THE CITIZEN

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TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1913.

NOW FOR GREATER HONESDALE.

The time is ripe for Greater Honesdale. It is a pity that a place the size of Honesdale, with all the chance in the world to expand, should be kept cooped up in a small borough line and give an expression to the country at large that we only have a population of 3,000, when in reality nearly 7,000 people live within a radius of one mile from the Honesdale postoffice. Let's branch out. The overwhelming victory of the pave issue signifies to the people that they do not want to remain in the dark ages all the days of their life. Let us exercise that pull-together habit and get under one government, instead of being divided in borough and township. Texas township will soon have to build new school houses to care for its pupils. Its school tax is now higher than Honesdale. Why make an unnecessary increased indebtedness when Honesdale can take care of its High school pupils?

People cannot get away from facts and figures. We therefore reproduce a few figures for brain food and ask our Texas readers to digest them. Honesdale's school district tax levy is 6½ mills on the dollar valuation, having been reduced from 7 mills two years ago, before the new school house was erected. Where is the increased tax? Property owners are paying less school tax today than they did when the old school house was standing. The assessment books show this. In one instance the reduction is $2.20. Now compare this with Texas township. Outside of Seelyville and White Mills, which are independent school districts, Texas township taxpayers pay a school tax levy of 7 mills on the dollar valuation, a half mill more than Honesdale. Seelyville property owners are taxed 9 mills on the dollar valuation and Honesdale only 6½, having as an asset a beautiful $60,000 school building with all modern conveniences, ventilation plant and other appointments complete.

A BIT OF INFORMATION.

There was an election in Honesdale last Friday. We don't know but we would let it go at that and say nothing more about it if it were not for one or two little incidents.

Here is one of them:

The Citizen began booming the pave project last January, and kept right at it, publishing article after article, argument after argument, columns of information for Honesdale readers. This work was backed right up by the Honesdale Board of Trade and the Honesdale Business Men's Association.

On the Tuesday before the election our esteemed contemporary, the Independent, published ONE article, and that less than a column long. It started off with this statement:

> "So far this journal has taken no active part in advocating the pavement of Main street."

The statement is absolutely true, although farther on in the article it admits that

> "Honesdale is somewhat behind the times and other places of its size throughout the country on its street improvements. The modern way, and the one adopted by all growing towns, is now up to the people and taxpayers of our boro to accept or reject."

In the face of this candid admission, can anyone grasp the peculiar logic that directs a newspaper that claims to be the organ of Progressiveness to

> "take no active part in the pavement of Main street?"

Why did the Independent publish its one article at all? It claims that this was the reason:

> "As we near the taking of the referendum vote on the question of increase of debt, **interest is awakening and people are making diligent inquiry** regarding the details of the plan. These we are giving in another column in order that our taxpayers may vote intelligently on the question. The figures given are those of State Engineer Riegel to our town council."

It is true that "interest was awakening"; but the Independent didn't sound any gongs according to its own admission to help the "awakening" along.

It is true that the "people were making diligent inquiry"; but they were not led to do so by anything the Independent published, and it admits the fact.

In some way the people found out what they wanted, and The Citizen modestly claims a little—just a little—credit along that line.

The Independent pursued a "don't care a hang whether Main street is paved or not" policy, and passed that over as a sample of progressiveness. The people to the tune of 10 to one rebuked the spirit of that sort of progressiveness. They "care a hang whether Main street is paved or not," and said so most emphatically.

The President of the Council, Martin Caufield, said "the way to pave is to **pave**," and the people took up the slogan. The Citizen believes that true progressiveness is something that makes progress, such as replacing the mud on Honedale's main street with substantial pave, and dares and does say as much.

Another choice bit of "knocking" in the article in the Independent was the following:

> "There is much apprehension expressed that the proposed trolley railway company will not meet its share of the pavement obligation."

This was published in the face of the following published statement of M. B. Allen, the President of the Wayne County Street Railway Company:

"Emphatically yes! The Wayne Street Railway company will do its share."

And now, in conclusion, we refer our esteemed contemporary, in the most loving manner imaginable, to the following:

The CITIZEN IS A GENUINE PROGRESSIVE NEWSPAPER

The Citizen believes in and advocates paved streets in Honesdale. That is progress.

The Citizen believes in and advocates good roads built at the least cost by the State. That is progress.

The Citizen believes that the time is fully ripe for women to vote, and unhesitatingly says so. That is progress.

The Citizen believes that if Honesdale and Wayne county generally are good enough to live in, they are good enough to spend our money in. That is progress.

The Citizen is always on the alert to discover good points for Wayne county and her people, and then to advertise the same. That is progress.

No matter how good The Citizen may have been in the past, it expects to be better, and ever better in the days to come. That is progress.

The Citizen believes in a clean newspaper and as high a standard of morals as humanity can possibly attain. That is progress.

Whatever is right, and good, and true, and beautiful, and just, and merciful, those things The Citizen contends for and believes in. That, surely, is progress.

If anybody has a brand of Progressiveness that is any better, we are anxious to be introduced to it, for we believe in the wisdom of the best bit of advice—"Get the Best."

ENTERING NEW ERA.

Honesdale is entering into a new dawn of civic progressiveness. Hurrah for the pave victory.

LOOKOUT.

Lookout, July 12.—Net proceeds from the 4th of July picnic, $57.39.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schweighofer and children of West Damascus, attended the picnic at this place.

Mrs. Walter Anderson of Pine Mill, recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam.

Annie Knapp has returned home after an extended visit with relatives at Norwich, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Laford Teeple spent Wednesday afternoon at Honesdale.

Mrs. A. Daney called on Mrs. E. Stevens at Union on Wednesday.

Hon. J. G. Hill returned from Gettysburg on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. J. G. Hill is visiting friends at Scranton.

Before you start on your vacation see that you are supplied with some Neura Powders for Headache. 10 and 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

Some Citizens We Greet

When H. F. Nicholson, of Hamlin, came into the office the other day it took some little time to remove the various layers of the past before we could just place him and say, "Hello, Frank, I knew it was you all the time!" When the last layer of memory was tenderly raised, there was revealed the original picture with a circle of years surrounding it as a sort of frame; and that picture was of a little old school house at Ledgedale, on the Wayne county side of the Wallen-Paupack, in the winter of 1872-3. That little school house was just packed full of children, for Ledgedale at that time was a very busy little tannery town, and it was before "race suicide" was talked about in the papers.

When the fresh young school master went there he was almost frightened out of a year's growth over the assurances that the scholars of that particular school did things to the teacher occasionally. There were lots of "big boys," also a goodly number of "big girls," and Frank Nicholson was almost as old and fully as large as was the teacher.

It is the unexpected that invariably happens, and the Ledgedale school was no exception. Instead of being a "hard" school it was one of the nicest and pleasantest propositions that ever came down the pike.

That was in the days of spelling bees, donation visits, Good Templars and singing schools. The night when we all went in big sleighloads across country through the huge drifts to Arlington where we had oyster soup, cake, pickles and pie; played "Copenhagen" and "needle's eye" for the benefit of preacher R. C. Gill, leaving behind more than one hundred dollars in good greenbacks for that individual as the sleighloads returned home in the gray of a cold winter's morning, will not soon be forgotten. Neither shall we soon forget the trips on Saturdays to the hemlock forest after bark; nor the trip over to "Hardscrabble" where Nicholson, the teacher, and Bert Chamberlain feasted on friend eggs for dinner, then had their pictures taken. Every one of the trio had a violin in his hand, all ready to play; but the teacher couldn't play a note on any kind of a musical instrument, neither could young Chamberlain. With their hats trimmed with laurels and with those fiddles gripped desperately, those were some pictures, and don't forget it.

Nor can we forget the fact that Bert's father put in a barrel of fine cider and didn't tap it. Bert called the teacher in one day to look at the barrel. He "lifted" the wooden plug from the big bung hole so that the delicious aroma might escape. Then he fished out of his pocket a glass tube whose proper work was to indicate the amount of water in the little upright boiler that was used in the tannery in winter and on a boat that hauled leather down the river to Wilsonville in the warm months. Bert put the gauge into the hole, tried it to see if it would "work," then handed it over to the teacher, and, like a real Southern gentleman, turned his back, first cautioning the teacher not to drop the thing into the barrel, "for," said he, "if you should I couldn't get it out, and father would give me Hail Columbia when he ran across it sometimes." Needless to say that 8-inch glass tube was not dropped! That was in the days when gray hairs, or no hair at all, were not worn by the teacher as a regular thing, when he didn't have to sigh and cry, and

"Wish I was a Yankee boy,
And was at home again,
I'd suck sweet cider through a straw
And fish in every rain."

Nor, is it easy to forget the St. Patrick's day after school was out and the start for home was made. There was a heavy satchel to tote all the way to Salem Corners. The daily mail for Honesdale had gone. There was dinner at the tavern, then another six miles were walked to No. 12 on the gravity railroad. Say, man dear, but that satchel was heavy! The snow was deep and the drifts were so high that the tops of fence stakes only showed a little ways above the surface. When No. 12 was reached the gravity cars were not running, for it was St. Patrick's day, and that used to be a holiday on the gravity roads in those good old days.

The satchel was by that time so heavy that the teacher fairly ached to throw it away. Six miles more, down the track, 18 miles in all, weighted down with that old satchel! It was surely heart breaking!

After Robertson's tannery was left in the rear, and it seemed that the bones in our legs had been driven upwards until they stuck up over our shoulders like two sticks, there was the welcome sound of cars approaching. It proved to be a single car in charge of "Roaring Gill" Spangenberg, the head runner on John Samson's train. His wife was with him. He stopped his "wagon," and a thoroughly disgusted and completely worn out ex-school master climbed slowly and lamely aboard, dragging that two-ton satchel after him. There was only a mile and a half left of that 18 mile journey, but it was the hardest stunt, that young teacher ever did in all his life.

Well, those were the thoughts that rose up life ghosts as H. F. Nicholson paid his subscription and smiled, just like his father, Seth G., used to smile when he was deputy Prothonotary under the late local historian, P. G. Goodrich. Seth, by the way, was one of the best pensmen in Wayne county, and Frank didn't have to take off his hat to many in that line, either.

When in the office swapping yarns he told smilingly of a recent experience that we pass on to our readers. His hair is dark, and you'd never guess or reckon him to be 60 years old; but right in the midst of his dark hair are one or two locks of white. He didn't explain how they got there. But there they are, showing up in contrast like a white cat on a dark night. Somebody told him to get an old-fashioned big copper cent, put it in a bottle, pour vinegar on it, let it set for a few days, giving it an occasional shaking, then use it on the white locks of hair. He paid five cents for the big copper in Philadelphia, put the vinegar on it, waited, shook it, and all the rest, then used the mixture just once. He said he believed it would have worked had he gone right on with the game, but he quit, and those white locks are still there, and the bottle with the cent and vinegar are sitting unused on the upper shelf of his kitchen cupboard in Hamlin, the town in which he was born just 60 years ago. If any of our readers have white locks among the black, they may try this remedy just as much as they wish, and maybe it will work all right. Who knows to the contrary, or can know to the contrary without giving the remedy a fair trial?

Miss Helen Brock, of Allentown, is spending a few days in Honesdale.

ENTIRELY OVERCOME.

Mud—"You are too much for me."
Miss Brick—"Oh, I don't know, only ten to one."

DEEDS RECORDED.

W. H. Lee and F. P. Kimble, executors of the estate of Mary E. Appley, late of Honesdale, to Philip Krantz, same, land in Honesdale; $1.

Raymond T. Kimble et ux. of Cambridge, O., to Charles C. Lamoreux, land in South Canaan; $1.

Amanda M. Carr, Mary Carr Williams, et ux., heirs of Casprian Carr, of Scranton, to Jay Williams, Clinton, land in Clinton township; $800.

Irving R. Benjamin et ux., of South Canaan, to Joseph Arcisweski, of Winton, land in South Canaan; $1,150.

W. W. Wood returned last week from a trip to Boston, Mass., and other New England cities.

SNAPPY LITTLE BUSINESS STORIES.

(Copyrighted 1911 by R. B. Simpson.)

Elbert Hubbard declared recently that the four biggest things in our existence are agriculture, transportation, distribution and advertising. The fifth big thing—manufacturing—was omitted.

These five great forces are covered by two words—porduction and distribution. Production includes all farming, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. Distribution includes transportation and all forms of advertising and selling.

Production is largely a mechanical process controlled by set rules evolved from a technically trained mind. Ten shoe manufacturers may use the same kind of machinery, the same grades of leather and employ the same methods and all turn out exactly the same kind of shoes.

But let these ten concerns or any ten in other lines of business employ the same plan of distribution and no two of them will show the same results.

The real problem in the manufacturer and retailer is the distribution of the finished product. The best means to this end is advertising—and advertising is the big end of business. It's a business in itself—one that knows no rules, but is subject to constantly changing conditions.

The basic elements of success in every advertisement are found in the plan behind the campaign. Advertising cannot gather force continually nor can a salesman become more than a mere order-taker unless backed by a sound plan.

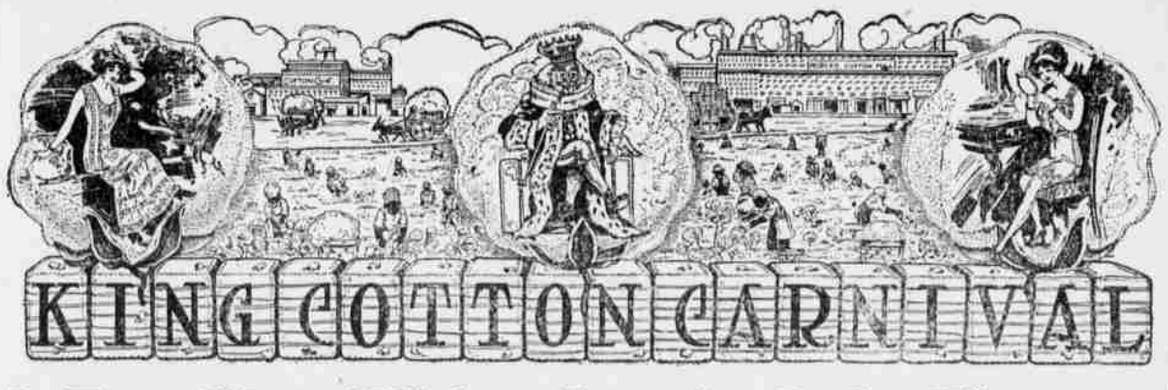
Advertising MAKES a business, but it will also BREAK it if the plan is wrong, incomplete or altogether lacking. The perfect plan makes the advertising co-efficient with the sales force, but the plan must be consistently followed to its conclusion.

Many promising National campaigns have failed because their promoters tried to do too much at the start. They wasted their initial advertising appropriation by scattering it thinly over a large area through National publications instead of concentrating on the home market FIRST. They started with the wrong plan.

Any article good enough to be sold by dealers in other cities is good enough for the people of your home city. Use your daily newspapers for creating home demand FIRST and then extend your distribution through newspapers in other cities. In this way you can concentrate on choice territory and finally extend your business to smaller centers by using National mediums.

A careful analysis of your proposition, an efficient organization, and a complete plan will make your advertising sell goods at a profit.

Read Every Talk---It's Worth While.



A Familiar White Goods Sale Planned Along New Lines, Presenting a Grand Fete of Values.

NEVER HAS THIS TOWN WITNESSED SUCH A FESTIVAL OF VALUE GIVING AS WAS INAUGURATED AT THIS STORE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9. OUR PREPARATIONS FOR THIS GREAT COTTON CARNIVAL HAVE COVERED WEEKS OF SEARCHING AND KEEN MERCHANDISING. THROUGH THE GENEROUS CO-OPERATION OF MILLS AND WHOLESALERS WE HAVE BEEN ENABLED TO GATHER AN UNPARALLELED SHOWING OF COTTON OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AND TO QUOTE PRICES THAT HAVE NOT BEEN EQUALLED FOR MANY YEARS. THE MUSLIN UNDERGARMENTS IN THIS SALE WERE MANUFACTURED BY THE KATZ UNDERWEAR COMPANY OF HONESDALE. THE SALE IS NOW IN FULL SWING.

Muslin Gown's Part in King Cotton Carnival

Handsome style, low neck, lace trimmed, a fine $1.25 value. During King Cotton Carnival, each 89c

Look in our window and see the Best Initial Gown made for $1. During the King Cotton Carnival, each 79c

Crepe Gowns, trimmed with Cluny Lace, season's favorite, during King Cotton Carnival .89c

Merry Group of Carnival Values

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, embroidery trimmed, 35c value, 25c each.

Ladies' Corset Covers, lace and embroidery trimmed, 21c each.

Ladies' Skirts, embroidery trimmed, $1 value, 69c each.

White Fabrics and Domestics

It is impossible to estimate the importance of this King Cotton Carnival until you personally inspect these fabrics and compare our present prices with those you pay elsewhere.

Fruit, Lonesdale and Hill Muslin to go at 9c yd.

Good quality bleached Muslin, extra value, 8c yard.

27 inch Persian Lawn, 15c value, 10c yard.

28 inch India Lawn, 20c value, 15c yd.

Irish Linen

Yard wide Dress Linen, 45c value, 35c yd.

The Carnival Extends to Wash Dresses and Waists

Entire stock of Waists, $1 and $1.25 value, 89c each.

An endless line of Wash Dresses to go at marked down prices.

Sheets and Pillow Cases

You'll do well to take liberal advantage of the low prices the King Cotton Carnival offers.

81x90 Hemstitched Sheets, special 75c, each.

81x90 heavy seamless Sheets, our brand, 65c each.

72x90 heavy seamless Sheets, our own brand, 70c value 57c each.

Patent Seam Sheets, elegant 50c value, 39c each.

45x36 Extra quality Pillow Cases, 20c value, 16c each.

45x36 Good quality Pillow Cases, 18c value, 13c each.

45x36 Fair quality Pillow cases, 13c value, 10c ea.

Laces and Embroideries

Laces and Embroideries in this sale are from the Katz Underwear Co. and prices are so low that everyone can afford to purchase generously.

1500 Pieces Val and Torchon, in 12 yd. lengths 25 cents.

10,000 yards Lace and Embroideries, broken styles in all widths, value from 10c and 25c., 5c yard.

Embroideries, Insertion and Galloons, values from 15c to 25c yd., 11c yard.

White Goods

32 inch White Shirting, best 19c value, 15c yd.

Princess Slips are Playing a Leading Role

Princess Slip, trimmed with embroidery and Lace, during King Cotton Carnival 89c

Princess Slip, embroidery trimmed, $2 value, during King Cotton Carnival.....$1.75

Honey Comb Spreads, $1.50 val., $1.25
FULL SIZE. FULL WEIGHT.

Men's Night Shirts, 50c value, 43c
Muslin, with or without Collars. A Great Value.

KATZ BROS.
INCORPORATED.