

Easter Offering



SNAPSHOTS AT STATE NEWS

All Pennsylvania Gleaned for Items of Interest.

REPORTS ABOUT CROPS GOOD

Farmers Busy in Every Locality—Churches Raising Funds for Many Worthy Objects—Items of Business and Pleasure that interest.

Curtis Hill's baby suffered a broken arm when lifted, at Berwick.

The Navigation Company's Panther Creek collieries closed for three days.

Catawissa's dog quarantine yields twenty-five killings of unmuzzled curs in a day, for fear of hydrophobia.

Thirty infants are reported to have died in Schuylkill county in a year through midwives' ignorance.

His hand frozen on a recent cold night, Policeman J. P. Gro, of Lewistown, may lose it by amputation.

A party of fifty students from State College spent a day in Allentown, visiting the city's industries.

The Lebanon Valley division of the Reading Railway transported 2,000 cars in a day, half of them loaded with soft coal.

After firing at a fleeing burglar at his home at Chester, William P. Maguire found a slouch hat in his yard with a bullet hole through the crown.

Colesville hotel keepers, indignant over the activity of no license workers, have "flagged" all license remonstrants, some of whom have tried to buy drinks.

The Town Council of Northampton has declined to grant franchises to allow the new electrical transmission line of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company to enter the borough.

George A. Stein, father of Landlord Charles E. Stein, of Wellesport, committed suicide by shooting when told by his son, for whom he was tending bar, that he had another man in his place.

J. H. Wilhelm, of Mauch Chunk, for many years paymaster of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday anniversary. He is still in the best of health and spirits.

In a pen thirty by ten feet in extent, Samuel Miller, near Spring Grove, York county, will try to breed exclusively a black variety of skunks, the skins of which are worth \$5 apiece.

Adam Gable, merchant, of Mount Carmel, already has a flock of spring chickens hatched. Mr. Gable is a great chicken fancier and has a special room fitted with steam heat in which he keeps the chicks.

United States Secret Service men have been unable to locate or arrest the writers of anonymous letters to Hazleton officials. The writers either give the officials advice or else a severe roasting.

At Scranton, Viola Wells, a Titanic disaster waif, was orphaned again, when the man who adopted her, John A. Rady, was killed by machinery in the Lackawanna mills, where he was a foreman.

Mayor Tyler believes that the office of Alderman in cities like New Castle should be abolished and also that the Police Court business should be divorced from the Mayor's duties. He believes that a number of Police Magistrates should supplant the Aldermen and also take the police work off the Mayor's shoulders in cities of the size of New Castle. He is taking the matter up with a view to having a bill introduced in the State Legislature to provide for this change.

The Rev. J. M. Price is the oldest minister in the United Evangelical Conference, in session at Milton, having been born near Bloomsburg, February 4, 1833. He learned the printer's trade in the office of The Columbia Democrat. Not being able to endure the confinement, the physician ordered him to an outdoor life. He enlisted in 1861 for a three years' term in the service of the United States. During his service he was wounded at Gettysburg and Fort Steadman. He returned in 1865, restored to health. He was converted at Lime Ridge on February 4, 1866.

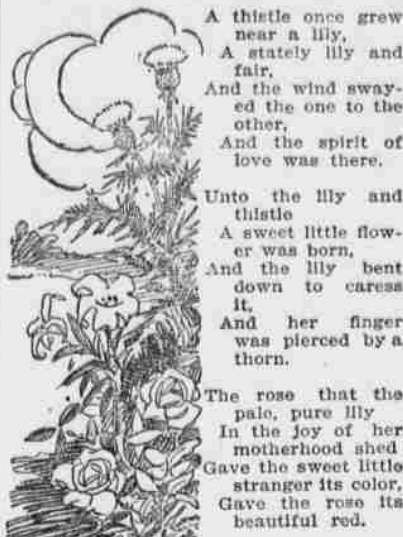
An Allentown Bible class taught by Miss Sallie Heckrotte has secured handkerchiefs from Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Taft, which will be notable articles to be sold at a fair.

John A. Wilson, of Franklin, a cousin of President Woodrow Wilson, has offered to accompany twenty-five members of the senior class of the High School of that place to Washington April 24. He will serve as guide and will endeavor to obtain an audience for the seniors with the President.

Poetry and Prose of Easter Time

By S. E. KISER

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.



A thistle once grew near a lily,
A stately lily and fair,
And the wind swayed the one to the other,
And the spirit of love was there.

Unto the lily and thistle
A sweet little flower was born,
And the lily bent down to caress it,
And her finger was pierced by a thorn.

The rose that the pale, pure lily
In the joy of her motherhood shed,
Gave the sweet little stranger its color,
Gave the rose its beautiful red.

The rose that unto the lily
And the wondering thistle was born
By the lily was given its beauty,
By the thistle was given its thorn.

More Important Than Teeth.
"Well, Willie, my boy, what makes you so happy?"

"I've just had a piece of good luck. You see my front teeth. They're all gettin' decayed."

"Yes. That's too bad. You ought to have them filled at once."

"That's what the dentist said, and he told pa it would cost \$30."

"Can't your father raise the money?"

"He had \$30, but ma wanted it for an Easter hat, so we tossed a coin for it and ma won. Now I'll not have to get them filled."

Wily Woman.
"Does your husband ever complain about the cost of your Easter hats and gowns?"

"No. You see I always keep a lot of old bills handy to show him when he starts anything of that kind."

"What good do old bills do?"

"They show how much more my first husband used to be able to pay for my Easter hats and gowns than this one can afford to."

Nice Thing About It.
"There's a nice thing about Easter that I've never heard anybody mention."

"What is that?"

"It comes at a time when there's no danger that people who haven't any more sense than to do such things will not be likely to overcrowd excursion boats."

SUPREME HAPPY.
Her look was very glad,
Her heart was very light;
The troubles she had had
Were all swept out of sight;
She hummed a little song,
And gladly free from care,
Forgot that any wrong
Existed anywhere.

She gayly tripped about,
Although the sky was gray;
Her cares were put to rout,
Her troubles flung away;

You ask the cause?
'Twas that
The happy girl had worn
The finest Easter hat
In church that Easter morn.

A Sign.
When a woman who has a new gown and an expensive new hat is able to see her shadow on Easter it is a sign of fair weather for at least a few days, as far as she is concerned.

Woman's Point of View.
"Easter," he said, "is a time when happiness should reign."

"Yes," she replied, "but too often that isn't the only kind of a rain we get on Easter."

Man Never Knows.
"A man never knows what there is in life until he gets married."

"No, nor in the dry goods stores, either."

If.
A fine Easter outfit is all right if one tries to live up to it.

Easter Great Russian Feast.
Easter is pre-eminently the great feast of Russia. In the old country at midnight on Easter eve the bells of the great tower of the Kremlin in Moscow peal out the tidings of the resurrection, to be followed by the clamorous chords of every church bell in the empire. The cities of the country blaze into light. Around every church, large and small, are piles of Easter cakes. Processions of priests go through the streets in the towns. People bearing lamps follow them back to the impressive services. The Easter kiss, that special Russian custom of Easter greeting, is everywhere exchanged.

The Easter Chimes

I wonder if they know it, those little ones whose days
Are spent where sadness hovers and beauty never strays;
Whose childhood ceased the moment that they had strength to bear
The burdens which were waiting, whose little faces care
Has marred with cruel fingers, whose eyes have lost their glow,
Whose hopes have withered early—I wonder if they know?

The bells are ringing loudly, the splendid anthems rise,
And hatred is forgotten and ruthless frenzy dies;
The story of His glory we gladly hear again,
And for a precious moment Love comes once more to reign;
But they whose cheeks are pallid, poor little heirs of woe,
Who sit in darkened hovels—I wonder if they know?

Around the altars lilies in spotless white are set,
That we may still remember, that no one may forget;
The brave words that He uttered we solemnly repeat,
We learn again the lesson and deem the learning sweet;
His message to the children is reverently heard,
But are the little toilers by glad emotion stirred?

His promise is repeated where heads are gravely bowed,
Men cease a while to covet, and women, fair and proud,
Kneel piously and humbly and for His mercy pray,
Their vanity forgotten, their envy put away;
We sing that he is risen, the lordly and the low,
But, poor, with little toilers, I wonder if they know?

Ring out, O chimes of Easter, that all mankind may hear,
That pride may be forgotten and love may reappear,
That they who proudly covet and they who foster greed
May hear the saving message and, hearing, pause to heed;
That they, poor little toilers, condemned to early woe,
And cheated of their childhood, at last may gladly know!

S. E. KISER

HAVE SPECIAL EASTER DISH

Gammon of Bacon and a Tansy Pudding Are Features of the Season in English Country.

In Devonshire, England, the special Easter dish is a gammon of bacon and a tansy pudding, the latter being so well established a custom that it is celebrated in an old ballad:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes and wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine,
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wages thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

In Staffordshire the men lift the women of the various villages on Easter Monday, and the women have to take a try at lifting the men on Easter Tuesday. In Cheshire there is a lifting chair. In Chester Easter Monday is celebrated by ball playing between the clergy and laity. In Durham the men take off the women's shoes on Monday and have the unique courtesy returned in kind on Tuesday. Nearly all these customs of Easter have been too closely associated with the place of their occurrence to suffer transplantation, although the whip-lashing of the Polish children bears a striking resemblance in its turn-about-is-fair-play idea to the English customs.

Christ's Promise to the World.
"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—Hebrews 9:28.

Hugo's Faith in Immortality

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

WHY THE RABBIT AT EASTER

Pretty Legend of Olden Times Connects Bunny and the Eggs It is Supposed to Lay.

So many have asked, "Why is the rabbit so closely associated with Easter?" Each year at this season the cunning little bunny appears in the shop windows beside downy chicks and gayly-colored eggs. The legend of the Easter rabbit is one of the most ancient in mythological lore and is closely related to the folk tales of southern Germany.

In the beginning of things, it seems, the rabbit was a bird. As a great favor for the goddess Ostara, who was the patron of spring, gave it four legs, for which the rabbit was deeply grateful. In remembrance of its former life as a bird, when the spring or Easter season comes it lays eggs of gorgeous colors, and the egg has always been a symbol of the resurrection, and therefore used at Easter time when we look for the life everlasting and all things made new.

It is a German custom for children to go to their godmothers at Easter for the gift of colored eggs and a baked rabbit. Just before Easter the children are sent to the garden to build a nest for the expected rabbit, and early Easter morning they go with great expectations, and are never disappointed, to get the eggs which the rabbit has laid for them. Even in Africa, among the heathen tribes, worship of the egg is common. No altar is complete without its egg decoration, and most huts have at least one sacred egg. On all the eggs devoted to the rites of worship a verse from the Koran is written at each end, while the sides are ornamented by scenes from the Nile.

A rare specimen of these eggs is to be seen in the Detroit Museum of Art. The etchings on the shell follow closely the same general design as the paintings of men and women that were recently found in Cairo.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of



The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Wayne County Savings Bank

HONESTY, PA.,

1871 42 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1913

THE BANK THE PEOPLE USE

BECAUSE we have been transacting a SUCCESSFUL banking business CONTINUOUSLY since 1871 and are prepared and qualified to render VALUABLE SERVICE to our customers.

BECAUSE of our HONORABLE RECORD for FORTY-ONE years.

BECAUSE of SECURITY guaranteed by our LARGE CAPITAL and SURPLUS of \$550,000.00.

BECAUSE of our TOTAL ASSETS of \$3,000,000.00.

BECAUSE GOOD MANAGEMENT has made us the LEADING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION of Wayne county.

BECAUSE of these reasons we confidently ask you to become a depositor.

COURTEOUS treatment to all CUSTOMERS whether their account is LARGE or SMALL. INTEREST allowed from the FIRST of ANY MONTH on Deposits made on or before the TENTH of the month.

OFFICERS:

W. B. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. H. S. SALMON, Cashier.
A. T. SEARLE, Vice-Pr. director. W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:

T. B. CLARK, H. J. CONGER, J. W. FARLEY,
E. W. GAMMELL, W. B. HOLMES, P. F. KIMBLE,
W. F. SUYDAM, C. J. SMITH, A. T. SEARLE,
H. S. SALMON.



KRAFT & CONGER INSURANCE

HONESTY, PA.

Represent Reliable Companies ONLY

Advertise in THE CITIZEN TRY A CENT-A-WORD