

ROME AT EASTER TIME

How the Holy City Observes Easter Holiday

(CITIZEN'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

"All roads lead to Rome." Especially is this true at the Easter season. The pilgrims come from all over Italy, from France and Switzerland, many from Germany, and not a few from the gambling tables of Monte Carlo. Of course a multitude do not go from any motives of piety, but only out of a mere curiosity, desiring to see the Easter ceremonial where it is most elaborately observed. Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, they all come.

Rome is still the "Sacred City" even as in the days of the Caesars. It is strange how the very word grips the imagination. Napoleon wittily said concerning "the Holy Roman Empire" at a certain stage of its degeneracy that it was "neither holy, Roman, nor an Empire," yet so powerfully did the very name appeal to the minds of men that they still continued to obey the behest of the puppet king, Marion Crawford's great work halls the city as immortal, and so indeed the city seems to be at the Paschal season.

Perhaps this is because Rome is such a suitable place to spend Easter. It is literally bowered in palms and flowers. It is said that there are more palms on one short trip of the Italian coast than in all the Holy Land. On the way down we rode through miles of flowers, primroses and daisies in the grass, almond, plum and cherry trees white, and peach trees literally covered with pink blossoms; gardens well grown; while oranges and lemons covered the trees or lay upon the ground beneath. All this at sea-level, while the distant mountains in plain sight at Cararra were whiter than the beautiful marble piled about the station. The very contrast to those who had left the snows made Rome the ideal spot to spend Easter.

The whole trip down the coast would have been one long delight but for the fact that the train kept running into trouble every few minutes. I actually counted forty-two tunnels, many of them more than half a mile long, in the first twenty miles. It was like trying to see Italy by midnight. I lost count somewhere between 75 and 100. But before we reached Rome the region became more level and the flowers in the fields more abundant.

It is said that every year more and more people come to Rome for Holy week. All the hotels were strained to their utmost capacity to accommodate those who came at the last moment. Mark Twain's daughter and her husband, M. Gabrielowitch, went to seventeen hotels before finding a room and bath, and in the end left in despair for Florence, after a day spent in Rome. In all there were some 60,000 people came to Rome for Easter this year.

In order to get the full appreciation of the service of the Resurrection morning, one should at least be present in St. Peter's on Good Friday, when what is called the office of tenebrae is performed. In this service, the most painfully solemn in the ritual of the church, the gathering darkness of the day is symbolized. One after another the candles flaring before the high altar are extinguished. Cardinals and bishops retire, no bells are allowed to be rung, while in solemn silence they wait for the Passover dawn.

Although no unusual attraction was offered beyond other years, the service at St. Peter's was attended by an unusually large throng. From the point of view of a mere stranger, I should say a great majority were there solely from curiosity, not for the purpose of worship. It is not always easy to distinguish the strange from the native, for intelligent, well-bred people look much the same the world over, but it was possible from the actions and speech of many, to guess that they were not native to the city. The great majority walked about slowly, looking at the pictures, statues or relics while only a small minority seemed to be worshippers.

The crowd was enormous. Fully 75,000 people passed through St. Peter's during the day, with perhaps 20,000 standing in front of the high altar during the celebration of the High Mass. Many brought chairs and sat, while a few, perhaps, knelt. During the progress of this service which attracts the great crowd a much smaller service went on in the west transept. Here I found evidences of real devotion, about two hundred persons reverently kneeling.

I was shocked at the irreverence and bad manners of many English-speaking people, not all Americans. Perhaps it was not so much deliberate rudeness as thoughtlessness of the feelings and rights of others. There were personally conducted parties being taken about the build-

ings and the guide did not invariably speak in a low voice, even while the service was in progress. One German guide was particularly vociferous. There were Cook's tourists sitting on altar rails, even where the auditors were kneeling. I saw more guide books than prayer books, and some of them were in the hands of those whose clerical garb proclaimed them to be members of the same religion whose service was in progress on its greatest festival.

St. Peter's is built of marble, but for the most part, Rome is a city of stucco and mortar. It may once have been marble, but much of the marble in the palaces of the Caesars and even some of the statuary during the middle ages to the lime-kiln and now exists in the form of mortar holding together brick or stone. The marbles and columns of the great St. Peter's and other churches were taken from the Forum and from Michael Angelo's great stone quarry in the skies, the Coliseum. If it had not been for such vandalism we might still keep holiday amid buildings even greater than St. Peter's.

Now that Lent is over the city is indeed in a holiday mood, not only in the social sense but in a popular way. The restaurants have set their tables out of doors and the populace has flocked to the parks. The drives are lined with carriages of the rich and bare-kneed children pick flowers from the grass. There are many schools in Rome and all grant Easter holidays. The scholars are often dressed in uniform, sometimes blue or scarlet, especially those who are to enter some religious order. These in addition to the hosts of soldiers and police, clad in almost every color of the rainbow, make the city seem strikingly festive.

I was particularly impressed by the character of the soldiers of Italy. Granting that those who guard the various palaces of Rome are show soldiers, yet I saw those who are not, whose faces and uniforms bore marks of a winter spent in the open. They were an athletic set of young fellows, the very strength and life of the nation, who should, no doubt, have been at work in the fields or the shops. They marched with a fine, swinging stride, obeying orders with the precision of a machine. Whatever we Americans may have thought, these are not men "such as Europe breeds in her decay." There was not a degenerate among them.

At the other extreme are the beggars, picturesque in rags and dirt. The doors of the sanctuaries swarm with them. One babe of five came up yesterday and wanted to thrust a bunch of violets into my buttonhole, with a filthy fist. I would have surrendered at the beginning, if there had not been a horde waiting to descend. Her mother on the opposite side of the rail kept instructing the child how to proceed. When I returned her flowers for the fifth time she grew angry and tried to catch my fingers in her mouth. I felt distinctly the gnashing of her tiny milk teeth and I heard her mother curse me. What can be done for such as these? There you have the contrast, uniforms, holiday splendor and palaces on the one hand, while beggary, ignorance and hate cover on the other. Who shall set it right?

WHEN LION'S EYES ARE KIND.

Then Only Does the Animal Trainer Dare Put His Head in the Beast's Mouth.

"You must love the animals," said a well-known trainer, "or otherwise you cannot train them. They can tell at once whether you love them or not. They know it by instinct. They know whether or not you are afraid of them; they can tell that right away. You must never, never let them know that you are afraid."

"It is always best to begin with an animal direct from the jungle. The wild animal is much better. The tame animal, born and brought up in captivity, begins to play with you like a little kitten. That's before his claws have grown big. Then, when his claws do grow and he scratches you, you begin to be afraid of him. That is very bad for the animal—to know that you are in any fear of him. He promptly takes advantage of it. But the wild animal, on the contrary, knows nothing of you—whether you are afraid or not. He just comes at you fiercely. You stab him once or twice. You stick him with the prong; he retreats. That's where you win."

"No, never try to train tame animals. Tackle the wild animals straight from the jungle. Now, there's my lion—the one in whose mouth I put my head. That is really dangerous. I don't always do that in my act. I do it when I see that his eyes are kind. I could sleep with that animal—he's generally so kind. No, I haven't tried it, but I could."

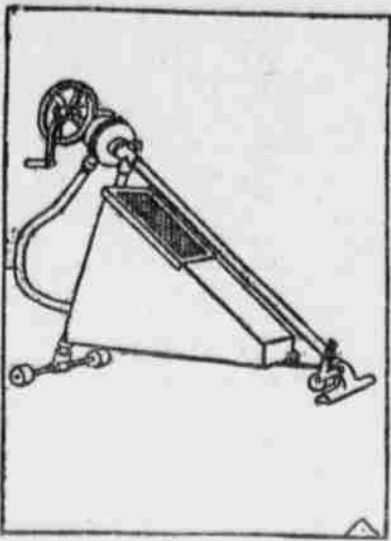
"Of course the lion might put an end to me in a jiffy. One pinch of his teeth would settle it. But I look him straight in the eye and I see whether or not it twinkles. If it twinkles I do not put my head in his mouth. If it does not twinkle I run the risk."

The spring gloves in a large variety can be found at Menner & Co.

The new, long spring coats at Menner & Co. stores are stylish and effective.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Pneumatic Sweeper That Is Operated by Hand.



The pneumatic sweeper illustrated above is operated by hand and obviates the need of having a house wired for electricity in order to save the housewife labor. The sweeper consists of a triangular framework with a receptacle for the dirt set inside. The upper bar of the triangle is hollow and terminates at the lower end in a mouth like that on any pneumatic sweeper. At the upper end is a blower device, a handle to guide the machine by and a wheel by means of which the blower is operated. A flexible pipe also runs from this upper portion down into the receptacle. By turning the wheel a suction is caused by the blower, and as the sweeper is pushed along it takes up the dirt through the stationary pipe and deposits it in the car below through the hose. The machine is not so cumbersome as most other types of sweepers that generate their own power.

Washington Apple Pie.

Beat together until creamy and light one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and three eggs. Add half a cupful of sweet milk alternately with two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, again sifted with two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Beat to a smooth batter and bake in three layers. When done fill with following mixture: Pare and grate two large tart apples, adding the juice of a lemon and a cupful of granulated sugar as you grate the apples in order to keep it light colored. Add the grated yellow rind of the lemon. Place over the fire and stir and cook until it looks like jellying. Remove from the fire and while hot beat in the yolk of one egg. Spread between the cake layers and on top under a soft boiled white icing.

Simple Remedies.

For stomach pains a simple remedy is the application of a sponge wrung out of very hot water.

Borax should always be found on the toilet table. A small quantity added to the water will greatly soften it. Too much will dry the skin.

Rash is caused by chill or some error in diet. Keep the patient warm and give a slight aperient at night, and the rash will disappear.

Neglected colds are great detractors from personal appearance. If a cold hangs on take a tonic which will strengthen one to throw off the cold.

Damp hands are a great source of annoyance to their owner. Apply a lotion of one part of eau de cologne and two of rosewater and dust with borax powder.

Lady's Cabbage.

Take a head of young, hard, white cabbage and cut it up in dice shaped pieces. Throw in cold water, to which add a little vinegar, and let stand an hour. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook, uncovered, until the cabbage grows tender, then drain off the boiling water, pour a little cold water over it and drain again. Make a good cream sauce, and when the cabbage is well drained add the sauce, heat up well and serve in a heated dish. Sprinkle a little grated cheese over the top if you like the flavor of Parmesan.

Salt Fish Chowder.

Soak one-half box of salt fish one hour, drain off water, fry five or six slices of salt pork, drain into the fish with a little warm water, two large sized onions cut fine, five or six potatoes sliced, one quart of milk; drop in five or six crackers, pepper and salt.

Boiled Cider Pie.

Beat together until light one egg, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add half a cupful of boiled cider and a pint of cold water. This is sufficient for two pies made with a single crust. Spread soft icing over the top.

CARE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

How to Wash the Edits of Delicate Lace Trimmed Linen.

The careful Frenchwoman takes much trouble over the proper washing of her handkerchiefs and would no more think of having them go into the hands of the family laundress than she would send a piece of handsome lace to her. Even if they are of the thinnest material, and they are mostly simple bits of delicate linen embroidered or lace trimmed, they are expected to last their allotted time, and that they shall do so requires that great pains be taken with them. If there is no maid in the little menage, then madam must do her own washing, and this is the way she goes about it:

In the first place, her handkerchiefs are never allowed to become unduly soiled and after once using are put into a small linen bag that always hangs beside the toilet table. When a half dozen or more have collected they are put to soak in an earthen bowl filled with cold water and acids made from the best of washing soap. In this they should remain for half an hour, after which they are carefully rinsed in more cool water. Then comes the thorough washing of them in hot water in which a spoonful of borax has been dissolved. This is done as gently as possible by patting and rubbing, and for this last many women use a child's toy washboard, which is exactly the right size for the purpose. In this way no threads of the fine material are broken, a disaster which is difficult to remedy. The final rinsing is also done through many cool waters until every particle of soap is gone, and then comes the climax of the entire performance.

The handkerchiefs are placed in a bowl of milk into which have been put a few drops of essence of violet, which is strong and of a bluish tinge, and this will give to them the pure white color which is so necessary. From this each is taken and partially dried in a clean towel and at once ironed. No starch is used, for the milk takes the place of that, and the little ironing board is covered first with a heavy dannel and after with a spotlessly clean piece of white cloth.

An iron is kept especially for this work, and usually it is some patented affair, either for electricity or alcohol. To do this all properly will take an hour or more of madam's time, but she is more than repaid for that by the results seen. The little pile of handkerchiefs will come from her hands as if fresh from the shelves of a shop, and they will have the delicate fragrance of having lain in a velvet satchet.

A Son of the Revolution.

Professor Jeremiah Smith of the Harvard Law school, who has presented his resignation, to take effect Sept. 1, 1910, when he will be in his seventy-third year, is actually a "son of the Revolution." His father, likewise Jeremiah Smith by name, ran away from Harvard in 1777 to join the Revolutionary army, being then eighteen years of age. He served in the campaign against Burgoyne and was wounded at Bennington. He finally graduated at Queens (now Rutgers) college in 1780 and was later governor of New Hampshire, congressman from that state and its chief justice.

Baked Potatoes a Foot Long.

Baked potatoes a foot long are the kind served in the new diners of the Northern Pacific. Specially selected potatoes, coming usually from Washington, are kept on hand for baking, which the dining car management has made a specialty. A baked potato on the diner costs 10 cents. Each diner is loaded with 300 to 400 pounds of the mammoth potatoes before leaving a terminal for the trip across the continent from St. Paul to Seattle.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Evolution of Booster Bill

I.—He Was Once Bill Blue

Bill Blue was once a knocker, and he knocked us all to beat the band. His long suit was in running down The stores and people of this town.

One day a stranger heard his cack and said: "Your liver's out of whack. The thing you need to make you smile is to turn in and BOOST AWHILE."



That made Bill think. To our amaze He started singing this town's praise. It soon improved his looks and health, His trade, his prospects and his wealth.

The town began to boom, and we Elected Bill our mayor. He Keeps up the sunshine habit still AND NOW WE CALL HIM "BOOSTER BILL."

POINTS REGARDING THE CENSUS.

The census begins Apr. 15 and must be completed in thirty days.

The enumerators will wear a badge inscribed "United States Census, 1910."

The law requires every adult person to furnish the prescribed information, but also provides that it shall be treated confidentially, so that no injury can come to any person from answering the questions.

The Census Bureau, prior to April 15, will distribute to every farm owner and tenant in this state a blank or schedule containing the Census questions relative to farm operations and equipment. This should be filled up, if possible, not later than the morning of April 15, but if anyone has been unable to fill it up by that time, he should do it as soon as afterwards as he can.

People who do not speak English or who do not understand the schedule completely should get help from others, if possible, in filling it up.

The President has issued a proclamation, calling on all citizens to co-operate with the Census and assuring them that it has nothing to do with taxation, army or jury service, compulsory school attendance, regulation of immigration, or enforcement of any law, and that no one can be injured by answering the inquiries.

It is of the utmost importance that the farm census of this state be complete and correct.

Therefore every farm owner and tenant should promptly and accurately fill up the "Advance Farm Schedule" and carefully preserve it for the enumerator when he calls.

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AT HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA. At the close of business, March 29, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 222,003 25
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	20 75
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	55,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,900 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,552,747 80
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	40,000 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	3,511 46
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	1,283 97
Due from approved reserves	110,210 70
Checks and other cash items	3,219 11
Notes of other National Banks	230 00
Fractional paper currency, tickets and coins	315 18
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank	394,529 93
Legal tender notes \$450 00	93,121 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 15 per cent. of circulation	2,750 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	309 00
Total	\$1,895,648 99
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 150,000 00
Surplus fund	150,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	74,200 03
National Bank notes outstanding	45,300 00
State Bank notes outstanding	900 00
Due to other National Banks	869 21
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	234 15
Individual deposits subject to check	\$1,447,808 23
Demand certificates of deposit	26,700 00
Certified checks	89 40
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,296 95
Bonds borrowed	None
Notes and bills rediscounted	None
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	None
Liabilities other than those above stated	None
Total	\$1,895,648 99

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss. I, H. Z. RUSSELL, President of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

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M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle.

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Dr. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. Office Hours—8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 86-X.

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LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn.

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