

THE CITIZEN

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E. B. HARDENBERGH, PRESIDENT; W. W. WOOD, MANAGER AND SECY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1910.

"What would we not give," says one of our first settlers, "for the unemployed appetite of youth! Here am I, tired of chicken and sick of roast beef, but my young son comes in from school in the afternoon and asks for bread and butter. He goes from the kitchen to the dining room, eating one slice and carrying three more, which he arranges in front of him on the dining room table at equal distances apart, one back of the other, in columns by companies, a whole battalion of joys! As he eats, he moves up the reserves and is happy—happy on bread and butter. Oh happy youth!"

Admiration alone will not run a newspaper. Sooner or later such admirers will find that the object of their affections has become welded to other ways that they do not admire—in other words, a newspaper is compelled in order to live, to seek the friendship of those who are not so platonic in their love, but unite that practical esteem with sentiment that binds mutual admiration to other professions. There are too many men who expect the editor to slave in defense of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest oppositions and coolly withhold business support by which alone a small newspaper can live.

NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

A newspaper, if it has any brains, conscience and muscle back of it, must continually decide between doing its duty and injuring its pocket. In any position but that of an editor the public is able to separate the individual home from the collective citizen. But if the editor does not please them, it's his pocket they aim at. Thus it is that newspapers learn who their friends are. The man who reads a newspaper and admires it all the year around, yet gives his business support to some other concern, whose principles he detests, is not a friend of the former paper.

HE REFUSED A MILLION.

According to an Italian newspaper, Giovanni Bova, member of the Italian parliament and a writer, was recently approached by a French banker who wished Bova to allow his name to be used in connection with a matter of business to give the scheme character. The service, he insinuated, would be worth a round million to Bova, who declined it, however, without a moment's hesitation.

"There is no law," he wrote, "against my complying with your request, but it would be a crime nevertheless. You who have lived in Naples and others must know that I live from hand to mouth with my family by teaching and by writing and that the accumulation of a million would be an impossibility from that source. But my work makes me independent, and the million would be superfluous. You say that no one in Rome would know, that all would be kept secret, but would not I know it? You bankers may leave your consciences at the foot of the Alps and resume them again on your return, but I carry mine wherever I go."

FALLS FROM WINDOW ASLEEP.

Wife Calls to Somnambulist as He Tumbles to Yard Below. New York, May 31.—While walking in his sleep Gerardi Constantino, who lives on the fifth floor of 218 Bowery with his wife and six children, tumbled out of an open window at the rear and fractured his skull as he landed in the yard below.

Constantino had been asleep about an hour when his wife heard him moving about. She called to him, and when he did not answer she jumped out of bed in time to see him pitch through the window.

NOTICE.

—Rev. Thomas Housten, the noted blind singing evangelist, of Elizabeth, N. J., will preach in the Presbyterian church at Bethany, Wednesday evening, June 1st; at Siko, Thursday evening, June 2nd, in the Union Chapel, and on Friday evening, June 3rd will begin a series of meetings in the Presbyterian church at Rileyville.

REV. J. B. CODY.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eberhardt, Jr., on May 28th, a son.

MEMORIAL DAY IN HONESDALE

(Continued from Page 1.)

ed away in the blood of the brave, until slavery, the reproach and shame of the nation, the bane of human society and which made the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men free and equal, a byword and a hissing, should be forever blotted out. Not until labor, the birthright of all men, should again assume the honorable position which God had given it, and from which it had been driven by the slave labor of the South.

The strength of a republic lies in the intelligence, honesty, virtue and loyalty of its working people; and in this class, I include all men and women who with hand or head, with brain or brawn, labor for the progress and improvement of our race. They are the bone and sinew of our national greatness. The idler has no place in our political economy, and whether rich or poor, he is not a desirable citizen. All honest toil, either of hand or head, is honorable, and so it must remain, if we are to be a free and independent people. If we love our country, if we are devoted to the principles of our free institutions, if we love our flag, the flag that has led us on to so many victories, the flag that stands for freedom, equality and justice, we must never for a moment waiver in our devotion to the great principle of equality before the law. There must be no privileged class; there must be no privileged interests; there must be but one law for all men, and to this the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate must alike submit. Monarchies may depend upon the strength of their armies, but republics must depend upon the respect of the citizens for the law. Unless law be held sacred, a free government will not endure. Laws that do not accord with the sentiments of the majority of our people, can by that majority be repealed, but while they remain upon our statute books, they should be observed. The lowering of the dignity of the law by practice or precept is treason. The majority may make or unmake laws, but no citizen has the right to refuse obedience to them or to counsel others to do so. The rich corporation or the wealthy individual that willfully breaks a law, because of his or its indifference to the small penalty which may be inflicted, is a worse enemy to the state and a greater breeder of anarchy than the sneak thief or the robber. A law-abiding people only is worthy of liberty and capable of guarding its treasures.

We have had many years of peace and prosperity since the war of the Rebellion ceased, but the days when patriotism was a duty have not departed. We are approaching another crisis in our national existence, a crisis big with possibilities of good or evil. Great corporations and great combinations of capital, uncontrolled is a menace to our free government, but held under proper restraint, they can be made of much benefit. Wise and just laws must be made, governing and controlling them, making them the servants of the people, and not allowing them to become the masters. Marvelous has been the increase of wealth, and great has been the development and progress of our country during the last decade. New conditions have arisen which must be met and adjusted. Different interests in society seem to be somewhat out of joint with one another. New adjustments must be made to suit the new conditions. Threatening social and political evils are apparently near and formidable. I am not a prophet of evil. I have an unwavering faith in the patriotism of our people. The crisis will be met and right will prevail. Patriots, fearless and true, devoted to their country and its people, will arise. Men after the type and character of Theodore Roosevelt, more heroic in peace than in war, will pilot the ship of state, through the dangerous seas—avoiding the scylla of corporate greed on the one hand, and the charybdis of anarchy on the other—out upon the high seas of national progress, where individual effort and enterprise will be protected and guarded against both of them.

Veterans, your deeds will ever remain fresh in the memory of your grateful countrymen. Your sacrifice and suffering will not be in vain, but men, inspired by your devotion to your country and its flag, will lead us onward and upward to a higher level in civilization, and to a stronger faith in the God of Nations. "God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far flung battle line, Beneath whose awful and, we hold dominion over palm and pine, Lord God of hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

W. W. Wood's Address on the "Unknown Dead."

FRIENDS: It is well that on one day in the year we turn aside from the busy scenes of life to pay homage to the memories of our honored dead. It is a great and blessed privilege that on this Memorial Day we can gather together in this hallowed spot, in this silent city of the dead, to give evidence of our love and affection for those who have gone down to the end of this life, and passed over to the shores of the eternal world. We should be grateful that we live in a country where righteousness and patriotism are blended with love of home, of country, and fellowman. All honor to a people who forget not their heroes. Some of you can remember when the black clouds of internal strife swept over our beloved country; when she, like a storm-tossed vessel, was fast being driven upon the breakers of secession and destruction. All honor to the men of those days who, turning their backs upon home and loved ones, hastened to the rescue. Men who rallied to defend the flag; men who bared their breasts to the storm of battle; men who braved death for their country's sake; and to-day we

pay gladly tribute to those who have fought their last fight; who have met their last enemy—death, and have joined that innumerable host on the other shore in singing the song of victory. As we remember those whose graves are marked with stones of granite and marble, let us not forget those that were with you in the bayonet charge; those that fell carrying the flag over the ramparts of the enemy; those that stood in the last ditch in defense of the Union; those heroes whose monument is the slab marked "Unknown." And as we strew flowers upon this mound, let us remember that there is a monument for these heroes greater than any shaft of stone—it is the Union of States, one and inseparable; for this country, and all it stands for is a monument to the glory and honor of our unknown dead, for the blood of our heroes is the seed of our greatness.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

BENEFACTOR OR LEECH?

The Independent in its issue of last Thursday informs us, that the organizer of the local glass cutters has procured positions for 50 of his followers in various factories throughout the country at greatly increased wages. No mention is made of any likely difference in the cost of living compared with Honesdale. Great stress is laid however on the benefit, this act has bestowed on us. It is but natural that the better class of mechanics were provided with situations and as they were able to earn from \$15 to \$18 per week right here at home, the amount of money withdrawn from local cash drawers will average about \$825 per week or \$43,000 per year. The two concerns, which the good, Christian gentleman has driven from this town, employed no less than 150 hands. If we figure their earning capacity at an average of \$10 per week, our business men will lose about \$80,000 per year. What will the community consider a man who caused this loss? A benefactor? Hardly! But we suppose, the Independent thinks the time is about ripe to tender a public banquet to him or reward him in some other suitable manner! Are we right? CURIOSITY.

STROUDSBURG SECURES HAWLEY FACTORY.

The Monroe Record of May 26th devotes the best part of two columns in announcing that the Industrial Club of Stroudsburg had secured the locating of the William Gibbs Cut Glass factory of Hawley in that city. Mr. Gibbs is given a site 80x350 feet on which they will erect a brick building 28x125 feet, two stories in height. The people of Stroudsburg agreed to pay for a frame building, but Mr. Gibbs by paying the difference, will have it built of brick. The town also contributes \$1,000 to pay for removal of plant and other expenses incidental to starting a new plant. Organizer Luckcock and his Wayne county allies will no doubt attempt to depreciate the removal of the glass factory by publishing and circulating the statement that it is another small factory like Kelly & Steinman, and the Wayne, and that it will soon be replaced by a large closed shop, and lots of buncombe of that kind; but, nevertheless, the fact states the merchants and workmen of Wayne in the face that not only they have been injured financially, but the reputation of Hawley and Honesdale have been blackened in the industrial world as a place where an individual living in a city, the home of glass cutting concerns, which have always been jealous of Honesdale's reputation, can ally himself with a few individuals, and by arrogant, domineering and hypocritical scheming drive from Honesdale and Hawley concerns which have paid its workmen more than one million dollars during the past ten years. How many years will it take before our people will recover this amount from the great "uplift to humanity" which is promised from the closed shop? How many of the merchants and workmen will be in Glen Dyberry or some other cemetery before these promised blessings will reach town?

Bronchial Tubes All Stuffed Up

"While a resident of Washington, D. C., I suffered continually and intensely with a bronchial trouble that was simply terrible to endure. I would have such spells that I could hardly breathe. I would choke up, fill up in my throat and bronchial tubes, and the doctoring that I did and the remedies used were of no benefit to me whatever. I heard about Booth's Hyomei being so beneficial in catarrhal and bronchial affections and procured an outfit. I received relief from the first by its use. I continued with it and received a cure. It is about two years since I have suffered at all from my former trouble."—Mrs. R. L. Pannell, 404 N. Augusta street, Staunton, Va., March 26, 1909. Hyomei is guaranteed by G. W. Pell to cure catarrh, croup, bronchitis, coughs, colds and sore throat or money back. A complete Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) outfit costs \$1.00 at druggists everywhere. This includes a hard rubber pocket inhaler and bottle of Hyomei; extra bottles Hyomei cost 50c.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

How the Ancient City is Being Rebuilt.

[Special to The Citizen.]

It is a curious thing to lay hands upon a city like Jerusalem, not only because it is so old, but because it is so revered. Jews, Christians and Mahometans alike hold it to be the most sacred spot on earth. Yet today Jerusalem is in process of rebuilding. Solomon did this with reverence, Herod carelessly. Of course Zerubbabel rebuilt it and Saladdin and the rest, but they had nothing but blank spaces or ruined walls to deal with. The builders of to-day have the ancient city, revered and holy.

Jerusalem is not a large city. Its walls are only two and one-half miles in circumference. Yet within these narrow confines 60,000 persons find their dwellings, packed together, herded into the narrowest quarters; for the scanty space for dwelling places within the ancient walls is rendered still more scanty because of the room taken for temples, mosques, monasteries, churches, pools and barlocks. The grounds of the Temple alone, occupied by the Mosque of Omar and el Aksa, cover 56 acres. When these large spaces are subtracted, the roof left for dwellings is very limited indeed.

For this reason there has sprung up another city outside the walls, for the most part to the north and west, a more modern city of Jerusalem, an ampler city, a cleaner city than the ancient Jerusalem. Although spread over twice the space occupied by the city within the gates, this new city has only half as many inhabitants as the ancient Jerusalem. For the most part it is a city of German Jews or Russian members of the Greek orthodox church, although there are members of other faiths and other nations in plenty to be found there.

The great majority of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are Jews. This may surprise those who thought that the Moslems were more numerous. There are between fifty and sixty thousand Jews in the city, while there are only seven thousand Moslems. There are perhaps the same number of Greek Christians, and five thousand Roman Catholics, while the remainder, Armenians, Copts, Nestorians, Jacobites, Abyssinians, dwindle down to a mere handful.

It will be seen from this brief summary that the city is most truly a cosmopolitan one. The best of governments might find difficulty in dealing with such a problem. But the government, heretofore, has been neither wise nor good. Its policy has been to play one interest against another. So in order to serve their own interests the various governments have interfered in behalf of their constituencies. There are some six postoffices in the city beside the Turkish. And yet the mail facilities are poor. But the administration of justice is even more hampered by the interference of western nations. Those who have settled in Palestine do not become citizens and when an offence is committed against the laws of Turkey the criminal is to be tried by his own government. Imagine how this would work when there are thirteen different governments represented by consuls in Jerusalem whose jurisdiction must be respected by those who are set to enforce the Turkish law. No wonder the advocates of the new Constitution are anxious to have a freer hand.

In the meantime building operations go on apace. An infallible rule obtains that wherever you see a red tiled roof the building is modern. According to this rule it is surprising to note how large a part of the city within the walls is modern. New buildings on old sites abound. Many are for the entertainment of strangers who come to Jerusalem as pilgrims for the various festivals of the church year. The bulk of these are Russian. Many are very poor. If such refugees were not provided they would often suffer keenly. Both Jews and Gentiles come to Jerusalem to die that they may lay their bones in sacred soil. In general it may be said that the Russians are the transients while the Germans, Jews or Gentiles, come to trade and so remain.

The Russian Greek church and the German Roman Catholic church have recently completed a magnificent building on separate points of the Mount of Olives. The tower of the German building is not yet completed. These will be the future landmarks of the city. From the north and even from beyond the Dead Sea they are the first objects to strike the eye. So the old has just now given place to the new city.

Many other buildings outside the walls are for the housing of various colonies, mostly Jewish. The members of these communities have in some instances been driven from the land of their adoption by persecution. They subsist partly on the charity of their brethren and partly by trade or the manufacture of fancy articles.

Of a different sort are the Jews of the Sephardin, the descendants of those who were driven out of Spain and Poland during the days of the Inquisition. These live in the Jewish quarter of the city where they have managed to eke out a miserable existence for centuries. Their quarter is the most filthy within the walls,—and that is saying a great deal. Bad food and unwholesome surroundings have bleached their

skins to a sickly yellow and emaciated their bodies to a degree that is very painful. They have adopted a sort of national dress, the most distinctive feature of which is a fur-trimmed cap with a flat top beneath which they allow long curled locks of their hair, one in front of each ear, to fall almost to the neck. Their frail bodies are often clothed in costly silk gabardines and many are said to be wealthy.

Near to the Mosque of Omar, which is built on the foundations of the ancient temple of Solomon, the Jews long ago, by the payment of a heavy bribe to the Turks, obtained the right to assemble for worship by the side of the stones of the wall of the ancient sanctuary. This is called the Jews' Walling Place. Here on the evening of Friday, when the Jewish Sabbath begins and also on Saturday, great crowds assemble for religious services, reading lamentations from the Psalms and uttering cries of grief, the hearers responding after each lament, "Here sit we now, lonely, and weep." I must say that there were more eyes for the visitors than for the prayer-books while we were there, but perhaps the older Jews had not arrived so early. The crevices between the ancient bevelled stones are driven full of nails to typify that the devotion of the person who drove them is unchanging.

The Jews do not enter the Mosque of Omar, lest they should tread under foot some remnant of that which was once a part of the Holy of Holies. It is said that when Baron Rothschild, who has done so much for the Jews of Jerusalem, visited the city, wishing to see the ancient Temple site, he was carried in a chair all through the Mosque and its grounds. Perhaps the time will come when even Jerusalem will even change its ways.

In contrast with the ancient devotion to the past and its traditions, the traveller of to-day may visit the Schneller, the orphan houses where 400 children are cared for, or the Jewish Hilfverein schools providing education from the kindergarten to the normal course for 1,000 scholars, or the enterprises of the Zionists, Bezalel, presided over by Dr. Schatz, where rug-making, brass and silver working, lithography and other industries are taught to boys and girls, while at the same time the school is made to pay its own expenses.

Enough has been said to show that there is a new Jerusalem in course of construction on earth. But it does not consist of tile-roofed buildings nor cut-stone walls. It is growing up in the minds and hearts of men of all creeds, worshippers in mosque or church or by temple walls, and it is the children who are leading the way.

Jerusalem, May 5, 1910.

CASTORIA

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Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, SS.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. L. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR NOMINATION FOR REPRESENTATIVE.



FRED C. REICHENBACHER, Druggist, Honesdale, Pa.

Was born at Honesdale in 1864 and has always been a resident of the borough. He was educated in the Honesdale high school and learned the druggist's business in the pharmacy of C. C. Jadwin, and is still engaged in that calling. He has always been an active and consistent Republican, is well versed in and an able exponent of the principles of the party and wholly devoted to its interests. Mr. Reichenbacher is a member of the American Federation of Musicians. He was placed in nomination for state senator of the 14th district by the conferees of Wayne at Stroudsburg in 1908 and during the deadlock had the highest vote of any candidate; but notwithstanding the nomination belonged to Wayne, his name was withdrawn on the fifty-second ballot and the nomination went to Carbon county. Turn out to Primaries Saturday, June 4, 1910.

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