

FIGURES THAT DO NOT DEPRESS.

The popular magazines have lately been oppressed with the notion that there is something wrong with the churches. One of these has published a symposium on the subject, "What is the Matter with the Churches?" to which a large number of prominent ministers have contributed their answers. Of course the replies are various, and most of them contain or imply an admission that something is wrong somewhere, but the composite result is not unanimous. The Western Methodist (Little Rock) retorts with a story of Benjamin Franklin who "asked a party of wise men why a tub of water weighing, say, 75 pounds, would weigh no more if a 10-pound fish should be placed in it." This question was learnedly discussed with all possible pros and cons, after which Franklin said: "Gentlemen, are you sure the tub will not weigh 10 pounds more?" This Methodist journal takes up the role of Franklin with the assistance of the recently issued bulletin of the United States Census Bureau covering the religious statistics of the country. It gives us such fact and comment as this:

"The bulletin deals with membership figures and other figures only as they apply to the United States—does not consider statistics of the missions of the several churches in other lands; and the bulletin covers the years 1890-1906, sixteen years, 1906 being the latest year for which the bureau had gathered statistics. If the enterprising editor of The Delineator had seen this bulletin beforehand, he probably would not have sent out his question.

"Now, the census bulletin shows that as a matter of fact the growth of the churches is considerably in advance of the growth of the population. During the years considered the population of the country increased 33.8 per cent., while the churches increased 60.4 per cent. In 1890 the churches held in their membership 32.7 per cent. of the whole population; in 1906 they held 39.1 per cent. During the sixteen years the church-buildings increased 35.3 per cent., and the value of church property increased 85.1 per cent. The Roman Catholics made the heaviest gain, showing an increase of 93.5 per cent., while the Protestant bodies showed an increase of 44.8 per cent. The Catholics have been aided, of course, immensely by immigration. But more than one-half of all the religious organizations of the country are still in the hands of the Methodists and the Baptists, to say nothing of other Protestant denominations. This does not look like the churches are dying. We might add that eight new church-buildings per day are being added to the equipment of the churches. The Manufacturers' Record (Baltimore) has just given out the statement that during the first ten months of the present year the South has put \$13,000,000 into church-buildings."

Another fact, we read, and one which may surprise some who have been having so much to say about the dearth of preachers is that the proportion of preachers to the number of members rose considerably during the sixteen years." Further: "In 1890 there was one preacher for every 185 members, while in 1906 there was one for every 139 members.

"While we are on this subject of church statistics, we will notice another phase. The Baptist brethren are certainly doing well. The figures show that taking all the Baptist bodies together they have gained during the sixteen years 52.5 per cent., about twice the gain of the Methodist bodies. The Baptist Watchman thinks that these figures would indicate that the Baptists are the largest church in the country. We congratulate our Baptist brethren and wish them mighty well. But they need not be too quick to assume that they are the greatest body of Protestants in this country. The facts are that the Methodist Episcopal church gained 33 per cent.; the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, gained over 35 per cent.; that these two churches show an actual increase during the sixteen years of 1,174,304, against the actual increase of the Southern Baptist Convention, the two corresponding white churches, of 981,485."

APPLES.

At a land and irrigation show held in Chicago, one of the visitors, an ex-Congressman from Iowa, waxed eloquent over the apple exhibit. "The second most beautiful thing in the world," said the gallant Iowan "is a ripe apple."

The love of apples is by no means confined to ex-Congressmen. There are a lot of everyday Americans whose heartstrings twine round the Northern Spy, whose souls thirst for the juicy Astrachan. The steaming dumpling, sweet and palatable and indigestible, has become a familiar part of the autumn landscape.

As years go, 1909 was a great year for apples. Thirty-five million barrels is the latest estimate for the United States and Canada—twelve million more than in the previous year. Most of the Eastern States have shown gains, the West has produced a better quality, and the Southern States have doubled last year's yield.

Yet there is something vitally wrong with the apple situation. Insects, tree diseases, produce dealers and railroads have conspired to prevent the general use of this fruit as food in our large cities. Within the boundaries of one of our great apple growing States the resident of the Metropolis delivers up five cents for one apple polished on the sleeve of an Italian vendor, and sighs for the days of apple wealth back on the farm.

BEAN FAMINE IN BOSTON.

Is Relieved by a Big Importation of 10,000 Bushels Straight From England.

Borne to the hotbed of Yankeeedom from the shores of perfidious Albion in preparation for the proverbial hard winter, the succulent but common bean, the pride of Boston and the joy of New England, has arrived 10,000 bushels strong in Boston harbor aboard the good ship Anglian, and the threatened danger of a bean famine has been averted, says the Boston Post. The Boston baked bean, fresh from England, is ready to start out on its annual peregrination to New Hampshire, where it is eaten with a dash of catsup, and to Vermont, where it is consumed with stewed tomatoes and cream cheese; to Maine, where it is considered a delicacy if served with oil and vinegar, and to Rhode Island, where Chili sauce is thought indispensable; to Connecticut, where it is eaten with whatever is in the ice chest, and to Pennsylvania, where sugar or molasses is what is most desired.

Most nourishing of all earthly fruits, the Boston baked bean, fresh from England, stands ready for the Saturday night sacrifice and the Sunday morning rearming. Ready to turn itself loose from the uppermost boundary of Maine to the lower boundary line of Connecticut, and then some, the product of England and the pride of Boston lies packed in its little burlap bags.

In New England they will be cooked in beanpots. Everywhere else throughout the country they will be cooked in tin pans.

Wherever they are served voices will rend the air every Saturday night and every Sunday morning, saying: "Why on earth can't you learn to cook these beans the way that my grandmother used to cook them?"

Brownbread, steaming hot, lukewarm or clammy cold, will garnish the plate beside them. Plate after plate will be tucked beneath the belts of thousands upon thousands of true Americans. Boarding house mistresses all over the country will tell the boarders that they are more nourishing than the finest beefsteak. Boarders in the same places will take exception to the statement.

Some of the beans will be soggy and gummed together in an adhesive mass. Some will be juicy and swimming in brown "liquor." Those who get the juicy ones will want the soggy kind, while those who receive the adhesive variety will lift their voices in protestation and demand that in the future their beans be served wet.

Many a New England boy will cry for more beans of a Saturday night and will be told that he can have "just three beans" and no more. And in many a happy home there will be many a fond mother and father who awake from slumber in the still watches of Sunday morning and wish that they had followed the advice they gave their offspring.

On New Year's Day many a small boy will step furtively into a grocery store and ask for a bag full of "Boston baked beans, uncooked," and now, thanks to the imports from England, his request will be readily granted.

From Maine to California, from Seattle to El Paso, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, in Hawaii and the Philippines, wherever in the world a Yankee has his home, there shall be a bean night, and that bean night shall be Saturday. Wherever the Stars and Stripes of the national emblem flap deliriously in the breezes of heaven, whether on the land or on the high seas, there shall be a weekly bean-eating rite, sacred and inviolate.

Up from the bean barrel, out of the big paper bag, bought in small lots from the grocer, purveyed ready-to-serve from the bakery, canned to the hand with pork on top, the tiny but omnipresent bean shall be devoured at stated periods by every American worthy of the name.

And wherever the consumer dwells the beans shall be known as the Boston baked bean.

And the Boston baked bean comes from England.

REWARD FOR SNAKE.

It has been said by many that Monroe and Pike counties were noted for Democrats and rattlesnakes which were their principal products. If this is true there is an opportunity for some one in these counties to secure the \$50 reward offered by State Zoologist Surface for a horned snake. Some one who had been drinking a bad quality of liquor declared that he had seen a horned snake and Prof. Surface, who is deeply interested in animal life, has been very anxious to secure a specimen ever since, but without success. Many different varieties have been sent the department presided over by this gentleman, but none have come up to what would be accepted by the general public as a horned snake. In consequence he has offered a cool half hundred of Uncle Sam's dollars for one. Here's a chance for research in snakeology and make a little pin money on the side. Ye snake fiends get busy.—Ex.

It is peculiarly strange that so many people mentally associate Democrats and snakes with all horned species, and Monroe and Pike counties as places where they mingle.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

REFORM BEGUN AND ENDED.

"NOW, Nancy, dear, the comin' year,"
Quoth Jarley to his wife,
"Let's try and see if you an' me
Can't live a peaceful life.
We've jawed an' fit like the old split
Sense last year fust begun.
But my mind's sot—next year our
lot
Must be a pleasant one."



"NOW, NANCY, DEAR."

"OH, well and good, and so it should,"
His worthy spouse replied.
"I'm sure that peace should never
cease
In this house to abide.
'Twixt you and me I can't quite see
Why trouble need creep in,
And for my part I've got the heart
To do the best I kin."

"YES, yes, I know you allus show
A very willin' heart,
An' when there's work you never
shirk,
But allus do your part.
But, tell me now, when ther's a row
Who allus does begin?
An' tell me, too—I dar' ye to—
Who allus must gin in?"



"WHO ALLUS DOES BEGIN."

"NOW, Jabez, sho! You'd otter
know
That ain't no way to talk.
I never seen a man so mean,
Not by a good, long chalk.
You have your say and have your
way,
Let come what will to me,
And when I try to argufy
You never will agree!"

"WELL, well, there now, by gum,
I vow
If that don't beat me out!"
And Jarley roared a big cuss word
That put his wife to rout.
But as she fled she turned her head
And hissed most spitefully,
"Jabe Jarley, you your whole life
through
A sinful brute will be!"



"A SINFUL BRUTE WILL BE!"

THUS do we see how speedily
Good resolutions fail—
How weak the mind of human kind
When inner foes assail.
On New Year's day—it is our way—
Our failings we arraign,
But ere the year does disappear
We often fail again.
—Frank B. Welch.

New Year's Calls.
"Madam," began the red nosed tramp,
"this is just a little New Year's call,
and"
"And so is this," interrupted the
farmer's wife as she came out into the
yard. "Here, Tiger! Here, Tiger!" she
called. "Sick 'em, Tiger!"
And the caller and the called disap-
peared in the distance.

An Impossible Combination.
They were talking of the strange
sights to be seen in a great city, and
one man paid his tribute to New York.
"I don't believe one of you could
think of any combination of circum-
stances that hasn't at some time oc-
curred on the streets there," he said.
"I reckon I know of one that's never
occurred there," said Hiram Fowle.
"What's that?" asked the other,
curiously.
"I guess," said Hiram, slowly, "that
you've never seen, nor ever will see,
a brass band going in one direction
an' the heft of the folks going the
other."

The Mind's Power.
"Zola," said a psychologist, "once
wrote in a lady's album that his fa-
vorite amusement was writing and his
favorite wish a sudden death. Zola
died suddenly.
"And it is a strange thing," said the
psychologist, "that those who prefer
a sudden death usually have their
preference gratified. It is one of those
things which go to show the mind's
mysterious power. Who knows but it
is this very desire for death, quick,
painless, undreaded, which actually
causes that happy kind of death? The
mind, you know, has a power that we
have only just begun to understand."

The Way of the Reformer.
Every new truth which affects life
must pass through a period in which
it is hated before it attains the pe-
riod in which it is loved. What people
dread is change; what they wish is to
be let alone. They will kill the re-
former, if they can, and only those
reformers who refuse to be killed, but
who for years together go on savagely,
patiently, tenderly reiterating the
same message, in the end have their
way, and are believed.—Rev. Elwood
Worcester's "The Emmanuel Move-
ment" in the Century.

Castor Oil the Cure-All.
In hot spells castor oil is the king
cure-all.

SHOWS NO IMPROVEMENT.



"I don't see that her college edu-
cation has improved her much."
"No!"
"No. She helps her mother with
the housework just as if she hadn't
been educated."—Detroit Free Press.

Parious Times.
"A man has to draw it fine these
days."
"What do you mean?"
"Staying ten minutes after office
hours each day will probably make a
good impression, but staying fifteen
is liable to excite suspicion that you
are monkeying with the books."—
Modern Society.

A Safer Job.
"So you don't guide hunting-parties
any more?" asked the stranger.
"Nope," said the guide. "Got tired
of being mistook for a deer."
"How do you earn a living now?"
"Guide fishin'-parties. So far, no-
body ain't mistook me for a fish."

Weather Changed.
It had been raining steadily, and
the four-year-old had resigned him-
self to looking out the window. Sud-
denly out came the sun. "Well," ex-
claimed he, "there's the sun! Isn't
God a caution?"—The Delineator.

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