

THE CITIZEN

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 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.

ABOUT THE THIRD PARTY.

The gathering of the clans of political derelicts is now taking place through the state to devise ways and means to defeat the regular nominees of the Republican and Democratic state tickets.

LEWIS EMERY, Jr., JERE S. BLACK, FLINN, late boss of Pittsburgh, VAN VALKENBURG, would-be boss of Philadelphia, GIBBON, BERRY and NILES, led by SHEATZ, are using every means in their power to disorganize the two old parties and defeat JOHN K. TENER and WEBSTER GRIM, the regular nominees of the state conventions of their respective parties for governor.

Most of the men, it appears, agitating this third party movement, are men who at some time or other have failed to muster sufficient support to land nominations for high offices and, being defeated, are now arrayed against those of whom they asked support.

The Republican party, however, has little to worry over in this vindictive array of would-be officeholders. They are hungry, and, not having the patronage of their party handed to them through their regular party delegates, now attempt to lead the rank and file of their parties astray. The Republicans of Pennsylvania have heard this "big noise" before; they know the more noise these malcontents make the greater the majority will be for the nominees on the Republican ticket when the votes are counted. Mr. TENER and the men whose names follow him on the Republican ticket honorably nominated at Harrisburg have no cause for loss of sleep. They will be elected by an approximate majority of 100,000, and the third ticket, soreheads will then stand lower in the estimation of their neighbors than they ever stood before.

Ever stop to think how few men there are who can stand being boosted above the shoulders of their fellows without the personal ego cropping out?—Forest City News.

Yes sirree, sir! The swelled head, not the impending Jap war scare of the Hon. (no longer captain) RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON and the Hon. LESLIE M. PSHAW, is the national peril. Just think how it has knocked out the once unconquerable JAMES JEREMIAH JEFFRIES, not to mention a few score hundred of lesser lights that were needed for the intellectual and moral advancement of the nation!

Now Bellefonte wants an Old Home week and the aggressive Bellefonte Watchman is boosting it with the same vigor that journal displayed when clean-up day was first proposed for Bellefonte. The town is in good shape for such a celebration now the litter has been cleared from the streets and yards, and with a little local pushing and a sufficient amount of cash to supplement the efforts already made by printer's ink the success of the reunion should be assured. Honesdale, which had a model Old Home week last year, and Stroudsburg, which has just wound up one that was pretty good, will extend their best wishes to Bellefonte; and if she wants any practical ideas from two towns that have been over the road themselves, let Bellefonte's Old Home week committee come over to this end of the state for enlightenment.

WHERE ARE THE SNAKES?

So far this season there has been an almost unprecedented dearth of real good snake stories squirming their way through the columns of the Pennsylvania press. While men from the hitherto prolific snake zones of the Delaware river as well as the mountain counties hasten to assure us the visible supply of the reptiles is fully up to the average, if not a little bit beyond it, there are not many harrowing tales coming in of exciting chases after blacks and copperheads, with an occasional rattler or two, that in years gone used to show up with much regularity in this as well as the central part of the state before bay time got nicely in operation. The New York Sun correspondent seeking snake yarns at \$16 to the solid column—for the Sun, even back before Dana's day, did dearly dote on snake copy and always has paid double for it—is not going to get rich this year of grace 1910 on the stuff he can mail his journal about the ferocious racer with 14 rattles that chased farmer Jenkins up the first shagbark walnut tree that came within hailing distance.

The Altoona Mirror, which worries over this paucity of snake tales a whole lot more than we intend to stew over any subject other than a possible huckleberry pie famine between July 26 and Aug. 15, tries to solve the problem, if a problem it is, about like this:

Whether this is due to a lack of vivid imagination on the part of the correspondents or merely signifies that the correspondents are not on the job, we cannot say, but there are certainly enough newsgatherers roaming Blair county to cover every snake that turns up.

But we do not seem to be worse off in this respect than other localities in Pennsylvania. Very few of the numerous exchanges which reach this office are long on reptilian reports; in fact, in not one of them have we seen a narrative that appeared worthy of reproduction. This in the face of the demand for information upon the part of State Zoologist Surface as to whether a rattlesnake can climb.

Perhaps we are a trifle early in this matter. The picnic season is not yet in full swing, the harvest time is late, and the camping-outers are only just hiking for the woods and the mossy banks. Maybe, when the returns begin to come in, we will find that this has been a banner year.

Come to think of it, the only real hot snake yarns that have come this way were from Pike county, where a Matamoras constable and a Matamoras hotel man went over into Dingman township and swatted to death a five-foot rattler that is solemnly declared to have turned out 16 rattles.

Thus far Wayne has not been able to cope with Pike for length of snake or number of rattles. The best we can do is refer our Altoona contemporaries to a certain robust farmer in Texas No. 4 who has sent four rattlers into the snake's eternity thus far this summer. And the whole four, by the way, were taken from one field—field, we may add, than which there are several larger in that particular township.

WHO CAN HEARST SUPPORT?

What candidate will the HEARST papers support for the Democratic nomination in 1912? The Independence League is deadlier than the proverbial doornail. Having failed in its outrageous purpose, which was to make Mr. HEARST mayor of New York city, to make Mr. HEARST governor of New York state, to make Mr. HEARST president of the United States, to get a great office somewhere and somehow for one of the least competent and least deserving men on God's green earth, the organization that the paymaster of yellow journalism founded and financed has discharged its clerical edge, sold off its furniture, burned up its tracts and pamphlets, and gone out of business as completely as a champion prizefighter goes when younger blood sends him to his final corner. The HEARST papers cannot support Mayor Gaynor, against whom they waged a most vehement and vitriolic warfare for weeks before his November landslide. They cannot support Gov. HARMON, who, although an essentially democratic Democrat of the type Mr. HEARST loves to smirk and fawn upon, was the president of a railroad and a director in banks and an associate of corporationists before he got to the executive chair in Columbus. They would find it tough to simulate even a poor show of affection for GEORGE GRAY, the perennial possibility from Delaware.

We see no man at this time that the HEARST papers can tie to unless it be WOODROW WILSON, the very scholarly and very colorless educator who is quoted as willing to test his popularity by running

this fall for governor of New Jersey. Supposing the BILLY SULZER boom for governor shall prove powerful enough to land the arch exponent of the standing broad jump in the capitol at Albany—a possibility about as remote as the hope of parlor cars on an airship line between a Delaware bass and the union station in Mars or Saturn—the journals that draw their editorial inspiration from the personal likes and dislikes of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST face a sorry job two years from now. For once lining up with thousands of halfway clean and wholesome Democrats that had nourished their hopes upon the rise of a new political star in the northwest, the HEARST papers must bemoan the fact that Minnesota's JOHN A. JOHNSON, an eminently self-made and an exceedingly likeable gentleman, was called away before his time.

Carbondale is advocating a one mill tax for permanent street improvement, says a news item. Good. And everybody who strikes Carbondale will agree that a good slice of the money raised thereby ought to be expended on Trinity place, close by the railroad station—a spot where decent footing is needed about as much as in any civilized part of North America.

GINGERSNAPS.

Good Guffey Democrats, in Lackawanna and elsewhere, still hope they may be able to get the Price.

Honesdale's ball team, with six games this week, is going to be a regular Roosevelt aggregation for strenuousness.

Why all this hullabaloo about Mr. Taft going into Canadian water for an hour? A Democratic president would be at sea the whole of the time!

An Ohio judge who fasted six days lost 16 pounds and says he feels fine. Another case where justice is weighed in the balance and found wanting!

We are informed and believe that some of Wayne county's solid citizens explored the streets of Stroudsburg on wheels and saved their shoe leather. One of them was caught right on the job.

Instead of reducing the number of cigarettes in a box, it is difficult to understand why manufacturers don't devise some way of saving on the smell. There is a whole lot of that which could be eliminated.

Preaching in the dark is popular out west, where the congregations are large and solely composed of young people. A good deal of light could be thrown on the services, but they are not for publication.

Chief Justice Fuller left not a cent to public institutions. His charity began at home and ended there. "If any man neglect to provide for his own—" Can you finish that sentence from a sacred writer whose words show good sense as well as good literature?

Here is another woman leaving \$6000 to a man who spoke a few kind words to her. It always happens somewhere else and to someone else. Whoever heard of one of these luckless newspaper galoos getting a dollar for which he didn't have to sweat blood as well as ink in return?

It is going to cost rich people \$5,000,000 to die in New York this year, according to the new inheritance tax law. If rich men do not die in proportion the state will send a fool-killer around to make business.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Or else run Jack Johnson's automobile 101 miles an hour through Fifth avenue and the contiguous silk stocking district.

After all her whoop and holler and in spite of all the newspaper space she so lavishly employed, at home and abroad, to extol her Old Home week arrangements, the completed article, while good, went a long way to show that the Water Gap settlement has nothing on Honesdale when it comes to this Old Home week business.

One Honesdaleian who went to Stroudsburg says the Water Gap women are healthy-looking heifers, but that they weigh too much by 50 pounds to look good to him. He announces with the solemnity of positive knowledge of the subject that the average of 'em will pull down a couple of hundred by the scales. Wonder how he comes to know so much about it!

The James G. Shepard airship test from New York across the mountains to Scranton does not seem likely, though the Electric City millionaire is ready to put up \$50,000 good and lawful money of the United States, for his part of the performance. No, matter! Capt. Tommy Badgley, the man who makes a specialty of spinning his

"Red Devil" over fairgrounds, is going to follow the Erie when he joins the New York-St. Louis sky pilots that compete for the Pulitzer prize of \$50,000. Wayne and the northeastern Pennsylvania counties may yet get a glimpse of an engine on wings choo-chooing through the sky.

The Pittsburg scandal factory is running on regular time again, after a short hot-weather shutdown for repairs. Because his 30-year-old son-in-law was out until 7:30 at night, a Smoky City papa-in-law took the young man across the parental knee and gave him sundry cuffs and smashes in a convenient portion of his anatomy. Harry Thaw is still in Matteawan, and William Ellis Corey is off somewhere with Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey, and the Hartje divorce case is settled and out of the courts at last, and some of the boodling councilmen that made Uncle Andy Carnegie weep have been handed their medicine—but Pittsburg cannot let the newspapers sleep. We suggest, by way of mild and harmless summer variety, that a curfew law for erring sons-in-law be tried out in the home of Thaw and Hartje and Corey and Carnegie. Some sort of a street-clearing measure is needed there far more than it's needed in Scranton, where some of the women folks think they want it, or in Trenton, where the city council is actually trying it.

KEYSTONE PRESS.

For want of something better to cool us off, we wish to remind you to do your Christmas shopping early. Wilkes-Barre Times-Record.

The people who suffered most from the hot wave were those who were caught traveling off long distances to get cool.—Allentown Chronicle.

Roosevelt admits that he has given up prizefighting. Still, no one will dare say it was because he couldn't "come back."—Johnstown Tribune.

Possibly, it is but a coincidence, that every prominent advocate of a third party is either an ex-officer or an often-defeated candidate.—Altoona Gazette.

John Mitchell, the great labor leader, seems to think that Congressman Tener will make a good governor of Pennsylvania. Pretty good authority.—Erie Times.

Senator Penrose must be doing considerable smiling these days. Each faction of the divided and disintegrating Democratic party is charging the other with working for the benefit of the senator and the Republican State ticket. They do him much honor.—Altoona Tribune.

Age should not be measured in terms of years. So long as the heart responds to the appeal of the flowers and the sunshine and the little children, one is not old. But when within there is no chord that thrills to the best in life; when there is no joy in nature and no happiness in companionships, then the sooner the neighborhood has a funeral the better it will be. And it makes no difference about the age of the candidate.—Titusville Herald.

Should it appear that the new agreement seriously infringes upon Chinese nominal sovereignty, or materially conflicts with the principle of the "open door," to which one at least of the late combatants is committed, it may be taken for granted that there will be a firm diplomatic protest. It is altogether gratuitous to assume, as some of the correspondents seem to have done, that the new treaty is aimed especially at the pretensions and interests of the United States, and that Japan has by this treaty, secured in Russia an ally against us.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst in his New York American is very loud in denunciation of the Johnson-Jeffers prizefight films to be presented at public shows, and intimates that if Mayor Gaynor can find no law against the showing of the pictures in New York the American can and will enforce them. Mr. Hearst's newspapers have been full of pictures of the prizefight and all the most deplorable and vilest of the set-to, and the pictures were infinitely worse and much poorer than the "true-to-life" pictures the films may present. Are the films any more demoralizing than some of the fakes printed in the newspapers?—Scranton Times.

The chronic faultfinder is usually a person who has made more or less of a failure of living. * * * This is the time of year when the city dweller is especially interested in his country relatives. * * * The only living ex-president is able to take care of himself and the problem what to do with our ex-presidents has dissipated into thin air. * * * The things the doctors tell us to avoid during the heated season appear to be the most attractive for some reason. * * * Colonel Roosevelt sets his admirers a good example by going to church on Sunday, whether he feels like it or not.—Nicholson Record.

REAPERS and grain cradles, at Murray Co.'s, Honesdale, Pa. 5713.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

We always get licked when we play ball on Sunday.—E. B. Callaway.

After Honesdale's Old Home week the one at Stroudsburg was mild as an ice cream soda.—E. H. Cortright.

I got to the postoffice and found at the last minute that I had no penny stamp to put on a paper I wanted to send away. I had a two-cent in my pocket and I used that. This is one of the things that will get a man going.—William Schloss.

Our team ought to have a pretty good time over there among the summer resorts of Sullivan county. For once, at least, the Honesdale balltossers are going to be entertained by the New York Four Hundred. All I'm afraid of is the high living, the late hours and the good times that sometimes put a ballplayer out of condition.—Duffer Weaver.

Speaking about killing people, there should, to my mind, be no question about the penalty for a man who takes the life of another knowing just what he is doing. Any killing that has time for the man guilty of the crime to know what he is doing and to realize the probable outcome of his act is a clear case of murder, from my viewpoint. In New York, where I belong, a man whose victim lingers three days or more cannot be held for murder in the first degree. According to that law, of course, Leon Czolgosz, who shot down President McKinley in Buffalo in 1901, was not guilty of first degree murder, for McKinley lingered from Sept. 6 to Sept. 14, a matter of eight days; but the case

of Czolgosz was an exceptional case. It wouldn't do to let the man that killed a president of the United States go to Sing Sing instead of the electric chair.—A. J. Huyck, Deposit, N. Y.

Better Approach to Carbondale's D. & H. Station.

Some time ago Mayor A. L. Sahm of Carbondale communicated with the officials of the Delaware and Hudson with reference to improving the sidewalk and roadway leading from River street to the station, known as Trinity place.

The condition of the approach in sloppy weather is almost impassable and, acting on the suggestion of the mayor, a force of men commenced work Thursday tearing out the old wooden sidewalk, which will be replaced with concrete. It is also believed a macadam road will be built leading to the station, which will add materially to the appearance of that locality.

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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.

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