

# STAY HOME AND HELP YOUR TOWN

It is the Duty of All to Do What We Can.

CITY NO PLACE TO LIVE.

Overcrowded, Unhealthful Metropolitan Centers Have Little Room For Country Youth—Your Own Town Has Larger Prospects.

By JAMES SCHREIBER, Jr.  
As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

—From "Paradise Lost."

It was ever thus and will no doubt ever be so—the city, where houses thick and sewers annoy the air; where the sun's rising and setting are seen by few unless by chance; where the moon is forgotten, being undisturbed by the dull glare of the electric lamps swinging above the street; where people are confined in tenements and small roomed apartments; where souls are huddled together, all striving to beat their neighbors to a phantom goal—riches; where guileless wanderers come from afar and become lost in the mire of failure.

Or say success is attained—that is a moderate success, for one in a hundred reaches the topmost rung. Is it worth striving for? Doesn't your own town show more advantages?

The city is a fascinating place. The height of ambition of most of the people living outside the big centers of population seems to be to visit New York, Chicago or other large places. Visit them all to your heart's content, but don't make your home in one of them.

A great city is no place for the ambitious youth who wishes to become a power where he lives. A clerk in a country store can do more with his salary than a manager of some of the stores in the city.

The small town has advantages which you can see if you will, but take your eyes off that mirage, the city. The duty of the average youth lies in the town of his birth or adoption. Instead of wanting to quit it yourself, you should try to induce city people to come and live with you. Show them where they can benefit by so doing. Help increase the population of your town in this way. Tell them that you are a big family, not a lot of strangers to one another, as they are. Speak of the good times you indulge in that the city people never enjoy.

There are thousands of people cooped up in the cities who if they are brought face to face with the beauties of the small town will come to you and help you grow.

By the recent census it was proved that in Missouri wherever a town showed a decrease in population it was due to the lack of good roads. This neglect will have a demoralizing effect on any community. People who otherwise would reach your town will avoid it if the roads are in poor condition. Some of your own people will pack up after awhile and leave in disgust.

The same might be said if the town itself presents a slovenly appearance or if it shows a lack of civic pride.

But the place that shines out in civic improvement, whose streets and roads show that the people are up and doing, will be the gainer by its neighbor's neglect.

**To Build Beautiful Market.**  
In Glen Ridge, N. J., a village market, a unique and pretty feature of modern suburban improvement, is to be erected at the corner of Bloomfield avenue and Herman street. It is part of a general plan for the beautification of the borough and protection against the erection of unsightly structures. The main building will have six stores, each 24 by 40 feet, with offices on the second floor, a suit having all ready been reserved for borough officials and the borough council chamber. The buildings will be of light brick and have a red tile roof. The stores will be in an arcade. The borough of Glen Ridge is now without a single store, not even a drug store being located within the limits of the municipal polity of over 3,000 inhabitants.

**Cities Destroy.**  
Cities always destroy; they never produce. The city sits like a parasite on the face of the country absorbing its best. The country always contributes to the city, the city never to the country. The cities could not exist but for the country. We have developed the city civilization beyond what of the country.—Professor Bailey

**A Quick Thinking Advertiser.**  
It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign, "Bankrupt Sale," and to the left, "Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door in large letters, "Main Entrance."—Everybody's Magazine.

**One Way to Keep Trade.**  
There is now who has greater opportunity to make friends than the clerk in the store, and to him friends are valuable. Never consider any one a bore who is a customer of the place. It is quite as easy to be good natured and smiling as to be short, crisp and frowning.

## ADVICE TO CLERKS.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.  
To the clerk who would succeed I say, CULTIVATE CHARM OF MANNER.

Courteous manners in little things are an asset worth acquiring. When a customer approaches rise and offer a chair. Step aside and let the store's guest pass first into the elevator. These are little things, but they make you and your work finer.

To guy visitors or to give short, sharp, flippant answers even to stupid or impudent people is a great mistake. Meet rudeness with unfailing patience and politeness and see how much better your feet.

Most inaccuracies come from not really listening to what is said or not really seeing what you put down.



The chewing of gum, tobacco or paper as a jaw exercise should be eliminated. The world is now pronouncing it vulgar, unbusiness-like, useless and silly. Keep ahead of your employer and of the board of health in this thing.

If your business is to wait on customers be careful of your dress and appearance. Do your manuevering before you reach the store. A toothbrush is a good investment. A salesman with a bad breath is dear at any price. Let your dress be quiet, neat and not too fashionable. To have a prosperous appearance helps you inwardly and helps the business.

Give each customer your whole attention, and give just as considerate attention to a little buyer as a big one.

If asked for information be sure you have it before you give it. Do not assume that the location or fact is so now because you once thought it so.

Don't misdirect. Make your directions so clear that they will be a real help.

## WASTE CAN FOR USE ON STREET CORNER POLE.

Substantial Receptacle of Which Any Town Might Make Use.

The accompanying illustration shows a self closing can for receiving paper and other waste which has been in successful operation during the past four seasons, and any town that cares for the appearance of its streets might



WASTE RECEPTACLE.

adopt it with advisability. The can is semicircular in horizontal section, with a flat back, and is made to fit into the iron street railway poles used in most cities, being held in place by a hook which engages in the latticework of the pole. This permits easy removal for the purpose of emptying the can. The bottom of the can is perforated with half inch holes, allowing water from rains to drain off.

The top is a cover which is made somewhat smaller than the can itself, allowing about one inch play between the edge of the cover and the sides of the can. The cover is fastened to a horizontal rod which extends through holes in opposite sides of the can and serves as a swivel, allowing the cover to swing downward. This rod is fastened a short distance from the back of the cover, and at the back a weight is fastened to the underside of the cover sufficiently heavy to draw the latter back to place, thus making it self closing. The material used in the construction of the cans is heavy galvanized iron, painted. For guidance, the words "Push Down" are printed with stencil on top of the cover, and the request to "Put It In Here" is stenciled on the outside of the can.

**Good News For Retailers.**  
It is reported that the mail order houses experienced a shrinkage in business during the past year, and the head of one of the biggest mail order houses states that this shrinkage is due to the retail merchants learning to advertise their prices in big figures.

# The Scrap Book

Entirely Too Liberal.

Every once in a while a new campaign story yet bobs up in Washington. This one is on Ralph Cole, Ohio member of congress, who did his best to make his district go Republican, but who cannot point to any particularly howling success in that regard. At one town in his district he was to divide his time with a local spell-binder. The local man spoke first and was to have kept going for half an hour, but he made it an hour and a half. When he got through he made an apology for encroaching on Cole's time.

"It reminds me," Cole said, as he faced his audience, "of what I once heard in a courtroom. The defendant had been found guilty of a criminal charge. The judge sentenced him to fifteen years. 'Have you anything to say?' demanded the court of the prisoner. 'Nothing but this,' was the reply. 'I think you're mighty d— liberal with another man's time.'"

Then Cole turned loose and coaxed back the departing audience by the flow of his wonderful oratory.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Thy Purpose.**  
One and only must thy purpose be,  
Whole and decided.  
From giant force but pygmy deed wouldst take.

Were it divided.  
Thou must at once thy choice forever make.

For strife or pleasure;  
Must choose the kernel or the husk to take.  
Repent at leisure.

Some seek for pearls, others for bubbles mere.

On life's sea cruising,  
Complain not if the bubble disappear.  
'Twas thine own choosing.

**Father's Fairy Tales.**

During an entertainment period which followed the business session of a woman's club one afternoon recently some of the gentlemen who called for their wives were asked to tell some stories. The husband of the hostess begged to be excused.

"It's something that I seldom do," he exclaimed, "and I am afraid I'd make a sad failure."

The little daughter of the host and hostess was on her feet in an instant.

"Oh, papa, how you talk!" she exclaimed. "I heard mamma say only last night that you had a new yarn to tell every time you came home late at night from the office."—Youngstown Telegram.

**The Winning Trick.**

A tricky lawyer was defending a man in a promissory note case, and he knew he was going to lose. But in the lunch hour in his tricky way he sneaked back into the courtroom and changed the markers in all the prosecuting counsel's reference book. The judge after consulting all these reference books two hours later pronounced sternly:

"I should certainly have decreed for the plaintiff, but on referring to the citations quoted by plaintiff's counsel I find that they none of them bears even remotely on the case before us, and I incline to think that a gross insult has been perpetrated on this court. Counsel, with idiotic levity, has referred me to the action of a Frenchman who sued a zoological society for having been bitten by a bear. The second reference is to a case of slander. Next I am directed to a forged will and a safe robbery. What have these things to do with an action to recover on a promissory note? But perhaps the most shameless insult to this court lies in counsel's final reference to the notorious Lippman versus Henshaw case, the silliest and most ribald breach of promise suit in all the annals of western jurisprudence. Judgment for defendants, with costs."

**His Awful Experience.**

A man who had been shipwrecked and then cast up on the Jersey coast, where he lay a whole day before he revived sufficiently to summon help, was receiving the sympathy and congratulations of his friends on his recovery.

"You must have had a terrible experience with no food and mosquitoes swarming around you," said one of them.

"You just bet I had a terrible experience," the saved one acknowledged. "My experience was worse than that of the man who wrote 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' With me it was bites, bites everywhere, but not a bite to eat."

**Taking No Risks.**

Henry Irving was intensely interested in criminology, and on one occasion this hobby of the famous actor made it rather awkward for one of his friends.

The two men were walking together on a lonely moor. The friend was a very nervous man, and unfortunately at a very desolate spot Mr. Irving glanced round and exclaimed, "What an ideal spot for a murder!"

"Now, suppose I murdered you here," Mr. Irving went on. The other started violently, but Mr. Irving was already deep in his nefarious schemes and paid little attention to the other's obvious dissatisfaction with the subject of conversation. Nobody, Mr. Irving explained, would ever be able to trace the murderer, and he explained at great length how he could cover up his tracks.

"Don't you think it might be done?" he asked, turning again to his companion. But his companion was disappearing in the far distance as fast as his legs could carry him.

## SHE DID IT HERSELF.

It Was a Good Job, Too, but Her Husband Didn't Appreciate It.

A Philadelphia man who may be designated as Mr. Blank was asked by his wife the other day to aid in removing inside shutters from windows throughout the house so that they could be washed. Being in a hurry, he asked his better half to defer the matter until his return from the office. "I'll do it myself," was her retort. "Don't," was Mr. B.'s counsel as he departed; "women don't understand such work."

This of course only more firmly decided Mrs. Blank to go ahead, and when Blank returned that night he found the shutters down. His wife was nursing several lacerated fingers, but she wore a triumphant air. "The screwdriver slipped once or twice," she explained in response to his inquiring glance at her bandaged digits. "Screwdriver slipped!" repeated Mr. B. in a dazed tone. "Great snakes, woman! You don't mean to say you unscrewed all the shutter hinges?"

"Of course," said his wife complacently. "What other way could I get the shutters down?"

For answer Blank lifted a shutter and pulled the pin out of one of the hinges, showing that the taking down of each shutter only involved the removal of two pins. When he figured that there were ten pairs of shutters and each pair required the driving of sixteen screws to put them up he swore while his wife wept.

**Soon Learned.**

A Scottish gillie met the proffer of a nip from his master's flask with the protest that he "cudna drink out o' a bottle."

Pressed, however, to try, he put the flask to his lips, and the sound of the steady gurgling never ceased until he handed back the empty flask.

"Hoots, Dugald," sadly observed the laird, as he held the flask upside down to confirm his astonished vision, "meb be ye canna drink out o' a bottle—but, heh, man, ye'd soon learn!"

**He Made a Mistake.**

A man from an up state town entered a conference in New York city and sat down near the press table. It was noticed that, though he appeared bewildered, the man was eager to be pleased. He clapped boisterously at the slightest provocation, and where others only smiled he would throw



HE CLAPPED BOISTEROUSLY.

back his head and laugh loud and long. At the end of an hour or an hour and a half the man stopped his noisy applause and mirth, and, leaning toward a reporter, he whispered:

"Say, this is the white faced minstrel show, ain't it?"

"Why, no," the reporter answered. "The white faced minstrels are two doors below."

"What's this, then?" he inquired.

"This," said the reporter, "is the annual conference of the Egyptologists' society."

"Waal," said the crestfallen man, "I'll be! And, with a look of disgust, he hurried from the hall."

**Taking No Chances.**

An old man who had led a sinful life was dying, and his wife sent for a nearby preacher to pray with him.

The preacher spent some time praying and talking, and finally the old man said, "What do you want me to do, parson?"

"Renounce the devil, renounce the devil," replied the preacher.

"Well, but, parson," protested the dying man, "I ain't in position to make any enemies."

**Shooting to Kill.**

Poetry, it is said, at the present time is somewhat of a drug on the market, as a certain Scotchman and would be Bobby Burns found out to his cost when he tried to dispose of it—a thing, by the way, which he never did.

"I wish, dear," he remarked to his sister one day, "that you would take this latest poem of mine to your husband and ask him what he thinks of its merits."

His sister willingly agreed to do so and that evening took the poetical brain wave in question to her husband, saying: "You are such a good judge of poetry, George. I wish you would just run your eye through this poem of my brother's and tell me what you think of it."

The long suffering husband, who had waded through too many scintillations of the kind on previous occasions, took it up with a sigh and commenced to read it through. The poem was entitled "I Wonder Whether He'll Miss Me."

The good fellow read it right through from beginning to end.

Then he handed it back to his wife, remarking sadly, "He ought never to be trusted with firearms again if he does."

## Free For the Nonce.

They tell in Nebraska of a clergyman who in the pulpit was a fearless expounder of rights and wrongs, but who in the domestic circle maintained for prudential reasons considerable reserve of speech and action.

On one occasion when this divine visited a neighboring town the editor of the only paper published therein, which never failed to notice the presence of a stranger in town, offered the following, so worded as to prove unwittingly keen:

"Dr. Carroll is once more among us for a brief stay. He says and does exactly as he thinks right without regard to the opinions or beliefs of others.

"His wife is not with him."—Lippincott's.

The Very Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, D. D., dean of Westminster abbey, has been translated to the deanery of Wells, a less responsible position. Dr. Robinson attracted attention to himself a short time ago by refusing to allow the body of George Meredith to be laid to rest in Westminster abbey. He is known as a Greek scholar and has written books on theological subjects.

Close to Olga bay, not far from Vladivostok, a large settlement has been founded where in course of the next year the first iodine works in eastern Asia are to be opened. Iodine was hitherto produced from algae and seaweed which were gathered in the North sea. This seaweed was burned to ashes in Norway, which were treated for pure iodine in chemical works in other countries.

Field Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, a nephew of Deodoro da Fonseca, the first president of the republic, is the eighth executive chief that Brazil has had. Though the republic was proclaimed on the 15th of November, 1889, and a provisional government was organized the same day, the constitution, which was modeled on that of the United States, was not promulgated until Feb. 24, 1891.

**The Real Thing.**

"This," said the young benedict who was just realizing that he had caught a tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snapped.

"Oh, I'm not! I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**His Good Action.**

A little Canadian boy went to bed and then suddenly recollected that he hadn't done one good action that day. His conscience was gnawing at him. He heard a little squeal in the corner of his room, and he got up and released a mouse that had been caught in the trap. Then he gave it to the cat.

**Expensive Fiction.**

"Is that picture really a work of art?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but the story the dealer told me about it surely was."—Washington Star.

**Enough Said.**

"Thrifty, is she?"

"Thrifty! I won't go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."—Washington Herald.

**His Dilemma.**

"For \$200 I'll fix your teeth so you can chew without difficulty."

"If I was to give you \$200 I couldn't get anything to chew on."—Life.

## FOR CONSTIPATION.

A Medicine That Does Not Cost Anything Unless It Cures.

The active medicinal ingredients of Rexall Orderlies, which are odorless, tasteless and colorless, is an entirely new discovery. Combined with other extremely valuable ingredients, it forms a perfect bowel regulator, intestinal invigorator and strengthener. Rexall Orderlies are eaten like candy and are notable for their agreeableness to the palate and gentleness of action. They do not cause griping or any disagreeable effect or inconvenience.

Unlike other preparations for a like purpose, they do not create a habit, but instead they overcome the cause of habit acquired through the use of ordinary laxatives, cathartics and harsh physic, and permanently remove the cause of constipation or irregular bowel action.

We will refund your money without argument if they do not do as we say they will. Two sizes, 25c. and 10c. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store.

A. M. LEINE.

## IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

MANUEL JACOBSON of Honesdale Wayne county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said court at Scranton, in said district, on the 28th day of February, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

EDWARD R. W. SEARLE, Clerk.

Let us do your printing and satisfy yourself it is printing.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JAN. 7, 1911.

ASSETS.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 245,274 78
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	65 64
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	55,000 00
Federal Reserve Notes	1,800 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,352,491 57
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	40,000 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2,752 78
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	105 17
Due from approved reserve agents	152,885 00
Checks and other cash items	9,970 47
Notes of other National Banks	540 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	210 55
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	\$82,128 50
Legal tender notes	15,815 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,750 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	500 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,959,982 46</b>

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 150,000 00
Surplus fund	150,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	67,881 13
National Bank notes outstanding	54,350 00
Due to other National Banks	1,499 39
Individual deposits subject to check	\$1,510,061 14
Demand certificates of deposit	23,261 00
Certified checks	155 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	2,144 80
Bonds borrowed	\$1,536,221 04
Notes and bills rediscounted	None
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	None
Liabilities other than those above stated	None
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,959,982 46</b>

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.

H. Z. RUSSELL, President,  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of JAN., 1911.  
R. A. SMITH, N. P.  
Correct—attest:  
LOUIS J. DORFLINGER, } Directors,  
ANDREW THOMPSON, }  
HOMER GREENE, } 4w4

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## The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadin's drug store, Honesdale.

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EVERYTHING IN LIVERY Buss for Every Train and Town Calls.

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Prompt and polite attention at all times. ALLEN HOUSE BARN

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF WILLIAM PENWARDEN, OREGON TWP

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

OLIVE PENWARDEN, E. DARWIN PENWARDEN, LEVI W. PENWARDEN, Executors. Carley Brook, Pa., Jan. 18, 1911.

## A. O. BLAKE, AUCTIONEER & CATTLE DEALER

You will make money by having me. BELL PHONE 8-U Bethany, Pa.