

THE CITIZEN

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

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, C. C. PRATT.

For State Senator, WINFRED D. LEWIS.

COUNTY.

Representative, H. C. JACKSON.

Hilliard Bruce of Norwich, Conn., late associate editor of the Pensacola (Fla.) Journal and previously managing editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) Evening Times, has assumed the position of editor of The Citizen. W. W. Wood continues as manager of the paper.

The June bride may need her fur coat and her mittens at the altar, the way the crisp, cool summer seems to be steering for us now.

Anyway, that tiresome Ballinger-Pinchot hearing has demonstrated Ollie James, the Kentucky congressman and ardent advocate of Col. Billy Bryan, as one of the best snapping turtles of his time.

The fellow who does not deem it a hardship to keep bachelor's hall for a month—or longer—has already commenced to count the days that may be expected to elapse before his wife goes to the country, and it may with equal truth and veracity be stated that now and then a country brother may be found who is gleefully agreeable to his wife's proposition to go to the city.

It's altogether too bad that the two Wright boys and Glenn Curtiss should be tied up by prospective litigation. Curtiss, who winged his fine aeroplane whirl from the Albany gateway to the Manhattan skyscrapers at a mile-a-minute clip, almost, wants to race somebody to Washington, and Orville and Wilbur Wright are the only foemen real worthy of the Curtiss steel. "On to Washington" between Curtiss and one or both of the Wrights would be sport worth while!

A snowstorm visited Alberta, Canada, and practically all the great territory of Saskatchewan last week, but instead of growling about it, the inhabitants greeted it with great satisfaction. That is a wheat growing country, and the melting snows give the grain a fresh impetus that insures a good crop.—Exchange.

The Canadian northwest, a stronghold of optimism and no place at all for pessimistic pleaders against the ultimate certainty of heavy crops, can show some of the States when it comes to the spirit of local progress. There are older and professedly smarter people on this side of the Canadian boundary whose nerve would be invigorated by a season in the wheat fields of Manitoba, Alberta or Saskatchewan.

Color spite, one of the growing menaces of the country, got its rebuke in a Norristown court the other day when Judge Swartz informed a juror who admitted he did everlastingly hate "niggers" that he was an undesirable juror and needn't sit on that case. The fad of telling how you detest a black face, once pretty well limited to the south, where there is some ground for the prejudice, has lately been spreading north, though its foothold in the west is as yet nominal. This juror at Norristown, who does not appear to have been a southern man or in any way familiar with the social conditions in the south, presumably thought it real smart and clever to say he had "no earthly use" for a black man; that no matter what evidence appeared in the prisoner's defence, he never would give the negro the benefit of the reasonable doubt. The attention of the juror whom Judge Swartz so promptly and properly pulled out of the box is directed to the experience of Bourke Cockran, who, assigned by the New York Supreme Court to defend a hapless darkey without a dollar, said: "Your Honor, this man is one of God Almighty's creatures, like you and I, and I shall be glad to do the best I can." And the best of Bourke Cockran is nothing to be sneezed at.

Will Joe Daniels be at the dock to greet the Returning African Hunter when he comes down the gangplank to the salute of harbor guns and the music of a Gotham band? Yellow journalists looking for a little additional color that day undoubtedly must hope so. The North Carolina Democratic National committeeman, the one large mad on the skyline of the Tarheel state who dares to stand right out in meeting and say the Peerless Pleader of the Platte will be renominated and elected in 1912, likewise said—that is, he let his Raleigh News and Observer say—that "Mr. Roosevelt, the organizer of the club, is the real Ananias."

There is power in the pencil of Josephus, but in speech, like Moses, he is halting. The battle between the Colonel from North Carolina and the Colonel from Africa will be very one-sided if, instead of waiting for the Outlook, Mr. Roosevelt proposes to have the argument take a verbal form.

COOK VS. PEARY SUIT.

If it be true that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, somewhere on the high seas, has brought suit for damages against Commander Robert E. Peary, at present lecturing on that probably still unfound Pole to stolid audiences of Johnny Bulls and other folk beyond seas, the American people at large have a feast of laughter on the way that cannot be exceeded by anything their shores have seen since the Hon. Li Hung Chang, the Chinese emperor's pet envoy and boss borrower for the Celestials, was over here trying to raise money in 1896.

What does Dr. Cook expect to prove against Commander Peary? He was not in this country 24 hours after the doctor's polar competitor got back to his partisans of the Army and Navy Club and, according to Cook's allegation, "commenced to talk about him." How does Dr. Cook—or Commander Peary either, for that matter—expect to prove he found that long-elusive top of the world toward which pole-seekers have been sledging, and around which white men and Eskimos have been famishing and starving, since those early days of G. W. Melville and other pioneer pole explorers? Can he point to a vindictive verdict from the University of Copenhagen, that "neutral body in a neutral nation" on which, until last January, he placed such simple, unostentatious and trustful reliance? The rector of Copenhagen University, a somewhat solemn as well as sagacious gentleman of the sciences, shook his head above the table that held Cook's Arctic data; he was "persuaded, though reluctant to admit it," that the Brooklyn explorer didn't know where the Pole was save as he had seen it since boyhood boldly indicated on the blue and pink surface of a geography map. Does he expect to prove Peary collusion and chicanery by Harry Whitney, the young New Haven millionaire whose peculiar stamp of wanderlust has led him to spend so much time—and goodness knows how much money—hunting in the Arctic night? Harry Whitney sailed the other day for Greenland, Iceland, Labrador and way stations, without a word as to the alleged tampering with the Cook outfit stored in the cache at Etah, and Harry Whitney has gone back to that mooted country of Cook and Peary in Peary's old ship Roosevelt, a fact that may or may not lend color to the belief that he is now a Peary partisan, but which just the same is worthy of being taken into consideration.

While we cannot for the life of us see where the first claimant of the Pole has a leg to stand on, legally or morally, still we do honestly hope, for one reason, that Dr. Cook's suit is real and that he is to press it just so soon as he can get back from Valparaiso, Cuba, London, Constantinople, Brownsville and other points of more than passing interest where the brave Arctic gentleman has been sighted. Presumably one side or the other would call the Hon. John R. Bradley, the wealthy and vehement New Yorker-Floridian, who put up the rino for the doctor's dashes Poleward. We imagine the testimony of Backer Bradley, who said so emphatically "he has fooled us all, from the King of Denmark down, and now has 'beat it' out of the country without saying good-bye to the man who financed his expedition," would be equalled in vigor by that of a certain eastern senator who shouted "Infamous liar" in response to every question propounded to him when a fairly notable divorce case was on trial in Baltimore.

Former Gov. Joe Folk, from Missouri wants to be shown why he is not of sufficient size for 1912 presidential timber.

The boy at school is doing the best he can to keep his legs and hands between bounds another 10 days. And then!

It may be a silly question to ask, but—in common with how many intelligent fellow citizens—we just stopped to wonder what the wind and weather scapegoat will be now that Dr. Halley's disobedient protege has taken French leave until the far-off summer of 1985.

Great is the dignity of a Jersey dogcatcher! The Hackensack custodian of the unlicensed, homeless bowwows was called on by the agent of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to wash his automobile of a quiet morning when there were no illicit dogs to pursue. The dog officer resisted. The agent of the "society with the long name" insisted. The dog officer threw up his job, which paid \$25 a week.

"Uncle Jimmy" Wilson, the nestor of the McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft cabinets and the most up-and-coming secretary of agriculture this nation ever knew, will be in New York when the colonel comes off the boat. The Grand Old Man of Iowa is still among the strenuous spirits of the country. His step is firm and his eye is bright, for all he has left the Psalmist's allotment of years behind. No hand will take a tighter hold of the returning hunter's fist than will his.

Fire Chief Croker of New York is the nephew of Tammany Boss Richard Croker, who ruled New York so long and who, on the whole, was not the most admirable sort of a citizen; but the chief is right when he takes the civil service commission to task for loading up his fire-fighting force with men of inferior physique who get on because they can write plainly, read English quickly and correctly, and are fitted out with a Twentieth century knowledge of mathematics. The chief says a book education is not the main essential for an engineer, a houseman or a driver; that "husky, stout fellows, even if they can't read or write or cipher, are the men to fight fires." The commission has retaliated to the chief's criticism of its appointees by cutting the height minimum half an inch and the weight minimum five pounds. This is plainly wrong. New York pays high for her 8,000 policemen and New York pays high for her 4,100 firemen. Her cops are mostly stout enough to keep peace in the city. Her firemen are not always on a physical par with her policemen. The score of deaths of firemen on the ladders at a recent tenement blaze proves that.

The Keystone Press

The Methodist Episcopal church, South, has voted to drop the word "South." The war is over.—Tunkhannock Republican and New Age.

It looks now as though the greetings of Roosevelt's homecoming will be drowned by the noise of the Jeffries-Johnson mill. —Carbondale Leader.

"Two million dollars lost by tornado." Is the headline over a Rome dispatch in the New York Sun. Now if the Sun would only tell us where the tornado lost it!—Harrisburg Telegraph.

This weather is certainly unfavorable for growing crops, and some are declaring that corn and other crops will not have time to mature. Cold and wet Mays and Junes are not uncommon and crops have always had time to ripen. So don't borrow trouble over the cold wet season.—Nicholson Examiner.

There is an increased number of applicants for schools among teachers this year. Superintendent Stearns being credited with saying that there are about 30 per cent. more applications for positions than last year. A large number of younger ones being added to the profession each year since the salary increase went into effect. The examinations are also much more stringent than in previous years.—Montrose Republican.

A news dispatch from Wellsboro says: "The state roads in this vicinity are worn down to the bone; that is the top dressing is gone and traffic is now wearing ruts in the expensive foundation, and it will not be long, if they are neglected, till all these roads will be worthless. Considering the first cost, it is a shame to abandon them, when at slight proportionate outlay for new top dressing they can be restored to excellent condition."—Wyalusing Rocket.

President Taft is, perhaps, determined that Roosevelt shall not have all the say. He can do something in the speech-making line himself. In his address to the graduating class of the Ohio Northern University, at Ada, Ohio, the other day, he opened up upon the "muck-raker" and what he said would do credit to the strenuous one himself.—Philadelphia Star.

That New York woman who turned up after relatives thought they had her safely buried is mad clear through, because while she was working, her family "was riding in carriages like millionaires to her funeral." It is probable, judging from the way she feels about it now, that when she has another funeral she intends to be there, dead or alive.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Chief Croker of the New York fire department bitterly denounces the civil service commission plan of selecting firemen for their theoretical knowledge rather than for their brawn and courage. He said of the commissioners: "They have given me hollow-chested, cigarette smoking highbrows. I don't want 'em. Give me huskies with lungs." These remarks were caused by the death of two brave men at a recent blaze where the civil service firemen failed to make good.—Scranton Truth.

At an auction sale of government school lands held at Medicine Hat, Alberta, last week, 487 parcels of land, aggregating 76,300 acres, were sold. The total amount realized was \$1,998,637, the highest price being \$165 an acre for 160 acres within a few miles of this city and the lowest price \$7 an acre, with an average of slightly over \$13. Since the opening of the government land office at Medicine Hat on April 4 last 2,899 homesteads have been filed on a total of 371,169 acres of land. Settlers are still pouring in from the United States and every steamer arriving from the British Isles is loaded with immigrants for the Canadian West.—Scranton Times.

Glenn H. Curtiss was not the only aviator who had his eye on that \$10,000 prize for flying from Albany to New York. Several others intended to make the attempt, but Curtiss had the luck, the pluck and the gumption to get into the game first, just as Louis Paulhan, the Frenchman who stole a march on his rivals, made the trip from London to Manchester ahead of the other fellows and gathered in \$50,000 as a reward. But prize-getting, stimulating as it may be to effort, is not all there is to aerial navigation. The operators of aeroplanes have made some wonderful demonstrations. Now, if the science of aviation is to be more widely useful, let them show how the airships can be employed with safety in practical everyday service.—Pittston Gazette.

Criticism of medical education in various states by the Carnegie Foundation will serve a good purpose, even if one of the first results is confusion of mind in the case of a few. In fact, that confusion already exists wherever there is failure to distinguish between the reputable institution of learning and the degree factory, or between the products of both. Doctors suffer as much as any class in the community from criticism, caused by unreasonableness or ignorance. The high ethical code under which they work, forbidding as it does self advertisement or open criticism of one another, furnishes a certain advantage to the less scrupulous. A formal setting forth of conditions, therefore, by an independent even if not infallible authority, must work for good in the long run.—Pittston Gazette.

Twenty Gallons of Milk From One Cow in a Day.

Twenty gallons of milk a day from one cow is the record of a York Run, Fayette county, man, according to reports that have reached the Conellsville Courier, but the same rumors for selling milk that didn't originate with the cow.

According to the story, William Davis, a prosperous farmer of the York Run district, has been arrested for disposing of lactical fluid that does not come up to specifications. It is alleged the man has invented a chemical process to make imitation milk out of water.

The alleged fraud was discovered

Catarrhal Asthma and Hay Fever

Tens of thousands of sufferers from hay fever and catarrhal asthma find great comfort and quick relief by breathing Hyomel.

Of course where asthma is not caused by a catarrhal condition, but by nervous contraction of the bronchial tubes, Hyomel is not recommended.

But in a case of asthma where there is a discharge of mucus, breathing Hyomel gives most wonderful relief by soothing the irritated and highly inflamed membrane.

Mr. W. A. White, R. F. D. No. 1, Evansport, writes: "I have been bothered with asthma for over five years but could not get any relief until I tried Hyomel. I have spent lots of money on remedies for asthma, and if I could not get another bottle I would not be without Hyomel for \$50. I recommend it."

A complete Hyomel outfit, including hard rubber pocket inhaler, costs \$1.00 with instructions for use in hay fever and asthma. Extra bottles of Hyomel cost 50 cents at druggists everywhere and at G. W. Pell, Druggist.

Dr. Clyde Conn of York Run, who treated a child for some minor ailment. The child did not thrive and it took Dr. Conn but a short time to discover that the principal reason was lack of sufficient nourishment. He took a sample of the milk and had it analyzed. According to the story told by parties coming into Smithfield, the analysis showed there was no cow's milk in the concoction. Davis is said to have done a prosperous business. The discovery of the bogus milk is said to have resulted in the discovery that Davis was disposing of 20 quarts of milk a day, yet he had but one cow on his place.—Editorial in Somerset Herald.

Indian Trails For Ainslips.

Orville Wright recommends for both the St. Louis and Chicago aeroplane flights the line of the Hudson and the Erie canal to Buffalo, thence the lake shore to Cleveland, where the St. Louis route would diverge to the southwest.

This is, as far as Cleveland, precisely the route the unlettered civil engineers of the Iroquois Indians laid out before white men came to the country, except that the Indians at times varied it by taking Wood's creek to Oswego. Living on the Mohawk trail, they easily ruled the tribes far and near in either direction. They made paths for more than they knew, those Six Nation pioneers. After them tramped the royalist armies; the wagon-road followed their footsteps, then the canal, the telegraph, six parallel railway tracks—and finally the airship will ply their route to regions they once reached so slowly by paddle and portage.

Mr. Wright does not consider it wise at present for an aeroplane to cross the Alleghenies, since height reduces motor efficiency and emergency landings are few. Ultimately the aeroplane must take this route also; and when it does it will not fly straight over the bristling mountain tops like a balloon, but will follow the lower level of the old Lenni-Lenape trail along the Susquehanna and the Kiskiminetos to the scene of the Braddock massacre.

The Indians could hardly have guessed that they were surveying airship routes when they made their trails, but they were.—Editorial in N. Y. World.

Milford Paper on Kimble.

The Milford Dispatch in its current issue says:

"We are pleased to note in one of our exchanges that our esteemed friend, Frank P. Kimble, esq., of Honesdale, is to be one of the candidates for judge in the Wayne district. Mr. Kimble is well and favorably known here, where he has been engaged frequently in important cases for the past 25 years. His broad knowledge of legal principles and universal fairness to the court and litigants in the trial of causes have won for him an enviable reputation as a lawyer and his host of friends in Pike county, both of the bar and laymen, congratulate Wayne county on the opportunity of placing on the bench a man of rare talents and ripe judgment, whose life has ever been an open book and whose integrity and manly character are beyond question."

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

It has invariably been the great effort of the thrice-a-week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

The subscription season is now at hand and this is the best offer that will be made to you.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the thrice-a-week edition of the New York World, which

comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly. The thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Citizen together for one year for \$2. 47ely.

Red Man is Off For Reading.

William Schloss left Honesdale bright and early Monday morning for Reading, where the campfire of the Red Men of the state is glowing this week. He represented Osiek tribe of this place. Reading is giving the fraternal visitors the best entertainment of which a naturally hospitable city is capable.

The Honesdale Restaurant and Lunch Co. have added another department to their business, for they established some days ago a fruit stand and they are now installing a shoe shining parlor.

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.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE NOBBY LONG COATS - - AT - - Menner & Co.'s Stores



Are Suitable for Real Stylish Wear

Advertisement for Honesdale National Bank, established 1836, oldest bank in Wayne County. Features capital of \$150,000.00, surplus of 241,711.00, and total assets of 1,902,000.00. Promotes savings and deposits.