

THE CITIZEN is the most widely read semi-weekly newspaper printed in Wayne County.

The Citizen.

It is never too early to start your Christmas shopping. Start now!

COMING EVENTS.

City. The Whatsoever Circle's annual fair and supper will be held at the Methodist church parlors, Thursday evening, December 1. Supper, 40 cents.

County. Pleasant Valley W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Carrie Walter, December 3. Subject, "Scientific Temperance Instruction."

GREAT ENTHUSIASM EVOKED

By Citizen's Gigantic Bermuda Contest—Interest is Unparalleled—Candidates Names Printed Friday.

CHARLES JUNE KNAPP ORDERED DISCHARGED.

Charles June Knapp, at one time interested in the printing of the Outing Magazine, was discharged, one day last week, from custody by Justice Gladding, of the Supreme Court.

Marriage License Record.

Arthur H. Tietze, Hoboken, N. J. Elsie Schmuhl, Hawley, Pa. Christian Rehm, Scranton, Pa. Philomena Booth, Honesdale, Pa.

GIRLS AND WOMEN OF HONESDALE AND VICINITY GETTING STARTED AFTER THE CITIZEN'S BERMUDA TOURS—PARTICULARS OF THE PHENOMENAL PROPOSITION ATTRACTS, AMAZES AND ASTOUNDS—MANY NEW ENTRIES RECEIVED—SEND IN YOUR NAME OR THAT OF SOME YOUNG LADY FRIEND TO-DAY—TAKE A DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO THE FAMOUS BERMUDA ISLANDS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE CITIZEN—THOMAS COOK AND SON'S FAMOUS TOURIST AGENCY WILL CONDUCT THE CITIZEN'S PARTY THROUGH THE POINTS OF INTEREST IN BERMUDA.

Lakes Sought For Fish Hatcheries.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 26.—The state fisheries department is planning a campaign on the coming legislature to secure control of a number of lakes in Wayne and Susquehanna counties. It is said that they are needed for fish propagation.

OVERCOME WITH GAS TIMELY HELP SAVES Prompt Response of Doctor Restores Unconscious Man—Heroic Methods Necessary.

Frank Alberty and Harry Deck were engaged on Sunday in tapping the gas main on East Park Avenue with a view of making a connection whereby a supply pipe could be laid that would supply the new Army with gas.

He became unconscious, but not so with Alberty, who had become unconscious and when hauled up was in a very precarious condition. Dr. Fred Powell, whose residence is nearby, was hastily summoned.

Are You Going?

That's what's on the tip of the tongue of every girl and woman in Honesdale and vicinity. No one stops or hesitates a moment to ask "Where?" for every one knows that every one else is talking about the same thing they are thinking about—the phenomenal prizes offered by THE CITIZEN—a trip to Bermuda, and all expenses paid from leaving Honesdale until returning, besides.

Many Others Enter.

This is the fifth day since the first announcement was made. Many young ladies have entered since last Thursday and every mail brings in more names of young ladies who are anxious to be our guests on a tour of the Bermuda Islands.

The offer has created a stupendous sensation and straightway evoked enormous enthusiasm. The very first mail received after the paper was out contained a nomination of a popular young lady by a well known business man. That's the way to get going. Of course she will have no big advantage over those who are also getting started. But, it makes impressive the importance of getting an early start.

If you have a friend, girl or woman living in Honesdale or vicinity, married or single, whom you would like to take the tour, and who would make an active candidate, send in her name at once on the nomination blank. Or, if you are a hustling young lady YOU will nominate YOURSELF and get under way.

The thing is to DO IT TO-DAY, DO IT NOW. It's the trip of a life time. YOU can win. YOU can see the Islands

ways the same. Five winners will enjoy a personally conducted tour as per itinerary. Four winners will be happy in the possession of beautiful diamond rings, and four others in the possession of gold watches.

It is a gigantic undertaking for a newspaper to make such arrangements for its friends and well wishers all at no expense to those who will be fortunate enough to be our guests. But as the people of Honesdale know THE CITIZEN is in the habit of doing things in a quiet but refined way, and realizing how keen the people of this section are to take advantage of a good thing, we have no fears for the success of the present enterprise.

Every comfort that will add to the pleasure of the winners will be produced, and all expenses will be borne by the CITIZEN. Expense of transportation and transfer of baggage, hotel bills, carriage hire, omnibus hire, lunch parties, even the "tips" along the way to porters, cabbies, bell boys and the usual people that must be especially remembered, will be paid by this paper.

Bermuda, The Land of Flowers.

There is to-day, hardly need for any detailed description of Bermuda on account of the high standard of intelligence found in the people of Honesdale and vicinity. The cluster of islands has attached such a measure of popularity among American pleasure seekers that it is scarcely less well known than the Southern states of this country with which it lies parallel. The most northerly group of coral islands in the world, the British colony of Bermuda, is perched on the top of a

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Thief."

"The Thief" tells a story of how a woman stole large sums of money to buy clothes in order to make herself attractive in the eyes of her husband whom she deeply loved. The second act of this great Frohman success is claimed to be the most startling series of scenes ever presented on the stage. Will appear at the Lyric to-night.

"The Blue Mouse."

Here is how "The Blue Mouse," a Salomer," for \$2,000 a month, gets a clerk promoted to the post of division superintendency of a trolley line. Clyde Fitch wrote the story and what is said to be one of the cleverest companies of farce players will relate the story at the Lyric next Thursday, Dec. 1st, when E. J. Carpenter brings the German-American success to this city for the first time. The clerk, Rollett by name, loves his wife and desires to improve their condition. His superior, Lewellyn, president of the Inter-State Railroad, is also married, but to a shrew, which fact seems to inspire him to flirt with every pretty woman. Therefore, Rollett hires "The Blue Mouse" to impersonate his real wife and flirt with Lewellyn, paying her highly if she will capture for him an order appointing him division superintendent. Here is opportunity for suggestiveness, but so masterfully has Mr. Fitch handled the story that any thought of the gross is removed and the audience reaps only hearty laughs. Of course, Mrs. Lewellyn is drawn into the trouble, as well as the real Mrs. Rollett and her father of Cohoes, who unexpectedly drops into the city. The first act shows the offices of the railroad; the second takes place in the "Inner-Apartment" of "The Blue Mouse." It is during this act that Mr. Fitch has arranged an auction sale which is highly diverting and so much out of the ordinary as to prove one of the novelties of the play. Three acts in all are required to tell the story.

"Wanderlust."

The desire to travel is strong in the human breast. Everybody seems to be possessed to a greater or less extent, of what the Germans call "Wanderlust." The land we have not yet visited is just the one that we long to see most. But as so few of us can ever spare the time or money to go there, it is easy to understand the popularity and vogue of Lyman H. Howe's Travel Festival which comes to the Lyric on Friday, December 2nd. It is practically the only attraction of its kind with sufficient compelling power to make you feel you are traveling to just where you want to go.

Dr. Peterson Appointed Coroner.

Harrisburg, Pa., November 29.—Governor Edwin S. Stuart has appointed Dr. P. B. Peterson, Honesdale, Coroner of Wayne county, to fill out the unexpired term of the late Dr. Harry B. Learies.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List for Week Ending November 28. Mrs. James Burke. J. M. Carpenter. Mr. Edward Detrich. L. Momiok. Miss Florence Shanley. Miss Valirea West.

—Progressive dealers—use the Bell.

Death of George Ammerman.

George Ammerman was found dead in bed at the residence of his son, Roy S. Ammerman, of Schenectady, N. Y., November 23, 1910, where he had made his home for a number of years. Deceased was a native of Hawley and was 74 years of age. At the commencement of the Civil War he was a resident of White Mills. He enlisted in Honesdale, under Capt. John S. Wright, in Co. C, 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, and left for Harrisburg on Monday, May 20, 1861, and was mustered into the United States service, in the latter city, July 26, 1861, as corporal. He participated in numerous skirmishes, besides the battles of Dranesville, Fredericksburg, Bristoe Station, South Mountain, Gettysburg, Antietam, Mine Run and the Wilderness. In the latter fight he was shot through the left knee cap, which resulted in the amputation of the limb. He also served three months in Battery A, 5th United States artillery, on detached duty. Upon his return home he located in Hawley, and served as deputy postmaster of that town for over two years, under Marcus K. Bishop, now a residence of Danmore. Mr. Ammerman was then appointed postmaster, which position he most acceptably filled for twenty-seven years. Upon his retirement from office in May, 1893, he purchased a farm at Seelyville, where he made his home until September 3, 1897, when he returned to Hawley. His wife, formerly Miss Jane A. Snyder, whom he married Dec. 20, 1871, died Oct. 24, 1897, leaving a daughter, Cora, now the wife of Jarvis Thorpe, and two sons, Roy S. and Carl, all living. Mr. Ammerman was a member of the M. E. church, a staunch Republican, and a most reliable and useful citizen in the community. The remains were brought to Hawley for burial, the interment being by the side of his wife. James M. Thorp Post, G. A. R., of the latter borough, conducted the services at the grave.

—The ever ready servant—Bell telephone.



A PALM GROVE, BERMUDA.

of Bermuda. YOU can follow in the footsteps of many other travelers. YOU can go to Bermuda as the guest of THE CITIZEN. Why not go? It costs nothing.

The Value of Travel.

The old-time proverb that a rolling stone gathers no moss is as worthless as were and are some of the old-time saws. Moss, unless it is Irish moss, for culinary purposes, has no value any way. If a rolling stone gathers no moss, it does gather a good deal of polish. In other words, the man or woman who travels gets a far better idea of life and life's meaning than does the man or woman who remains at home.

A Stupendous Proposition.

The CITIZEN offer, owing to its tremendous generosity and liberality, is unparalleled in the history of Honesdale journalism. During mid-winter when the snow covers the fields of Pennsylvania it will send five ladies from Honesdale and Bermuda on an extended tour of Bermuda, where the climate is al-

submarine mountain, 15,000 feet above the bed of the sea. On the border line of the geographical divisions of the torid and north temperate zones, its climate is the most truly temperate in the world. Its position is too southerly to feel the chill of the cold north winds, yet just far enough south to catch the grateful warmth of the tropics. The scenery is idyllic in its pastoral beauty, and the stately palms of equatorial latitudes, blending with the wealth of flowers born of a northern summer-time, combine with forest and shrub to clothe the land in the lavishly beautiful garb of a perpetual spring. It is an ocean of flowers—every house has its flower garden, and roses bloom right through the winter months. In the early spring, acres and acres of land are carpeted with Easter lilies and from April to December the famous cleanders are magnificent masses of pink and scarlet blooms.

Social Life.

Socially, the place lacks nothing; (Continued on Page Eight.)

WAYNE COUNTY STUDENTS AT WEST CHESTER.

Fourteen Young Men and Women Attending Normal School There—803 Students Registered From 45 Counties.

The showing is one to be proud of. West Chester is proud of its having such a popular institution for the training of young people, and THE CITIZEN only echoes the proud sentiment of its readers in giving space to the story of the school's growth and influence in its issue of to-day.

WAYNE.

Bates, Vera E. ... Siko Bidwell, Lulu B. ... Arlington Bradbury, May N. ... Beach Lake Elliott, Mildred J. ... Hollisterville Gager, Forrest L. ... Cold Spring Hocker, Frederika C. ... Milanville Harroun, Isabel C. ... Honesdale Lee, Ida A. ... Waymart Lovelass, Emeline E. ... Milanville Mitchell, Robert E. ... West Damascus Reed, Cassie E. ... Gravity Ross, Laura M. ... Tyler Hill Walsh, Clarence J. ... Waymart Wiley, Della F. ... Avoy

Don't fail to read the conditions of the "Bermuda Trip Contest" as found on the third page of this issue.

"Gratitude" Theme of Thanksgiving Sermon Large Audience Greet Rev. A. L. Whittaker Who Delivers Eloquent Address at Union Service in Baptist Church.

"REVIVAL OF RELIGION NEEDED"—"MOST OF US STILL HAVE TIME TO SAY 'THANK YOU' (IN HONESDALE).—THE NEW 'HELL' WORSE THAN THE OLD.

Honesdale put Thanksgiving Day into practice last Thursday by turning out in large numbers and filling the spacious auditorium of the First Baptist church where union services were held in the morning. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. L. Whittaker, rector Grace Episcopal church, and was a masterly effort. Seated within the chancel rail, and taking part in the service, were Revs. W. H. Swift, D. D., George S. Wendell, Will H. Hiller. Rev. A. C. Oliver pronounced the benediction. Rev. Whittaker spoke as follows:

And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?—Luke 17:17.

I do not think that gratitude is a leading characteristic of the American people, although it is only in America, so far as I am aware, that there is a general observance of a public Day of Thanksgiving. I think it well that there should be such a day. I think we as a nation especially and emphatically need it. We need it to counterbalance our national defects of character. It is one of the good God's compensatory dispensations, that a nation singularly in need of such a day should have it.

We are certainly not alone in the possession of this grave defect. Nineteen centuries ago men had this deadly vice of ingratitude, this murderer of the finer qualities of the soul. Men of the most religious race under heaven had it, a race that prided itself upon the accuracy with its members kept their accounts with one another. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" was their rule. But favors and blessings were not always so promptly acknowledged. One day the kindly Jesus met ten men who were afflicted with the terrible disease of leprosy. How terrible it was and is we who have never seen it can only guess. But we know that it is a living death. The deadly virus propagates within the putrid flesh until the poison strikes into some vital part and takes the victim to his welcome fate. Such were the men who met Jesus on the road that day—helpless, hopeless, so far as this world was concerned, damned. The rotten flesh hung from their limbs, the wild look of despair was in their eyes. Here before them was the man with a reputation for curing people. They were ready to clutch at any straw.

... and they lifted up their voices, saying Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." And the pity compassion of the Son of God healed them every one. "And when He saw them, He said unto them, Go and show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, as they went, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back with a loud voice glorifying God; and he fell upon his face at His feet, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

If in the entire record of history there be a baser instance of ingratitude, except for those rare cases where men bereft of most elementary human feeling have killed their benefactors, I know it not. These men had been worse than dead. They had been decaying alive, vainly wishing for the merciful hand of Death. Because of the kindness of heart of a fellow-traveler they had been healed; their flesh had come to them again like

that of a little child, white and clean. The blood again coursed red and pure in their arteries. Life was again a joy instead of a hideous nightmare. Blessed hope again was theirs. Again they could shout at the beauty of earth and drink in with rapture the glory of the sun-set heavens. But in the calm possession of the greatest boon which it is in the power of the Almighty and all-loving God to give, the ingrates, taking for granted the blessing which had been vouchsafed them, marched on along the road, except the one man who had the decency to turn back out of his way and acknowledge his debt.

It was because Jesus knew human nature that this miracle and parable in one appears in the gospel record. He knew the things in human character at which to hit, and hit them hard, with all the driving strength of the naked truth. And one of these things was human ingratitude. Had there been no ingratitude on the part of men, the blessed Son of God would not have been obliged to exchange the glories of the heavenly realms for the bitter sordidness of earth. He would not have had to save man, for he would have been saved already. It is because men care not Who made them, and proceed along the highway of life as if they had received no blessings from God or from their fellowmen that the everlasting Gospel of salvation must be preached to-day. It is because men act the part as if they had made themselves and kept the world moving upon its axis that outside the churches in this broad land today you will find the same men and women outside next Sunday, eating and drinking and visiting and gossiping and squandering their time and becoming the while a little more like the dumb brutes and constantly again more brutish in their neglect of their God, are base ingrates who pass along the road as though there were no merciful Christ to turn back to. It is because there are in this town and everywhere such crowds of men and women who, when asked about their duty to God, are capable of saying in effect "We are God," that there is needed a revival of religion which might be fittingly started on this very day, as the truest sort of thanksgiving which any one of us can render.

But I wish to give way to no tirade against the indifference of men toward their Almighty Maker and Sustainer. I would speak rather today of gratitude as an essential element in true character. Gratitude is a part of humility, that quality of true greatness, which the mighty, failing to possess, go down to ignoble defeat, the rock on which the proud in their selfishness are wrecked. Once in a living word said the Christ, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted." One meaning of which is that a man who is willing to acknowledge his dependence upon others is a better man than he who gives no thanks to any man.

But how many of the aggressive, self-proclaiming type we have in our American life, boorish and unmanly because they are so possessed with the idea of their own independence and so taken up with this notion that they are not responsible to any man, nay! to God or man. (Continued on Page Four.)