

THE CITIZEN

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

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor
JOHN K. TENER.
For Lieutenant Governor
JOHN M. REYNOLDS.
Secretary of Internal Affairs
HENRY HOUCK.
State Treasurer
CHAS. F. WRIGHT.
For Congress,
C. C. PRATT.
For State Senator,
WINFRED D. LEWIS.

COUNTY.
Representative,
H. C. JACKSON.

Wayne county is just naturally waiting to see millionaire SHEPARD send that \$5,000 aeroplane race from New York across northeastern Pennsylvania and the intervening mountains to Scranton.

A son of Judge GEORGE GRAY helped Mayor GAYNOR'S eloping daughter get married the other day in Delaware. Can this be the first installment of the notoriety incidental to another of the judge's periodical presidential booms?

The Johnstown Democrat says only an undesirable citizen will walk into a barber's chair on a crowded Saturday night and insist on having his flowing locks mowed before his jaws are lathered and plowed. So say we all of us!

We have yet to hear of an aviator "getting into a rut."—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Here's another case of Quaker City short memory. Pray, now, didn't Brother Glenn CURTISS get balled up in a swamp on his way home from Philadelphia?

DR. HARRIS AND DIVORCES.

We believe Dr. HARRIS of Bucknell university gives one of the most potent reasons for the increase in divorce when he says "with the better education of women and their capability of self support they will not stand the treatment they once did. So long as it was a question of harsh treatment or starving they would endure much ill treatment, but education and new avenues of employment have changed all that."
Dr. HARRIS is of the opinion that the fundamental cure for this diabolical divorce evil does not lie in doctoring the symptoms as they appear; he believes, rather, that the real way to uproot the divorce tendency consists not in treatment of the developed complaint but rather in "eliminating the cause whenever possible." He goes on:

"Let the family, the church, the school develop better husbands and wives and the number of divorces will be lessened. There are more happy homes in the world today than ever before, and the number is increasing, but we cannot help by subjecting women to the abuse or neglect of lazy or drunken husbands without the hope of deliverance."

This is all very optimistic—and far be it from us to declare that the world could not use more of the right brand of optimists. We are forced, however, to inform the good doctor that all his Utopian theories cannot hope to alter human nature. They cannot hope to crush the lazy bug, which the Bucknell gentleman seems to think furnishes so much of the soil in which the divorce crop flourishes. He is right when he places so vast a proportion of the blame on the indolence and unwillingness to follow a gainful occupation that is displayed by some few thousands of American husbands and fathers; but he ought to submit his mind to the logical reasoning of that bright citizen of Doylestown who said, according to one very veracious newspaper interviewer:

"I don't work because I love to. I work because I have to. Any man who tells you he wants to work is a liar. I wouldn't do a tap of work from this time on if poverty and my wife didn't both of them compel me to."

Now, while he is less frank in owning up to it, how about the man who has the grit if not the grace to tell poverty and his wife they both can go hang?

Yes, Webster GRIMLY holds the fort. But holding the fort does not necessarily mean holding the votes!

For a small crowd, the Democrats are making a mighty heap of noise—as usual.—Wilkes-Barre Record.
Don't be surprised if the Pennsylvania Democracy, like the weather, is full of hot air. Just say the GRIM and GUFFEY galoots are crazy with the heat and let it go at that.

The end of the toll roads of Pennsylvania, something outside-the-state newspapers like to joke and josh us about, seems to be in sight. After months of labor the state toll roads commission has outlined a bill that provides for the abolition of such relics of the Middle Ages as toll houses and "stand and deliver" gates. Now transit through this state by turnpike can have its full supply of pleasures.

When you go over the line to Port Jervis or Matamoras—the way any quantity of Wayne county folks do—be sure to keep well and not "get under the weather." Port Jervis and Matamoras doctors have boosted their rates. Port Jervis and Matamoras doctors have raised the price for office calls, as well as for outside jobs, a quarter of a dollar. Port Jervis and Matamoras doctors have formed what is, to all practical intents and purposes, a doctor's union—a doctor's trust. But will Port Jervis and Matamoras doctors advance their skill in like proportion and thereby give the patient a little more health, as well as the benefit of a little more medical knowledge, in return for his coin? We would like to believe they may, but we doubt it!

No more golf in Virginia. An anti-cussing law has been passed.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Bosh! Most of the states down that way have had anti-cussing laws since the war got out of business, but what avail these legal limitations against the expletive attacks of a few inventive, resourceful Yankees? Let visitors to the Old Dominion follow the example—and the language—of the ingenious Rhode Islander who, landing at Charleston with a bad attack of the gout contracted by virtue of scandalously high living on the steamer, laid about him with a stick and shouted, "Oh, by Godfrey, my feet, my feet!" How could the pious anti-cuss officials of Major Hemphill's city chuck a \$10 fine to that fellow? They didn't! They couldn't!

A Word To The Graduates.

So settle down to work, sweet girl graduate and handsome young gentleman. The state is proud of you, and, confidentially, there is really a lot of truth mixed up with the flattery those old fellows handed you along with the diplomas to the effect that you are 'the hope of the nation.' Do what you can to help us realize that hope. And in the meantime rest assured that the country is appreciative of conscientious effort and that the 'willing worker' shall in no wise lose his reward.—Oklahoma Times.

"MR. NORRIS OF NEBRASKA."

"When the house of Joseph Gurney Cannon toppled down about his ears last March," writes Jay E. House in Human Life for July, "the one figure which in all the fuss and flurry stood out in the ranks of the insurgents clean-cut and distinct was that of Congressman George William Norris of Nebraska. He not only planned the engagement, but he led the charge."

The intimate life story of this fearless champion of the people's rights, and Cannon's bitter foe, is of unusual interest just now when the eyes of all the country are turned, as perhaps never before, to happenings in national affairs at Washington. This quiet man who engineered the coup that upset a congressional dynasty must have qualities of blood and iron in his make-up that should command attention. The childhood, environment, early struggles and entrance upon the stage of public life of such men are pregnant with human interest, as showing the moulds in which strong men are cast.

Norris is and always has been a Republican. He is not an apostate from the faith, but an insurgent within the ranks.

"My quarrel is not with the party," he says, "but with the men who are using it to advance their own selfish ends."

One of his bitterest enemies said of him:
"His strongest characteristic is his absolute courage. He isn't afraid, and he never quits."
Human Life Publishing Co., Boston.

Keeps the Cream Cool.
When hauling cream see that a wet sack is thrown over the can. This will enable the cream to reach the station at a much lower temperature than would otherwise be possible.

The Keystone Press

If the hat is passed to secure \$20,000 for the reorganization of Pennsylvania Democracy it will be only when there is good reason to believe that something is left to organize. Another convention like the one at Allentown will leave the party so hopelessly confounded that neither men nor money can do anything for it.—Titusville Herald.

This talk that the Democratic candidate for governor may be induced to withdraw is all so much wasted breath. He will hang on like Grim death.—Johnstown Tribune.

Entertain no false hopes concerning Old Home week. They will be blasted. Every citizen has the fever and what is more—says it is a delightful thing to have!—Stroudsburg Times.

Teddy is already on his new job as editor of Outlook. How long do you imagine he will be at it until there will be a popular demand to change the name of that magazine to LooKout?—Bellefonte Democratic Watchman.

That Pittsburg girl who inherits \$50,000 for faithful services as a candy clerk will look sweeter than ever to the young men and should have no trouble in finding one to stick to her.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

"I recently traveled over some dirt roads in a nearby township," remarked a West Chester man. "The supervisor or road masters had been repairing (:) them by throwing all the mud, stones and old junk out of the gutters into the centre of the highway, which made the traveling even more difficult than it was before the roads were mended. Now, if they had taken one of the log drags I see commended by good road makers and leveled the road off, the traveling would have been made easier. The loose stones should also be picked off. All the public roads cannot be piked, but some new improved methods should be employed in mending the dirt ones."—West Chester Local News.

"I hope the movement to have toll roads in Pennsylvania abolished will be successful," remarked an automobilist of this place. "There are several toll roads in this section where the rates are extortionate. There should not be any toll charged on a highway in this thickly populated and rich county. There are enough taxes paid to have all main roads piked. Toll roads are a private monopoly, secured by privilege, and all should be abolished. I hope our next members of the state legislature will support a bill abolishing toll highways."—West Chester Local News.

Citizens of this premier inland summer resort will eat better, feel better and sleep better if they keep cool, don't worry and persistently boost Joyful Johnstown.—Johnstown Democrat.

PENROSE SAYS IT'S 200,000.

Throughout this broad and glorious country these nights can be heard weird and wonderful sounds which show that hundreds and thousands of silver and cornet bands are getting ready for their annual appearance July 4.—Johnstown Democrat.

Senator Predicts Toner's Election by That Majority, or More.

A Washington dispatch says: Senator Penrose, who came to Washington for the adjournment of Congress, having been absent some time on account of sickness, returned home last evening. He will take his usual summer outing in Montana, but will be back in Philadelphia for the opening of the campaign. The Republican state committee's headquarters in Philadelphia will open for active work Sept. 1.

Members of Congress and others with whom Senator Penrose talked say he predicts one of the largest majorities ever given a state ticket. The senator, they say, mentions 200,000 as in round numbers the majority he expects to see. He is also quoted as saying the excellent administration of President Taft will be approved in the return to Congress of a Republican member for at least every district now represented by a Republican.

NEWSPAPER HUMOR.

Patience—"I see the style is coming for women to wear their finger nails long." Patrice—"The suffragette women, I suppose you mean?"—Brooklyn Citizen.

The worst spendthrift in the world is the man who fools away a fair reputation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How is it you are charging me more for nutmegs?" asked the lady. "Lumber's gone up, madam," replied the grocer.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dick—"Darling, you are the first girl I ever loved." Dolly—"Come around Friday night." Dick—"Friday night?" Dolly—"Yes, that is amateur night, you know."—Chicago News.

Jeffries has been pictured sawing wood, but no one has pictured him saying nothing.—Chester Times.

"DAMASCUS THE BEAUTIFUL."

A City Sufficient unto Itself—Keystone Traveler's Word Picture.

We landed in Damascus at one o'clock in the morning by reason of a derailed train. But even after a safe arrival our troubles were not quite over, for we were far from the hotel district. The city is in the shape of a spoon, the station being at the end of the handle and the quarters for foreigners in the bowl, about two miles distant. There was one advantage about arriving at the hour we did,—we were not beset by the usual crowd of hotel runners, porters and touts, who sometimes nearly tear the travelers' baggage from his hands and who always fight shrilly with one another over the spoils in every eastern city.

It seemed when we landed that the 200,000 people of Damascus were all asleep except our cabmen, but we found in the heart of the city that they were beginning to stir in preparation for the new day. Orientals are early risers. The thousands of dogs were still asleep, sprawled in the middle of the narrow streets and clear across the sidewalks, so that one had to pick his way to avoid stepping on them. Our cabman, who wanted to get to bed and so kept his fine horses on a gallop most of the way, struck one of these dogs with his whiplash to avoid running over it and we left the many creatures howling far behind us, as one man of our party coughed 125 of them as we sped out of sight.

The people of Damascus are anxious that you should see the beauty of their city, and the traveler does not fail to respond, for he has not crossed barren mountains and desert wastes to reach the groves and gardens? They take you to the top of the mountain northeast of the city, where they say Mahomet stood in his youth, before he entered on his mission, and looked upon the same sight. The difference between you and the Prophet is that he refused to enter the city at his feet, saying that there could be but one Paradise and that if he should go into this one of Damascus he would never want to go to that which is above. But Mahomet had never seen America. We have some stones in the Alleghenies, but there are many parts of Palestine and Syria that would make Pennsylvania look like a prairie. No wonder the Prophet thought he had discovered the original Paradise. All over the plain there are fertile gardens, wherever the irrigation ditches conduct the waters. Above that point, marked by a sharp line, the sand of the desert.

But when you come down from the mountain, the beautiful gardens are hidden by walls of mud and reeds, the streets are slippery with filth or choking with dust, the many mansions turn forbidding walls of adobe brick to the street that hide the beauty which is within, the dogs snarl at you because you are a Christian and the fleas are virulent because you are fresh meat, so that you are not tempted to stay away from Heaven to live in Damascus. What Gen. Phil Sheridan would have done I do not know.

Damascus is well satisfied with itself, and perhaps it right. It is evidently more prosperous than any other inland city in the east and it owes less to our modern civilization than other cities. For thousands of years it has maintained this commercial supremacy, while it has watched its rivals rise and decay. Jewish, Egyptian, Assyrian and Persian cities have lived and died, maritime cities whose names are now forgotten have builded fleets that sailed to the ends of the earth, while Damascus still stands on the site of its ancient triumphs.

Our party was surprised to find Damascus so pleasing. The Moslems were distinctly more friendly than those in any other community where we stopped. The children smiled at us instead of cursing us or pestering us for coppers. There were fewer beggars and no lepers that I saw. In their own way the people seemed prosperous and contented. In a word, the city seemed sufficient unto itself.

Damascus is a great commercial center. Today, as of old, its caravan trains reach out towards the ends of the Asiatic world. Its merchants are marvels of shrewdness, but their methods are not always those that our business morality would commend. Jew, Christian and Moslem alike are chargeable with the same faults. The bazaars are a wonderland, but it takes but time and persistence to secure a bargain. Even the merchant of our party who knew American and European goods did not feel sure when asked to buy that he was not offered a gold-brick.

One of the great industries of Damascus is the manufacture of inlaid furniture. Much of this work is done in the tiny shops, often less than ten feet square, in the bazaars. Sometimes the workmen sit squat upon the pavement shaping or polishing the dainty bits of work like that for sale upon the shelves. But the very finest work is produced in larger establishments, somewhat like idealized factories. There are several in the city whose product must represent hundreds of thousands of dollars per year.

We visited such a place where some two hundred persons were employed. They were engaged in brass and wood working. The product was marvellous. Take a single example, a combination secretary and table which gave five different surfaces for card, chess or backgam-

mon playing. Each one of these surfaces was covered with the finest kind of geometrical designs, like a piece of jewelry, inlaid with different colored woods and mother of pearl, the whole polished like a mirror. Some of the woods are kept for years in oil, until brought to perfection for this work. It need hardly be said that everything is done by hand, so that one such piece represents months or even years of most patient and skillful labor.

But sad to say, of the two hundred persons at work in brass, silflagree or inlaid work a great majority were children, many of them only eight or ten years old. One tiny creature hammering silver wire with rare skill could not have been a day over six. I could not enjoy the beautiful vases and tables in the show rooms for thinking of the child-toilers in the hot, dusty rooms above. But I remembered that in America there were similar scenes and I wondered whether we had made as much progress as we think we have in the centuries that separate our civilization from that of the ancient city of Damascus?

In the bazaar a boy ran after us from his father's shop to sell us a doll's cradle like one he was polishing and in his eagerness broke it. When we left his father was comforting him and wiping away his tears. In America boys do not work for their fathers any more. The longer I think of it, the better off the Damascus boys seem.

W. F. G.

PLENTY OF OFFICESEEKERS.

There May Be Six Full Tickets This Fall in Pennsylvania.

Possibly when the electors of Pennsylvania come to choose a governor and other state officers this November they may be confronted by six full tickets. The Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists have already named their candidates, and in all probability the United Labor and the Socialist-Labor parties will be represented on the ballot.

The sixth ticket is looming up in the American party, now being fostered by former State Treasurer John O. Sheatz, Rudolph Blankenburg and Henry C. Niles. These three men want an independent ticket nominated. Sheatz suggests former Mayor George W. Guthrie of Pittsburg for governor and John McSparran of Lancaster county for secretary of internal affairs. He says the lieutenant-governor should come from Philadelphia, but he modestly refrains from mentioning himself for that place. His slogan is "workers, not talkers," and to these must give way men "saturated with the candidatorial microbes." This would seem to bowl out some of the prominent leaders in the independent movement.

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

Honesdale, Pa., June 27, 1910.
Notice to Savings Depositors:
Interest will be allowed from July 1 on all deposits made on or before July 11, 1910.
H. S. SALMON, Cashier.
514.

A Dead Stomach Of What Use Is It?

Thousands of yes hundreds of thousands of people throughout America are taking the slow death treatment daily.

They are murdering their own stomach, the best friend they have, and in their sublime ignorance they think they are putting aside the laws of nature.

This is no sensational statement; it is a startling fact, the truth of which any honorable physician will not deny.

These thousands of people are swallowing daily huge quantities of pepsin and other strong digesters, made especially to digest the food in the stomach without any aid at all from the digestive membrane of the stomach.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets relieve distressed stomach in five minutes; they do more. Taken regularly for a few weeks they build up the run down stomach and make it strong enough to digest its own food. Then indigestion, belching, sour stomach and headache will go.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets are sold by druggists everywhere and by G. W. Peil who guarantees them. 50 cents a box.
Booth's Pills cure constipation, 25c.

Statewide Movement For Roads.

Dr. Charles J. Clarke of Pittsburg declares that by fall he will have seen every owner of an automobile in Pennsylvania. Following his tour the State Federation of Automobiles and Motorists will be formed. This will co-operate with local auto clubs to induce members of the legislature to support good roads measures. One plan on foot is to have a state road commission named by the legislature to look after the building of new highways and repairs to old ones. Under this arrangement the state would build the main roads, the counties would look after those under their charge and the townships after the smaller ones.

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

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reif's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle.

CHESTER A. GARRATT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

D. R. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

Dr. C. H. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. Office Hours—5 m. to 8 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 86-X.

Physicians.

Dr. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence 109 Court street telephones. Office hours—2:00 to 4:00 and 6:00 to 8:30, p. m.

Livery.

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

ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. FIRST CLASS OUTFITS. 75yl

Porch, Sidewalk, and Barn Lumber.

YOU will find here the very materials you need to build or repair that porch, sidewalk, barn or shed.

Timbers, Dimension, Plank, Shingles, Siding and Flooring

We have a large supply of well manufactured and graded White and Yellow Pine, Hemlock, Hardwood, Doors, Sash and Blinds, Mouldings and Millwork, Lath, etc. A better stock you will not find anywhere. Come in and inspect our stock.

MARTIN HERMANN CALLICOON, N.Y.