

WIRE PULLING IN THE KEYSTONE GUARD

OBJECTIONS RAISED TO J. ROY LILLEY AS RECEIVER, SAYS DAILY ADVOCATE.

Wire pulling has already begun in the Keystone Guard for the office of receivership. For some weeks it has been reported that a scheme was on foot to have J. Roy Lilley, the son of Boss Lilley, appointed to this fat office. The scheme was conducted with much secrecy, but it finally leaked out, and then many of the police holders raised objections to Lilley.

They raised the point that the office of receiver was not a political one, and should not be given to the son of a political boss. They also objected on the ground that Mr. Lilley was on very intimate terms with several of the officers of the Guard who had been engaged in looting the company.

Meetings of policy holders were called both in Towanda and Athens this week at which rumor said that Lilley would be recommended for receiver. So much opposition developed, however, that his name was not pressed in open meeting, and his friends confined themselves to working outside.

In Athens the names of E. S. Johnson and G. S. Rundell were proposed, and after a stormy meeting the policy holders finally voted in favor of Mr. Johnson. This action, however, is not binding on the court.—[People's Daily Advocate.]

THE METRICAL CARAT.

New System of Weighing Precious Stones in Europe.

An important change was made in the system of weighing precious stones by the agreement of European jewelers and lapidists which is now in effect.

France, Switzerland, Norway, Roumania, Bulgaria and Spain entered into the agreement to establish a metrical carat which would fit into the metrical system, now so generally used abroad. The old carat of 3.167 grains Troy weighed 205.3 milligrams, while the new carat will weigh an even 200 milligrams, or 3.086 grains Troy, according to the old system.

The change is being considered in every country where precious stones are articles of commerce, and various European states, in addition to those mentioned above, which have already acknowledged the reform, are about to adopt the metrical carat.

Of course if any of the larger and wealthier nations—England, for instance—were to object to any alteration the confusion would tend to hamper trade, but the change is more than welcome on the continent, where the metrical system has been in use for so many years that the old arbitrary weights are almost forgotten and all measurements have been simplified into a decimal system.—Chicago Tribune.

New York's Big Park.

"We expect to have 142 acres of land added to Central park before very long, or just as soon as the Jerome park reservoir is completed, and then it will be up to the landscape architect to make this the finest park in the country," said an officer of the park department. He explained that the 142 acres are used by the two reservoirs that were constructed in the park forty years ago. They will be no longer needed when the Jerome park reservoir, which was begun ten years ago, is finished. Judging from adjoining property, Central park is valued at \$280,000 an acre. The reservoirs are occupying land worth \$38,837,390. The ground there is 115 feet above the sea level and takes in one-sixth of the entire park.—New York Sun.

Bold Bachelors.

Wedlock seems to be in a bad way in the mountains of the Dauphine. The confirmed bachelors of the country have decided to meet every month and toast celibacy. Invitations are sent out with the information, "Good feeding, good drinking, much laughter, much dancing." An added insult to matrimony is that the invitations have been sent to all spinsters who have "put on St. Katherine's cap"—that is to say, who are over twenty-five and are therefore presumed to be on the high road to old maidenhood. The confirmed bachelors announce their intention of eating, drinking, laughing and dancing with the old maids every month. But their very hardihood may be their undoing.—London Telegraph.

Journalists in Italy.

In Italy, says the London Chronicle, the journalist, with barely one or two exceptions, works for a salary which the pampered ones of England would laugh at. But he has his compensations. He—and not only himself, but his wife and family, too—travels free on all the railways, whether the journey is on business or not. If he wishes to go to the theater and to take his friends he has only to ask and the requisite box or stalls are at his disposal, and that however humble his professional rank may be.

Comforts of Home.

By a new process of photographic calico printing in Berlin it will be possible to have family portraits, landscapes and domestic scenes reproduced on sofa cushions, curtains and tablecloths at a reasonable price. The possibilities of this are depressing, but the innovation does not promise anything so alarming as the wax fruit, plush albums and cartoon crayon portraits of the postbellum period.—Philadelphia Ledger.

RED HAIR WINS DIVORCE FOR RICH MAN'S WIFE.

Kansas City Woman Found Tilted Tress on Her Husband's Brush.

Mrs. Emma B. Mason of Kansas City obtained a divorce from Howard L. Mason, a wealthy real estate man and president of the Safety Rail and Joint Lock company. After listening to testimony in which Mrs. Mason told of finding red hair on one of her husband's hair brushes and of comparing the same red hair with that which adorned the head of her husband's fair stenographer the court granted the decree and gave Mrs. Mason the custody of their nine-year-old son.

Mrs. Mason met Mr. Mason at a railroad station one day last year, and he had with him his secretary, a pretty young woman with auburn hair. The explanation was satisfactory—so much business to transact. After another trip a few weeks later Mrs. Mason said she found the red hairs on the brush. Then, she said, she remembered that the hair was identically the same in color as that of her husband's stenographer.

Later, when she called up her husband's office, she said, a woman asked who she was. When she said she was Mrs. Mason's wife the woman at the telephone, she continued, asked her how she knew she was and if she could prove it.

"I went down to the office with my marriage certificate," the wife testified. "When I showed it to her she said she didn't believe it was so. My husband came in, and I asked him about it. He advised the two of us to go out into the hall and fight it out."

The Automobile.

In some respects the automobile is the most marvelous machine the world has yet seen. It can go anywhere at any time, floundering through two feet of snow, ford any stream that isn't deep enough to drown out the magnets, triumph over mud axle deep, jump fences and cavort over plowed ground at fifteen miles an hour. It has been used with brilliant success in various kinds of hunting, including coyote coursing on the prairies of Colorado, where it can run all around the broncho, formerly in favor, since it never runs any risk of breaking a leg in a prairie dog hole. Educated automobiles have been trained to shell corn, saw wood, pump water, churn, plow, and, in short, do anything required of them, except figure out where the consumer gets off under the tariff law.—Outing.

The Word "Gaiters."

Episcopal gaiters cannot date from a very remote antiquity. The very word "gaiters" is almost a newcomer to the language. Johnson's Dictionary does not recognize its existence. It does not occur before 1760, and even in 1802 a military dictionary had to define it as "a sort of spatterdash." "Guetre," however, the French original, goes back at least to the fifteenth century, and the origin of that is lost, though etymologists compare all sorts of words in all sorts of languages, including an old German word for a baby's christening cloth. The one certainty is that gaiters has nothing to do with gait in spite of the punning line in the "Rejected Addresses"—"Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait."—London Standard.

Doing Chores.

There is no time in the year when there is cessation from toil on a farm. It is different in winter; that is all. The days are shorter, the work rougher. Of course much depends upon the character of the farm. Considerable leisure is possible where few cattle are kept and general trucking done. But always there are the "chores." A remarkably elastic expression that—"doing chores." It may mean much or little. Some dainty farmers, for instance, whose serious business in life is milking cows, may potter around the farm after the morning's milking and, taking the morning's milk to the creamery or railroad station, eat their noon dinners, mend some fence, look over the harness or haul out manure, potter around some more and then say, "Guess it's about time to do the chores," meaning to milk two dozen cows or so—the real hard work of the day.—Philadelphia Press.

Believed Them True Stories.

When Dante published his "Inferno" the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell.

When the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas Moore was first published it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budaeus and others took it for a genuine history and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

It was a long while after publication that many readers were convinced that Gulliver's travels were fictitious.

Blackbird Days.

Jan. 30 and 31 and Feb. 1 are famous at Constantinople, Brescia and along the Danube and the Rhine as the "blackbird days." A curious legend says that originally all species of grackles (blackbirds) were white and that they became black because during one year in the middle ages the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took refuge in the chimneys. At Brescia the three days are celebrated with a feast called "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."

BITTEN 500 TIMES.

Dog Catcher's Body Literally Tattooed. Once Had Hydrophobia.

Lawrence Gilson, the Pittsburg dog catcher who has earned the sobriquet of "iron man" because he has been proof against more than 500 dog bites, has been bitten again.

He was attacked by a big mastiff, at which he fired twelve shots before he killed it, then carried its head to the Mercy Hospital and Pathological Institute. The physicians examined the animal's brain and found that it had been suffering from hydrophobia in its worst form.

Gilson's body is literally tattooed with dog bites. His immunity from their effects has attracted the attention of physicians generally, and he is an object of much curiosity. Three months ago he was attacked by a ferocious bulldog which he tried to catch in the net. Hydrophobia developed, and his body became greatly swollen. For several days he hovered between life and death; but, to the surprise of the scientists who came here from all parts of the country to observe his case, he fully recovered.

Why He Wept.

A man who was walking through a train inadvertently left the door of one of the cars open. A big man sitting in a seat in the middle of the car yelled: "Shut the door, you fool! Were you raised in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open closed it and then, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep. The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable and, rising, finally walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned. "Old man," he said, "I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings, but because you asked me if I was raised in a barn. The sad fact is that I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me homesick."—Louisville Times.

Lightning Rods.

There were no lightning rods in ancient times. The first one that the world ever saw was set up by our own illustrious countryman Benjamin Franklin shortly after the year 1752. He had just had his celebrated experiment with the kite, in which he demonstrated the identity of lightning with electricity, and was therefore prepared for the construction of the rods for which the world had waited so long. It is not generally known that Franklin was as distinguished in science as he was in statesmanship and diplomacy.—Exchange.

It is a misfortune to have to maneuver one's heart as a general maneuvers his army.—Alexander Smith.

ANIMATED GIMLETS.

Wonderful Boring Insects That Destroy Telegraph Poles.

It has long been known that construction timbers in bridges and like structures, railroad ties, mine props and fenceposts are sometimes seriously injured by wood boring larvae, ants, carpenter bees and powder post beetles, their efficiency being reduced from 10 to 100 per cent, but until now the problem of insect damage to standing poles and posts has never been made the subject of a special investigation. How serious the problem is may be judged from the fact that in a single telegraph line in West Virginia (forty miles long, with thirty-six chestnut poles to the mile) built twelve years ago about 600 poles have been rotted off at the ground, inspection showing that 95 per cent of the damage was due to our animate little gimlet.

It is very small, but amazingly potent for evil and incredibly swift. It is an animated gimlet. Until lately it has not been regarded as an insect of any economic importance and has been flippantly described in entomological literature as living only under the bark, chiefly of the pine, or in the decomposing wood of various species of deciduous and coniferous trees. We know more about it now; we know that the grub or larva of this industrious little auger, mining into the wood near the line of contact with the ground, has been eating away countless thousands of poles, necessitating their resetting or even replacement.—Philadelphia Press.

A Shabby Coat Collar.

Very often the collar of a coat begins to look shabby when the coat itself is in good order, and it is wonderful what a difference a thorough cleaning will make. First take a piece of clean cloth and dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar thoroughly with it. Leave it for ten minutes, then rub it again with the turpentine and scrape it carefully to remove any loose dirt. Next sponge the collar with a little alcohol and keep wiping it until it is dry. Hang it up in an airy place for an hour or two and it will look as good as new.—Boston Herald.

Very Awkward.

"Your Albert is going bald, ain't he, Mrs. Smithers?"
"Yes, Mrs. Peters, he certainly is getting 'igh 'eaded, and it makes it very awkward for the pore dear. When 'e washes 'e 'as to keep 'is 'at on 'is 'ead 'o tell where 'is face finishes!"—London Mail.

Mixed.

"Why, Harkins, where have you been? You look like a wreck."
"I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel, and I hired a truiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up, and here I am!"—London Tit-Bits.

LUXURIES FOR DOG.

Frank Gould's Ex-Wife Paid \$3 a Day at a Hotel For Tao.

Accompanied by their Chinese chow dog and a retinue of servants, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hill Thomas of New York arrived in San Francisco after a honeymoon trip around the world. The journey began last July.

Mrs. Thomas was formerly the wife of Frank J. Gould.

Tao, the dog, gets probably more attention than any other member of the party. It was purchased in Japan, and it occupied a private suite on the steamer Yokohama. At Honolulu the hotel manager balked at providing accommodations for the dog, but its mistress was determined.

"They actually had the audacity to charge \$3 a day for the little dear," said Mrs. Thomas.

On the steamer the steward said the dog must go below with the other animals, but Mr. Thomas succeeded in getting a private suit for it.

Greece Has Woman Doctor.

Catherine Panagiotaton is the first woman to be made a member of the faculty of the University of Athens, Greece. Miss Panagiotaton is also the first woman doctor to practice.

Tommy's Decision.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you \$100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him? Tommy—No, sir, but I would pray for another like him.

Domestic Joys.

"Do you and your wife play cards much?"
"No; we have plenty of other things to quarrel over."—Detroit Free Press.

Not at All Hard.

Borrowell—I tell you, it's hard to be poor. Harduppe—Gee! I find it the easiest thing in the world.—Philadelphia Record.

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SAY! IT'S GOING TO RAIN!

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Rainy days are dismal days, cheerless and full of gloom; but they are sure to come into the life of every person. You cannot hope to escape them entirely, but you may

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By opening a savings account in HONSDALE DIME BANK. Such a "rainy day" protection is better than an umbrella, for the latter will get old and fall to be of service, while the bank account, with its compound interest, will grow and grow and become a joy and comfort when you most need such factors of helpfulness. Come in and let us talk it over. With a one dollar deposit, which will belong to you, we give a Household Bank free.

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KICK TO THE EDITOR!!!

Have you a kick coming?
Is there anything that displeases you?
Are you unhappy and need cheering up?
Has any little thing gone wrong?
Tell us your troubles. Let us help you?

For each of the three best kicks each week, The Citizen will give a brand new crisp one dollar bill. Don't kick too long. 50 words to a kick. No limit, however, to the number of your kicks. You don't have to be a subscriber to be a kicker.

Open to everyone alike, men, women and children, subscribers and non-subscribers. Old and young, rich and poor. Remember two cents a word for the three best kicks.

There must be something you don't like.

Kick about it. What good is an editor anyway except to fix up the kicks of his readers?

Relieve your mind and get a prize!

KICK! KICK! KICK!

A few suggested subjects at which to kick! The weather, of course. Tight fitting shoes. The high cost of living. The hobble skirt and the Harem trousers. High hats on week days. Suffragism, etc., etc., etc. The funnier the better.

Several people have asked us if the fifty-word letters containing kicks have to be signed. How else will we know to whom to award the prizes? Whether in the event of the letter winning a prize and being published, the name of the kicker would appear is another question. Undoubtedly the writer's wishes would be followed on that score. Our idea of the "Kick Contest" includes everything except direct and offensive personalities. Sit right down now and dash off fifty words about anything you don't like and want to register a kick against. It won't take you five minutes and you may win a prize. The more original the subject the better chance for a prize. One dollar for less than five minutes work is pretty good pay. Of course you can make your kick as short as you wish. A clever fifteen-word kick may win a prize over a full-length fifty-word one. The shorter the better.

For the best kick of ten words or less The Citizen will pay an additional prize of one dollar. Now then, lace up your shoes and let drive!