

# THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, AUG. 26, 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.**  
**H. C. JACKSON.**

## ONE PHASE OF POPULATION.

The Carbondale Leader, an eminently safe and sane paper on all subjects save that of Mr. NICHOLAS MURTAUGH and his diamond pets, takes the right ground when it argues that quality as well as quantity of population is a factor to be reckoned with in a city's growth and development. Speaking of that little city's ambition to be a 25,000 town this time the Leader says:

We are on the anxious seat now in this town because we know not what the census bureau may announce at most any time regarding the amount of our population. We'd like to be a big city, with from 25,000 and upwards population, but under present conditions it will be a long time before we will attain to that size. We may have to be content with the figures of 10 years ago.

What should worry us more than the size of our population, however, is the question as to whether we are a good city. Not the biggest. Not the most enterprising small city even, but why not be the best? Why bother about quantity when we can develop quality? The comfort and happiness of a community are promoted, and even its reputation abroad is advanced, not so much by her size as by her excellence in those things which make up the sum of an ideal town, whether it be large or small.

Have we well-paved and clean streets? Are we well equipped with schools to educate our children so that they may grow into useful citizens and morally good men and women? Have we attractive public parks and finely proportioned public buildings to inspire our people with pride in their institutions and with a taste for the beautiful things in life? Are art and literature properly fostered? Have we an honestly administered government, with taxes not unduly high, but sufficient for the purposes of a city such as this should be?

If we are able to say yes to these questions and to others of a similar character which will suggest themselves, then Carbondale need not worry as to the results of Uncle Sam's recent count of noses. Indeed, a large population carries with it certain drawbacks at times in a lowered character of the units which help make it up, and while we recognize the influence and power which come from enlarged size, we must not be blind to evil conditions of living which often accompany it. Let us not pin our hopes entirely upon the number of our inhabitants. If we have fewer souls than we expected, let us address ourselves to the task of making up by quality what we lack in numbers, and thus we can complementarily pocket our pride and still find balm in Gilead.

This is the right kind of talk. We wish we could run across more papers that entertain and voice a similar sentiment. It is not always the number of souls a census allot to a given territory that guarantees that territory's prosperity and influence. It is not always the city making the longest population leaps that can show the greatest percentage of desirable citizens. Quantity is desirable, and the city that has shown no numerical gain since 1890, or 1900 even, is not to be considered a city that is rendering any very substantial service to the broadening of the nation; but the city that has attracted to itself, and attracting has succeeded in permanently holding, 2,000 good citizens, or 1,000, or 500, is a city more eligible from a business and a residential standpoint than the city which takes on 50,000 between censuses and then has to endure the mortification and expense of seeing 10,000 of them in jail and another 10,000 deriving their bread and cheese through public charity that the taxpayers have to settle for or through private charity which is another though somewhat different tug on the pursestrings of the thrifty, industrious and decent.

Carbondale will never be another Scranton, or another Wilkes-Barre, for population, business and money. Her conservative citizens scarcely hope to see Carbondale make the

25,000 class this time. She may reach it some day. She will not, we imagine, this time. But Carbondale is having a very solid and satisfactory growth in her own good time and manner. She is moving for better streets, especially for a better Trinity place, close by the Delaware & Hudson station. She is bound, in the long run, to supply better accommodations for her fire-fighters. She has a mayor who, if a bit irascible and vehement at periods, seems to have the municipal good at heart and who, it appears from reports of recent council meetings, is desirous of seeing the commission form of government tried out—a scheme that just now is receiving a considerable degree of attention from the thinking citizens of Harrisburg and Williamsport and York and Johnstown.

We refuse to be pessimistic about the tomorrow of our neighbor over the Moosic. Carbondale has good men and plenty of them. The Carbondale spirit, save on the somewhat hysterical and touchy topic of Honesdale ball games, is a fair and rational spirit. We congratulate Carbondale on a probable population of 20,000, a gain of 3,000 since the 1900 nose-counting. There are worse Pennsylvania cities than Carbondale. Cut out the brickbats and the cobblestones that too often disfigure a Sunday ball game in the Lackawanna city and Carbondale would be entitled to a place in the ranks of model Pennsylvania towns.

Canning time is here now, and the housewife is busy preparing the sweet things for winter. The Republicans of Pennsylvania expect to can BERRY in the fall.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN says that he will continue to work for the good of his party. Let's see. When did he begin?—Buffalo Express.

Mr. BRYAN is his own party, and to that party the Peerless Pleader of the Platte has been intensely and profitably loyal since that "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold" day in 1896. His work for that "party" has netted him approximately \$400,000, after deducting a \$20,000 farmhouse outside Lincoln, two trips to the Far East, a \$6,000 automobile, and a costly son-in-law whose grass widow is now married to an English officer in Jamaica. Why, in the name of the Chicago platform and the crop of Kansas Populists that at one time overshadowed and engulfed the crop of Kansas sunflowers, shouldn't Mr. BRYAN continue to labor assiduously for "the good of his party?" That "party" has boosted him from a snivelling little \$15,000 in 1896 to a near-plutocrat in time for the 1910 census. Mr. BRYAN would be ungrateful and unwise in the same breath if he went back on his "party" now. BRYAN'S loyalty to BRYAN has paid the Peerless Pleader well.

## THE TENNESSEE CONTEST.

The political situation in Tennessee is of national interest. There is a very hopeful prospect that a Republican governor may be elected in that state and that hereafter it may be fairly contested ground between the two parties, as Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri have become.

The Republicans have nominated for governor BENJAMIN W. HOOPER, a young and new leader in the party, who, from all reports, appears able to unite the party in his support and to invite the assistance of those Democrats who are opposed to Gov. PATTERSON and without whose aid he could not expect to be elected. Gov. PATTERSON, who has been renominated by the regular Democratic organization, has divided his party by pardoning Col. DUNCAN B. COOPER, the Confederate soldier last year convicted of killing ex-Senator CARMACK, and for his threatening and remarkable attitude toward the judges of the Supreme court who sustained the verdict against COOPER. The governor has further aggravated the situation by many other pardons of convicted criminals—several of them notoriously bad and dangerous men.

The executive attempt to menace and control the courts and his defeat of justice by abnormal exercise of the pardoning power when his threats proved ineffective have justly alarmed thoughtful and law-respecting citizens, Democrats as well as Republicans. At the last judicial election they supported and re-elected the judges who had refused to be dictated to by Gov. PATTERSON, who were not frightened by his threats, and who had been

denied a renomination by the regular Democratic organization under the governor's control. These judges are Democrats, but they were re-elected by the practically solid Republican vote, together with the vote of the anti-PATTERSON Democrats, an element to be reckoned with, for it seems to have dollars as well as courage at its command.

That same vote, if cast for the Republican candidate for governor, will elect Mr. HOOPER and will be a result as creditable to the Democrats who have a part in it as the support of the Democratic judges in the recent election was creditable to the Republicans. That this united action of decent forces is feared by Gov. PATTERSON and his faction has been made evident by the panicky but vain efforts of the governor to shift the responsibility for this pronounced popular resentment and indignation to other shoulders. He has reason to fear the majority of the people of the state, after sustaining the judges against his assaults, are not likely to renew his power to thwart justice either by browbeating courts or pardoning criminals.

The contest in Tennessee is really one for the restoration of the honor and good name of the state, both of which have been seriously impaired by the amazing conduct of hot-headed and irascible Gov. PATTERSON. Such a struggle is an essential test of the character of the state and the purpose of its people to make progress along enlightened lines. It naturally commands wide attention. It may mean that Tennessee, not Georgia, will be the next state to follow Missouri and break away from the solid South.

## GINGERSNAPS.

Unlike pugilists, actresses who get married and leave the stage always come back.

No country in the world breeds religious sects like America. It almost is like raising bananas in the tropics.

Having disagreed with everybody else, Senator Heyburn now goes back to Lincoln, who liked to hear "Dixie" played.

If the percentage of hangings was nearer the number of murders in the United States, there would soon be a falling off of both.

Mayor Gaynor's recovery will not alter the moral aspect of his assailant's crime, but it will be exceedingly lucky for him in a legal way.

It must give the old Democratic donkey that tired feeling to learn that a plot is afoot in Oklahoma which has for its object the retirement of Senator Gore in favor of Senator-to-be Haskell.

In Persia the Feast of the Lake is a grand drunk, called for the enthronement of a new Shah. In Wayne county the Game at the Lake should see a peaceful and orderly assemblage congregated to decide whether Honesdale or Carbondale is boss of the diamond. The rowdy tactics of that Sunday game in Carbondale a few weeks back must not be repeated. The last game of the five must be a clean game, in which the best nine wins the day and by which no sore spots are left in memory.

The anti-spitting law is being vigorously enforced in Wilkes-Barre these days and many a careless cus has to endure separation from a dollar bill in consequence of having been caught in the act of baptizing the sidewalk; but now and then a stranger transgresses without getting landed. For instance, a Honesdale man who spent Saturday and Sunday over there at the capital of Luzerne admits he broke the law three times—and didn't pay \$3, or \$1 even. He says the enforcement is a fine thing and that he should have been promptly pulled and fined. He adds that Honesdale should have her anti-spit law and enforce it right up to the handle. "Enforce" is right!

## KEYSTONE PRESS.

Columbus should now discover a way to make the street car strikers keep the peace.—Altoona Gazette.

The only aviation feat that would cause any comment now would be a trip to the moon and back.—York Dispatch.

Wharton Barker of Philadelphia has again flocked off by himself and become a new political party.—Chester Times.

Indianapolis has a gain of 38 per cent. in population for the last 10 years. All the poets in Indiana must have gone there to live near their publishers.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Schenectady, N. Y., has increased in population nearly 130 per cent. during the past ten years. We are now convinced there's nothing in a name.—Johnstown Tribune.

"Wall street calls it 'house-cleaning.'" But as it is the pockets of the unwary that are emptied, would not "pocket-cleaning" be more like the thing?—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The greatest joke of the season is the Keystone party ticket, and yet the Johnstown Democrat, one of the best edited papers in western Pennsylvania, takes it seriously. Haw! haw!—Windber Era.

The new census shows that Pittsburg has a population of over half a million, placing that city seventh in rank in the union, and this probably doesn't include the large portion of her population now in retirement at Riverside.—Bellefonte Watchman.

Our Democratic friends profess considerable joy because of the apparent lack of harmony in the Republican party. But their adulation will not be of the permanent variety. A little fighting within the ranks of a great party organization is necessary in its continued usefulness. New York state is the great battleground of the present and it is divided in sentiment between the Republicanism for which Theodore Roosevelt stands and that which is represented by the "old guard" under the leadership of Vice-President James S. Sherman. The state committee, which chose Mr. Sherman above Colonel Roosevelt for chairman of the coming convention, has only limited powers. When it comes to a vote upon the floor of the convention Mr. Sherman may be asked to yield his position. At any rate, it will be a splendid battle and both sides to the contest will be Republicans. After the convention the embattled armies will come together for the attack upon their common enemy. We cannot observe that the Democrats have great reason for the joy which they are expressing, except that they are naturally optimistic.—Titusville Herald.

## RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

I'm going to get some money this week, somehow or other, and take my family for a trip before August is over. Why not! I'll be dead a long time some day and I'm going to live while I live.—J. Sam Brown.

I am glad to learn through the medium of the public press that my wife and I are to celebrate our golden wedding in 1835. Time is going to turn backward in its flight in the Ross family, it would seem.—George P. Ross.

Yes, I like Honesdale. It is a beautiful town. On the way here the car that brought me to my new job ran through some beautiful scenery, and to a lady I met on the trip I said: "If I were a young fellow with a girl to entertain I never would hire a livery rig but I'd take her to ride down this valley on this train." She said she guessed I was right.—George Fisher (new Herald foreman).

My "kid" orchestra is coming finely nowadays and I think they will give a good account of themselves on their first public appearance, which may be before very long. One thing to be borne in mind when you talk about these boy and girl players of mine is the fact that the regular band players of Honesdale are many of them getting on in years and there's nobody in sight to take their places. I hope to fix up the music of the future, so far as Honesdale is concerned, by training some young players to entertain the audience of 10 years from now, or even less time than that. It's worth while.—Robert M. Dorin.

## The Man Without a Party.

The case of W. J. Bryan is undoubtedly a sad one. He is the Jonah of politics. He caused the downfall and disappearance of the once flourishing Populist party; he brought the great Democratic party to the brink of ruin. His fondness for new issue—whether free silver or anti-imperialism, state railroads or suppression of the liquor traffic—seems to be the chief cause of his trouble. He can't sit still. He will not stay put. If today he sees the millennium with a milled eagle and a figure of Richard P. Bland descending in glory from the clouds, tomorrow it will wear the aspect of an empty demijohn, accompanied by a vision of John B. Gough. Naturally this has bred distrust. The doctor who prescribes herring on his first visit, earmuffs on his second, firecrackers on his third, and a Chautauqua course on his next as a cure for warts is likely to lose the confidence of his patient and may get kicked downstairs. This is exactly what has happened to Mr. Bryan. He has hunted up paramount issues for the Democratic party for nearly a score of years. He has changed his policies almost as often as his necktie. And at the last shift the disgusted Democrats threw him overboard.

Now comes the saddest part of the tale. This political Jonah can find no abiding place. The Prohibition whale has refused to swallow him. As Mr. Bryan's last political

panacea was one that should have enlisted their warm support, his case is hopeless. Aaron S. Watkins of Kentucky, who was the Prohibition candidate for vice-president two years ago, has declared that "the Prohibition party will not accept him." He might swallow his pride and knock for admission at the door of the Socialists. But the Socialists are not likely to welcome one who for years has been stealing their thunder to butter his biscuits. So Mr. Bryan is like the "Man Without a Country" in Edward Everett's Hale's tale—without kindred, without flag, without home. It is truly a sad case. All new subscribers to the Commoner ought to receive as a premium a copy of the Democracy's new battle hymn: "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"—Editorial in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

## Iowa Still Loyal to Taft.

Charles I. Vail, a Blairtown, Iowa, lawyer, writes this office: "In a separate cover I am mailing you a marked copy of The Vinton Eagle, a paper published in my county and one of the leading semi-weekly papers of Iowa. I send it to you and have marked the editorial page, that you may know something of the sentiment of about one-half of the Republican voters of Iowa in favor of President Taft. While by the haphazard result of the primary election, Cummins obtained a majority of the delegates to the state convention, it is not a correct expression of the attitude of the Republicans of Iowa toward President Taft and should not be conclusively taken that the majority is in favor

of Cummins as against Taft. I have it in mind that perhaps you would like to quote from the editorial page, so that your readers may know Iowa is not what the speech of Cummins and the platform of the convention appear to make it to be. Also you will find on the same page editorials from the Milwaukee Sentinel and other papers in regard to the same matter."

I OFFER a nice little home with one-half acre of ground, at East Honesdale, at a reasonably low price. Good house with ample porches, (8 rooms), city water and fine spring. DORIN. 66t1

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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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