

# THE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY BY THE CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered as second-class matter, at the post-office, Honesdale, Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION ..... \$1.50

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1910.

Look up and scan the sky for Halley's comet. If you don't see it you will at least have your thoughts mounting skyward, and your mind dwelling on the wonders of God whom we are indebted to for all we have and for lots more we could have if we were in a proper receptive condition.

Before you become a kicker, consider if you cannot become something better. One thing certain, if you can do nothing good for a community you can make a great deal of trouble by abusing those who do. Agitate your liver, take a dose of ground glass and remove the bile, cleanse your conscience, cultivate faith in your fellow men than go to work to help somebody. But don't be a kicker.

Sour or sweet; that's the question my brother, and it's not a mean one, either, for many of us would rather take a dose of salts than walk with your long-as-a-rail face. Your dyspeptic brain, torpid conscience and sour disposition make you anything but agreeable company. You are called a christian, too. Well, may be you are, but the fact is not believed by many on earth. Possibly you console yourself with the thought they know it in heaven. I doubt it. Why go through the world always in a fog? You dishearten men, give others the blues, and impress all that life is dark and dull of evil forbodings, but you should remember that it is only the way of the transgressor is hard.

## A BULL IN THE MINISTERIAL CHINA SHOP.

At a meeting of the Ministerial Association in Scranton, Dr. Bull of the First Presbyterian church, said: "The time has come when the church should drop kid glove methods and get down to business, and then preachers should go out on the street preaching the gospel to the crowd."

The Salvation Army has had a monopoly of this business for the reason that when they first began, the clergy with good berths looked upon the movement as not a very genteel way of introducing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the people; it lacked dignity, style and rather lowered the tone of the exalted well-paid position of pastor.

Men who had spent years in college, and had such an intellectual grip upon creeds, doctrines, confessions of faith, etc., that they were able to keep the ordinary individual so thoroughly muddled that he did not know whether salvation was a "will of the wisp" or something so expensive that unless you could pay pew rent in a church you were not entitled to it, had doubts as to whether it was profitable for people who lack education, good clothes and polished manners to have the Gospel presented to them in plain language by ordinary educated people, who were shy on nice, choice, well selected sentimental expressions.

But the Salvation Army, following the methods of the uneducated Galilee fishermen, have accomplished a task in Christian work that churches organized on the revised version plan have failed to do.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion for the poor, as well as the rich, but somehow the masses are beginning to wonder if there is not some mistake about such a view. The bone and sinew of our cities and towns, who fill our shops and tend our stores week days, feel out of place on Sundays in our fashionable city churches, with their finely upholstered cushions, well padded back rests, and pre-empted pews. Under such conditions it is not to be expected that they can enjoy the organ music, the millinery display and singing by the choir, and a twenty-minute discourse which has been padded so as to last at least twice as long.

We hope Dr. Bull's talk to the preachers of Scranton will inaugurate a movement whereby the plain people will hear upon the street corners of Scranton such an exposition of the religion of love and companionship of God, that they will be brought in close touch, soul, spirit and body with the message of salvation which the Saviour brought the whole world.

Of all persons we meet, we like the rustler the best, and we can readily forgive the few errors in his politics or religion, for he rustles. He encourages and enthralls and hurries along the slowgoing. Industrial prosperity follows in his trail and mental development is his. He goes from strength to strength. He is the salt of the earth.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not.

He is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not.

He is simple; teach him.

He who knows, and knows not he knows.

He is asleep; awaken him.

He who knows, and knows he knows.

He is wise; follow him.

—Arabian Adage.

## FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The most powerful agency in school management is kindness. There is no force on earth so potent as love. When it has possession of the human heart it is all prevailing and overpowering, and especially if brought to bear upon sympathetic childhood and youth. The teacher must rule by kindness, have a uniformity of good will, earnest sympathy, and hearty generosity habitually exercised toward his pupils. The teacher alone who loves his pupils has power to gain their love and confidence, which should be their chief reliance in school management. An affectionate pupil will confide in a teacher's judgment, respect his authority and fear his displeasure. If you show him by your personal attention and kindness that you are his true friend, and that all your efforts are designed to secure his best ood, and make him believe it, you hold him as by the power of enchantment, having no need of physical force to keep him in subjection. He is held by another and higher law, which induces him to gratify your wishes and seek the best good of the school. But this kindness, which is an essential element in every true system of government, is not, and cannot be, a substitute for authority or an obstacle to severity, when the good of the individual or school demands it. The teacher must cherish an abiding love for his pupils, and that love is never more truly exercised than in the infliction of necessary punishment in the management of public affairs.

## PLAY BALL.

Two prominent clergymen were looking at a baseball match years ago, together with an immense assemblage of men. One clergyman said to the other, "There's hardly a woman here; why don't men come out like this to the churches?" Before his brother minister could reply, a stranger from the seat behind him leaned over and tapped the minister on the shoulder and said, "Beg pardon for butting in, but the reason men don't come to church is because you don't play ball." It was his way of expressing the same sentiment. In the Church there is nothing really doing; a little religious sentiment may be excited—the young may be instructed—there are church societies and receptions for those who like that sort of thing. A college president puts into the mouth of one of his students the student's objection to the ministerial office: "The minister seems to me like the man who sits in the grand-stand and explains the game to the ladies." When the Church has a man's job on its hands it may get a man's response. Nothing appeals to our young men more than fields which demand hard labor and much sacrifice. The young minister likes to see things grow under his hand; to take the ordinary pastorate and maintain it at its ordinary efficiency and fulfill the ordinary round of duty falls upon many of our most efficient ministers. They too feel the demand for a man's job. The same sentiment runs through all our American life, and men who have only the routine for the employment of their energies, who have no great problems to face and no great difficulties to overcome are comparative failures. All the appeals which adventure and war made in the past now go to this, that a man shall do a man's job."

## YE EDITOR'S NEEDS.

It is reported, says an exchange, that one of our newly married women kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his trousers on; and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this paper pay up before long he will need bread without so much as anything on—and this is no Garden of Eden, either, in the winter time.

## Bravery and Cowardice.

Cowardice is often ignorance. Are any men brave, more ready to take their lives in their hands, to reckon death as one of the daily encounters, than the deep-sea fishermen? Yet a group of these men, brought to London by one of their missionaries, have been seen too terrified to cross the street. The police had to stop the traffic to allow them to cross. The quick, quarrelsome, fearless Cockneys who laughed at them—how would they feel in a freezing storm in the North Sea? A spider may terrify the most courageous woman and a V. C. shrink from a cat. Every hero has his weakness, and we may believe every coward has a point where he comes to bay and will fight the world.

## HORRIBLE ACCIDENT TO BEAUTIFUL WOMAN NEW YEAR'S EVE.

New York, Jan. 1.—Swathed in bandages, Mrs. Charles E. Ellis, who was burned almost to death before hundreds of merrymaking guests celebrating New Year's at the Cafe Martin, last night, is lying at the New York hospital in a stupor, under the influence of powerful drugs administered to quiet her pain.

Neck and shoulders, face and hands were scorched almost to a crisp about the screaming woman in a balcony of the great cafe, while terrified guests rushed to her aid or fled in panic from the room. Physicians and nurses are today exerting every effort to save her life.

Her beauty is gone and if she leaves the hospital it will be for her own home, never again to join such assemblages as that in which she moved at the time of the accident, which put the stamp of tragedy on one feature of New York's great New Year's celebration. Physicians who are attending her declare that her condition is serious, but not worse than when she was carried in a fainting condition to the hospital.

Lights were out in the Cafe Martin at midnight, while hundreds of men and women, seated about the tables in the main cafe, balcony and in the hall room, lifted delicate glasses to pledge the new year in champagne. As they drank in the darkness a woman's scream rang through the room, and in a moment a pillar of flame flashed in a corner of the balcony and the diners saw a woman burning. Throughout the room other women screamed and fainted. Men rushed toward the swaying light in the corner, but as they did so it wavered again, rolling prostrate behind a table. Dress coats were torn off and thrown about the woman.

On the lower floors many rushed for the exits. Women were carried out and hurried into cabs—anything to get away. Men fought and clattered at the cloak room.

Meanwhile, nerved to frenzy by her pain, Mrs. Ellis swayed to her feet while the flames caught again at the flimsy gown and enveloped head, neck and shoulders. Before any one could reach her she dashed to a window and fell with head and shoulders through the glass. There a policeman reached her, smothered the flames with his coat and the dress coats which men on all sides threw to him and carried her into the corridor, where a hurried call was sent to a hospital where she was taken.

Lights had been turned on in the big cafe a minute after the tragedy, but none of the diners remained.

## POSTAGE STAMP GUM.

Every time a person licks a United States postage stamp he gets a taste of sweet potato. The gum with which the stamps are backed is made from the succulent vegetable because Uncle Sam's lieutenants consider it the most harmless preparation of the sort. All of the gum used on American postage stamps is mixed by the government at the bureau of engraving and printing, where the stamps are made. It is spread on the sheets after the stamps have been printed. The gum, in a liquid form, is forced up through pipes from the basement, where it is made. These pipes lead to a series of machines consisting of rollers, between which the sheets of stamps are fed, one at a time. A continuous fine stream of the liquid gum falls upon one of these rollers. The sheet with its wet coating of sweet potato mucilage passes from the rollers into a long horizontal flue filled with hot air. When it emerges at the other end of the flue the gum is dry.—New York Telegram.

## FRANK JERMYN, OF SCRANTON, DEAD.

Frank H. Jermyrn, of Scranton, Pa., was struck by a street car New Year's morning while crossing in San Francisco, and his injuries are believed to be fatal.

Mr. Jermyrn, with a number of friends, started across the street and Mr. Jermyrn was caught by a car and hurled a number of feet. He was picked up and hurried to the Fairmount hotel; where he has made his home for the past three or four years.

He was unconscious when his friends reached him and has not yet regained consciousness.

Two cars, going in opposite directions, were running on the street when Mr. Jermyrn and his friends attempted to cross. Mr. Jermyrn got past one and failed to see the other in time and was struck.

Mr. Jermyrn is a widower and has a daughter studying music in Berlin.

LATER—Frank H. Jermyrn, who was struck by a street car in San Francisco early New Year's morning, died at the Emergency hospital there at 4 o'clock Monday morning. Word to that effect was received in Scranton by the family in the following telegram from Charles A. Coate, a friend of the family, who has been at the bedside of the injured man since the accident occurred.

San Francisco, Jan. 3, 1910.

George Jermyrn, Scranton, Pa. Frank passed away at 4 o'clock this morning. Undertakers Gray Bros. have charge of body. Advise me quick.

CHARLES A. COATE.

## Bad Memory.

"It must be nice to be a hero," remarked the quiet man "It is for a minute," replied Senator Badger. "After that the hero wonders at the world's bad memory."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Sarah Oliver Treverton, widow of Chas. P. Treverton, departed this life on Dec. 20, 1909, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Davey, Beach Lake, Pa.

She was born in England and was the seventh child of John and Sarah (Aunger) Oliver, coming with her parents to this country about seventy-nine years ago. In 1843 she was married to Charles Phillips Treverton and has lived in the vicinity of Beach Lake ever since.

Of her eleven children, seven survive to mourn their loss, viz: Mrs. Emeline T. Lathrop, Dr. C. W. and W. H. and Miss Elizabeth of Scranton; George P. of Pockville; Mrs. Mary C. Davey and Mrs. Minnie M. Crosby of this place. Of the four children waiting for mother, Amos died in 1860 and Rebecca in 1862, each aged about four years; Sarah M., wife of Amos Oliver died in 1893 and Lavinia T. in 1895. Mr. Treverton died during the big blizzard in February, 1893.

"Grandma," as she was known by many, became a member of the M. E. church while in her tender years, and remained faithful until her Savior called her higher. She was a woman of great mildness and sweetness of disposition, always mindful and devoted to the interests of her family, especially to her invalid daughter Elizabeth, for whose comfort she labored until the infirmities of age compelled her to desist.

During the last six years she has been with her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Davey, whose loving devotion has made the care of her a real pleasure, where some would have thought it a burden.

The funeral was held on Thursday, Dec. 23d, in the M. E. church; her pastor, Rev. John A. Tuthill, assisted by Rev. S. V. McVey of the F. M. church, conducting the service.

She was borne to her last resting place by her sons and sons-in-law and buried beside her husband in Lakeview cemetery overlooking the beautiful sheet of water known as Beach Lake.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

## THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

No Matter What Faith He Represents It is all the Same.

An exchange thus truthfully speaks our sentiments of the Country Pastor: "He is to be seen in all the outlying country districts; and at this season the happiest of the year, he is the busiest and most delightfully consequential personage in any rural community. No matter what creed of the Christian faith he represents it is all the same; his bearing is high, his face alight with the sweet responsibility that is upon him. On the street he has a knowing look for the expectant children, a confidential whispered word for his communicants; a repressed excitement is perceptible in his manner that at times threatens the barriers of clerical dignity. For this is his annual period of triumph; he is the appointed messenger of The Master, and he swells with a sense of the loftiness of his mission.

"This country clergyman is paid at the rate of \$10 or \$20 a week for the goodly work he does. Sometimes, in addition, the shelter of a parsonage is granted him. And then, besides, benevolent members of the congregation drive up at times with a bag of flour, a pound or two of coffee, a yard or so of sausage. Moreover, a spasm of generosity may seize the Mite Society or Sewing Circle and a "surprise" party ensue after the pastor has been forewarned a dozen times.

"This means that from fifty to a hundred well-meaning men and women gather, laughing gayly, into the parsonage, each one bearing a package. It sounds well, but most of the gifts are of a perishable quality—boiled ham and roast chicken, pies and doughnuts—designed to be eaten on the spot. And they are eaten then and there; and while the parson's larder has not been appreciably replenished his open-handed and genial congregation has enjoyed an evening picnic. The pastor's wife is busy for two days thereafter "cleaning up," and all of value she rescues from the wreckage is a pound of butter and a pair of slippers.

"Meanwhile, the country parson goes on marrying (for nothing or a dollar or two), baptizing (for nothing), burying (for nothing) these good folk; and they think him handsomely remunerated. He is, but not by them. His reward comes from a source hidden often from their eyes. And just now is the time—when superannuation may be impending, perhaps—that he receives his spiritual wages from on high and treads the lanes blithely and with the brisk step of authority. He may be poor in pocket, this country pastor, but the heart and soul of him are opulent."

## HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## ANCIENT METHOD OF HEALING.

Laying on of Hands is One of the Oldest Prescriptions Known to Men of Medicine.

For countless ages among barbaric, pagan and Christian peoples the belief was current that individuals diseased and "curtalled of their fair proportions" could be healed by "touch," by the "breath," by words and prayer, by the wearing of amulets and talismans, by "charms" of every conceivable and inconceivable kind. These superstitions, under various aliases, are remarkably in evidence even in the advanced civilization of our day. The healing of the sick by the application of hands is of vast antiquity. It is to be found in the records and the practices of the early Egyptians and Jews, the Assyrians and Indians. One of the earliest recorded examples is to be found in the Old Testament. We are told that Elisha brought to life a "dead" child by stretching himself three times upon the child and calling aloud to God.

Readers of history are acquainted with the supposed healing powers of the kingly "touch."

It was believed for a long time that lying together and breathing upon a sickly person would produce salutary as well as harmful effects. Young children and virgins were supposed to have the power to "cure" by breathing upon the patient and sprinkling him with their own blood. This method of "cure" is mentioned by Galen, Pliny and Virgil. History tells us that the great Barbarossa, when dying, was advised by his Jewish doctor to have young, robust boys placed across his stomach, in lieu of fomentations. The following curious inscription, cut in marble, was discovered at Rome by the archaeologist Gomar:

To Aesculapius and Health,

this is erected by

L. Claudius Hermippus,

Who,

By the breath of young girls, lived 115 years and 5 days, at which physicians were no little surprised. Successive generations lead such a life!!!

A Teutonic writer, Hufeland by name, from his vast reservoir of experience, gravely informs us "that when we consider how efficacious for lameness are freshly opened animals, or the laying of a living animal upon any painful affection, we must feel convinced that these methods are not to be thrown aside."

Curing by "words" was common in the early ages. They cast out the disease spirits of exorcism. Ulysses, mythology has it, stopped a hemorrhage by words, stytic words, evidently. Cato cured sprains by the same means. Various atrological signs inscribed upon amulets and talismans—of minerals or of metals—were supposed to prevent and to cure diseases when worn on the body of the sufferer. Herbs, roots, loadstones, bloodstones, pieces of amber, images of saints, were also worn for the same reason. The Buddhists, for instance, had a sort of religious reverence for the sapphire. They called it the stone of stones (optimus, quem tellus medica gignit).—New York Medical Journal.

## SILVER GREY FOX KILLED.

For the second time in fifty years a silver grey fox has been killed in Sullivan county. The lucky hunter is Matthew Gannon, of Halstead, who shot the fox after it had become tired out by dogs. Mr. Gannon was offered \$40 for it by a fur dealer, but declined. It is said he expects to receive \$500 for it from a New York dealer.

The silver grey fox is a native of Alaska, and it is a most unusual thing for one of its kind to be so far south. A year ago Dr. J. F. Curlette, of Monticello, killed a silver

grey fox and presented it to the Museum of Natural History in New York.

## Our Muslin Underwear Sale

will begin

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

Enough for us to say that these goods were made by the KATZ UNDERWEAR CO. and the same garments cannot be duplicated at or near these prices. Made in clean, airy factory, liberally cut, and in every way the best values in town.

## GOWNS



Muslin, high and V neck yoke of cluster tucks all sizes; Sale Price 47c. Muslin Gowns, high neck, tucked yoke and trimmed with embroidery insertion, 90c. value; sale price 69c. Cambrie Gowns, low neck, embroidery or lace trimmed, \$1.25 value; Sale price 89 cents.



Skirts, Drawers, Corset Covers and Combinations all at marked down prices.

## JANUARY CLEARANCE

Ladies' Suits, Coats and Furs To accomplish this sale we have cut prices just in half.

\$20. Coats at \$10.00  
\$15. Coats at \$ 7.50  
\$10. Coats at \$ 5.00

Special Lawn Sale Saturday, Jan. 8th we offer 5000 yards of 40 inch Lawn, best 25c. quality at 12½c. a yard.

## Katz Bros.

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 saver 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.