

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, JULY 8, 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.

The man who kicks about today's weather would kick about his crown.

"Dies in grim presence" runs a headline in the Doylestown Intelligencer. Does this mean the ticket he tops went down to its grave right where a well limelighted citizen of Doylestown could stand and behold the spectacle?

The Scranton Truth says this world is growing better. WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, once principal prosecutor of criminal causes in New York, will probably move that the name of the paper be changed to the Scranton Liar.

Don't throw kisses, my boy; deliver them in person.—Nicholson Record.

Why certainly, certainly—if over in Nicholson you be so fortunate as to find anything like a fair duplicate of the winsome femininity we have in Honesdale.

A sayso ballplayer got in the coop at Bellefonte for stealing pipes from the showcase of a barbershop. Pity some of the fakirs of the diamond couldn't be juggled for the pipe dreams they peddle about being able to pelt the sphere for a home run with two men out and the bases full in the last of the ninth!

"Orders" are multiplying. We had Elks, Eagles and Owls, and now we have Foxes. Who says we are not advancing far away from Darwin's initial monkey?—Tannersville cor. of Monroe Jeffersonian.

So much the better for the dilatory husbands and sons-in-law of Tannersville, then. No longer need they invent transparent excuses for being out late at night. "I've been to my lodge" was never so handy a phrase for them as now.

Fined for bathing within the city limits of Pittsburgh is the fate of a tramp caught in a doctor's bathtub. This action may explain the reason of the color of Pittsburghers, but we are still in the dark as to why the doctor owns the bathtub.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

To get off the soft coal smudge, porkhead! Didn't you ever go into a Smoky City shaveshop and have the white-coated comrade sponge your face off before he applied the soap suds to your physiognomy? Well, that gives the most feasible idea of Pittsburgh dirtiness, so why not bathtubs?

All around the country doctors are raising their rates and preparing to soak the sick man with bills as well as with pills, but one redeeming feature of the doctor's trust is a desirable result it seems likely to produce. Some timid souls that formerly fled to the sanatorium of a M. D., for every stomach belch and toe ache will suddenly get bold and spunk it out without the help of the extortionate practitioner. And as for all his twaddle about the unpaid bills that almost break the pages of a doctor's ledger, we hate to waste paper to point out the imbecility of that argument. The woods are full of poor clerks, poor farmers, poor mechanics who scrip their stomachs and wear \$4.98 suits of clothes just to gather money enough to pay the fancy charges of some highfalutin son-of-a-gun who wears a Prince Albert coat at church on Sunday and tries to look down on the plain, practical citizen whose surname has the good fortune not to be preceded by any heavier handle than the altogether democratic Mister.

The top of the morning to Rev. C. C. MILLER, lately arrived upon the hills of Honesdale as the pastor of the German Lutheran church! He knows enough about human nature to realize that short, simple sermons are sufficient unto the needs of the average Sunday gathering in summer. He never plans to preach more than 15 minutes; sometimes, he says, he gets to his peroration in 12.

This is downright good sense on the part of this new addition to the local cloth. The tired and jaded sinner in hot weather is the hardest sinner in the world to reach and benefit. The man whose body is tucked by long-winded pulpit oratory in July and August is not the man who is going to reward the leader of his flock with the acme of spiritual responsiveness. Even in Congregational New England, where the parson of Puritanical days used to talk two hours and 20 minutes by the clock while the vigilant tithing man patrolled the aisles, eager to give the first Sunday napper a vigorous swat on top of the head, the sermon seldom exceeds the half hour limit now. Wherever you find progressive communities these days you will find contributing to that progress preachers of the gospel who in their discourses can economize time and crowd down language. One Honesdale pastor who essayed to talk 25 minutes Sunday on a patriotic subject talked eloquently, but he afterward admitted that 25 minutes at the reading desk on a torrid night in July was a good stiff physical proposition for him.

The Keystone Press

Why, certainly, Beverly, Mass., is now spelled with a summer capital.—Lancaster New Era.

The Scranton Truth predicts that Mr. Tener will be elected the next governor of Pennsylvania by a record breaking majority. Carry this news to the North American.—Bristol Courier.

We want to say for one clergyman in Cambria county that he has the right idea. He said he was interested in the coming Jeff-Johnson bout and didn't care who knew it.—Johnstown Democrat.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that the Democratic mule in Pennsylvania is in a sad state of division. Evidently the kicking part is the only part that has any life remaining.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

Beauty will make things go when we are young, but pretty men are not greatly in demand. What the world wants to know of a man is whether he can do anything. Viewed in that light, the contents of a head are more important than its facial outline.—Titusville Herald.

And now comes Mr. Weiser of the Allentown Democrat with the statement that Allentown is the brightest star in the firmament of Pennsylvania municipalities. Mr. Weiser knows, however, that Johnstown is the brightest star in the galaxy of Pennsylvania cities.—Johnstown Democrat.

The state laws require that suitable guide boards shall be placed at the intersection of all roads, and it is the duty of the township supervisors to carry out the law. It is the duty of the constables to report any negligence on the part of supervisors to the court. Officers, do your duty.—New Milford Advertiser.

An authority estimates the value of this year's hay crop at 5,600,000,000, practically equivalent to the value of the cotton crop. After all, we are compelled to confess our dependence upon the farmer, who draws from the soil the enormous crops which keep in vigorous being and prosperity our great nation of ninety million ultimate consumers.—Lancaster New Era.

Congratulations are due Charles E. Potter, rural mail carrier out of Towanda, for his action in causing the arrest of the supervisors of three townships of Bradford county for neglect of duty in failing to keep their roads in decent condition for travel. It is to be hoped that every wilfully derelict supervisor in the state will be proceeded against in the same way.—Milford Dispatch.

The good old days are coming back same as Halley's comet did. The story of the sea serpent was revived in the report that a big green-eyed serpent with a head like a turtle had been seen in Great Kills, Staten Island. One day last week that other old standby of editors in the good old days was also revived. It was the story of the eagle with the gigantic wing spread carrying off the little baby. Like Halley's comet the reappearance of these stories was tame and failed to create the old-time interest.—Carbondale Leader.

After running down a small boy and cutting his head so badly that a doctor was necessary in the case, a local bicycle rider scolded the child and threatened to have him arrested for playing in the street. A disposition of such character might be improved if the grouch would try the same performance with a man. But he would be too cowardly to attempt anything of the kind. When it comes to the question of rights the little boy was not out of place in the street. He was in danger of being injured but he had just as much right there as the man with the bicycle. The only reason why such a man will take liberties is because of a difference in size.—Titusville Herald.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

That baby girl at our house is all that she's cracked up to be. And my big boy, he'll tell you just what his pa said about it.—Ben Robinson.

That red and black bird the boys got on the cliff and sold to me died, and I never have found out for certain what it was.—Timmy O'Connell.

The ice cream business is very good, thank you, but don't eat up all my salted peanuts while you give me hot air about my cream.—Fred Ruppert.

Yes, Texas No. 4 made a little money on that Fourth of July picnic at Bellevue park on the hill. Don't you see me on the way to the bank with the doughbag?—William A. Sluman.

Earl Sherwood is mad at me, He says he wants to sleep, and that I keep him awake with a noise from my room like a thunderstorm. I'm sorry, but I can't help it this hot weather.—Michael Galvin.

I beg to announce I have just bought a cane for \$1, reduced from \$1.37 1/2, and that now any man or woman who disobeys my orders knows what to expect.—Harris, of the Globe.

When Teddy lectured in England he talked about the Roundheads and the Longheads of British history, but we've got "longheads" enough here in Honesdale to suit me, the way the women are wearing their hair now.—C. C. Jadwin.

When I say "Go 'way" I don't really mean exactly that. I don't want you to go. I don't expect to go myself until October or November. It's simply an expression I've gotten into the habit of using.—J. M. Hale, state road inspector.

I wish the young men of Wayne county were not quite so sporty. That's why I've had to get outside help on the Dyberry road. Our boys are good fellows all right, but they simply wouldn't take the road job. That's the truth.—George Seaman.

Yes, we marched in Scranton, we Grand Army boys, and after marching a little we would halt, but, speaking for myself, I am candid to tell you that the marshal always called those halts in the wrong place.—Judge Henry Wilson, Commander Ham post.

There is one bright lawyer in Washington. Every time I go into his office he says "What can I do you for?" He doesn't say "What can I do for you?" the way some folks would. That man knows the game. He is one of the best friends I have in Washington.—Earl Sherwood.

They tell me the young folks of my flock do a good deal of marrying—more than those of most churches. That's good! I can only add my hope that the marriages I missed may be an inspiration for more—some that I shall not miss.—Rev. C. C. Miller.

On my Jersey vacation I shall not see Atlantic City. That is an old story to me. I used to go there frequently from Philadelphia for a swim and a dinner and thought it great fun, but the novelty has all worn off, and I won't go near the boardwalk this time.—Rev. George S. Wendell.

"Mind Your Own Business."

A Port Jervis man who is frequently annoyed by some people enquiring into his personal affairs, has had cards printed which he hands out to the unduly inquisitive as a gentle hint to mind his or her own business. The card reads:

"Recommended to the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Busybody, by a member of the Anti-Poking-Your-Nose-into-Other-People's-Business Society. Wanted immediately, a person of fair character, (age or sex immaterial) at a salary of \$500 a year, to mind their own business, with a periodical increase, equivalent to \$1,000 per annum, only to leave other people's business alone. For further particulars enquire of Mr. Trouble-No-Body, No. 1 Quiet Street, City of Peace, N. B., N. W."

—Have you thought of Saratoga Springs and Lake George as the place to spend your vacation this summer? See advertisement. 5414

PENROSE AS SENATE LEADER.

As the time draws near the prognostication which we made some months ago that United States Senator Penrose would probably become the chairman of the Senate finance committee and the leader of the majority in the Senate upon the withdrawal of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, appears to be correct.

It is now intimated that this was virtually agreed upon at the time of the close of the recent session of Congress.

Senator Burrows of Michigan is the ranking member of the finance committee, but there are two reasons why he may not become the leader. One of them is that he is very old and may not care for the work and responsibility involved and another is that he is having a severe contest for re-election, and may not care to go back to the Senate.

It is agreed on all sides in Washington that Senator Penrose is the man for the place, the one who has the mastery skill, the experience, the knowledge and ability, and who could command the following of those in the party who make up the majority in the upper branch of the national house of representatives.

It will be a great compliment to Pennsylvania when Penrose is elevated to this important and responsible post. Deprived of the presidency for one reason or another for many a year and with no immediate chance to get one of her sons in the executive chair, the next best thing is to have her senior Senator the chairman of the powerful finance committee of the Senate and the recognized leader of the Republicans in that body.

Senator Quay was recognized by all the Republicans of the country to be a man of great ability and one who had all the qualities of leadership, but it never fell to his lot to become the leader of the Senate. Penrose has grown in stature ever since his advent into the Senate. He came there first as the junior to Quay, but he soon made his impress upon that body and he has been advanced steadily ever since in the importance of his committee assignments and in the responsibilities which have been put upon him.

In all the posts to which he has been assigned it has been marked that Penrose has more than "made good," while at the same time he has broadened in statesmanship and experience. Each year has found him higher and higher in the councils of his party and with more work to do and greater responsibility to discharge.

It has been noted among the great men of the country that Penrose has grown with each new assignment and that with every new responsibility he has broadened. The natural consequence has been that he gained continually more and more the confidence of his conferees.

Senator Aldrich will be at his old post, of course, during the next session of the present Congress, which will be held during the coming winter, and which comes to an end on March 4 next, after which there will be a reorganization of Congress and of the important committees. Then it is expected Penrose will come to the fore.

There will be much important business before the finance committee during the next Congress. Monetary legislation, the tariff and all the more important matters of the Senate will be settled in that committee, hence there is need for a big and wise leader.

Pennsylvania is fortunate in that it has as its representative in that august body the man who will take the helm and direct things. Of course, Penrose, in his new position, will have to serve the entire country first and foremost, but his capacity for serving Pennsylvania and her best interests will have materially increased by reason of his advancement.—Editorial in Philadelphia Star.

FIGHTING THE DUST PLAGUE.

It is a pleasant thing to sit in a big touring car, admiring the beautiful landscape of the rural districts while the car is spinning along the dusty country roads at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But the rural residents who are minus automobiles do not think that it is so pleasant to eat the dust which rises in dense clouds as the benzine buggy passes out of sight. The residents of many small towns through which scores of automobiles pass every day positively refuse to submit to the dust nuisance. That is the reason why the autoists find so many oiled highways at present. There are very few towns that have the facilities for sprinkling the streets, and even if they do it is necessary to sprinkle them twice a day to prevent them from getting dusty.

Crude oil is the only thing that is available for the hamlets and villages to abolish the dust nuisance. But it is very effective, and where it has been used the residents are very well pleased with the results. After the dust has once been saturated with this mixture it is very easy to keep the roads in good condition, and dust is a thing of the past. It is a safe prediction that within a few years all the towns will apply this remedy, because it makes better roads, offering more resistance to water which, as a result of heavy rains, is often responsible for the bad condition of country roads.—Editorial in Allentown Call.

Little Fun With Brother Woodward.

Editor Harlan K. Woodward, who seldom takes a vacation from his job of running the Peckville Journal, got weary in well doing at last and started, "knee deep in June" as James Whitcomb Riley called it, for a trip to the oil regions of Ohio, where it is hot enough in July and August to roast delinquent subscribers in the public streets without sending them down to Sheol to be disciplined. As Mr. Woodward was successful in getting a lower berth on the through sleeper he boarded at Wilkes-Barre, he reached Findlay, the heart of Hancock county's oil country, sufficiently refreshed to look over the first town in the United States to fine the Standard Oil company \$5000 and the costs of prosecution. A bright letter from Findlay to Mr. Woodward's paper had much interest for the editor of The Citizen, who has "newspapered" in Findlay, one of the real live, up-and-coming, ginger towns of the lake region, and, remembering the Journal's editorial announcement that "we (Mr. Woodward) may be located by addressing police headquarters, Findlay," he dropped a line to Chief John L. Kramer and Capt. Frank M. Grant, two prime good fellows connected with the Ohio city's bluecoat force, asking them to take the Peckville man at his word and give Mr. Woodward the time of his life. As Kramer and Grant are competent men when it comes to the entertaining effort, there is every reason to assume that the journalistic brother from across the mountains got all these men could find as properly coming to him. We hope in the next number of the Journal to learn more about this Woodward outing in the Ohio oil country. We mistrust it will make rich reading if the Peckville editor unbosoms himself without reserve and writes the rare good story he is capable of writing.

CHICAGO'S INSURGENT JUDGE.

There are twenty-seven stand-pat judges on the municipal bench at Chicago and one insurgent. The lone insurgent is McKenzie Cleland, and his story, as told in Human Life for July, is too good to miss.

After his appointment to the municipal bench Judge Cleland dutifully lined the crowds of offenders up before him each morning and sent them to jail in the good old way to be warmed and fed—big, able-bodied men—at the city's expense, while their families suffered meanwhile with cold and want.

But it wasn't a week before Judge Cleland's conscience turned insurgent. He saw that the whole process was unreasonable—wrong. So one fine morning he threw the old system overboard, and started on an entirely new tack. The method he adopted was so revolutionary that it has drawn the attention of the entire country to the man and

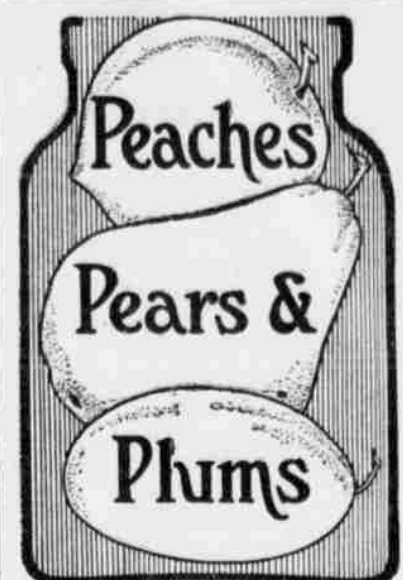
State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, SS.:

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,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
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his ideas. He has kicked over the traces of mediæval ideas in the administration of justice in a manner calculated to give the stand-patters 57 different varieties of shocks,—says that judges ought to be trained for their work like any other set of specialists, not with books and Latin phrases, but by being immersed for a period in the lives of the men and women with whose fate they are to be entrusted—even advocates establishing a school for them in the Ghetto, where they might come to know the problems of the people who are brought before them for sentence. For all of this thoughtful people recognize him as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" and pointing the way to saner and humaner treatment of the helpless and hopeless delinquents on the sea of life. Human Life Publishing Co., Boston.



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IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Katie Gett v. Adin Gett.
No. 105 January Term 1910. Libel in Divorce.
To ADIN GETT: You are hereby required to appear in the said Court on the second Monday of August, to answer the complaint exhibited to the said court by Katie Gett, your husband, in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence.
M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.
Honesdale, Pa., June 29, 1910. 5316

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