

THE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY BY THE CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

E. B. HARDENBERG, - - - PRESIDENT
W. W. WOOD, - - - MANAGER AND SEC'Y

C. R. DORFLINGER, M. B. ALLEN,
HENRY WILSON, E. B. HARDENBERG,
W. W. WOOD.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1910.

The farmer actually pays a premium for bad roads. He pays it in time expended in getting to market; in value of drafting animals and the food they eat, and in the extra hands for their care and handling; in increased number of vehicles and wear and tear on them, and in the decreased product of land that has less attention and care. If the country had a system of smooth and hard highways it would blossom like a rose, and prosperity would follow in the wake.

"Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a town, and make a better impression upon visiting strangers, than newly painted residences, neat fences, good sidewalks, clean streets and alleys, and withal, a good number of shade trees and ornamental shrubbery and flowers in your yards. It is indicative of refinement, culture, good taste and thrift."

MEMORIAL DAY.

This Memorial day, in thousands of peaceful valleys, on the broad prairies, on the hillside, and in the thronged cities, the comrades will strew with flowers the graves of those who died. And we would add a further tribute, and it is to the unknown dead—those who fell in the battle front, or who on the weary march dropped out to die; and in a hasty grave by the wayside, or in the field, were left by those who must still "march on." Men who, when the God of Battles blotted out their lives, left no trace. No living, word, no messages, yet somebody wept when he marched away.

Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand;
Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him to her heart again.

And oh; how mother or wife, sister or friend has longed for the boon granted to others to see his last resting place; or to lay a flower where he sleeps. If they could only know where he rests.

Not among the suffering wounded,
Not among the peaceful dead,
Not among the prisoners missing,
That was what the message said.

Names future generations will honor, and not a single grave of a soldier or sailor shall be unvisited. Not one which willing fingers and grateful hearts will not unite to cover with myrtle and evergreen entwined with bright blossoms upon which the bright sunlight has painted something of eternal beauty, tokens of life's frailty, emblems of valor's immortality.

BURIED ANIMOSITIES.

In the graves of the country's soldier dead should be laid also the animosities which existed during the great conflict that cost them their lives. No matter whether they wore the blue or the gray, they belonged to the Republic, were brothers in one great family, and, in a broader sense, were children of the great Father of all. With the war-clouds long since scattered by the sweet winds of peace, and our reunited country happy under the smiling skies of prosperity, standing by the graves of the country's soldier dead, there comes to mind those words of one of America's greatest orators: "I have but one sentiment for the soldiers who fought in the late war, and that is cheers for the living and tears for the dead."

Each year adds to the number of graves of the departed ones. The regimental reunions accentuate this fact. Those who were with us a year ago have fallen in line with those who have taken up the great march into eternity, and who shall say how many shall pass over the river before Decoration day shall come again? A few more years and only the sons and daughters of veterans will be left to perform the ceremony of decorating the graves with laurels and with flowers. Heads bowed with reverence around the graves of their comrades to-day, will rest by their side, perhaps, tomorrow.

Look in any direction you please in our borough and you'll see peering up, new roofs, new additions, new porches, new barns, all betokening general thrift, enterprise and push. The prospect is for more general improvement than has taken place for many a year. Everybody catch the spirit and let business whiz.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

Here are some interesting statistics concerning the dead soldiers of the war: There are 82 national cemeteries, containing 32,179 soldiers, nearly one-half of whom are classified as "unknown." Twenty-one of these burial spots contain over 5,000 bodies each, among them the famous cemeteries at Vicksburg and Corinth, in Mississippi. At Salisbury, N. C., out of a total of 12,132, only 97 are "known."

At Andersonville and Hampton, Va., more than nine-tenths are identified. At the Soldiers' Home, Washington, nineteen-twentieths, and at the cemeteries at St. Augustine, Fla., and Battle Ground, D. C., all are identified.

The largest interments are at Vicksburg, where there are 16,620 of the dead. At Nashville, 16,532 are buried.

QUESTIONS CONCERNING PRUNING.

A Philadelphian owning a suburban property on which he has fruit trees, wrote to State Zoologist Surface for answers to the following questions:

1. Will it do any harm to prune trees while in bloom, or after they have formed fruit?
2. I remove branches to open up the tree in the center, and in the case of peaches cut back about one-third to one-half of last year's growth. Is this right?
3. Is it right and beneficial to prune trees now, or during the summer, when the growth becomes excessive?

Professor Surface's replies to these queries are of importance to all fruit growers. He wrote as follows:

"It is my opinion that you are doing right in pruning your trees at this time, unless you are removing large branches. If the trees have been neglected to such an extent that it is necessary to cut much away from them, it might be very severe on them to continue the pruning into the summer, but comparatively light pruning, such as trees should have to direct growth, can be done at any time."

"It is right to open the center of the tree and let in light, heat and air. I think pruning sufficiently to do this can be done at any time, as you suggest. It is also right to cut back the trees to some extent. This cutting back should be done in proportion to their lack of vigor, as very strong trees do not need it so much as those that are declining."

"I should much prefer to do pruning in the early spring than to delay it until summer time. I think if it is to be done, the earlier it is done the better it will be for the trees. Pruning in the summer removes the leaves, which are both the stomach and lungs of the trees, and this will, of course, tend to check the growth."

H. C. JACKSON,

Candidate for the Nomination for Representative.

Mr. Jackson was born in Damascus township on May 12th, 1848; was one of a family of six children of John and Abbie W. Jackson. Reared under the parental roof, he began his education in the public school, and attended the Union Academy at Damascus for several terms. He taught school for two terms, then entered the employ of Portnam & Smith of Tyler Hill as clerk. This concern kept a general store at Tyler Hill and after ten years of faithful service with this concern, Mr. Jackson took the management of Menner & Co.'s branch store at Tanner's Falls, and remained in this position for eight years. In 1887, he located upon his present farm, known as the Monington farm, erected a model residence, built some good barns, and other buildings that go to make his place one of the prominent farming places in Damascus township. In connection with general farming, he has been engaged in stock raising and dairying. He is known and looked upon as one of the progressive farmers of Wayne county, who has kept in touch with all the methods of advanced farming. He has been connected with the Wayne County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company since its organization in 1891, and is now President. He is a most excellent business man, conservative, progressive and successful in any direction in which he works. He was married in 1872, and has four children. He has always been a consistent Republican; is an active member of the Methodist church, being Superintendent of the Tyler Hill Sunday School. He is a director of the Wayne County Agricultural Society, and is interested in the public schools of his town. He is an intelligent, broad-minded, progressive citizen, doing that which he believes is right, and doing it with all his might. adv.

"FARMER" AMES FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

W. C. Ames, candidate for the nomination for Assemblyman on the Republican ticket, was born in Hawley and has spent his whole life there. The family was among the early settlers of that borough, and have been identified with it and prominent in its development practically since the town was founded. The triumvirate, John, the father of the subject of this sketch, Jacob and Reuben, engaged in the lumbering, farming and mercantile business for years and in addition were large dealers in cattle at a time when droving was in vogue. They also bought and baled for the market large quantities of hay, and in these various industries did a large business. Later the firm was dissolved and the partnership affairs divided among the three.

John H., the father of our candidate engaged in business on his own account. William was educated in the local schools and later took a



WILLIAM C. AMES.

business course at the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie. After completing his studies he engaged in business with his father until the latter retired some 13 years ago. He then purchased from J. F. Drake the livery business which he has conducted since with marked success. His is a genial and open disposition which meets and readily makes friends. In local affairs he has served as a member of the town council and is at present Mayor of one of the most thriving towns in the county. This position he is filling with satisfaction to borough residents and credit to himself. We feel certain that as Representative he would do equally as well. In 1909 he represented Wayne county as a delegate to the Republican state convention. Mr. Ames is one of Wayne's staunchest Republicans as well as her most prominent citizens. adv.

IMPROVED COMBINATION TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

The Consolidated Telephone Co. has arranged to handle telegrams in the Honesdale-Hawley Exchange district for the Postal Telegraph & Cable Co. so that its subscribers in the suburbs and outlying rural districts will receive and forward their telegrams without expense for telephone tolls, when telephoned to the nearest office of the Postal Telegraph Co.

The service of the Postal Company is the fastest in the world. It is not hampered by railroad contracts which necessarily impede the rapidity of the service, because railroad business is not given the preference over commercial business; it does not furnish service to bucket shops and other illegitimate enterprises.

The Postal Telegraph Co. originated the new Night Lettergram Service, one of the most important innovations in the telegraph field. Under this arrangement, letters of fifty words or less may be filed for transmission between 6 o'clock p. m. and midnight, and delivered at destination next morning at the price of a ten-word day message; additional ten words or less, cost only one-fifth of the charge for the first fifty words.

Stomach Misery for Over Six Years

Read what Mr. Hoffman, landlord of the Webster Hotel, writes: "I suffered misery and intense pains from stomach trouble for over six years, and all the doctoring that I did or medicines I used were of no avail until about two years ago, when I used a treatment of Mi-o-na. The first few days' treatment helped me greatly, and upon using it a while I was made entirely free from any stomach trouble or complaint whatever. Since the cure by Mi-o-na I have regained my weight, I eat and sleep well, am never nervous, and my entire general health is much better."—Max M. Hoffman, Webster, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1909.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets relieve distress in five minutes. They act like magic. They are guaranteed to cure sour stomach, gas eructations, heartburn, dizziness, biliousness and nervousness, or money back. For sale by druggists everywhere and by G. W. Pell, Honesdale, for 50 cents a large box. Try Booth's Pills for constipation; they never disappoint, 25c.

MOONLIGHT AT KARNAK

[Special to The Citizen.]

You have not seen the Nile and its ruins until you have seen it by moonlight. If Sir Walter Scott was correct in saying that one could not view Melrose aright by the flouting light of day, much more is it true that the pitiless glare of the desert is not the medium through which to view the relics of Egypt's fallen splendor. But by moonlight all blemishes have disappeared, the marks of the devastating earthquake, the defacements of fanatical image-breakers, the filthy accumulations of the shiftless desert tribes,—all are softened, healed, obliterated.

Our party sailed down the Nile from Luxor to Karnak for this evening view. The tropical moon, almost at the full, rose so high that one could almost stand under the shadow of his own hat. We had invited the American missionaries to the hotel for dinner with us and then for the cool boatrie afterwards. It was a most delightful experience to have them. Our guests had good voices and we sang with one consent the songs of the homeland, college glees and old time favorites, as well as the sacred songs of the church. All this while the Arab boatmen were tacking back and forth on the river. But when we stood among the mighty ruins of Karnak we had no mind to sing. Egypt is the land of mystery. The Sphinx is its symbol. Here more often than anywhere else the modern man asks himself the question, Why did they do all this and what does it mean? Here more vividly than elsewhere the great problems of human existence and eternal destiny are pressed home upon mind and heart. The symbolism of the temples fosters the inquiry, the very obscurity of the history that is set forth in the cryptic hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs stimulates the curiosity. Before he is aware, even the most stolid, hard-headed, modern business man is brought under the thrall of this land of dreams and mystery.

Heretofore I have religiously refrained from setting down facts and figures that could be obtained by the leader for himself from the guide books. But at this point the vastness of the ruins, the multitude of the temples and the stupendous size of the remains must be referred to in order to give some intelligent idea of the vista we saw under the tropical moon.

The ruins of ancient Thebes lie on both sides of the Nile, which has changed its course since the temples were built and now cuts its way through what was once the heart of the ancient city of the dead. Magnificent masses of ruins exist in those parts of the old city now known as Karnak and Luxor as well as the city of the tombs across the Nile still called Thebes. Taking Karnak as a center, a great road now buried, lined on each side by five hundred sphinxes, now destroyed or buried by Nile mud, ran two miles south to Luxor, while another magnificent avenue of sphinxes ran west to Thebes between two and three miles away. These ruins are unparalleled in size and splendor. If any man can look upon them without emotion I am profoundly sorry for him.

Imagine if you can these stupendous monuments by moonlight. Vast walled buttresses pierced by gates. Great groups of columns, one hundred and thirty-four in all, many of them still connected at the tops by giant slabs. The papyrus buds or lotus cups which form the capitals of the columns scarcely cast their shadows on the trodden earth beneath the magnificent pillars. The stone bars of the latticed windows of Rameses II's palace, 75 feet in the air, built above the temple, show you the evening star above the desert mountains in the west.

Although the tropical night is so bright, yet there is a certain umbra brooding over the place. You remember that this was a temple, the greatest perhaps in the world. No matter if the ancient faith has been dead so long that only a few scholars could tell you what it taught, there is still a certain awe oppressing you. Go into one of the smaller chambers which you visited by daylight where the ancient gilt stars on the stone ceiling are still blackened by the smoke of sacrifices offered for thousands of years, and you will feel still more keenly the sense of mystery. Your step echoes solemnly on the crumbling mosaic pavement, now worn into hollows. Your stumbling has roused one of the hawks which infest the place and there is a clash of wings and the chattering screams of birds of prey startled untimely from their sleep. Your imagination needs no spur to picture the human victims of the ancient Pharaoh's rage, such as you saw in the shimmering heat of the afternoon set forth on these walls, bound together for slaughter and stretching impotent hands beneath the pitiless blows. The flight of vultures and the noisy cries of birds of prey come down through the centuries and haunt your memory. The Pharaohs and their gods are dead, but the swishing wings and the hoarse cries and the creepy shadows all typify Egypt the parent mystery of the world.

The longer you meditate in the moonlight and shadow the less fitting it seems to call her parent. The Pharaoh seems not like the personal

sovereign, but some incubus; Egypt is not mother—the word is utterly out of place—she is only some fertile breeder, which like the Nile swallows up her offspring. Your holy of holies with its smoky gilded stars infested by bats reeks with the memories of cruelties without a name. You gasp for freer air.

Climb now to the top of the gigantic pylon, the gateway of the ancient temple. You can breathe here. The soft stars which listened with sorrow to the sighing of the captive thousands of years ago still bend silently down. At your feet is the vast jumble of ruined temples with their scores of standing columns and acres of confused masonry. Westward where the castellated mountain tops are soft against the sky, lie the tombs of the kings who built all this, with the colossal statues of Rameses and the miles of bombastic inscriptions to his praise. At your feet are the palms and the mud huts of the Arabs. Their dogs are barking impatiently for you to be gone, and the dusky guardian of the monuments stirs about as if to remind you that you have disturbed his rest on the sand by invading the temple by moonlight.

As you descend you look again through the heavy gratings which served for windows of the palace. It is more like a prison than a palace. Was this too one of the mysterious haunts of cruelty, some gilded cage where the pitiless Rameses held captive the princesses of conquered tribes?

The spell is upon you. It is useless to try to shake it off. Even the familiar stars and the tropical moon will not lighten your mood. Go back and dream about the mystery, not to-night only, but next year—always.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

By reason of the insistence of many investors that their bonds be of "first" mortgage it may be said that the importance of the word "first" is dependent upon the circumstances, says Moody's Magazine. A bond may be first in fact. It may be so only in a relative sense in that it indicates the order in which the bond was put out by the issuing company or the use of the term "first" in the name of a bond, undesirable and loose though it be in such instances, may be upon the slight ground that the mortgage is indeed first on some part of the property, while on other parts it may have but a third or fourth claim. It is therefore obvious that the mere presence of this term in a title does not necessarily make the bond an absolutely prior lien. It has been estimated that 95 per cent. in number and 95 per cent. in value of steam railroad "firsts" are first liens in name only.

LEON FINKELSTEIN,

of Finkelstein Bros., Optometrists and Opticians of Syracuse, N. Y., will be at the Commercial Hotel parlors Saturday, May 28, 1910.

Having hundreds of satisfied customers in Wayne Co., no doubt I can satisfy you also.

At White Mills National Hotel, Monday, May 30th; at Hawley, Reader's Hotel, May 31st. All work guaranteed for one year. Glasses furnished at reasonable prices.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

There is great and growing indignation in St. Petersburg over the unpardonable indifference shown by the Russian government toward the wounded and crippled soldiers who have returned from the east.

In nearly every street one sees soldiers with an arm or leg, or both limbs, missing. Others stretch out hands in pitiable appeal for alms. Some wear on their breast the Cross of St. George, which is only given in a case of great personal bravery. All of these unhappy cripples have a right to be fed by the state and to receive a small pension. Ask them why they beg and the answer is invariably the old story of wholesale pecuniations among the officials.

I have been horrified by instances related to me direct by these soldiers. Wounded in some battle, they lay months in the hospitals and then suffered incredible privations on the long journey home, the money appropriated for their foods having been stolen by the officials. For weeks they starved on a diet of water and a little bread given by people at stations on the Siberian railway.

Now that a bad crop is in view and taxes cannot be possibly paid, the pensions which should go to the soldiers are held back to make up the deficits.—London Mail.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE NOBBY LONG COATS

Menner & Co.'s Stores



Are Suitable for Real Stylish Wear

ESTABLISHED 1836
THE OLDEST BANK IN WAYNE COUNTY
—THE—
HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL,	\$ 150,000.00
SURPLUS	241,711.00
TOTAL ASSETS	1,902,000.00

WE ARE AFTER YOU!

You have more or less banking business. Possibly it is with us, such being the case you know something of our service, but if not a patron would it not be well for you to become one?

OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT will help you start. It is calculated to serve all classes, the old and the young, the rich and the poor.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
IT RECEIVES DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UP and allows three per cent. interest annually. Interest will be paid from the first of any month on all deposits made on or before the 10th of the month provided such deposits remain three calendar months or longer.

HENRY Z. RUSSELL, PRESIDENT.
ANDREW THOMPSON, VICE PRESIDENT.

EDWIN F. TORREY, CASHIER.
ALBERT C. LINDSAY, ASSISTANT CASHIER.