THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

Why is it, a careless seven year old kid can drop a half burned match in an alley and burn up all the barns in a block, while an able bodied man has to use up a whole box of matches to get a wood fire started in a heater that has draft enough to draw all the furniture up the stove pipe?

Where is the man so happy as the one who applies himself to manual labor? Where is the home so happy as the one where each member of the household feels, at the close of the day, that they have performed some at least of the many duties devolving upon them? There may be a clash some day between capital and labor. When this period comes, the hope is that honest labor, with the conquering tread of a hero, will trample beneath its heel the power that has to a considerable extent, made labor laborious. We are all laborers in our little town.

The "big head" is a popular way of expressing a common and very frequent ailment. It arises from various sources, but the real foundation is a lack of sense. A little money develops it in some people; a few good clothes gives it to others; a little office, where a chance is given to exercise a little authority, is often the cause of it, while others get it having a little better job than their associates. The truth is no sensible person gets the "big head." The one who become stuck up and stiff-necked from sources of any kind, are weak in the intellectual caliber.

We like to work and we like to see others work, but we just arise to remark that when we get to be worth as much money as some we know, work with us will cease. We could never discover why men sixty and seventy years of age and worth from forty to one hundred thousand dollars should continue to toil from early until late and in all kinds of weather. We like to see men provide something for their family after they are gone, but the average boy is better off if not left too much property. You who have labored your three score years should stop hard work, and enjoy life the few short years you have left to remain with us.

What Honesdale needs more than anything else, is **MEN.** Men who can muster up courage enough to get outside of their own selfishness and stand for what is **RIGHT**, regardless of the consequences. There are too many men who stand in the middle of the road, with hands extended to people on both sides, and always take sides with the last man they meet. In a labor controversy of this kind, a vacillating course only helps to widen the breach, and make each side think they have the sympathy and moral support of the people, while the fact is, the men, who are slapping each side on the back, are doing so because they want their trade, or are afraid of losing same. In this controversy, both sides are wrong, and both sides are right, but neither side is all right, or all wrong. The manufacturers are **wrong**, if they discharge a man belonging to any organization. It is man's unalienable right to do as he pleases in regard to joining organizations. The Union, or any organization of men, **are wrong**, when they attempt to have jurisdiction over the property, the money, and the business of a concern they do not own. There is no more justice in a workingman having jurisdiction of the shop when in the shop then there is for a manufacturer to have jurisdiction over his men when they are out of the shop. The manufacturers, who are parties to this controversy, should come out publicly, and in the public press, and say that they will not discharge a man because he is a union man. The men should demand fair treatment, proper number of hours per week, and fair pay for the services they render, or in other words—a square deal. No manufacturer wants any interference in his business matters, any more than any workingmen wants any interference in his family matters. We believe with this proposition as a starter, the bosses and men can get together.

There are two ways of getting into a newspaper—"purchasing an interest and purchasing an interview." There is still another way—pulling the wool over the editor's eyes and getting in for nothing. This is a very popular form of entry.

The rural routes were established for the benefit of rural homes, or in other words the farmers. They have proven a greater benefit and blessing to the farmers than was anticipated by the most sanguine. A farmer who has once enjoyed the advantages of the rural mail service would hardly know how to live without it. It did not come to the farmer, however, until he had many times earned it. The farmers are our heaviest taxpayers. What property they have is in plain sight and is taxed, while the city gent, at least many of them, who deals in notes and bonds is enabled to hide his wealth from the assessor. For a quarter of a century the mail has been carried to the city, not once, but many times each day. Finally the big heart of Uncle Sam has reached out to the men who feed the world.

LABOR AND STRIKES.

Strikers will never accomplish desirable ends for good until they improve their methods. In this country all men under necessary limitations are free moral agents. No man, or combinations of men, may arbitrarily enforce what they claim as just against what others hold to be their rights. Laborers undoubtedly have the moral and legal right to work for the wage offered, or not work; but there can be no justification for them when they undertake to prevent others who are willing to work. Ignoring this correct principle has caused great loss in property and time in this country.

Take the late strike in Philadelphia for example. There the strikers became disorderly rioters and tried to prevent laborers from working; even committing violence to enforce their contention. All right thinking people sympathize with labor which is of divine origin and the foundation of all prosperity; and must be all powerful unless perverted by misguided devices and ignorance of natural law. And it is such exhibitions that invariably cause the withdrawal of public sympathy from the sons of toil.

Dickens' Burial.

Dickens was buried in Westminster abbey in the presence of only about a dozen people. His funeral was practically a secret one. This was by his own wish, for in his will he expressly stated, "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious and strictly private manner."

Rubber Plants.

The trees and shrubs which produce rubber grow in a narrow belt of the world, within 5 degrees north and south of the equator.

Microscopic Life.

The first organized living forms are extremely minute and can only be recognized by powerful microscopes. A filtered infusion of hay, allowed to stand for two or three days, will literally swarm with living things, many of them not exceeding the forty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. And yet, minute as these animalculae are, they are thoroughly alive. They dart about and digest, shooting out their jellylike substance to seize their food.

Aptly Termed.

A farmer in a flood district, watching his mortgaged house and barn fall over and float down the river, remarked, "That represents my floating indebtedness."

Bed Feather Markets.

The plains of Hungary are well adapted for the raising of geese, and travelers in that country are often entertained by seeing from passing trains great flocks of geese feeding in the fields and watched by goose herds. So many feathers are yielded by these geese that four "bed feather markets" are held annually at Budapest, and at each market from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds of bed feathers are placed on sale.

Wild Ostrich Feathers.

The feathers of the wild ostrich are superior to those from farm birds.

Chinese Politeness.

A Chinaman who wears his spectacles in the presence of a guest or a social superior is held to be as rude as in this country we consider a man who fails to remove his hat when meeting women of his acquaintance.

Old Turnip Seeds.

Turnip seeds have been known to be dormant for seven years through being planted too deep and after that time to sprout.

Pleasure and Appetite.

The impulse to celebrate any joyful event or anniversary by a dinner is a rational one, physicians say, for pleasure excites hunger just as disagreeable sensations take the appetite away.

THE MAN WHO ENTHUSED ROOSEVELT.

Human Life for April has a ripping good story by Leigh S. J. Hunt, the man who enthused Ex-President Roosevelt with the African hunting fever.

If there is any single quality that is dear to the American heart it is pluck,—and pluck was about the whole stock in trade of Leigh Hunt when, a youth of seventeen, he applied for a position as teacher of foreign languages in the Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, schools, although he didn't know a word of any language outside of his mother tongue. How he got the job and made good is simply characteristic of all his after achievements.

His is a wonderful story. Few men have been tossed higher and dropped lower by the caprices of Fortune,—and running through all his checkered career is that talisman of pluck which compelled the fickle goddess to smile on his daring schemes and gigantic plans whether she would or not. America, China, Korea, Egypt—all these countries have been the scenes of his prodigious activities, and the sources whence wealth has flowed into his treasure house. "Impossible is the adjective of fools," is an old copybook motto attributed to Napoleon, and it would seem to have been also the motto of Hunt in his undertakings.

This erstwhile school teacher numbers among his friends rulers and potentates, and many other great ones of the earth. But even now he is sighing for new worlds to conquer.

PUBLICITY AS A CORRECTIVE.

Joseph W. Folk said several years ago that municipal corruptionists were neither Republicans nor Democrats, but simply rogues. Senator Root once said that the political oligarchy in Philadelphia was "a criminal combination masquerading as Republicans."

Now comes Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, who in a speech delivered recently expressed the same thought when he said that political corruption is not partisan, but the common enemy, against which all parties and all the people as a whole must continually wage an unrelenting war. The scoundrelism for which the essential operations of government make the opportunities, he says, is the curse of all parties.

Governor Hughes, in the course of the same speech, voiced the sentiment and desire of the whole people when he said that, though attached to his own party and even solicitous for its success, he cherishes beyond that the hope that he may "see the springs of government pure and its waters sweet to the taste." Continuing, he said that it was his desire "to see the illicit efforts of privilege frustrated, bribery and corrupt arrangements destroyed and the market places where government favors have been brought and sold converted into the true assemblies of honest representations of the people."

The remedy which the governor prescribes is publicity. Publicity does not always mean punishment by imprisonment. As in the case of Allds and Conger in New York state, where the statute of limitations has run, this form of punishment is impossible. But the great end sought is gained through exposure. Publicity in itself is a wholesome punishment and, in connection with political corruption, a strong preventive.

The Absinth Tippler.

The symptoms of the absinth tippler are muscular tremblings and a marked decline of strength, the hair begins to drop out, the face takes on a despairing look, and he soon becomes wrinkled and sallow. Lesion of the brain follows, horrible dreams come thick and fast, and gradually a paralysis takes him to the grave.

Red Hair.

Red hair is, says a scientific authority, of that color because it has in its composition a larger proportion of sulphur than black hair.

History on a Tombstone.

At Riverhead, N. Y., the stone marking the resting place of Captain James Fanning is noted for the length of its inscription, which contains 1,800 words. It recites the history of the Fanning family back to 1649.

The Greenroom.

The original "greenroom" seems to have been painted green in order to relieve the eyes of actors dazzled by the glare of the footlights.

THE RUNNING OF AN AUTOMOBILE

A LADY CHAUFFEUR

How it Seems to Ride in An Up-to-Date Automobile, One of the Best That is Made in the United States To-day.

Mrs. A. W. Seaman of Brooklyn, is an automobilist who has driven over 50,000 miles, taking entire care of her car. In her experience of six years, however, she has had no trip more strenuous than one which she finished a few days ago when she drove into Brooklyn after a 300-mile drive from Syracuse over roads which by reason of floods had been left deeply covered with mud and which were marked in the Mohawk valley by a massive ice gorge.

Mrs. Seaman had gone to Syracuse to visit the Franklin automobile factory there, to get a new car. This was a twenty-eight horse power, five-passenger, four-cylinder touring car finished in battleship gray with pearl gray trimmings.

Although this was her first experience with a 1910 Franklin, it was by no means her first with Franklins of other years. In 1904 she secured her first Franklin, and she drove it 10,000 miles in two years. Thereafter she secured a 1906 car and with it made 40,000 miles in four years.

Mrs. Seaman has acquired a reputation not only as a driver on tours but in contests as well. Last year as a competitor in the two-day run of the Women's Motoring Club of New York from New York to Philadelphia and back, she drove her car so successfully as to secure the award of the Hol Tan trophy.

She started out from Syracuse with her new car after personally putting it into shape. With her husband, who accompanied her on her trip, she had spent part of the previous day in an inspection of the factory.

Hardly had she reached a point east of Utica when evidences were to be seen on all sides of recent floods. In places the waters had all but destroyed the highways, making the trip one of constant struggle with road conditions. Speaking after her arrival home of the most picturesque part of the flood area, she said:

"The ice gorge at Herkimer was full of interest. Great masses of ice piled everywhere. Trees that had been stripped of their bark by the force of the ice flow stood on the river bank, mute evidence of the merciless forces of nature.

"A house that had been torn from its foundation stood aslant in the pack ice. They had cut a single-track road for about an eighth of a mile through the ice that blocked the road. The ice was above the car as we drove through it.

"Then the road led along the river for a way, and logs, brush and all kinds of debris had been stranded and floated up on the road. The track of the road has been cleared, but I fear it will be many a day before all the marks of the disaster will be obliterated.

"We left Amsterdam at 11 the next day and made a leisurely run to Poughkeepsie. Some fine roads, but we brought our share of real estate in on our car. We came home through the beautiful Ramapo valley. We glided into Brooklyn at night with nothing to mar our trip and the car in fine shape except some paint rubbed off the axles by dragging over the mud and ice."

Mrs. Seaman always refers to her car, just as a seafaring man does his ship, as "she." Speaking farther of the run, she said:

"As for the trip down to New York, it was inspiring. Such trips give one confidence in one's machine when one goes through them. From the covered bridge a few miles west of St. Johnsville to Fonda, the roads were only an apology for roads, just a sticky black clay, into which she sometimes sank to her engine apron and sometimes climbed on top for a while, only to slush down into a mud hole beyond. Her flexible wood chassis frame had a chance to show its worth. Her engine never faltered.

"After nine miles of continual work on first and second gear we came to a steep grade that was dry, and we stopped to look her over. Her cooling system worked perfectly, and I feel sure now that she would not overheat, no matter how many miles of heavy work I put her through. That's the blessing of having no water to give out."

In the last statement Mrs. Seaman refers to the fact that the Franklin engine, being air-cooled, is free from the difficulties and complexities of water cooling.

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A white motor car trimmed with gold will soon be seen dashing to fires through the streets of Oklahoma City, carrying the chief of the fire department at a speed which will enable him to distance the horsedrawn fire apparatus. The fire chief's car has been ordered at the factory of the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company of Syracuse; it will represent the latest in construction and equipment for such service.

The car will seat four people, there being a seat for the chief beside the driver and a double-rumble seat for two of his aides. The seats, special in construction, will have red upholstery without padding and low cut backs, the latter being surmounted by brass rails. The power plant will be a twenty-eight-horse-power air-cooled motor. Arriving at its destination, the car can be left immediately without further care as there is no water cooling apparatus to get out of order. The motor can be stopped or left running as desired, and the cooling system will neither freeze nor overheat in any extreme of temperature.

For immediate work when the chief arrives at a fire the motor car is to be equipped with two fire extinguishers, two fireman's axes and two fire lanters, the latter of which are instantly detachable from bails at the side of the car. To give warning in its run to the fire the automobile has a powerful electric horn; it has a searchlight, which, in addition to the headlights, is mounted on the dash.

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When a gasoline economy contest for automobiles is held, it commonly becomes the opposite of a speed competition. At a low rate of speed the contestants are able to cover a much greater distance with their allotted amount of fuel than they can if they drive rapidly. A gasoline economy performance at high speed, however, has now been executed by a Texas man, Dr. W. J. Langley, of Dallas, driving an eighteen-horse-power, four-passenger runabout of the 1910 double-rumble type.

So little consideration did he give to the accepted speed theories of drivers seeking economy records, that over rough roads, in the face of a stiff wind and with an equipment of top and wind shield he raced for a part of the way with a big interurban trolley car, winning without difficulty.

Dr. Langley set out from Dallas with three companions, he taking the steering wheel and making the sixty-eight-mile trip to Fort Worth and back in two hours and forty minutes. Measurements were then made and were compared with measurements taken before the run; these showed that an average of seventeen miles per gallon of gasoline had been made; less than one pint of oil was used.

The motor car with its equipment weighed over 1,800 pounds and its four occupants about 700 pounds, making a total of 2,500 pounds.

Dr. Langley has driven his car 2,700 miles, and neither on this run nor on any previous trip has he had a puncture. He made the run solely to determine for himself the dependability of the motor car. The time on the outward trip was one hour and twenty-five minutes and on the return trip one hour and fifteen minutes. The motor was kept running throughout a stop of a few minutes at Fort Worth.

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With Mayor William Davis acting as one of the officials a non-stop run of sixty-six hours was recently completed by an automobile in the garage of Hugh H. Lewis of Fort Worth, Texas. The motor car was an eighteen-horse-power Franklin touring car, and the continuous run of its engine was in charge of C. S. (Clean Score) Carris, who won his sobriquet by driving a Franklin motor car through many contests with a perfect score.

The air-cooled engine was started on its continuous performance at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Mayor Davis setting the engine in action. The automobile had been placed on the floor of the garage for exhibition during the horse and cattle show, which is an annual affair in Fort Worth. The non-stop run was given as a proof that the air cooling system of the Franklin would not fail when subjected to a hard test.

When the motor had been running for forty-six hours the hood was raised, and it was found that the air jackets, which surround the cylinders, to form a chamber through which the cooling air is drawn by a suction fly wheel, were so cool that the bare hand could be held upon them without discomfort. This was accepted as full evidence that the Franklin would not overheat on a run of long duration.

With the mayor in attendance the run was officially brought to a close at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. Although the motor car had then been running sixty-six hours standing still, it was decided to ascertain what the effect of a fast trip over the roads would be at the conclusion of such a run.

The car was immediately taken from the garage and with the mayor and two other men in it was driven to Arlington at a fast rate. That the long run had not overheated the engine or injured it in any way was evidenced in the fact that the motor car, carrying the three men and having the top raised, made the fourteen miles in twenty-one minutes.

MILWAUKEE'S EXPERIMENT.

Now, perhaps, we shall see that a political platform is something more than a structure erected upon which a candidate may get into office. In Milwaukee, a Socialist, Emil Seidel, has been elected mayor by a plurality of 7,500 votes over the Republican and Democratic candidates. The fight was a fair and open one, and Seidel won because he was most popular with the people.

Seidel is not himself a political experiment. He has been associated with the Socialist movement ever since the party was organized in Milwaukee. He has served several terms as alderman, and, it is said, has always been interested in the welfare of the children. He has been foremost in movements to provide entertainments which keep the young people away from saloons and on the streets.

But now he has entered a broader field of endeavor. Milwaukee is the largest city in Wisconsin. It is cosmopolitan, wealthy and progressive. But it is not the "model city." Mayor-elect Seidel proposes to make it such, and he was elected because the people believe he will do the things he has promised to do. It will be interesting to watch his progress.

Seidel proposes these important innovations: Home rule. Initiative and referendum. Better schools. Municipal ownership. Penny lunches. Street sprinkling by the street car company. Trades union conditions of labor. A seat for every passenger in the street car. Three-cent car fares. Eight-hour day for labor. Cheaper gas. Cheaper ice by means of municipal plants. Cheaper coal and wood. Cheaper electric light. Corporations to pay their full share of taxes. Clean street cars. Comfort stations. Work for the unemployed at union wages. Free water supply to widows who do washing for the support of families. Cheap bread, by requiring standard weights of every loaf.

If Mayor Seidel delivers half of these things in the term for which he has been elected he will be the unanimous choice as his own successor.

It would be difficult to formulate a better platform or one tending to bring greater benefits to the people of any city. If it were not that people and officials alike are prone to forget platform pledges, there might be hope that great things are to be accomplished. Perhaps Mayor Seidel will not forget.

NEW COMMANDMENTS.

A concern in Kansas City has issued some new commandments by way of suggestion to its employees and they may also fit some bosses.

1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours and I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.
2. Watch your work and not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short.
3. Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. Increased profits will make increased pay.
4. You owe so much to yourself, you can't afford to owe anybody else.
5. Dishonesty is not an accident. Good men can't see temptation when they meet it.
6. Mind your own business and in time you may have a business to mind.
7. Don't do anything which injures your self respect. The man willing to steal of one, will from another.
8. It is none of my business what you do at night. But dissipation affects you next day when your time is mine.
9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear.
10. Don't kick if I kick—if you are worth correcting, you are worth keeping. It is not worth while to cut specks out of rotten apples.

The spring gloves in a large variety can be found at Menner & Co.