

THE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY BY THE CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24, 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.

Pious prayers for rain have thus far gone unanswered.

The Greater Honesdale Board of Trade is neither dead nor sleeping. The next meeting will be held September 9, and the secretary says there are plenty of applications for information from concerns seeking sites.

When aeroplanes are common enough not to attract attention they ought to be regarded with favor by the smugglers on the Canadian line.—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

Or, perchance, by some of the absconding bankers that skiddoo over the boundary into that blessed retreat which a great contemporary novelist has styled "Rogues' Rest."

BOY SCOUTS GOOD IDEA.

The following from a Scranton daily paper is going to have significance in Honesdale just so soon as the right person can be found to inaugurate a similar movement here:

A quartette of Scranton boys and their leader, A. J. Bevan, of this city, comprising a patrol of the Boy Scouts of America, left yesterday for Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., where they will camp with 1,000 other boys for two weeks, learning those things which the name of the organization implies. The boy scout movement was originated at the siege of Mafeking by the then Col. Baden-Powell, who was hard pressed by the Boers. He employed boys for carrying messages and scouting. A number of years ago thousands of English boys were organized and today England's boy scouts are known the world over. It is not a military organization, but the rudiments of military discipline and practices are to some extent taught the boys. In this country the movement is only three years old. In Scranton the organization was started under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association. Baden-Powell, raised to knighthood since the Boer war, will visit the Silver Lake camp.

The Boy Scout movement looks to us like a good idea. It has a tendency to get the lads out of disreputable if not positively iniquitous company by giving them an organization which, from its military character if for no other reason, must appeal to the average boy of plastic years, who is never benefited by being left entirely free to pick up any sort of Tom, Dick and Harry company on the public streets.

Sound bodies and sound morals in the young fellows now passing through their teens to the legal age of manhood and responsibility is the longest step toward a higher grade of citizenship five, 10 and a dozen years from now. It would be a right good plan to put the Scouts at work in Honesdale without delay. There are boys in this borough, and there are boys in Texas, that could be reached for desirable results through such an organization. The rowdy and the tough of tender years are sometimes converted into useful and law-abiding citizens by movements which combine the military with the social element. Judge BEN B. LINDSEY, that very earnest and able citizen who has done so much to purify the boys of Denver through his Children's court and its associated clubs and reading rooms and gymnasiums for boys, is an avowed advocate of the Scout movement. If we had the Scouts in Honesdale we might possibly have fewer disgraceful occurrences like that of Wednesday night, when hoodlums, all of them young in years, held up a church party on its way from Irving cliff and indulged in outrageous conduct that richly merited a jail term for every member of the gang.

OH, YOU AMUSING CRITIC!

The editor of The Citizen wishes to confess himself both amused and honored by the remark, imputed to an unmarried Wayne county woman of uncertain years, that "the Citizen is a very good paper, but the real nice society people of Honesdale cannot like the crude way in which it discusses the affairs of this community." Faults we have, and big, confounding ones they are, but ingratitude never has been laid at the door of the man who now is personally answerable for the local as well as for the editorial columns of this paper. If the fair critic of The Citizen's present practice of printing actual news, without color, bias or prejudice, did not happen to be a regular reader of this journal, and if sundry relatives, both blood and marriage, did not, to our positive knowledge, make a twice-a-week practice of perusing every syllable—local items, boiler plate, advertising and all—we should feel constrained by the most ordinary and natural promptings of a decent gratitude for favors rendered to send a copy by special delivery every Tuesday and Thursday night to our sweet critic's fireside address.

The day of censored things has come to Wayne county—and censored things compulsorily include the censored newspaper. Wayne county is no longer to be rated a backwoods balliwick, where the fact that Mrs. Jones and her three boys saw fit to take dinner in an adjoining township on a solitary Sunday is deemed more consequential from a news standpoint than the fact that her neighbor Smith was badly butted by his three-year-old bull, or that Mr. Johnson broke two ribs in a railroad smashup on the home division of the railroad, or that Mr. Tomkins has aspirations to hold down a seat in Congress. The neighborhood comings and goings, the little harmless, pleasant, congenial gossip of every nook and corner of the county, a county paper is supposed to record—and The Citizen will cheerfully print every such item of news that may be brought to its attention; but we do not propose to reflect on the intelligence of Wayne county people by assuming for the smallest timeable fraction of a second that they do not welcome a full and readable record of the really big and vital happenings of this paper's territory. The repeated assurance of Wayne county people—and we speak now of people who do not pay for this paper as well as for people who regularly subscribe—that they appreciate The Citizen's effort to give adequate presentation to the affairs which are actual news and to which city dailies would accord three times the space and 10 times the elaboration, is one of the most sunny features in the daily routine of the editor of The Citizen.

We are glad—we might add that, like the man from Washington and Africa and Oyster Bay and the Outlook office, we are de-light-ed—to know that "the nice 'sassy' people will not like such items of news" as the business and professional and railroad and political happenings, at the county seat and elsewhere within the confines of this journal's legitimate field of operations. We are by no means sure as yet that Wayne county contains any considerable quantity of those weak, insipid jackasses who see fit to hallucinate their heads with the old, wornout, discredited notion that Tom is socially superior to Jim because his family tree was planted 15 minutes earlier, or on account of the much more probable fact that he wears a made-to-measure suit of clothes which cost \$35 while Jim—poor democratic freak!—is contented with one he tried on in a clothing store and settled for with a \$10 bill before he left the clothier's premises. There are such men—and women—in profusion in some of the Eastern states, we grant, but the soil of Pennsylvania has never seemed particularly adaptable to the cultivation of snobs. There is a saving sense of humor, an agreeable lack of personal pomposity, a cordial and brotherly temperament in the average Pennsylvania man—and woman—that must tend to keep him and her from showing much patience with the whims and whines of the folks that aspire to be considered "sassy." The only aristocracy to be found in the state of Pennsylvania is the aristocracy of honorable behavior—an aristocracy that is recognized by good citizens everywhere. Our confidence in our practice of printing the news, without prejudice or partiality, is therefore twofold: We

know the people of Wayne county have sense enough to know news when they see it and to give their approbation to a paper that supplies it; and we have equal sanguinity for the "sassy" argument will find as little scope in this friendly locality as the claims of Dr. Cook that he discovered the North Pole and climbed Mt. McKinley, or the waning verbosity with which certain gentlemen who do not love the Republican or the Democratic party announce that Mr. BERRY is to have a majority of 1,000 votes in Wayne county.

The Connecticut man who has just been arrested for grinding up old cigar boxes and selling the product for pepper could evidently point out on his family tree the inventor of the wooden nutmegs of olden days. The ingenious Yankee manifests his peculiar talents through succeeding generations.—Lancaster New Era.

Yes, Connecticut, with all her sins and shortcomings of a political and moral nature to answer for, including the production of BENE-DICT ARNOLD and three emphatic majorities for one GROVER CLEVELAND, was smart enough to get started in life on a very trifling investment of soft pine, paint and impudence. The little state stowed away between Boston frogpond and the red ferryboats of Harlem river contains a large number of contented folks today who are rich because they sold those wooden nutmegs to a lot of raw suckers in the west and south, and then put the coin right into 8 per cent. mortgage bonds directly under the noses of the people they had "nutmegged."

Good manners, in order everywhere, are more noticeable in the postoffice than in most places. Rowdies and boors are easily spotted there. We do not like to say it, but a young woman who probably would consider herself terribly affronted if she were told that she is not a lady jammed up to the general delivery window the other night and insisted on being waited on before six men and women ahead of her in the line had been served. There is too much of this sort of impudence, in Honesdale and elsewhere. How would it be for the clerk at the window to have his instructions to send back to the foot of the line any man or woman who insists on "butting in" out of turn? It looks to us like an eminently wise and reasonable solution of the problem precipitated by the presence of selfish and egotistical people in the line at the general delivery window.

GINGERSNAPS.

Furnace days will soon be here. There's something to look forward to.

The family reunion business, now in full blast, makes no complaint about hard times.

After all, Hawley's Main street got her common oil before the Seelyville state road got her asphalt oil.

The country relatives throughout this broad and glorious land don't care how soon the summer season ends.

These are surely the days when it looks extremely suspicious for any one to straighten his hat in an apple orchard.

In Bradford, where they know the gentleman very well indeed, not much money is offered on the Congressional chances of George W. Kipp.

"I listen," say the French telephone girls when they answer a call. In the United States the party line folks might also get in on this remark.

Is there any man or woman so unfortunate as the individual who cannot think of a single country relative he or she might visit during this elegant month of August?

At last, at last, it is going to happen! Col. Teddy has just the same as promised Clifford B. Harmon (no relation to Judson Harmon of Ohio) that he will sail up with the aviator one of these fine days.

Carbondale has won two games. So have we. The "rubber" at the Lake will be fought for all there is in it, but Honesdale is not going to worry about her chances beforehand. The team that worries is lost. We are not going to lose.

An account of a North Carolina man who died at the age of 115 was dreadfully incomplete. Nothing was said about his using tobacco all his life. Just on account of that we are inclined to doubt the truth and veracity of the story.

White Mills is right in demanding that \$50 for the White Mills-Archbald game at Lake Lodore. At least one run, and probably two, came in when, with a man on third and a man on first, Catcher Shaffer, the hard hitter who can send the ball away over into the children's playground, knocked out a beautiful three-bagger and won the game for the Millers. The ball was fair by at least 10 feet, but fair ball or foul ball, the run or runs knocked in by Shaffer's three-bagger should have counted. The umpire cannot change his decision.

KEYSTONE PRESS.

If Lord Kitchener does take hold of that Chinese army there will soon be another world power to consider.—Pittsburg Sun.

Pittsburg's census ambitions were too high. Half a million population is quite a come down from expectations pitched 125,000 higher. Cheer up, Pittsburg, there is plenty of time to grow.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Although men who estimated the population of Pittsburg have all been shown up through the announcement of the city's real population, we have no hesitancy in saying again that there are 76,000 people in Johnstown and its suburbs.—Johnstown Democrat.

In New York state there is a law fixing twenty-five years' imprisonment as the penalty for an attempted murder, such a crime as Gallagher committed in shooting Mayor Gaynor. The shooting, however, was done on board a steamer at her dock in New Jersey and will have to be disposed of under the laws of that state, which do not call for such severe punishment.—Wellsboro Agitator.

The death from starvation of Virginia Wardlaw in the house of detention at Newark, where she had been removed from the county jail, will be taken as evidence by some that the proverbial Jersey justice goes awry. So far as the public has been informed, there has never been much more than suspicion against Miss Wardlaw and her wretched sisters, long in confinement without a trial, accused of murdering their niece, who was found dead in her home showing evidences of starvation.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Here's a recipe for tassing a woman hater: "August Mittlesteadt of Austin, Ill., has been known as a woman hater for twenty-five years. On Saturday he will marry Mrs. Adeline Gutsehaw. The widow explained how she won his heart. This is how: 'Add four eggs to a quart of milk, a half cup of sugar and a little vanilla. Bake half an hour until it sets. Serve custard hot with cream and sugar. Take one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk or cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of butter and four to mix soft. Add vanilla flavoring and bake until cookies are a delicious brown.'—Carbondale Leader.

Lots of automobiles are run on somebody else's gas. * * * Americans are the greatest peanut eaters in the world, which probably accounts for the fact that we have so many peanut politicians. * * * The Esperanto conference in Washington might find a lot of new words to puzzle over were it to delegate a representative to attend one of those Mountain league baseball games. * * * That Scranton man who swallowed a dentist's tool was lucky that it wasn't the forceps that slipped down his throat. In the event of such a catastrophe he might have found himself in a greater pinch than he was.—Bellefonte Democratic Watchman.

In reporting the Keystone convention at Towanda the Philadelphia North American said: "Ex-Congressman Kipp was on the platform, and the audience tried to applaud a speech out of him. But it didn't succeed." Does anyone know of an audience ever having succeeded in applauding a speech out of the Democratic candidate for congress from this district? Not that we are aware of. Mr. Lilley, his opponent in the congressional contest of four years ago, tried hard to get him to talk, but it was of no use. The Democratic candidate for congress does not make speeches. Why?—Towanda Reporter-Journal.

The announcement that for the first time since the industrial slump in 1907 the Baldwin Locomotive works have practically a full force of 16,000 men employed is an unusually encouraging industrial indication. The Baldwin plant naturally derives its sole patronage from railroads, the managers of which for several years past, in the face of anti-railroad agitation, have been decidedly backward in their purchases. With a demand for locomotives will naturally come a demand for the great volumes of supplies which enter into the running of our great transportation systems, thus exerting a beneficial influence upon all lines of industry.—Lancaster New Era.

WANTED—Experienced girl for general house work. Mrs. Shirley, Main street. colt.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

The fifth game of the series with Honesdale will be played at Lake Lodore, and I expect to have a team that will make the Maple City lads work for the honors.—Nicholas Murtaugh, Carbondale.

A copy of the Citizen that told about the bullhead I caught in Adams pond the other day has been sent to a paper published in a town in Jersey where I have some acquaintances and it will be reproduced in that paper, I expect.—Leo Freeman.

It is not hard to sell tickets for the firemen's outing. Everybody, almost, is willing and glad to help. At the same time, the job ought not to have been put on me for the third time. I shall be a busy man that day, with the refreshment committee and other committees besides.—William B. Roadknight.

Huntington lake has a permanent population of not more than 200, yet today there are 1,000 or more summer boarders, principally city people, stopping there and when you walk up street or down street all you can think of is Honesdale during Old Home week.—Henry Tingley.

I notice in an editorial of the Scranton Truth under date of Aug. 16 that someone has invented an automatic, rapid fire gun which will discharge 100 bullets per second. This ought to furnish food for thought for Frank Farnham, and incidentally I was thinking myself that if I had one of them at my house, so I could train it out the window in the small hours of the morning, I could probably break up some of those canine muscals, which only prove that there are "Cats and Katz and then some."—Jonas Katz.

I am always glad to see Honesdale and other Wayne county people in Port Jervis. I can show them an Elks' home that does not need to play second fiddle to any city the size of Port Jervis. The boys in our lodge like it pretty well, and so do some visitors, Honesdale included, that I have shown through the building. I have not been in Honesdale Elks belong to the lodge in Scranton, but I've had my share of good times in the counties on the other side of the Delaware and the people that live over that way look good to me.—Ed. McQuade, Port Jervis, N. Y.

It does not seem so very long ago that I was a boy—a pretty bad boy I expect—over there in dear old Honesdale. I remember being the kid at the roller skating rink. I got \$2 a week and all the tips I could make. Some days the tips were worth a dollar or more, and there was one woman who always gave "Little Johnny Wolfe," as they called me, half a dollar to put on her skates. That was when I was the devil in the Citizen office. Speaking about the Citizen, I recall one night when the boys I used to travel with got extra gay and before they'd made all the stops they smashed the glass in the front door of Mr. Penniman's handsome home on Main street. When the trick was discovered I was back in the office, working hard and looking innocent, but as soon as I knew my chums were suspected I went to the boss, told him I was in the crowd—though he wouldn't take my word for it at first—and offered to pay for the glass on condition that I shouldn't lose my job. He didn't let me pay for the glass, and he didn't fire me out of the office, either. There were a couple of fine old men—Henry Wilson and Edward A. Penniman. I am glad the Judge continues to enjoy a paying practice and that Mr. Penniman is wealthy enough to live without labor.—John L. Wolfe, Scranton.

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—A fine racing program has been arranged for each day. See the attractive purses offered.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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