

THE CITIZEN

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All notices of shows, or other entertainments held for the purpose of making money or any items that contain advertising matter will only be admitted to this paper on payment of regular advertising rates.

The policy of the The Citizen is to print the local news in an interesting manner, to summarize the news of the world at large, to fight for the right as this paper sees the right, without fear or favor to the end that it may serve the best interests of its readers and the welfare of the country.

Buffalo Bill is in a lawsuit. In our opinion it is lucky for the man he's suing that the noted scout has agreed on arbitration.

To live a hundred years Dr. Harvey W. Wiley says you must work well, eat well, sleep well, think well and play well. Well! Well!!

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has described himself as a Democrat without prefix or affix. The American press generally, however, has often described him as being in a nice fix.

A young factory girl of St. Paul became totally bald as a result of a fright she received at a fire in the factory. Her father brought suit and recovered \$2,000 damages. That ought to go a long way toward buying a 25-cent bottle of hair tonic.

A woman in New York is said to have bought two one-cent stamps with a \$5,000 bill. Of course \$4,999.98 would seem more like real money to a woman.

Another woman in New York has told how she felt when her fingers closed over fifty brand new bills of \$1000 each. Must have been a nice feeling. We would have been speechless, wouldn't you. But that's just like a woman, always able to talk under any circumstances.

A PRAYER THAT WAS ANSWERED AT LAST. Andrew Toth, wrongfully convicted of a crime about which he knew nothing, left prison in Pittsburgh Saturday, finally freed by a Governor's pardon, because a "death bed" repentance had uncovered the truth at last.

Twenty years ago, Michael Quinn was killed in the Thomson Steel works. Toth was not even in the mill when then murder was committed. Twenty years ago, Toth was railroaded; an easy thing for "Justice" to do with a man without friends, money or the ability to speak English and defend himself.

Twenty years ago, in the commitment of Toth to prison, Allegheny county committed a terrible mistake, the terror and horror of which no one but a man who has served a term for a wrong he has not done can fully comprehend.

Twenty years is a long time; there are many hours during a period of twenty years for a man to brood over the wrong done him by Society and to change from a human being to a sullen, revengeful embittered animal.

His prison mates knew him as "Praying Andy" Toth. When he entered the prison a prayer was on his lips. That same prayer, answered after twenty years, was still on his lips when he came out a vindicated man.

Nothing can ever repair the wrong done to this man. It is awful to contemplate. Let it act as a lesson in future cases that until a man is proved guilty he must be held INNOCENT!

A man died. Before he died, he made a confession, over there in Hungary. His name was also Toth.

After twenty years, a coward told the truth! In the sublime faith with which "Praying Andy" Toth awaited that confession, there is something awe inspiring. Not less awe inspiring is the thought of the soul of that dead man going to meet his God.

"THE GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT."

An editorial of this nature is pertinent every day of the year and to be effective as a warning against the horde of swindlers whose insidious literature creeps into every mail despite the watchfulness of the postal authorities, it should be mailed to every possible investor with the same regularity and persistence as the gorgeous and fortune promising prospectuses of the get-rich-quick scheme promoters themselves.

It is a lamentable fact of human nature, however, that whereas the prospectuses will be read with intense and consuming interest, inflaming a naturally sane mind with the lust for gain in an incredibly short time, the warnings against these very things will generally be read very cursorily or not at all.

Newspapers, magazines, periodicals of every kind have warned the public against the get-rich-quick grafters time and again. Almost every day there is a story in the papers of an arrest or a raid by the postal authorities in connection with the hundreds of various schemes by which the public is annually fleeced out of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Probably there is not a man or woman in the whole country who has a little or a lot of money in the savings banks but has been flooded with the remarkably clever literature of the get-rich-quick rascals or received a call in person from a suave, smooth, polished individual who has promised confidentially such amazing results in the most plausible manner conceivable by the cunning brain which directs the operations from a handsome suite of offices in any of the larger cities of the United States.

Perhaps the above statement is slightly exaggerated. There may be, and undoubtedly are, some persons in this country who have not yet been approached by the get-rich-quick robbers but their time will come sooner or later and it is for just such persons that this editorial is written, that they may be warned not to snap at the bait, however alluring it may be,

held out to them by these unscrupulous "promoters."

John Smith is a supposititious person of any town in any county of any state in the Union. Mr. Smith has some nine hundred dollars in the savings bank where it is drawing interest up to four per cent. in some cases, although more often it is only two and a half or three. One day Mr. Smith has the misfortune to have his name placed on what is known to both layman and professional as the "sucker list."

The word is not an elegant one but it is the only term by which Mr. Smith and others like Mr. Smith are known.

From the day that Mr. Smith's name goes on that list it becomes only a question of time until his nine hundred dollars goes out of the savings bank and into the hands of the get-rich-quick schemer.

Unless, of course, and this does not usually happen, Mr. Smith is a gentleman of more than the average caution who takes time and money to investigate the whole affair thoroughly before investing his carefully saved earnings.

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand Mr. Smith has not the time, and, as we have supposed, he has not the money, because the nine hundred dollars in the bank represents the savings of a life time.

But he has time to read the prospectuses and if not, he takes time to read them, for being a purely human person their lurid colors and the prominence given to the dollar mark catches his eye and holds his attention until he has read them through and through.

Probably, afterwards he laughs at himself for having read the thing, and, if the truth were told, feels a trifle ashamed, because he vaguely remembers having read somewhere that the promises of the prospectuses are impossible of fulfillment and that the men who write them are being sent to prison every day.

Undoubtedly he would not want Neighbor Jones to find him poring over the little booklet. Mr. Smith is, as we have said, only human and he would be afraid that his neighbor might laugh at him. So he goes to his work in the field or in the store, and several times during the day he catches himself wondering if there might not be something in the scheme after all.

That night he goes home from work. The books in the house have been read over and over again. The booklet, however, is more attractive.

Mr. Smith gets to thinking. He thinks that the savings bank rate of interest is pretty low and that his money really ought to be doing a little bit better than three per cent to say the least.

He thinks of the enormous wealth of the money kings of to-day. How does his paltry nine hundred dollars compare with those colossal fortunes? There is no comparison. And then Mr. Smith remembers that most all the millionaires he has read about in the papers began with a few hundred dollars or even less.

Why cannot he do the same? Isn't he as clever a man as other men? Certainly he is. Isn't his money just as good as other people's money? Of course. Cannot his money double and treble itself if he'll only give it a chance? Unquestionably.

Meanwhile the chance is right before him; opportunity flaunts itself in his very face; he'd be a fool not to grasp it. What is the chance? Where is the opportunity? Why is he a fool? The prospectus is only too glad to show him. Out it comes from the inside coat pocket with the dollar marks dancing up and down the page, and the clever, insidious, psychological questions taunting him with his present poverty when such great, exclusive and unending profits are to be realized if he'll only have the common sense and decision to INVEST NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Mr. Smith becomes dissatisfied. He wants to get more money and get it quickly. The scheme before him, whether mining stock, real estate, bananas, manufacturing companies promises him anywhere from 8 to 800% on the money invested. 800% on nine hundred dollars is \$7200. He thinks of the money he has worked so hard to earn. What if he should lose it? But pshaw, there is no such word as fail, says the prospectus. Mr. Smith cannot lose. There are the figures right on the first page which prove it to him. Just look at the letter from Neighbor Black telling how he doubled his money through investing with the company behind this prospectus. Neighbor Black has been paid well for that letter, but Mr. Smith does not know that. He wants to get money and get it now!

So he takes his nine hundred dollars from its safe resting place in the saving bank and the letter in which he mails the check or money order almost loses itself in the great mass of just such letters which have the main office of the promoting company for their destination. Perhaps Mr. Smith only sent \$450 the first time, not wishing to risk his whole accumulation. Undoubtedly then he will receive at the end of the month the promised amount of interest with another glowing prospectus and more literature of the same golden promising kind. Then Mr. Smith knows he cannot lose. Hasn't he got the money right there in his hands? What better proof does he need? Seeing is believing, but alas for Mr. Smith, he does not know that the interest which he has received is some of HIS OWN MONEY RETURNED TO HIM, to lure him further into the net, and is not the dividend paid out of the legitimate earnings of the wonderful company.

No longer does any doubt exist in Mr. Smith's mind, however. He is on his way to fortune and soon he will be able to astonish his neighbors.

Out comes the rest of that nine hundred dollars. He borrows more money; he mortgages his house and sends the proceeds to the company.

Mr. Smith has said good-bye to his money forever and ever. IT NEVER COMES BACK.

The get-rich-quick scheme is the meanest, most despicable form of robbery which is practiced to-day. Read this letter received from a young man which the Metropolitan magazine prints in its last issue: "We are absolutely without resources. Our home will be sold over our heads and my mother is old and ailing."

His mother was a widow who had "invested" every cent she had in a fake get-rich-quick scheme. Her death later as a result of the privations she suffered because of her folly must be tallied as one of the thousands of death marked up to the get-rich-quick wolves.

There are too many names of the get-rich-quick rascals for us to print them all. A few, Shelton C. Burr, A. L. Wisner, L. E. Pike, George Graham Rice, Alfred B. Osgoodby, W. T. Wintemute, C. F. King, and William C. Greene stand out above the rest because of the audacity and success of their operations. There is slight satisfaction for those who have lost their all in the schemes promoted by these cold-blooded scoundrels to know that some of them are now under arrest and others are serving terms in prison.

All the laws in the world, all the watchfulness of the authorities, all the warnings of the newspapers, cannot save you, Mr. Smith. Your only protection is yourself. Be ever on your guard because the "get-rich-quick scheme will get you if you don't watch out."

PRESS NOTES

A Philadelphia woman wants a divorce because her husband allowed her only 25 cents a day. Evidently she isn't satisfied with her quarters. —New Milford Advertiser. Or else he ought to get a better half.

Charles Spring, son of Councilman Spring, is now working for William H. Boardman, the Philadelphia engineer.—Bristol Daily Courier. We hate to spring this one but of course he works on a spring board. Giddap, Dobbin, it's time to go home!

Crossed in Love Affair, Stayed in Bed 40 Years. Joseph Plummer, of Milton, N. H., Now Seventy-One, never got up after his father refused to allow him to marry.—Headlines the N. Y. Herald. Nevertheless we imagine that he wasn't nearly as cross as his father.

The city of Everett, in the state of Washington, has had to cut its running expenses 50,000 odd dollars because of the loss of revenue when the town went dry.—N. Y. Evening Journal. We will wager a goodly sum that when they vote again on the license the name will be changed to Everwet. Ha, ha, Archibald, you may make mine the same.

Some of the good things served by Mrs. Gumaer were: Pretzels, Liverwurst, Kartoffel Salade, Pumpernickel, Frankfurters, Schweinknochel Sauerkraut, Limberger Cheese, Schweizer Cheese, Speck.—Livingston Manor (N. Y.) Times. We opine that if we raked our brains and took a correspondence course in a Sherlock Holmes College, we could guess the nationality of the diners.

Funeral of Michael Crimmins. Funeral services for the late Michael Crimmins, who died last Tuesday evening, aged 75 years, were held in his residence, the old Sidney Bushnell place at Dyberry, Saturday morning at 8 o'clock and at 10 o'clock in St. John's Evangelist R. C. church, Rev. Father Thomas M. Hanley, officiated. It was largely attended. The bearers were: Michael J. Moran, Honesdale; John J. Hensy, White Mills; Peter Hagerty, Bethany; James Burke, Daniel O. Manfield, Thomas Dorrity, Tanners Falls. Interment was made in St. John's cemetery.

Out-of-town relatives in attendance were: Miss Anna Collins, John Quill, James Mulvehill, Olyphant, Miss Mary Collins, Newark, N. J.

Death Of Mrs. Charles H. Gray. Mrs. Charles H. Gray, nee Carrie Lake, daughter of Dr. George A. Lake, died Thursday midnight, at her home, 443 Main street, from pneumonia. A two weeks' illness preceded her death. She was born October 1, 1869, at Ellenville, N. Y., and was 41 years old. She was married March 15, 1889, at Narrowsburg, N. Y., to Charles H. Gray. A sister, Mrs. Abram Decker, Cliff street, survives, also her husband and seven children, six sons and one daughter, viz: Charles Edward, Ethel G., Elisha G., Clinton L., Edward J., Robert L., Elmer W., all at home, their ages varying from 9 to 22 years. Funeral services were held in her late residence Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. A. L. Whittaker, rector of the P. E. church, of which she was a devout member, officiating. Interment at Glen Dyberry cemetery. Mrs. Gray was a member of the Daughters of America.

Funeral services were held in her late residence, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. A. L. Whittaker officiating, and were largely attended. The bearers were W. J. Ferber, George Bergman, Ernest F. Dudley, L. C. Weniger, Philip W. Slater, Patrick J. Lennon. Interment was made in Glen Dyberry cemetery. Out-of-town relatives in attendance were: Elisha Gray, Atlantic City.

Funeral of John U. Rodemer. Funeral services for the late John U. Rodemer, who died Thursday at the home of Michael Loercher, 147 Cliff street, were held Sunday afternoon in his late residence, and were largely attended. Rev. C. C. Miller officiated. The pall-bearers were Michael Loercher, John Driscoll, Fred Pohle, Stephen Bergmann, William C. Pelt, George Poppenheimer. Interment was in Riverdale cemetery. Out-of-town relatives in attendance were: Mrs. Barbara Witmer and daughters, Julia and Helena, Scranton.

John Male, of Cherry Ridge, Pa., announces his candidacy for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. 21ft

ROBBER CATARRH

Steals Energy and Will Power From Its Victims.

Catarrh robs its victim of energy—some physicians say of will power. That may be the reason thousands of catarrh sufferers haven't ambition enough to accept this fair and square offer by G. W. Pell which makes without any why's and wherefores or red tape of any kind.

G. W. Pell says: "I guarantee HYOMEI to cure catarrh, acute or chronic, or money back," and that offer is open to every reader of the Citizen.

HYOMEI (pronounce it High-ome) is the purest Australian Eucalyptus combined with Thymol and other germ killing antiseptics.

Pour a few drops into the small vest pocket. HYOMEI inhaler and breathe it into the lungs over the inflamed membrane infested with catarrh germs.

It is pleasant to use—it kills the germs, soothes the sore membrane, and cures catarrh; if it doesn't your money back.

A bottle of HYOMEI costs 50 cents at druggists everywhere, and at G. W. Pell's. A complete outfit, which includes a bottle of HYOMEI, a hard rubber inhaler and simple instructions for use costs \$1.00.

PEOPLE'S FORUM

Editor of The Citizen: Can you tell me where the saying "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world" originated? I have had a dispute over the origination of this saying with my brother who claims it is from something of Shakespeare's. I do not agree with him. Will you settle this question for us?

Very truly yours, K. E. M.

To the best of our knowledge the saying you mention comes from a poem by William Ross Wallace entitled "What Rules the World." It runs as follows:

They say that man is mighty; He governs land and sea; He wields a mighty sceptre; Or lesser powers that be; But a mightier power and stronger Man from his throne has hurled, And the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rule the world.

Editor The Citizen: Little of practical importance has been said about the graded lesson system in our local Sunday School Conventions. Neither is it our purpose at this time to set forth the construction plan of the separate courses of Bible study, nor yet to note the difficulties to be met in their adoption. But it may be time to say at least a word respecting the transition period through which the Sunday school world is just now passing.

Some References For the Old. Doubtless the uniform lessons will survive for another generation for good in the past and are too strongly entrenched in the minds and hearts of the church constituency to be put aside easily. Then, too, they meet the requirements of that immense Sunday school constituency which prefers predigested material; as also those who are sentimentally fearful and afraid to cut loose from tradition. While those who are financially involved in the uniform lesson plan have buttressed it on every side by commercial and vested interests, and still others solemnly affirm the grave defects of this new departure in lesson study.

Success Of The New. On the other hand, many schools are inquiring about the graded system and asking for its merits in preference to the old. In fact, the Sunday school is already recasting its methods, and revising its appeals, and so adapting itself to all classes and ages with the result that over one-half million of young men alone became associated with the Sunday school and church last year through direct effort along modern lines.

Our denominational houses have been quick to recognize that the best good of the child demands first consideration, and have entered upon the new lesson series with both care and reluctance, knowing that the financial outlay must far exceed all profits derived therefrom for some time. However, the new graded courses met with instant success in a fivefold greater demand the past year than the most sanguine dared to hope.

This prompt and hearty response in general demonstrates beyond question the recognized widespread and earnest desire for a new type of organized study and instruction in the Sunday school. And the unanimous testimony of those who have adopted and tested the principles of the new methods, aside from the psychological and pedagogical basis, is highly favorable, and entirely satisfactory.

Some Unique Features. The graded lesson studies faithfully pursued will help the student to locate the lesson in his own Bible; to obtain a clear idea of the Bible story; to know its relation to other scripture; to feel the need of a practical realization of its precepts in the individual life.

The method pursued in graded Sunday school work is somewhat similar to the grade work in the public or secular schools—a continuous series of progressive Bible studies from infancy throughout life, designed to meet the needs of the pupil in each stage of his spiritual development, and making for thoroughness and familiarity with and love for God's Word, so that he will become a persistent life-student of the old Book, and the exemplar of its teachings.

Those Sunday schools which today confess to a need of a diviner aspiration, may find it in this toning effect of an ungloried grasp of God's Word—in the "rich feel" of a direct handclasp with the Divine. This is the careful design of the graded Sunday school work: To lift the school out of the whirl of excessive "lesson helps" (or hindrances) and to rescue it from the crutch-like method of Bible study, in its every endeavor to entwine the tendrils of childhood and youth about the Book of Books. To be doing this faithfully is to be tilling and seeding for a hundredfold harvest in direct Bible knowledge and practical Christian training.

R. D. MINCH. Damascus, Pa.

Editor The Citizen: A copy of The Citizen of the 15th instant was forwarded to me, and the contents of the article concerning the care and preservation of trees in your town, was carefully noted. I take the liberty to reply to same, not in criticism of it, but rather that you and your readers be not misled on the duty you owe the trees.

Your desire to have some philanthropic minded citizen follow the steps of Clarke Bros. of Scranton, is a matter that deserves severe criticism. While the motive of Clarke Bros. is a commendable one, their act however should be condemned.

The children who will receive these trees have no knowledge of planting them and much less their parents. Such a condition will result in trees planted too closely,

EDITOR'S CORNER

We get a lot of fun out of this column. We want you to enjoy it also. Primarily it is run for your amusement. If anything appears here which offends you in any way whatsoever, drop us a postal or phone us to that effect. An apology will appear in the next issue of the paper. Your fair, best friend.

We have no wish to hurt anybody's feelings. All we want to do is to brighten one moment of your day; and if but one single tear brings a smile, we shall feel it was not written in vain.

If Charles Bassett out to auction off his belongings would Lloyd Bidwell on the razors? Ready aim! Fire!!!

If Henry Russell should play shortstop on the Honesdale team would Martin Cauffield? Give him another chance constable, he has a widowed mother.

Our half-baked and wholly inconceivable idea of nothing for a man to brag about is the number and kind of drinks he had before he began to forget. What is your idea?

Absentmindedlike, we asked Nellie, the b. w. o. a. h., for an orange last Friday. When the battle was over we crawled out from under the table and finished our breakfast in the hall.

If it's too difficult for us to pronounce the name of a prominent Russian general perhaps Margaret Kansky. What ho! Without there! Let the portculcins fall, there's a traitor in our midst.

Moses Green has the contract to build a large pigpen for Mr. Arnold.—Ellenville (N. Y.) Press. We could, if we so desired, by taxing our brains to the last cell of our cerebellum, create a bit of a laugh out of this item.

We note that at the recent fire in Randolph Hall, Harvard University, the students were awakened barely in time to escape the flames. Probably the student who should have yelled "fire!" went about it this way: "Fellow aspirants of the altitudinous erudition, I am informing through my possession of two of the five senses that a conflagration is consuming our dormitory. Ergo, juxtaposition to the oxygenated carbonized olajinous chemical transformation now being consummated being highly undesirable, I have finally arrived at the conclusion that we must propel ourselves through yonder casement, or otherwise undergo the tortures of incineration.

some in poor soil, others out of harmony with the landscape, etc. You have the exact condition in your town to-day as a result of indiscriminate planting by your fore-fathers. Trees have decayed and died because they had no opportunity to breathe, nor to spread their roots at will. Trees that attracted disease, shut out sunlight where it was needed, and today you have the dreaded Maple Cotton Moth, and the European Elm Scale. (The Maple Cotton Moth is one of the insects that lives on the underside of the maple leaves, sucking the life out of them and finally causing them to drop early in the season. It presents a white mass, and is no doubt very familiar to your citizens. The European Elm Scale is a very small whitish insect that lives on the young shoots of the tree, sucking out the sap and finally causing death. This can only be detected by the trained eye, and by a person who has frequently seen it.)

Had Clarke Bros. distributed vines, flower seeds, or vegetable seeds, they would have done a more commendable act, and one that would not result in the condition of things—so far as your trees are concerned—that your town is suffering from today. To place a tree in the hands of a child, is like giving the care and bringing up of an infant to the same child.

The matter of fertilization upon which you lay so much stress, is a remedy of last resort. Shade trees properly planted, pruned of their dead and superfluous wood every year or so, and the soil spaded up around them, very seldom need fertilizing.

By relieving the tree of dead and superfluous limbs, it is stimulated to better growth. Sunlight reaches every portion, air passes through it very much in the same fashion that a house is ventilated. It is an aid towards extermination of many of the pests that attack the trees, because they will not live in places that are exposed to severe sunlight and winds. Spading around the tree to a distance equal to its spread, will permit water to find its way to the feeding roots. By having a heavy sod over them sends the water off or simply keeps it near the surface until evaporated.

A tree with such care in a city, is living under a near ideal condition, and should be in good health. Such a tree is less susceptible to attack by pests than its neighbor who has had no attention, and is the harbor for almost every pest.

It is to be confessed that leaves are an excellent food for fall, but not the same leaves that fall from the city trees. These invariably are filled with the pest that caused them to drop, and by collecting and burning them as soon in the fall as possible, much is done towards the extermination of these pests. By permitting them to lie on the ground during the winter, a most excellent opportunity is afforded the pest for its development during that time, and prepares them to come out in vigorous health in the spring to again commit havoc to the trees.

The application of fertilizer as applied to fruit trees, differs in reason for its necessity as applied to shade trees. At its best it is no more than a stimulant which is not permanent.

Trusting that I have been able to enlighten you and your readers on the subject, I am,

Very respectfully yours, BERNARD M. RIFKIN. Second National Bank Building.

Editor's Note:—The Citizen does not hold itself responsible for any of the personal opinions which appear in this column.)