

THE CITIZEN

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 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.

All teachers with state certificates who have put in two years are to get not less than \$50 a month. Good!

At any rate, the comet did not squelch the corn. That's coming in Wayne county as it seldom has come before.

All railroad men will watch and wait for the time when the Curtiss or Hamilton aeroplane, bound down the stately Hudson or crossing the lovely Delaware above West Chester landing, is suddenly held up by a hot box in the sky.

Two fields for speculation: What is the Colonel going to do? What is the Colonel not going to do? Was ever an American summer so fraught with potential possibilities as this one of 1910!

We ascertain from the Johnstown Democrat that the Pennsylvania Democracy is about to split. Is there enough of it for anything like that?—Houston (Tex.) Post.

Let WARREN WORTH BAILEY of Johnstown speak up betimes and measure that "split" for SAM BAILEY of Texas! We read the Flood City editor's paper pretty regularly, and from this distance it sure does look to us as though Editor WARREN WORTH thought the split between GRIM men and BERRY men, to say nothing of the very pronounced defection on the part of MUNSON men, bade fair to make the 1912 Democratic vote in the Keystone state even smaller than ever.

"Scratch a reformer and you will find an office-seeker either past or present" has become almost a proverb. For several years a certain brand of "reformers" in this state have been trying to impose upon the people their panaceas for the correction of all evils, but the game is so manifestly selfish that the third party movement has degenerated into a joke. Democrats may be expected to stand by their party, and no considerable number of Republicans will be led astray by the talk of the men who, having had all the honors of the Republican party and many of its emoluments, are at this time trying to destroy the organization which gave them the only prominence and profit they ever enjoyed.

Scranton's select council has gently turned down as impracticable the curfew law that was wanted by an organization in that city. Opinions of good men in good and bad cities differ as to the effectiveness of a curfew law, but most progressive cities do not want one. Their law-making bodies reason, and we believe correctly, that the lad who is bandboxed in his tender years is the fellow who will make up for lost time when he gets beyond curfew age. As for Scranton in particular, the bulk of the liquor dealers are more careful today than they ever were before about selling booze to boys or permitting them to hang around while their elders take liquid nourishment, and a great many of the immoral joints have been put out of business. Scranton is not such a wicked city. Scranton is a whole lot cleaner morally than Wilkes-Barre. In the latter city it might be an excellent experiment to try sending the boys home at 9 o'clock at night. Wilkes-Barre, wide open and willing to be so, needs a curfew a great deal more than Scranton at her present gait will ever need one.

Oyster Bay is now easily visible to the naked eye, but the first citizen of that delectable Nassau county settlement still requires six different kinds of glasses for the manifold occupations of his existence, and may take unto himself a seventh pair when that new Roosevelt buzz wagon lately garaged at Sagamore Hill gets nicely to going.

Now the fight is over and Mr. JAMES JEREMIAH JEFFRIES has been knocked into a cocked hat by Mr. JOHN ARTHUR JOHNSON, the general consensus of opinion on the part of ring officials, trainers, sporting editors and other Johnnies-on-the-spot who should have the situation well under their hats seems to be that Mr. JEFFRIES knew it all and wouldn't pay any attention to the warnings that were given him by JIM CORBETT, not to mention BILLY MULDOON and other ringmen who actually knew what they were talking about. JACK JOHNSON alone did not beat JIM JEFFRIES. The swelled head of the defeated man helped like blazes. That disgusting battering match on the sage brush plains of Nevada will have one stimulating effect if it teaches a few hundred young American boys not to think they are the whole outfit and in so doing keeps them from getting hard knocks businesswise that humiliate even more than a bloody good licking in the prize ring.

Says the Harrisburg Telegraph: Champ Clarke is a fine example of the optimistic Democrat. He gets much fun out of his mid-summer predictions, which are invariably frostbitten in the fall.

But he won't loosen up any of that Democratic optimism at the Water Gap's Old Home week—if he gets to it. As already advertised by the Gap reunion's very industrious and pretty competent press agent, he will not lisp one solitary syllable of politics when he mounts the stump—no, platform—at the prettiest crossroads in his friend PALMER'S Congressional district. He will talk on that broad, safe, comfortable and non-committal subject of "Good Citizenship," which does not oblige him to say in so many words that Pennsylvania will send a solid Democratic delegation to Washington in November or that JOE FOLK, the man from the Hon. CHAMP'S own Missouri, is bound to run through the 1912 electoral college like JACK JOHNSON through the sore ribs of JIM JEFFRIES at Reno. For once, at least, the rainbow rooster from the peat bogs of Pike county is going to be uncharacteristically conservative.

The Bellefonte Watchman, one of those optimistic Democratic sheets that can always see a 200,000 Republican state electing a Democratic governor by 100,000 and handing its electoral vote to the Peerless Pleader of the Platte by another 100,000, lets out its lungs like this:

It might have been a lot of fun had the third party promoters succeeded in getting Gifford Pinchot to run for governor of Pennsylvania. Had he gone into the hustings in this state, Roosevelt would probably have taken the stump for him and Roosevelt would at least have put a lot of ginger into the campaign.

The esteemed Watchman presumes too much. Mr. ROOSEVELT is still with his party. Mr. ROOSEVELT would be decidedly out of his element in any effort to help his personal friend, GIFFORD PINCHOT, beat out JOHN K. TENER, the very able and fairly nominated candidate of the Republican convention, and elect WEBSTER GRIM, a man who knows by this time that the best thinkers of his own party do not want him. Imagine even Mr. PINCHOT asking Mr. ROOSEVELT to come over and help him in Macedonia!

But then, why fret and worry needlessly? Mr. PINCHOT has taken all the crimp out of the incipient boom that was started for him by a few soreheads by saying he has no legal residence in Pennsylvania. He shoots and fishes in Pike county now and then, but he votes there never. He votes in New York. His home, once in Connecticut, is now in New York. For the sake of a bright though misguided contemporary we are sorry the situation desired by the Watchman cannot be brought about, but it seems to be clean beyond all political possibility. A third ticket there may be if anybody is green enough to dig up the money to finance it, but the third ticket cannot claim Mr. PINCHOT for its own.

It's about time for Col. SAMUEL R. HONEY, presumably one of the sweetest men in Rhode Island, to come forward once more as the Democratic candidate for the senate seat about to be vacated by the Hon. NELSON W. ALDRICH.

There's an English walnut tree down in Bucks, candidate GRIM'S county, that drops butternuts every fall, swears the Doylestown Intelligence. Now, is there a tree within convenient walking distance that can be tapped for sweet cider?

What will Atlantic City do with airship races and the Returned African Hunter on her hands at the same time? How small the famous boardwalk, and the million dollar steel pier, and the 400-pound policeman with a 50-cent cigar in his mouth will seem by comparison—for a while!

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was 71 years old Saturday. Nobody knows how rich he is. Nobody knows what he intends eventually to do with all his money. But every vigorous, sensible man knows he wouldn't swap his own good health for the Rockefeller sore feet that make their owner walk stockingless through the dewy grass for two hours before breakfast every morning, even if he could get a liberal slice of the oil king's vast boodle out of the transaction.

The Scranton councilman who urges straw hats for the city's policemen during July and August is a sane man and on the right track. We hope he wins his point. Why shouldn't a cop be comfortable? Compelled to wear their coats buttoned, the policemen of any city suffer enough without being forced to wear the head-sweating helmet all through the torrid period. By all means let the Scranton "finest" have cool lids for the summer. And let them loosen their coats for a couple of hours in the heat of the day. It is efficiency, not looks, that is demanded from the man in blue and brass. That infernal artistic temperament which of late has been raising Ned with the nation ought to be sent to the back seat long enough to let our city police forces increase their activity by virtue of an increase in bodily comfort.

The Keystone Press

A bungalow "up the creek," with plenty of fishing tackle and lots of bait, and time to burn! Who could ask for anything to exceed that?—Franklin News.

A Johnstown man was drowned while in swimming. He wasn't a native; the natives of Johnstown know better than to fool around water.—Williamsport News.

Rhode Island baseball game broke up in a row. Likely there was objection to the rule that a hit over any state line counts for only three bases.—West Chester Local News.

Only two per cent. of the people of Mexico voted against President Diaz for re-election. The minority is about as strong as the Democratic party in Pennsylvania.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

The question whether all these honors have spoiled Colonel Roosevelt will not be settled until we see whether he shovels the snow off his sidewalk or not.—Allentown Chronicle.

Man fell one hundred feet from Broadway building and broke his wrist. Other men who have hit Broadway have not been so fortunate. They have been carried home badly broke.—West Chester Local News.

Long life to the cheerful optimist! He writes the Evening Chat man that he likes this sort of weather "because it affords him so many warm friends." Why can't we all take the hot weather that way?—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The "chantecler" luncheon is the latest fashionable wrinkle. A society belle in Franklin, Pa., provided such a function, and had a live rooster in the center of the table. A society lady who can do a thing like that has something to crow about. Newport has nothing on it.—Scranton Truth.

There will be very general agreement among the Republicans of Pennsylvania with the suggestion put forth by our Easton contemporary, the Free Press, that it makes little difference whether Grim, Berry or somebody else heads the Democratic State ticket. None can hope for anything better than an overwhelming defeat at the hands of John K. Tener, the Republican candidate, in the contest for governor of Pennsylvania.—Pittston Gazette.

But in spite of that little affair at Reno we think the white race is still just what it was.—Johnstown Democrat.

The Des Moines Capital asks, "Who is the greatest American?" Foolish question No. 223,223.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The distinction of being the first person to be placed on the pension roll of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company has come to Patrick Costello of Wilkes-Barre, the oldest engineer in the service of the company. The railroads do themselves credit in providing a pension list.—Scranton Truth.

It will require some years of development in airships before the enemies of the atmosphere may be overcome and the present hazardous pleasure be converted into a reasonably safe method of travel. The experience of a Zeppelin dirigible is sufficient to emphasize the point that flying is yet a long way from becoming a popular pastime.—Titusville Herald.

The Johnstown Democrat wants to inaugurate a campaign of education. Jesse Hook Wise, Democratic candidate for congress in this district, hankers to do the same thing, but he seems to be handicapped for proper newspaper support. Fayette county's alleged Democratic press is cold and distant. We would respectfully suggest that Editor Warren Worth Bailey give ear to the Macedonian cry for succor that comes out of Greene county.—Connellsville Courier.

The "jolly farmer" is no fiction these days. Everything seems to be going in the direction of the agriculturist. Down the State newspapers note the gathering of stupendous crops of hay. The harvest bids fair to be a record-breaker, and hay brings good prices these days. Coming nearer home, a glance at the fields of grain as one passes through the country districts shows that, unless something very serious interferes, rye and oats will come to the ripening season in excellent condition. The rainy spring, followed by the warm weather of the past few weeks, has done the trick nicely.—Pittston Gazette.

Clean up days in Bellefonte resulted in such a general effort in cleaning up and clearing out that the ladies who had the work in charge have cause to feel greatly gratified. There was almost universal compliance with their request and, except in a few cases, all of the residents of the town accepted the notice from the respective committees in the proper spirit. It was to be expected that a few would be impertinent. There are always some down on a community and they are the ones who must seize on just such an opportunity to express their disgruntled thoughts or make smarties of themselves.—Bellefonte Watchman.

Information from Washington tells that the ranks of the army that defended the Union in the great struggle of the Civil war is rapidly passing away. At present about 90 names a day are dropped from the pension rolls. This average is equivalent to about 2,700 deaths a month, or about 32,000 annually among Federal survivors of the Civil war carried on the pension lists. There are no pensioners of the Revolution or war of 1812 living. The last survivor on the pension rolls of the Revolution was Daniel F. Bakeman, who died at Freedom, N. Y., April 5, 1860, aged 109 years. The last survivor of the Revolution on the rolls lived for 86 years after the close of that war. If there is any soldier of the civil war who will live 86 years after the close of the conflict in which he fought, his name will remain on the pension rolls until 1951. The last survivor of the war of 1812 lived 90 years after the end of that struggle. According to these instances, the country may be paying a pension to the last soldier of the Civil war in 1955.—Archbald Citizen.

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

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

What do you expect, Mister, when you go out to one of these ice cream suppers? Do you think the good people that put themselves out to entertain you on a hot July night are going to hand you a gallon of cream and a loaf of bread for 15 cents? Be reasonable and not expect any more than value received for your money this hot weather.—John H. Weaver.

When you come to talk about snoring, let me offer a suggestion not at all new but which ought to be emphasized. The man who makes a regular practice of lying on his side will never snore. The man who persists in lying on his back will always be a nuisance to the neighbors. And do you know how the Indian lies down to sleep? The Indian, wrapped in his blanket or otherwise, always lies on his stomach, and the Indian never snores.—Prof. J. H. Cornell.

When a man has seven mouths to feed, the way I have, the increased cost of living is something more than newspaper talk to him, and he involuntarily finds himself saying, "I love my wife and kids, but O you price of rations!"—Jake Theobald.

It is true that in these prosperous days a man of intelligence and spirit can generally work for a living, but it takes some ability to get a good living without doing any work. But I want to say I am one of the men that always has had to deliver the goods to get by.—Leopold Blumen-thal.

I am certain about two things. In the first place I have one of the finest collections of roses behind my house that ever grew in Wayne county. In the second place, the man who wrote me up as a great admirer of the Woman's National Daily is a low, lame, lying son of a seacock, and I can lick him.—E. A. Penniman.

At length I have got the last thing moved from the house where I've lived 23 years to the new quarters. I rent four rooms for \$10 a month and the barn, which I don't need, for \$7, so the net cost of a roof over my head is less than \$100 a year. When you beat your Uncle George you've got to go some.—George Miller.

I must confess I have my opinion of a man who brags about an eight-pound baby at his house and still refuses his friends any celebration more elaborate than a nickel soda. A man who can buy 15-cent cigars and 15-cent drinks ought to be on that job under such conditions. He can't get out of the cigar racket by saying there are no such costly weeds to be bought in town, though they tell me his defence on the other proposition is that he knows no man in Honesdale able to mix one that costs more than a dime.—Mike Bregstein.

Princess and one-piece dresses, white and colored, at Menner & Co. Sold low to close out stock.

The Law as to Bullfrogs.

Reports from all over Wayne, Pike and Monroe counties state that bullfrogs are in abundance in all the streams. The season for shooting them opened July 1. For the benefit of sportsmen we publish a section of the fish laws covering this subject:

"Act of April 6, 1903, regulating the catching or taking, within the commonwealth, of bullfrogs and terrapin. Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., that from and after the passage of this act, it shall be unlawful to catch, take or kill any bullfrogs only from the first day of July to the first day of November, and terrapin save only from the first day of November to the fifteenth day of March, in each year."

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.

COLD IS HARD ON BASS.

Low Temperature in Breeding Season Killed Eggs, Says Commissioner.

Owing to an unfortunate spell of weather for hatching fish that was unprecedented in the history of the state department of fisheries, the black bass work has been a failure. "Cold weather in May," explains Fish Commissioner Meehan, "is responsible for the loss of our black bass supply. When the temperature of water falls to 55 degrees bass cease to spawn. At 50 degrees the eggs that may have been deposited on the next die, and at 45 degrees any young fish that have been hatched will die.

"This year the nesting season was about four days later than in 1908 or 1909, coming as late as May 30 in the northern hatches. There was an unusual quantity of nests discovered by field men in Susquehanna and Wayne counties, and a larger percentage than ordinarily in the state hatcheries.

"C. H. Neely of Wayne county had two lakes in his charge. In one, called Righten's lake, there were 250 nests, with 250,000 fish in sight. He got 12,000. Of my own 156 nests, I had 52,000 fish. This unexpected loss upsets our whole scheme of stocking streams and other waters of the state for the year, as far as black bass are concerned."

—If the yield of tubers turns out as well as the crop of bugs and slugs in our potato patches, it will mean an extra bin and enlargement of the cold storage plant. Our noble housewives could more easily wear off the rust from the paring knives which their husbands failed to grind, remarks a correspondent of the Monroe Record.

ABOUT HYOMEI

A Bottle Costs Only 50 Cents—A Complete Outfit Including Inhaler \$1.00.

When G. W. Peil will guarantee Hyomei to cure catarrh or give you your money back, what is your answer?

Are you satisfied with your condition or do you want to rid yourself forever of vile catarrh, with its humiliating symptoms, such as hawking, spitting, blowing and bad breath?

Hyomei is a simple, antiseptic medicine, that you breathe through a small pocket inhaler over the parts affected.

It is made of Australian eucalyptus mixed with other germ killing and membrane soothing antiseptics. Get a complete outfit to-day. It only costs \$1.00, and contains everything necessary to cure any ordinary case of catarrh. Extra bottles, if needed, 50c.

Hyomei is the best remedy in the world for sore throat, coughs and colds, croup and bronchitis. It gives wonderful relief in two minutes. For sale by druggists everywhere and by G. W. Peil, druggist.

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