

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. Notices of entertainments for the benefit of churches or for charitable purposes where a fee is charged, will be published at half rates. Cards of thanks, memorial poetry and resolutions of respect will also be charged for at the rate of a cent a word.

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 county.

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1911.

So Mayor Gaynor's life is just one child's elopement after another.

Count that day lost and cross it out
That sends no White Hope up the spout.

J. P. Morgan says that the oil decision satisfies him. That must take a load off the Supreme Court's mind.

Last Friday it was said "Peace expected in Mexico Saturday." Must have been one of those week-end parties you read about.

Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor anybody else can take the National Convention away from Mr. Taft without Mr. Taft's consent. Mr. Taft's re-election is quite another story.—N. Y. World. A serial story continued in 1912.

A girl, travelling with her mother in Rome became sick and the mother summoned a doctor from California by cablegram. His flying trip across the continent bids fair to break all records.—News Item. Bet his trip won't have anything on his bill.

Unless otherwise directed by Congress, all that remains of the ill-fated battleship Maine after it has been raised from Havana Harbor and stripped of parts of value, will be towed out to sea and sunk in deep water. Seems to be a case of up again, down again, rescue and drown again. "Remember the Maine" and then sink her again.

RED HELLS AND PINK HEAVENS.

Irene Osgood, who has supposedly written a novel since the papers call her a novelist, is suing her husband for a separation, because, in the words of her counsel, hubby said he would "make her life a red hell."

Of course, that isn't any nice way for a husband to act. A red hell, or even a black or blue hell, is not a fit environment for a novelistic lady. It makes her write books with unhappy endings and cuts into the gate receipts. It is presumed that her husband who writes in a letter, "I have cast alcohol away," did so because the decanter was empty or else he must have used a Boomerang Bottle. Don't know what a Boomerang Bottle is? How stupid. A Boomerang Bottle is a medium sized flask which, when "cast away," circles around to the nearest bar and returns filled to its owner's hip pocket.

After having repeatedly "cast alcohol away," the writer's husband returned home seeing "pink heavens" and proceeded to make the happy home a "red hell"—by way of contrast, we suppose. Also, by way of diversion, he once tried to strangle his wife on a ship.

It seems likely that the lady will secure her separation. We hope she will anyway. Then her husband will probably "mourn his loss" by drinking black and white high balls until he dies.

In all events, the lady's experiences should make capital material for a book on "Hells I have known" no matter what the color may have been.

TO LIE OR NOT TO LIE.

It is extremely doubtful if anybody ever journeyed through this life of ours without at some time or other having told a lie. Of course there are lies and lies, and it is a mighty peculiar thing that those of us who would rather die than soil our lips with a "black" lie have no compunction whatsoever at uttering what is popularly termed a "white" lie.

"Tell Mrs. Brown I am not at home."
Some people would call this a lie and others would say it was an excuse.

That old question, "Is it ever right to lie?" is likely to be revived by the wide publicity given to the fact that the relatives and physicians in attendance on the death of the Minister of War, but told him that his friend was still alive, says the N. Y. Times. The excuse is the familiar one that in his weak state the recovery of M. Monis would be imperiled by the shock the truth would give him.

The adequacy of that excuse in cases of this kind is never very seriously denied, and even the most rigid of moralists would be likely to admit it when the truth meant death, or danger of death, and falsehood gave life, or even a better chance of life, to one in whom he was deeply interested. People of a morality less stern and arbitrary tell such "lies" without hesitation or compunction, from an instinctive feeling that the end justifies the means—as, indeed, it always does when the standard of expediency is sufficiently high and the means used are the only ones by which a really desirable end can be attained.

And it really takes a bad motive to make an indubitable lie, exactly as it does to make an indubitable murder. In the one instance as in the other there is a borderland. Certainly all untruths, or nontruths, are not lies, and fiction has its legitimate uses for many people besides the novelists and lawyers. Still, accuracy of statement is a fine thing, and the reasons for departure from it should be good. A few doctors say that there is never any real need for outright lying to patients, but the vast majority of the profession are not so scrupulous and use unvarnished as readily by their practice as they do any one of a hundred other poisons.

Success and failure each have seven letters, but that doesn't prove anything, as far as the four letters in work are concerned.

Without war a nation would degenerate, would become effeminate morally and physically, said Bishop Codman, in Portland, Me., last week. He may be a Bishop but he talks like a fish, a—er—cod, frin—stance.

A Brockton, Mass., woman who is 97 says she expects to live to be 100. One of her rules for accomplishing this is never to gossip. Most women would rather die at twenty, is our entirely innocuous opinion.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

Such a delightful state of affairs as the one hinted at in the heading of this editorial is not as impossible as is popularly imagined.

For the benefit of at least two young—and, let us hastily add—handsome and healthy bachelor barristers of this community, we will indite a few rules, which if faithfully followed, will produce the desired result.

To begin with, procure a wife. This is absolutely necessary to marriage. Accept no substitutes, not even affidavits. One wife is enough to experiment with, and even a Mormon starts off gradually. It is quite easy to find a wife nowadays,—much easier than a good cook. Good cooks who will stay are so very scarce. A wife has to stay. If she didn't she'd lose her meal ticket.

A wife may be procured by an offer of marriage or through a matrimonial agency. The latter is safer because then you don't know what you're getting. This thing of speak-for-yourself-John is all right in poems and places where you can make faces at yourself in a mirror over the girl's shoulder when she accepts you. Having secured a wife, you are then ready to begin married life, providing you are not lucky enough to have some one forbid the bans.

Now for the rules to be happy after marriage. There are six of them.

The first is "get a divorce as soon as possible." The other five don't count.

Little drops of whitewash,
Little grains of dough,
Make a Senator's toga
Clean as falling snough.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

What Position Do You Want? You Can Take Your Pick If You Win The Citizen's Scholarship Contest.

- Banking
- Assayer
- Teacher
- Chemist
- Navigation
- Bookkeeper
- Toolmaking
- Metallurgist
- Architecture
- Coal Mining
- Stenographer
- Gas Engineer
- Civil Engineer
- Blacksmithing
- Metal Mining
- Mine Surveyor
- Patternmaking
- Foundry Work
- Boiler Designer
- Marine Engineer
- Bridge Engineer
- Poultry Farming
- Advertising Man
- Mining Engineer
- Commercial Law
- Carpet Designing
- Electric Lighting
- Electric Railways
- English Branches
- Electric Wireman
- Textile Designing
- Telephone Expert
- Foreman Plumber
- Machine Designer
- Window Trimming
- R. R. Constructing
- Agricultural Course
- Municipal Engineer
- Electrical Engineer
- Show-Card Writing
- Structural Engineer
- Plumbing Inspector
- Linoleum Designing
- Stationary Engineer
- Automobile Running
- Perspective Drawing
- Mechanical Engineer
- Sheet-Metal Worker
- Bookcover Designing
- Structural Draftsman
- Wallpaper Designing
- Ocean and Lake Pilot
- Cotton Manufacturing
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Concrete Construction
- Ornamental Designing
- Refrigeration Engineer
- Woolen Manufacturing
- Monumental Draftsman
- Commercial Illustrating
- Surveying and Mapping
- Telegraph Construction
- Heating and Ventilation
- Architectural Draftsman
- Heavy Electric Traction
- High-School Mathematics
- Contracting and Building
- Civil Service Examinations
- Electric Machine Designer
- Lettering and Sign Painting
- Plumbing and Steam Fitting

CLIMB THE LADDER TO SUCCESS.

TRIP AROUND THE GLOBE.

I went around the globe last year. That's a strange performance for an old-time typewriter. I wanted to see what it was as dark and as far beneath the times as the advertisements said it was. I found her just the same.

I wanted to see if the Japanese man was short and bowlegged and brown, and could live on a little and fight forever, and if he worked all the time and wasted nothing. I found him just so. Everybody works in Japan—even father.

I wanted to learn if the Pacific was as quiet as it had the reputation of being. It was.

I wanted to learn of those two-wheeled conveyances that they call jinrikishas, in which a fellow-being goes between the shafts and you ride on a spring-seat. I wanted to know if it was a comfortable conveyance.

And it is. You look around first to see if anybody is looking at you until you get acquainted with driving a fellow-being, without a line and without a nosebag to feed him at noon; but he is there.

I had heard, through advertisements, that you could buy a white suit of clothes for four dollars in China.

And you can. The advertisement was right; you could get them for four dollars. They measure you this morning, and put them on you tomorrow morning. The Chinaman sleeps when he has nothing else to do. The American works when he can't help it. That's the difference.

I wanted to learn if the Suez Canal was over there, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, as I had heard that it was, with the desert on the right and on the left. And it is there.

I wanted to learn if the Red Sea was near Sinal, over there where the Law was given.

Sinal is over there, red and luminous against the sky, where it hadn't rained for three years.

I wanted to learn if it is really true that in Naples they drive a cow around and milk her in front of your house, and carry the milk to you in a tin cup without any formaldehyde in it. It is so.

And when the man was looking away, I saw a great healthy calf taking the whole neighborhood. And he was advertising the event with his tail. He was full of enjoyment.

I wanted to see if the Pyramids were there. They were built to entomb Napoleon to tell his soldiers that forty centuries were looking down on them. They are there, with all the mummies and everything concealed within their bodies. I wanted to know many things, and I went to find them out. I found advertising in Japan is done with caricatures on the wall; and the same thing in China. If a Chinaman wants another bottle of some goods, he takes the bottle and label back to the place where he got it, and he will take no other; and if there is the change of a dot or the crossing of a "t" on the new label, he will bring it back. The Chinaman is the most immovable man (except the Englishman) that there is on the globe.

Speaking about advertising, there is one thing that needs to be advertised, and that is the United States of America and her merits and her people.

I tell you that you have not a sincere friend on the globe, outside of our own country. They may talk it on the surface, but when you come to scrape and get down in, you will find at least an opponent, if not an enemy, of Uncle Sam.

An Englishman was traveling with me when we reached Singapore or near there. He said: "I wish we could get to Singapore. I would like to get a London paper to learn the latest news in regard to the New York insurance scandal," looking at me suspiciously. I said: "I wish we could reach Singapore. I want to get a London paper. I want to see what English lord or earl or duke has eloped with some other man's wife." Of course, then we didn't speak for a couple of days. Inasmuch as we two were the only English-speaking people on the ship, it was lonesome.

I will tell you another thing. You will never see an American flag around this earth anywhere unless you have it in your valise. Every ship sails somebody's else flag, and every pound of our freight is carried in the ships of the opposition. When we were going through the Suez Canal this Englishman said: "Here, Colonel, come around here on the other side. There is an American battleship going through the canal."

I hadn't seen the old flag for sixty days, and I thought of the "Missouri," or the "Indiana," or the "Iowa," or the "Kentucky"—some great vessel of the White Squadron—and I rushed madly around to the other side, to see an old tramp ship, black and weather-beaten, with her sides as discolored as her smokestacks, and looking as if there had not been an ounce of paint on her for twenty years; but from the stern there streamed as spotless a sample of the Star Spangled Banner as any you ever laid eyes on.

I took off my hat. I said to the Englishman: "Take off your hat and salute the American flag, for that is an American battleship. With just that kind of battleship we whipped Great Britain twice."

The relations between the Englishman and me were disturbed again.

Seriously, we need a friend at court. We need an advertising man in every part in the world. We need somebody to raise his voice for Uncle Sam. All through the Orient you find everything made of iron or steel marked, "Made in Germany." Why is that so? Because Americans will not make the kinds of goods they want. They want a one-handed plow in many countries, and the American manufacturer says, "Why, you idiot, you, that ain't the kind of plow you want." And he loses the trade. The German says, "I just make 'vat you want,' and he sells the goods.

The American everywhere thinks he must be a missionary instead of a salesman. It is a big world, and if you want to know of just what little consequence you are, go around it. I sometimes think that we can see

more faults in our own country than in any other country; and we are all the time advertising our faults, while every other land conceals its faults.—Colonel Lafayette Young in The Fra.

NATION WIDE CAMPAIGN.

Proceeding on the theory that the college-bred, scientific farmer is a factor for good or evil in the rural community into which he casts his lot the Board of Education of the Presbyterian church, leading all other denominations in this specific work, is planning a nation wide campaign looking to the fostering of higher moral standards in all state-aided institutions of higher education.

At State College, Pennsylvania's university, it is proposed to invest \$75,000 in a new church which will be institutional in the sense that it will co-operate with the Faculty of State College in the higher moral development of the 400 Presbyterian students enrolled in the college all of whom are practically barred from attending the local Presbyterian church because it seats only 200 persons; less than the Presbyterian population of the village of State College.

Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, goes to Atlantic City next week with an exhibit showing the vast achievements of this Board in connection with the universities of America and he will undertake to demonstrate the peculiar needs of State College where, singularly enough, the church facilities of all denominations are particularly poor while the general religious atmosphere of the institution is better than that of almost any other State aided school in the country.

To illustrate the far reaching influence of those identified with State College Dr. Cochran directs attention to the lectures and demonstrations made by the instructors and students of the institution for the benefit of those denied the opportunity to study scientific farming. Prof. Van Norman, probably the best informed man on the subject in America, discussed the financing of a model farm before a gathering of practical and embryo farmers saying:—

"The phrase 'scientific management' has caught the attention of the public. It means finding the quickest, easiest and cheapest way to do efficient work in a given time. It means the elimination of guess work. The idea which it represents has just as much application in the agricultural world as it has in the manufacturing world. Its importance is less only in proportion as the volume of business on the farm is less. Science as related to the growth of plant and animal life has done much for the farmer, but this is not sufficient. The science of business is his next need, and just as guess methods for fertilizing, for feeding and other things are being superseded by exact knowledge of fundamentals, so must the guess methods relating to the cost of production on the farm give way to exact knowledge.

"There are only two ways to increase profits. One is to increase the selling price; the other is to reduce cost of production. Where the selling price is fixed by general market conditions the producer's only recourse is in reduced cost of production. Figures from the Cow Test Association, organized among the patrons of the State College Creamery, show that on one farm 11 cows produced a margin of \$200 above the cost of their feed, for one year. That four cows consumed \$20 worth of feed more than they produced milk enough to pay for, so that the herd of 15 only produced \$180 above the cost of feed. Stated in other words, had this farmer only kept the best 11 cows instead of 15 he would have had \$20 more margin; he would have saved the unnecessary labor of milking and caring for four unprofitable cows; would have had the feed which they consumed for other use.

"As it was he kept these unprofitable cows—these sometimes called 'robber cows' because he did not know which ones they were before he joined the Cow Testing Association. He kept them because the whole herd showed a margin, and he did not realize that the best cow in his herd returned \$2.13 worth of milk for each \$1 worth of feed consumed, while four of the cows produced only 37c. to 98c. worth of milk for a \$1 worth of feed. He did not have this information because, like the average farmer, occupied with a multitude of varied duties, he found it difficult and often impracticable to do the clerical work involved in securing this information.

"Out of this condition which exists on thousands of farms has come the organization of associations of neighbors, who, in common, realizing the need of learning which are the unprofitable cows and what it costs them to produce milk, join their efforts and employ a man to visit their farms regularly one day a month, weigh the feed consumed by each cow, weigh the milk produced and submit to the owner a monthly statement showing what each cow in the herd is doing for the current month. At the end of the year the owner has figures which show conclusively the relative production by and cost of production of each cow in his herd. The plan is just the same as may be found in the city when several storekeepers find it irksome to keep their own books, yet not needing a bookkeeper all of the time, each employs part of the time of a bookkeeper to keep their accounts.

"Where not exceeding 26 farmers within driving distance of each other, own a total of not less than 400 cows the Cow Testing Association can be organized to employ all the time of one man at an expense of \$1 per cow per year and board and room for the man at each farm while he is there.

"The successful working out of this plan involves a spirit of co-operation and the employment of a man to do the testing who is competent to do the work accurately and acceptably.

"Pennsylvania has so far two associations. Other dairy States such as Michigan, Wisconsin and Maine have many. The milk shipper is just as much interested in the cost problem as the creamery patron, but frequently fails to realize the value of the Cow Test Association because he does not sell his milk by the test."



For Dress Home or Outing Wear

these hot Summer days, of course, you want plenty of cool, neat-looking Waists. We have a magnificent line of Waists, splendidly made of handsome and durable fabrics and attractively priced.

SUMMER WAISTS

Our stock is well prepared with suitable Waists for all occasions. Our most popular Waist is the new two-color combination, the Season's new fad, \$1.50 value at 98c. Fifty different styles to select from; long or short sleeves, high or low neck.

THE GLOBE

DR. E. F. SCANLON,

Only Permanent Resident Specialist in Scranton. TEN YEARS' SUCCESS IN THIS CITY. CURING VARICOCELE. Varicocele impairs the vitality and destroys the elements of manhood. I daily demonstrate that Varicocele can be positively cured without the organs being mutilated; they are preserved and strength renewed; pain ceases almost instantly; swelling soon subsides; healthy circulation is rapidly re-established, and every part of the Varicocele Special-organism affected by the disease is thoroughly restored. A written guarantee with every case I accept. Write if you cannot call. Consultation and examination free. Credit can be arranged. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 12 to 1 p. m. Offices—43 Linden St., SCRANTON, PA. (Opposite Postoffice.)

Let US Do It

If you have a prescription to be filled, get it at our store by any means.

Bring it, send it or 'phone, and we shall call for it.

Reason is, that because prescriptions filled here are filled absolutely right.

We have the drugs, the equipment and the knowledge, and when we put our seal on a bottle, the contents of the bottle are right.

PERCY L. COLE (Pharmacist) 1123 Main St., Honesdale, Pa. Both 'phones.