fame, more especially here in the north, which afforded her inspiration for her notable work. Written in the peculiar and dignified style that characterized the mental attitude of that day, and with extraordinary insight into the thoughts and habits of men, the book sets forth in interest-compelling fashion a romantic story that has never since ceased to appeal.

For many years Mrs. Wilson absolutely refused to have the book dramatized, and it was not until a few months before her death that she decided to have it presented in dramatic form and her happy choice of Willard Holcomb, as the person to do this work for her has since proven the good judgment of her selection. This adaptation is the only authorized dramatization and will be presented at the Lyric on Friday evening, Dec. 10th.

A REMARKABLE EXPEDIENT.

Gold Ball Introduced in Esophagus Prolonged But Could Not Save Life.

Milton Craig, of Little Gap, died at the Palmerton hospital following an operation for the relief of a stricture or contraction of walls of the esophagus. A year ago Craig complained of an affection of the throat and experienced great difficulty in swallowing food. Physicians in St. Luke's Hospital, South Bethlehem, discovered the cause of the trouble, and in order to treat his throat made an incision into the abdominal wall, introduced a tube into the stomach and fed the man on liquid food. The operation, however, failed to relieve Craig. Subsequently he was taken to the Palmerton hospital, where a small golden ball was attached to a cord and lowered into the esophagus and left there, the string having been given slack enough to allow the ball to work itself downward through the esophagus, and thus open it. For a time this worked well, the ball going down gradually, and it was thought that the young man's life might be saved. An effort to remove the ball, however, disclosed that it had become imbedded in the tissues of the throat and death soon followed.

Murray and Mackey Comedy Co.

Honesdale's favorite players come to the Lyric for a week's engagement starting Monday, Dec. 13th, with a complete repertoire of new plays, a much stronger company, new and gorgeous scenic effects for each play, and a coterie of high class vaudeville acts. The management is fully prepared to please and delight all of their many friends and patrons in this city. On Monday evening they will present that beautiful play, "Why He Divorced Her," a four act comedy drama that is sure to please all classes of theatre goers, containing as it does, comedy, pathos and thrilling situations. A vaudeville performance that is the best that high salaries can procure will be given, different numbers being interspersed between the acts. The management has surrounded Mr. J. M. Donavin and Miss Florence J. Murray with a superb acting company who are fully capable artists in their respective lines. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Ladies tickets issued on Monday evening.



BEATRICE WORTH
 * * * * *
 ST. ELMO

At the Lyric Theatre next Friday Evening.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c, per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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

How Edison Fooled Himself.

When the general office of Edison's company was first started in New York there was always a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and these were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused, that he could never keep any of his Havanas, and, as he could never by any possible chance think to lock his desk, he didn't know what he should do in the matter. "Why," said the friend, "I can help you out on that. I have an intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make you up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage leaves and all sorts of vile smelling stuff, that will cure your friends. Edison thanked him and straightway forgot all about the offer. Two months or more passed before he again met his friend.

"Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends."

"Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager."

"Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange; I wonder where they can be?"

"Let us inquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did.

"Why," said the person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to California."

"Great snakes," exclaimed Edison; "then I must have smoked them myself." And he had.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mark Twain's Tough Turkey.

Mark Twain, when he worked in Nevada on the Virginia City Enterprise, inserted in the news a good many boarding house jokes.

In revenge the humorist's sensitive fellow boarders in Virginia City decided to put up a game on him. They enlisted the landlady's help, and at the Thanksgiving dinner at the boarding house, Mark Twain, by a dexterous piece of sleight-of-hand, was served, apparently direct from the fowl, with a turkey leg of painted wood.

The humorist sawed away solemnly at the wooden leg for some time.

Then he said to the landlady, with a frown:

"You've changed your poultry dealer, haven't you, ma'am?"

"Why, no, Mr. Clemens," she replied. "What makes you think so?"

"This turkey," he answered, giving the wooden drumstick a little whack with his knife. "It's about the tenderest morsel I've struck in this house for some months."—Kansas City Star.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Let a teacher make one mistake, which is possible but not probable, and the whole community is ready to criticize, reprehend, anathematize, but they may go up and down the world doing good, making useful citizens for such, civilizing hoodlums, taming coyotes, toning down wildcats and no word of commendation is heard. It is acceptable as a matter of course. It is taken to be the teacher's duty. There is no use talking, things in this world are unequal, but there may be a world where these inequalities are not, on the golden shore, where men shall see face to face. All good teachers ought, and will, eventually, go to heaven, but it would be no more than decency and justice if earth were made more agreeable.

A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall engage in grammar, as I prefer her engage in yuseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars, and I can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her engage in german and drawing and vocal music on the peano."

Many parents seem to think that it makes little difference whether their children are prompt in their attendance at school or not. They think that five minutes off the end of a half day now and then will be little hindrance to their child's progress. Well, the pupil will not lose much real information, by being occasionally a few minutes late, but he will lose that which is more important—he will lose his interest in school.

—Advertise in the Citizen.

SPECIAL WINTER SALE

-- AT --

MENNER & CO.'S STORES

Real Fur Coats--Black, Russian Pony, Caracul and Electric Seal.

Black Lynx, Black Fox and Sable Fox, MUFFS and COLLARS. All New Shapes and Reliable Skins.

LADIES' SUITS in the New Winter Shapes and cloths.

Girls' and Children's Coats suitable for school and dresswear.

Evening Capes and Dress Coats for Opera and Dressy wear. Light Novelty shades of cloth.

Long Coats and Easy Fur Collared Winter Cloaks.

MENNER & CO. KEYSTONE STORES.



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 THE GREAT HOLIDAY BAZAAR

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and when near SOMMER'S JEWELRY STORE call in and see the elegant line of Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,—also Haviland and Japanese China, Umbrellas, Brick-a-brac and Novelties.

