

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, JULY 22, 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.

If big bass were half as numerous as stories about them, the state fish hatcheries could be abandoned.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Is this a particular personal shot at a bold bass fisherman from South Main street who makes it a point never to annex to his hook any bass from Williams' pond that will tip the beam at less than seven pounds, avoidpulis, not drugstore weight?

Four possible candidates for governor of New York answer to the name of William. Where there's a Will there's a way.—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

But whoever the Republican convention nominates for the \$10,000-and-a-house job in Albany will be elected, whether the Democrats are willing or not. Just bet a dollar against a doughnut on that!

When the editor of the Independent says "postmasters of the large towns and cities are supposed to carry the voters therein in their pockets and deliver them over to the congressmen seeking a re-election," and then goes on to observe "this doubtless accounts for the recent increase in high class postmasters' salaries; it is one method of congressional electioneering and the people thus help to foot the congressman's campaign expense bill," it is quite obvious that the large man in the linen suit is belching forth either ignorance of the postoffice department or malicious wind. The receipts of a postoffice determine the salary of the postmaster. When the receipts of the office go up the pay of the head of the office, very properly and naturally, goes up. When the receipts tumble, the pay of the head of the office goes down. Uncle Sam knows how to grade the wages of the men that look after the government mail matter, even though local penpushers hate like sin to give him credit for that much sound business procedure.

BATHING IN THE DYBERRY.

The nude bathing in the Dyberry ought to be stopped. Scores of boys—and young men too, for that matter—go into the water tightless and trunkless. Too many young girls and young women make a regular practice on hot days of strolling out that way to see the young fellows disporting themselves, skintight, on the banks and in the water.

There is no decency, let alone decorum or dignity, in the boy or man who will indulge his love for a July or August swim in that disgusting manner. There is no grain of womanly sentiment in the petticoat pilgrims who will linger within close eyeshot of such uncivilized revelries for half an hour or even a full hour by the clock. Yet the conditions complained about have all summer been a common occurrence.

Respectable people no longer like to go up the Dyberry of a hot afternoon in summer. Can you blame them? The beautiful walks and groves on the west side of the stream ought not to be closed to decent folks on account of the graceless performances of a lot of louts who think their manly forms are an addition to the already satisfactory landscape, not to mention the supplementary antics of certain women who doubtless wish to be considered ladies. But actual ladies will not sanction such lascivious performances any more than bona fide gentlemen will go into the water without the formality of 15 cents' worth of cotton cloth to cover their nakedness.

The Duke will not be the bridegroom when the daughter of Senator STEVE ELKINS and granddaughter of HENRY GASSOWAY DAVIS is married at her father's stone mansion in the West Virginia mountains, but he will be a guest. Now we believe those wildcat stories about little ABRUZZI shinning up the Himalaya mountains in India and starting out in an Italian ship to find COOK'S and PEARY'S pole. He's got nerve enough to go anywhere!

THAT BOARD OF TRADE.

The Honesdale business men are taking to the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade. They realize that a strong, progressive, practical boosting organization has been needed in the capital of Wayne county. Any body that will adequately advertise the town's advantages and exert time and intelligent effort in the task of bringing new industries to Honesdale they are bound to support generously.

The public meeting on July 29, when the aims and projects of the Board are to receive more detailed explanation than they have thus far been able to secure through the employment of newspaper space, merits and beyond question will receive a sizeable attendance of citizens interested in the business advancement of Honesdale. Every man who wants this town and its contributory territory to grow should make no other date for that night. He should go to the meeting in town hall to hear the subject discussed and, if he sees fit, present his own ideas and suggestions for consideration.

In organization there is strength; and the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade will increase the business and commercial activity of Honesdale and the town's immediate vicinity just so far as the business men eligible to join it unite to produce a strong organization. There can be no doubt at all about that.

TEACH CHILDREN TO SWIM.

"Every boy and girl ought to know how to swim," said Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG, superintendent of public schools, Chicago, and every boy and girl attending the public schools will soon be compelled to learn to swim, just as he or she is taught to read and write in the regular grammar course. "Every teacher ought to know how to swim, and the first step in accomplishing this fact will be the introduction into our teachers' training course at the Normal school of a course in swimming. Instructions in the proper way to swim can be given in the classroom, but actual practice will have quicker results and will remove whatever terror it may have for the more timid ones."

There were men—yes, and women—interested in the laudable job of teaching the young American idea how to shoot who thought, back along, that the Chicago school board were in blunder when they made a woman the practical working head of the Windy City's school system. The board were ridiculed and the petticoat superintendent of the board had appointed was criticized, calumnyed and cartooned. Mrs. YOUNG'S appointment was viewed, in Chicago and outside of it, as a job on a par with the same board's sponsorship of Dr. KLOPDSORF, the author of the notorious "Venus act" under which all women who were not "up to the average size and well developed" were to be cast out of the Chicago schools as physically if not mentally unfit to drum mathematics and grammar into the craniums of Chicago's conspicuously cosmopolitan schoolroom population.

Mrs. YOUNG has redeemed the reputation of the Chicago school board for safety and sanity—two qualifications for the selection of teachers that all such bodies should possess in carload quantities. She has gone further than Dr. MAXWELL, the \$12,000 superintendent New York employs, ever thought of going. In Chicago, one of the greatest waterfront cities of the world, she has declared that boys and girls who cannot handle themselves in the water with skill and safety are not boys and girls sufficiently educated, that teachers not competent to instruct their classes in this essential branch of aquatics are not fit to hold certificates as teachers.

The criticism and even ridicule of Chicago's woman school superintendent had better read the handwriting on the wall and get under cover. Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG has the high-salaried men superintendents of some other rich and pop-

ulous cities skinned to a frazzle thus early in the game of Twentieth century educational extension. What she has said hundreds of men high up in the art of bossing city schools ought to have said years ago, before Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG was out of dolls and pinafores. The full-grown man in Rome 2000 years ago who could not care for himself in the water was held up to public contumely and contempt as "a man unfit for the honors and emoluments of his countrymen." In 1910 the boy or girl at school who does not know how to swim, not for heedless sport but when bodily security demands it, is to be made an object of attention on the part of someone qualified to teach the youngster the ways of the water; and the teachers in the public schools, employed to train the brains of their pupils, are the persons who should likewise be obliged to instruct them as to the necessity of being able to handle themselves with confidence if suddenly thrown overboard in deep water.

GINGERSNAPS.

This lovely country county in the hills will get her share of the city cynic's coin before this summer Waines.

The fool that rocks the boat is on the job, blank blank him; but wait for the fool that rocks the aeroplane. He's coming!

Don't laugh at Oklahoma for having two capitals. Look away from Oklahoma to the nation. Consider Beverly and Oyster Bay!

How many bills are up for popular constitution? Well, there are four Bills willing to be governor of York state, if that's what you've driving at.

Who says the Returned African Hunter has no dignity? Think, just think, of the money he could make only by a penstroke if he'd sign up with the moving picture fellows!

The report that Col. Jim Guffey is monetarily busted is not likely to bring anything more than crocodile tears from a pair of luminous black orbs that glow from a \$20,000 mansion on a farm away out in Nebraska.

The wet and dry fight comes into the Indiana senatorship this year of grace 1910. And, just by a coincidence, one of the men who wants to go to Washington again from the banks of the Wabash is a man named Beveridge.

Gov. Hughes has been househunting in Washington—with Herbert Parsons to help him. Now one of the best men the Empire state ever had in Albany knows \$17,500 is a wee, small sum in the City of Extortionate Prices as well as the City of Magnificent Distances.

If all the words of praise Mr. Potter gets for having those unfaithful road bosses in Bradford county pulled were gold dollars, or plain paper dollars, or even William J. Bryan silver dollars, God only knows the plucky driver of the government mail would never be buried in his namesake field.

It cost Mr. Senator Grim \$465 to be nominated. What will it cost him to be defeated? Why, he need not part company with one solitary copper if he feels uncompeled to the separation. Thousands of great and good Pennsylvanians will be glad to help the Bucks county gentleman for nothing.

Once more the Billy Sulzer boom for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in New York is oiled and slides down the ways. It ought to be moderately easy for any half-way decent man on the other ticket to lick the Tammany congressman whose long suit is his ability to go to the district leader's picnic once a year and clear nine feet in the standing broad jump.

Quit talking about what the governor of South Carolina (Ansel) said to the governor of North Carolina (Bobby Glenn) over the banquet board in Washington. That famous nag of 1907 is now stale, flat, unprofitable. Talk about what the governor of Nevada said to Tex Rickard and conclude that the sage brush plans of Nevada are 5,250 feet lower in the moral scale than Newber battlefield, the rice swamps of Beaufort and the "old dram tree" on Cape Fear river. The evidence of a single sentence is sufficient.

Ollie James, the hot-headed young Kentuckian who admires Col. Bryan and even thinks he may yet live on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, has a simply splendid unconcern for figures when they involve somebody else's money. The Democrats, he says, could run the government on \$500,000 a year, not on \$1,000,000,000, the way he says the Republicans propose to continue to run it. Well, suppose they can run it on \$50. Suppose they can run it on \$5. Suppose they can run it on five cents. What difference does that make in the long run, the way Congressional elections turn out nowadays, Ollie?

The Keystone Press

Was the affair at Reno what Tennyson had in mind when he wrote of "the last great battle in the West?"—York Gazette.

The good old summer time is a good old humbug so far as comfort is concerned.—Uniontown Herald. In Uniontown, yes; but not in Joyful Johnstown, the brightest star in the galaxy of Pennsylvania cities—the summer resort of pure delight.—Johnstown Democrat.

"It is always well to have your photograph taken before becoming a hero," says Philosopher E. Tracy Sweet in the Scranton Tribune-Republican. That's tantamount to saying that the fellow who is going to get married should first visit the photographer.—Allentown Democrat.

Teddy, the Terrible, is for the present tariff. Teddy, the Terrible, is against the present tariff. Teddy, the Terrible, is for the "regulars." Teddy, the Terrible, is against the "regulars" and is favorable to the insurgents. Teddy, the Terrible, is out of politics. Teddy, the Terrible, is in politics up to his neck. You pay your money and takes your choice.—Johnstown Democrat.

The curfew bell has been put into service at Trenton and found very effective. Each night at 9 o'clock the bell tolls the curfew from the belfry of St. Stanislaus' Catholic church and the children of the parish cease their play and run home to their parents. The mothers of the neighborhood are delighted with what Father Block, the pastor, has done for them, and many mothers besides those of the membership of St. Stanislaus' parish have availed themselves of the call. From observation it would be well if the curfew would toll in other sections than in St. Stanislaus' parish. The number of children on the streets late at night indicates that some action should be taken in many Bucks county towns.—Doylestown Intelligencer.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, answering a communication from New York clergymen urging him to prohibit the exhibition of prizefight pictures, called their attention to the fact that, while he sympathized with the general protest against the proposed exhibition, he was compelled to take the law as it is, which did not warrant him in taking the action they requested. "The growing use of arbitrary power in this country by those put in office," adds Mayor Gaynor, "would be far more dangerous, and is far more to be dreaded, than certain other vices that we all wish to minimize or be rid of. People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power." The idea that personal government should be substituted for a government of laws has attained altogether too great a vogue in this country in recent years. Mayor Gaynor's letter may call public attention to the peril involved in what is seemingly a popular course, and in doing so will have served a great popular service.—Lancaster New Era.

Editor of The Citizen: Honesdale's feathered songsters are being preyed upon by numerous stray cats, which, being deprived of sustenance from the friendly family larder, are preserving their nine lives by feeding upon robins and other birds that come in their way. Unless our citizens wish to adopt these starved, homeless wanderers, we would suggest that the Ladies' Improvement association or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might take the matter in hand and end their existence, the former to protect the birds that nest and sing in our trees, the latter out of kindness to these members of the feline tribe.

Editor of The Citizen: The town of Hallstead having been dealt a severe blow by the removal of the Lackawanna traimen to the Hampton yards, the Board of Trade of that place recently held an enthusiastic meeting, the end in view being to boom Hallstead. A big meeting has been planned for the near future, at which several prominent men, including some Lackawanna officials, members of the Scranton Board of Trade and others, are expected to be present. A Board of Trade is all right. Let us see what one can do for Honesdale.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

That sign I put up "We have four banks in Honesdale; I'm not a bank" is helping me a good deal, I find, and I'm glad I thought to put it up.—Charles J. Weaver.

I am a great lover of the game of dominoes and at a recent sitting with one of my old friends who's a crank on the pastime I won nine games out of a possible eight. Let's see if they get that in the paper!—Millard F. Dorin.

I see by the paper that Sam Brown says he beat John Weaver and I fishing up in Susquehanna the other day. I'm glad to know about it. I did not fish, and I do not remember that either Sam or John did any fishing on that trip the three of us took to Towanda.—John Kubbach.

The camp was all right and I have the finest company in the Thirteenth. I feel positive of that. To be sure, I had to work pretty hard the whole nine days, but that is something no good soldier should kick about. You see, I had all the clerical work to do. There is no company clerk in E except a part of the time, and that man a good bit to do. Not all captains pitch in and keep their own records. Then, on top of all that, all the officers were tramped three miles every day after manoeuvres and that got all hands tired enough to sleep soundly. The trip home took about a dozen hours and along toward the end of it the ride must have been tedious to the men, for they travel in the regular coaches while the officers have a Pullman.—Capt. C. J. Kelley, Co. E.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for market," said the Chicago girl. "I don't know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat, it does seem a little unfraternal."—Washington Star.

Light on Subject Cheerfully Accepted.

The Honesdale Citizen, usually alert, is not well informed as to Johnstown affairs, as witness the following:

Williamsport, tired of a mayor and councilmen and city committees and all the like of that, is seriously thinking of trying out the commission form of government that Galveston and Des Moines have found in some ways desirable. Now will Warren Worth Bailey of the "Joyful Johnstown" Democrat be frank for once in his references to a rival city and admit there's some civic class to Ellitown?

Yes; it must be admitted that there is some class to the Williamsport Board of Trade, which favors the Des Moines and not the Galveston form of commission government. But the Honesdale Citizen must bear in mind that Johnstown is the first city in the state of Pennsylvania to propose government by commission. In this respect it leads Williamsport, but for all that we trust that Johnstown is quite willing to accept the suggestion of Williamsport that a general meeting be held in that city soon to discuss the advisability of seeking legislation on the subject.—Johnstown Democrat.

NEWSPAPER HUMOR.

"How would you like to be America's poet laureate?" "I couldn't afford the honor. I am already poet laureate of a prosperous bean packery."—Brooklyn Citizen.

"My goods speak for themselves." "What are you selling?" "Graphophones."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Howard—"Bridget, did my wife come in a few minutes ago?" Bridget—"No, sir. That's the parrot you hear a-hollerin'!"—Harper's Bazaar.

"Father," queried Bob, just home from college, "you've worked for me pretty hard nearly all my life, haven't you?" "Quite right, quite right, son," mused father retrospectively.

"Just so," resumed Bob briskly. "Now you had better get busy and work for yourself a bit—eh, dad?"—Life.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

About Birds and Cats.

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Let's Have Board of Trade.

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Don't Let Cows Roam Alone.

Editor of The Citizen: May it please you to accord space to the suggestion that cows should not be allowed to wander in the streets of Honesdale or the roads of Texas unattended? The plea for a guardianship of their property would be made to the owners of the cows direct if we had a law in force providing that these domestic animals must have plainly visible numbered tags affixed to them, similar to the ones carried by automobiles and dogs, the registered numbers making the identification of the owners possible. Such a law would be just

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.

and proper, and the promise of having it enacted would make a splendid platform for a political party, assuring the election of its candidates for office by large majorities. Meantime, let us hope these lines will be read by those whom they concern.

The reasons for having cows guided on their way to the pasture are many, but only a few can be mentioned here. It may influence the quality of the milk if the makers of it gorge themselves with hollyhocks, goldenglow, nasturtiums, sweetwilliams and bachelor's buttons in the front yards along the road. It is certainly bad for the flowers named. The wearing of white shoes has ceased to be a fad, still, many would wear them because they are cool and comfortable if walking in a cowpath were not so destructive to their beauty. Several influential citizens have also been noticed to wear white trousers. Suppose one should slip! It is best to stop this line of reasoning right now. Of course, having the cows driven would not do away with all the dangers alluded to, but it would make their presence less lingering. It may be mentioned, also, that children are often afraid of cows.

Three Wayne-Scranton Farmers Who Are Doing Well.

Three of the most prosperous farmers of Wayne county are prominent residents of Scranton, says a writer in the Scranton Times. Messrs. John Simpson and John Cleland are harvesting dollars out of their broad acres by intensive cultivation of the soil and conducting the Globe Warehouse for diversion and recreation. Mr. John M. Burke is raising huge crops according to the most approved methods of agricultural science, marketing them and buying government bonds with the proceeds, while for relaxation he builds railroads and drives tinnies.

The three distinguished farmers met the other day and, as usual, started a discussion as to the prospect of their crops. Mr. Burke was first to speak out enthusiastically as to his magnificent crop of corn. It was six feet two inches high and still growing.

"That's nothing," said Mr. Cleland. "My rye stands six feet three and it hasn't reached its full growth yet."

"I can beat you both," said Mr. Simpson. "The rye in my fields stands seven feet three inches and you can see it grow day by day."

As convincing proof of the truth of his statement, Mr. Simpson produced a stalk of the rye that measured seven feet three and looked like a young sapling. The superior look that Mr. Simpson has worn within the past few days may be attributed to his proved pre-eminence as an agriculturist.

Barnum Knew His Business!

In print the other day an old-time friend of Phineas T. Barnum expressed a doubt as to whether the great showman ever said that "the American people love to be humbugged." Barnum himself did not deny the phrase, says the New York World. Nothing in this declaration is inconsistent with a career which opened in 1835 with the exhibition of "one of the greatest natural curiosities ever witnessed, viz., Joice Heath, a negro, 161 years old, who formerly belonged to the father of General Washington."

Certainly Barnum knew his crowd and knew the value of advertising. Born at Bethel, Conn., a hundred years ago, he was not less plucky than shrewd. Losing fortunes in succession by failure and fire, he never lacked courage for a fresh start. And he settled with his creditors.

This generation may laugh at the old stories of the Barnum woolly horse, the Japanese mermaid and the white elephant. It must remember, however, that the same promoter who brought out these freaks gave America also its chance to hear Jenny Lind. Tom Thumb, too, was a Barnum find, with profit to the finder. Such humbuggery as was his Barnum exploited frankly and to the whole world. It is significant that nineteen years after his death his name still is one to conjure with in the field of the tented show.—Editorial in Altoona Mirror.

Stomach Misery Over Six Years

Read what Mr. Hoffman, landlord of the Webster Hotel, writes: "I suffered misery and intense pains from stomach trouble for over six years, and all the doctoring that I did or medicines I used were of no avail until about two years ago, when I used a treatment of Mi-o-na. The first few days' treatment helped me greatly and upon using it a while I was made entirely free from my stomach trouble or complaint whatever. Since the cure by Mi-o-na I have regained my weight, I eat and sleep well, am never nervous, and my entire general health is much better."—Max M. Hoffman, Webster, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1909. Mi-o-na stomach tablets relieve distress in five minutes. They act like magic. They are guaranteed to cure sour stomach, gas eructations, heartburn, dizziness, biliousness and nervousness, or money back. For sale by druggists everywhere and by G. W. Pell for 50 cents a large box. Try Booth's Pills for constipation; they never disappoint, 25c.