

SLAIN BY BURGLARS

Doctor, Going Home, Finds Two Servants Dead.

EVIDENCE OF HARD CONFLICT.

Aged Woman Victim Had Been in the Physician's Employ Forty Years. Dead Butler Hindoo—Crime of Thieves—Money Missing.

New York, May 10.—Miss Margaret Mechne, who had been housekeeper in the home of Dr. Mott D. Cannon, at 131 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, for forty years, and William Beeman, a Hindoo, who went to work on Saturday as butler, were found badly beaten and shot to death in the house late yesterday afternoon when Dr. Cannon returned from making calls. About \$200 was missing from a dresser in Dr. Cannon's room. From the facts at hand last night the police concluded that the housekeeper and butler had been killed by burglars.

Miss Mechne, who was sixty-nine years old and frail, was found lying in the front parlor. She had been shot through the mouth, the bullet splitting her false teeth and finally failing to the floor, near where she lay. One of her eyes was discolored and a deep wound in the back of her head appeared to involve a fracture of the skull. The furniture and other articles in the rooms on the floor where she lay seemed to be in perfect order. There was every indication that she had been killed where she lay.

Beeman, the butler, was lying just inside the door leading from the basement to the street. There were six deep wounds on his head, two of which appeared to be bullet holes. One was beside the right temple and the other behind the right ear. Two of the other wounds, which were such as might have been made by an iron bar, were on the right side of his head and two were on his forehead. Evidently he also had fallen where he was shot.

Beside Beeman lay Dr. Cannon's revolver, which had been kept in an unlocked drawer of his dresser. Three cartridges had been exploded. Dr. Cannon said the pistol had not been fired before in ten years. The pistol is of a .32, the same caliber as the bullet found beside Miss Mechne. None of the missing money nor the six sticks pins, which were missing from Dr. Cannon's room were found in the Hindoo's pockets.

Police Inspector Hussey, Captain Carey of police headquarters and Captain Kuhne of the Harlem detective bureau, thought the indications pointed to burglars as soon as the extent of the injuries of the dead persons were noted, and this impression was strengthened when they found doubled up in a room on the top floor an early edition of an afternoon paper, which looked as if a Jimmy might have been wrapped up in it. Dr. Cannon was sure that no member of his household had brought that particular newspaper in. No evidence of the use of a Jimmy for the purpose of getting into the house was found, but force had been used to open a drawer of the physician's dresser, from which \$100 was taken. The other \$100 was taken from a miniature gas stove which was used as a bank and stood on the dresser.

Dr. Cannon is a widower; his wife having died over a year ago after having been an invalid for years. Miss Mechne had been her nurse and had been in Dr. Cannon's employ before he was married.

The Cannon home is the most striking residence in the section between Lenox and Seventh avenues. It is built of Indiana limestone and is in great contrast to the other houses, which are nearly all brownstone houses. The Cannon house is the only one in the block with a bay window and would at once attract the attention of persons who were looking for a likely place in which to find valuables.

JUDGE WAS SCORCHING.

Rosalski and Tammany Chief Sullivan Caught by Rye Auto Cop.

May 10.—Among those arrested Rye for speeding were the chauffeurs for Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, the Tammany leader, and Judge Otto Rosalski of the New York superior court. Senator Sullivan's car was making thirty miles an hour and Judge Rosalski's thirty-five. When Judge Rosalski and his chauffeur were brought in by Motor Cycle Cop Flaherty he passed around the cigars at the police station and put up a \$10 bond, which was forfeited. Senator Sullivan paid a \$10 fine for his chauffeur Jack O'Reilly. He said he didn't mind the fine so much, but didn't want the arrest to get in the newspapers. A half dozen other speeders were arrested and fined \$10 each by Judge Edwards.

SENATE'S RESOLUTIONS.

Adjournment as Mark of Respect to King Edward's Memory.

Washington, May 10.—The senate adjourned early out of respect for the memory of King Edward. A resolution was adopted expressing the sorrow of the senate and extending condolences to the people of Great Britain and its dependencies.

THE STREETS OF CAIRO

A LIVING PICTURE OF THE EAST AND WEST.

(Special to The Citizen.)

If you would see the original moving picture show, go to the streets of Cairo, the meeting place of the east and west. Travellers as long ago as our days of Bayard Taylor found these streets famous for their life and color. But unlike some of the institutions of the east, they have not lost by contrast by the introduction of our western ways. Indeed their interest is rather enhanced by being brought into comparison with the ways of the new world. The old customs have not as yet been changed. It is said that the east never changes. Will it still continue after the garb of our civilization has been shifted?

Sitting in the Esbekiah Gardens, which are in the heart of modern Cairo, you may see much of the life of the great and growing city of Egypt. But you will see it as one who sits apart, for no one is allowed to enter who does not pay his piaster. This will keep you from the beggars and touts, but it will also separate you from much that is most characteristic of this meeting place of the nations. Whichever way you turn there is something new and strange set off by that which is older than the days of Abraham.

Here they come, one after another, shouting, gesticulating, running, loitering, with faces intent, silly, impulsive. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the rapid movement of the streets. Have the donkey boys, used to running behind their animals grown up into porters and servants willing to race bare-footed through the streets after they are middle-aged men? The stinging crackle of the cab driver's whip takes the place of the warning "step lively," more familiar to western ears, while the cabs and busses dash through crowded and narrow streets at a surprising pace.

All are avid for your money. You can hardly refuse to buy the articles thrust upon you on every hand. To hesitate or show the slightest interest is to surrender to the wiles of the dealer. Newsboys thrust their papers into your hands and will hardly be refused, no matter what the language of the paper or its date either. Dealers in sham antiquities would unload enough of their wares on you to fill your trunk, gravely declaring that they themselves have found their useless wares in the mummy chambers.

But the greatest show is to be found in the old or native quarter. That man does not know Cairo who has not seen this; here life goes on as it did hundreds or even thousands of years ago. The only difference is that the moderns have entered to take advantage of the ancient ways of barter,—or more likely to be taken advantage of by the ancient people who barter.

It is doubtful whether a European, wandering into the maze of narrow streets, would ever find his way out, if he could not pass the barrier of language. The safest way to see the sight is to take a carriage, or better still to bestride a donkey and plunge into the seething, shouting mass of humanity. You must not be afraid to brush against your fellow creatures, the fleas will find you anyhow; but be careful that the donkey does not crush your leg against the angle of some wall. If you are fastidious you will want to turn back from the smells, but you will miss one of the strangest of sights if you do. It will pay to take the trip even at the cost of having your clothes disinfected afterwards.

One advantage of the donkey is that you can easily pass with him where no carriage could possibly enter. You make a sweep to turn a corner and miss by a hair the whole earthly stock of some street merchant. You may bump hubs with the tall wheeled stone carts perhaps, but it is surprising how few accidents there are. There is a vast deal of shouting and much swearing in Arabic, but I have not yet seen blows exchanged.

Everything is done on the streets. All the handicrafts are carried on within a few inches of where the feet of beasts and men touch the pavement. Even the passing of the foreigner does not cause the worker to lift his eyes from his tasks. A few simple tools, a few bits of wood or metal, a tiny stock in trade of paint or enamel, a leisurely adapting of means to ends, but presently you will have some piece of furniture or jewelery that is a priceless gem of its kind. Crowd your donkey into some convenient alcove on the opposite side of the street and you may watch the whole process. So goes on all through the tropical daylight, except for a brief space at noon, every conceivable sort of occupation, many of which are almost unknown in our factory-made civilization.

But if the processes of manufacture go on, trade is the great occupation of the oriental. Let no western-born man dare to go into competition here for he is sure to be worsted. The most striking fact that attracts you is the bewildering variety of goods of every color piled to the very ceilings of these bazaar shops. There sit the fattened merchants under their roofed-over stores with the filniest gauzes and richest embroideries spread out by the sidewalk. Do not despise their wares because their booths are not larger than the ticket office of an elevated railroad station. There may be as

many dollars invested in that paltry shop as in some American department stores.

It is not the goods alone, but the life of the oriental that is interesting. On one side you see a heavy-jeweled tradesman sitting over his wares fast asleep, in the midst of the babel that may banish sleep from your eyes two blocks away. Here are little children, some of them actually not able to toddle, playing on these streets and hardly taking the trouble to move from under the slouching steps of yonder camel, within arm's length of the passing throng, careful to veil their faces but careless otherwise. Now a string of bleating goats passes. Next an Egyptian soldier in the nastiest of uniforms. Here comes a beauty of the harem in richest attire, the lower part of her face showing dimly through her white veil. There is a blind beggar mumbling his prayer for alms. Now a leather-saddled sheikh of the desert, next a Scottish soldier in kilts, then a silken-robed broker wearing the fez. All these in a street so crowded that one cannot swing his arms as he walks.

Just ahead is the arch of the ancient gate of the city ornamented with the instruments of torture used by a former ruler. Under its shadow sits a scribe to write letters of business or affection. In front of him stands a countryman holding two song pigeons by their wings bent back in his hand.

There are miles of such sights for moving pictures in these crooked ways, noisy, filthy and smelling of every foul thing under heaven. Surely the babes that survive, escaping blindness or mutilation, must be a race of iron sinew, of steel nerve, and of keen ability fit to match any nation in the world.

From this crowded, throbbing section of the city the traveller usually passes to the tombs of the Mamelukes and the Khedives. Here there are many blind and halt beg-

gars. Inside these tombs of state we trod on priceless carpets and looked upon tawdry shrines. Scores of chains hung from the ceiling to which the attendant was fastening newly-lighted lamps, consisting of glass tumblers filled with water and oil, bearing tiny wicks. We went out into sweater air to be besieged by a chubby dwarf 25 years old, having an enormous head, who brushed our shoes in spite of every protest with his cap and insisted on backsheesh therefor. He grew angry if anything else than silver was offered him.

It was a strange experience all the way through, a cross section of life utterly different from that which most of us have knowledge.

SELLING ONE'S WARES.

In parts of Switzerland the baker's wife carries round the bread in a sort of hamper, and she has not a fixed, immutable charge, but chafers for a price with the customers. The old English word for this process was "cheaping," which in many places in England has been corrupted into chipping. Chipping Norton, for instance, is really Cheaping Norton, or the place where goods were cheapened—that is, sold by chaffer.

HOW TO TEST PAPER.

You can test paper as you would string, by stretching it. It has been stretched so much in the process of manufacture that it won't stand much more. The way to test it is to rub it in the hands. After such treatment poor paper is full of holes and cracks.

Poor paper simply takes the appearance of leather. If much white dust is produced we know there are earthly impurities. If it cracks it has been bleached too much.—London Globe.

Advertise in The Citizen.

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The Clinton Cut Glass Co., Inc.

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This lot of cut glass consists of a general line of slightly imperfect pieces. Many of them are very good.

Don't forget the date, Saturday May 14, 1910.

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TERMS OF SALE—CASH.

CLINTON CUT GLASS CO., Inc., ALDENVILLE, Pa.

Westminster Abbey.

The full legal title of Westminster Abbey is "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." Very few people have heard the famous burial places designated. A collegiate church, as distinguished from a parish church, is one that is administered by a "college" of priests instead of an individual rector or vicar.—Westminster Gazette.

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Livery.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn.

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NOTICE OF INCORPORATION—

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 23d day of May, 1910 by John J. Brown, Valentine Bliss, W. J. Davis, John J. Holland, F. W. Wolverton, E. J. Lynott, A. G. Rutherford and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and government of street railway companies in this Commonwealth," approved May 14, A. D. 1889, and the supplements and amendments thereto, for a charter for and intended corporation to be called "The Scranton and Lake Ariel Railway Company." Said proposed corporation is organized for the purpose of building, constructing and operating a street railway over the following streets, highways and bridges as follows, namely: Beginning at the dividing line between Roaring Brook township and the Borough of Moscow, in Lackawanna county, where Main street crosses said line; thence along Main street in said borough to the intersection of Market street; thence along Market street to the intersection of Willow street; thence along Willow street to the intersection of Brook street; thence along Brook street to the borough and Madison township line; thence from the Borough of Moscow line along the public road known as the Bear Brook road, leading from Moscow to Hollisterville, to the county line (also known as the line between Madison and Salem townships); thence from Madison township line at the Wilcox place, along the public road, known as the road leading from Madisonville, to Hollisterville; thence from Hollisterville to Moors Corners to Hamilton; thence from Hamilton along the North and South Turnpike to Lake township line; thence from the line dividing Salem and Lake townships along the public road leading to Lake Ariel in Lake township, known as the road leading from Hamilton to Lake Ariel to Brown's Corners in the village of Ariel, Lake township, Wayne county; thence returning by the same route to the place of beginning, with the necessary turnouts, sidings and switches, forming a complete circuit, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

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