

THE WEEK IN WAYNE

WHAT THE FOLKS IN THE SHIRE ARE DOING.

BETHANY.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Bethany, Pa., December 26—Mrs. M. A. Slayton has returned from Miner's Mills after spending a week with her brother.

INDIAN ORCHARD.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Indian Orchard, Dec. 26.—The grangers of this place will meet at their hall on Saturday evening next, elect officers, listen to a report from state grange by W. M. W. H. Hall, render a literary programme, and watch the old year out and the new year in.

DAMASCUS.

Prettiest Country Cemetery In Wayne County—John Burcher's Funeral Was Largely Attended—Christmas Services In Baptist Church.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Damascus, Pa., December 22.—One and one-half acres have been added to the Damascus Baptist cemetery. This will extend the new cemetery, and make it the prettiest country cemetery in Wayne county.

HAMLIN.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Hamlin, Pa., Dec. 26.—Among last week's visitors in Scranton were Mrs. C. M. Loring, C. L. Simons and F. A. Peet.

SOUTH CANAAN.

Special to THE CITIZEN. South Canaan, Pa., Dec. 26.—The annual Christmas entertainment and Xmas tree of the South Canaan M. E. Sunday school was held at the home of Mrs. M. E. Wells on Thursday evening, December 22.

CENTERVILLE.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Centerville, Pa., December 26—Miss Elizabeth Garrity is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Lane, of Scranton. Thomas Garrity spent Saturday and Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Eliza Garrity.

LAKEVILLE.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Lakeville, Pa., December 25.—On Sunday last Miss Minnie Miller, Hawley, and her gentleman friend, Dave Pinklestein, Scranton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Miller here.

WAYMART.

Special to THE CITIZEN. Waymart, Pa., December 27.—Patron's Day was observed December 25, and the following program was rendered at 1:30 p. m.: Welcome song; school; Stocking; Brigade; Primary pupils; vocal solo; "The Song the Angels Sing," Percy Minor; recitation, "B 696," Alice Hileman; mandolin and guitar duet, Edith and Neil Keen; song, "O Dear, What Can the Matter Be," Primary Pupils; exercise, "Old-Fashioned Tea Party," Intermediate Pupils; song, "Sleigh-bell's Jubilee," school; recitation, "Thais Jun," Edward Jaynes; piano duet, Misses Leida Chubb and Genevieve Kennedy; exercise, "The Xmas Dolls," Fourth Grade; reading, "Margaretta Watts; duet, "Hurray for Good Old Santa," Raymond and Gordon Lange; recitation, Harold Stephenson.

SOUTH STERLING.

Special to THE CITIZEN. South Sterling, Pa., December 22.—Mrs. G. V. Frey visited her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Carleton over Sunday. Mrs. G. H. Lancaster spent Tuesday in Scranton, doing her Christmas shopping.

THE CHICKEN FEVER!

Bear Reader, Did You Ever Get A Bad Attack Of It? Did you ever have the chicken fever? Do you know it's the greatest thing in the world, in the way of recreation, not to speak of profit, you can take up? We confess to be-

ing amateurs in the business. Our experience has been limited. Some hints however given to us by a veteran fancier, who has won "firsts" at the shows in Madison Square Garden, New York, and in Scranton may be worth while passing on. The man in question, who specializes on "Buff Rocks," told us that his ration for the year found was two parts of cracked corn, one part of oats, and one of wheat. He also liked to use one-half part of buckwheat, if he could get it. Dry bran is kept before the chickens all the time. "Germazone" is used especially when changing pullets from one pen to another as hens are very apt to get a cold or running in the nose at this season of the year. Mash is only fed once or twice a week with powder. In buying powder get a small package, for most of the large packages have a large percentage of bran. Saylor's is one of the best brands.

"IN OLE VIRGINIA!"

Old Men All Smoke Cigarettes—Cost Of Living Just Double What It Is Up North—How To Get A Drink!—In the South—"Tenelettes," Flourish—"Nigger" Restaurants, "Boarding is high in Virginia," said a northerner just returned from a short visit to one of the largest cities of that state. "Why, if you get in a boarding house you pay \$10 a week. They want references too. In every first-class boarding-house you have to have a pedigree about a mile long. Things are very high down there. Everything is on the European plan. We had to pay from \$10 to \$12 a week. Every place serves course dinners, that's why things are so high.

"Everything except fruits is just about double. I thought I'd go down there and find it would be cheaper than up North, but it was just the other way. They have "nigger" restaurants. "We do not cater to negro trade," signs are displayed in every drug store. That's just a little hint to tell them to keep out. "They smoke stogies. There's a great many cigarettes smoked down there. You find all the old men smoke cigarettes down there too. "Fifteen cents is charged for a shave, and twenty-five for a hair-cut. They run a little higher than here for laundry. Everything is high. "It's hard as the 'deuce' to get in with people. It was our hardest job to call on the candidate, to get a 'pass' to the first nigger. They were bound they weren't going to let us in the house. Insulting people too. "Lots of 'nickettes' down there. Most of 'em are 'tenelettes' instead of 'nickettes'; ten and twenty. Never got in a town in all my life where they drank like they did down there. Everybody drinks 'moonshine.' You go out into the little towns, and walk in the grocery stores and get talking and ask: "Got any license in this town?" "No, but every grocery store has a keg in the back room. All corn whiskey too."

"In some small towns down there every drug store has license. Very few grocery stores that don't have license. I was very disappointed in the South. I wanted to stay there all winter. I liked the place. "We looked for rooms. They took us into places where the ceiling was falling down, and they wanted \$8 to \$12 a month unfurnished. That's a peculiar thing down South. Every place you go, you must furnish your own heat."

"Where you all gwine to-night?"

POULTRY AND EGGS.

Secretary Martin Says Pennsylvania Exceeds All Other States in the Poultry and Egg Business. "In the last few years Pennsylvania has become one of the greatest poultry raising states in the country and thousands of dollars are being expended for further developing of the business," said A. L. Martin, deputy secretary of agriculture. "I have been making inquiries about the remarkable growth. In other states the growth has attracted attention and from figures I have obtained I think we have passed New York and some noted poultry raising states."

Continuing Mr. Martin said: "Reliable estimates show that this year Pennsylvania will raise more than 12,000,000 fowls of various kinds, which is a gain of about 2,000,000. This year's raising represents a value of between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000. "The best figures I have been able to obtain for the egg production in the state this year show about 75,000,000 citizens. "The growth of the poultry raising industry has been surprising and the weather this year has helped it amazingly so that Pennsylvania is not only fortunate in raising big corn and other crops but it is to the front in agriculture, dairy and poultry lines."

Coughing in Church.

The rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, which is one of the fashionable congregations of the Quaker City, according to the Harrisburg Telegraph, has addressed a letter to his flock asking them to please refrain from coughing and blowing their noses during services.

He says it annoys the pastor and the choir. We might add that it is frequently very annoying to the cougher or blower as well. If the matter were entirely one of personal choice, we venture to say that few persons would adopt coughing or nose blowing as a means of amusement or recreation. On the contrary, they are regarded in the light of disagreeable duties which must be performed, in church or out of church, although it must be admitted that they appear to be rather more zealously attended to in church by reason of their chorus effect. It may be, too, that some of it is unnecessary or, as the rector remarks, unnecessarily boisterous. But we should imagine that, after the publicity his letter has received, any member of his congregation

with the slightest predisposition to cold, or irritation of the throat, would hesitate to attend church, notwithstanding his assurance that he does not wish his lecture to be interpreted in that light. At this particular season of the year, we fear that most of our churches would be obliged to suspend if the bars were put up on coughing and handkerchiefs.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ages have past, since first the sound proclaimed "Glory in the highest. For Christ is born to-day." Come with rejoicing, shout the glad tidings. A world redeemed, from darkness and despair, Light shines forth the holy child to greet. Angels rejoicing, Shepherd's delight, Ring out ye bells, on Christmas Night! Bright Star of Bethlehem shining so clear, Over the cradle, the manger so dear; Dearest today, as the years come and go. Ring out ye bells, chant music low. Since nineteen hundred years have past, And Bethlehem's star, still leads us right. O'er land and sea, the sound proclaims, Ring out ye bells on Christmas Night!

Hail the Child, the Prince of Peace and King. Only son of righteousness, we bring, Life and light, to all mankind is given. Healing in His wings, for every wound is given. Born again, the second birth sets free. Born of the Spirit His child to be, Come, to raise the sons of earth to light. Ring out ye bells, on Christmas Night!

Christ the highest name on earth adored, Jesus Christ our everlasting Lord, Sing we loud the anthem, still proclaim Christ our Lord, was born in Bethlehem. Angels said "Fear not, for unto you I bring Glad tidings of the birth of Christ the King." There, the shepherds saw, the wonderful sight, Ring out ye bells, on this glad Christmas Night! MRS. E. TEEPLE, Lookout, Pa.

SAVE OUR QUAIL.

Quiet Observer, Bob White is Hungry, Cold and Dying For Want of Care. You know, Bob, so fine and cheery along about harvest time, and so friendly too, and sociable like, calling to you from the meadow fence, or old stump, or maybe from the potato field where he has been feeding on "tater bugs." You may not know that Bob is specially fond of these, and of cabbage worms, as well as of several other kinds of bugs and worms that bother the farmer. But he is, and he makes a full hand in the field every day, rain or shine, all of which entitles him to your protection, and commends him to your care when the ground is so deeply covered with snow that he can't grub for his living, which he would cheerfully do if he had a chance, or even half a chance. It is up to the farmers and suburbanites to look after Bob, while the snow is on, for he is in a bad way just now, and is calling plaintively and pitifully to you for food and shelter. A Friend Indeed. You know well that the friend in time of need is the friend indeed, and the only one worth trying to. In the time of the ruralist's greatest need, just when his plants, fruits and flowers are coming forward nicely, Bob White comes along and helps to save the crops by destroying many of the pests that would destroy it.

Bob doesn't go about this in a blood-thirsty way, nor as hired guardian, but in real earnest fashion, for these pests happen to be his choicest food; so he eats 'em and thus satisfies himself and helps the farmer.

Or, does it merely so happen? May he not have been specially created for this particular work? Anyway, he has developed a peculiar fitness for it, and like the good faithful servant he works at it untiringly from sun to sun, stopping now and then just long enough to sing a song of gladness that drives the lonesomeness out of the harvest field, for it is there he goes to yell you with a cheery "God speed ye" while you circle the fields with reaper or plow.

Do You Know Bob?

If you don't know Bob White you shouldn't neglect making his acquaintance, for he is a bully good fellow, and one that you will soon learn to love. Look him up in the encyclopedia, for he is an interesting character as well as a good looking. He belongs to the Gallinae, the family to which the turkey, chicken and other edible fowl belong. He is a species of grouse, and is commonly known as partridge or quail. But all the same he is the only Bob White, and no other fowl or bird can claim his title for he is forever proclaiming it, and has kept it up so long that it would be folly to attempt to rob him of it. But the dear fellow is in a bad way just now on account of the heavy snow which completely shuts him off from his feed. In the days when timberland, bramble thicket and natural grape arbors were plenty and free Bob got on finely. It was rare indeed that snow found its way through the limbs and dead foliage of the beech, or the scrub oak, or the wild plum that grew around the spring, so that he usually had plenty to drink, and with no lack of beach nuts and

wild grass seeds, he fared sumptuously and lived comfortably.

Give Bob a Lift.

Now is the time when you can do your dear good friend a turn that will not only help him but will be a benefit to yourself, as well as to the whole community, for if you let him starve and die you will be plagued with bugs and things hereafter. And don't you think you would deserve to be? What ought- 'n' to happen to any fellow who allows his good friends to starve while he has enough and to spare of that which they helped him to get? Look Bob up. You can easily find his trail in the snow. Carry out some sheaves of grain; or if you haven't any unthreshed take bundles of straw or hay and make a corral large enough for the whole drove. A few rails, or poles laid against a log or something to raise them a foot or so from the ground, and covered with straw, will be a palace fr Bob.

Grain, screenings, ground feed, sunflower seed, chicken corn—any sort of grain, will make a feast for him. At this season of the year the same as you, he has a special liking for buckwheat. Can you blame him? Every boy who knows where there is a covey of quail should regard it as a religious duty to see that the birds are fed every day. Such boys will be all the better men for doing this.

A Tender Appeal.

"Doesn't the condition of dear old Bob White appeal to you?" said a true sportsman as he stamped the snow from his feet. "I was out looking for the covey that lived up on the hills, but I couldn't find it. The snow is more than a foot deep up there and drifted a good deal, so that the birds have no chance to get food, and there is very little shelter. "This appeals to me mighty strong. Just think how cheery Bob was in the summer and autumn, how he entertained us, and what a lot he did for us in his way, and now to suffer for lack of the protection we owe, and to finally die for the want of food that is ours to give, and to which he has a right for having helped protect it from various pests. "I wish you would ask the boys, and the folks generally, to keep an eye out for Bob, for if they don't we may not hear his cheery call next Summer. You see his tribe is growing mighty small in this section where it used to be so large. "And that's no joke, but a true story with a wholesome tinge of pathos, and appealing enough to set every sort of a boy or man to searching for his friends now in the depths of distress. Write to Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the game commission, for his pamphlet on protection of game birds, Harrisburg, Pa., will catch him, and he will send it, sure.

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the Wayne County SAVINGS BANK. The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK Stands 38th in the United States Stands 10th in Pennsylvania. Stands FIRST in Wayne County. Capital, Surplus, \$527,342.88 Total ASSETS, \$2,951,048.26 Honesdale, Pa., December 1, 1910.

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Honesdale, Pa., December 1, 1910.

Lyric BENI. H. DITTRICH, LESSEE and MANAGER FRIDAY, DEC. 30. JOHN W. VOGEL'S BIG CITY MINSTRELS The one that has "STOOD THE TEST," John W. Vogel The Minstrel King. DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS Don't Miss Big Parade Prices: 25, 35, 50 and 75c. Seats now selling.