

THE CITIZEN

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W. W. WOOD, - - MANAGER AND SECY
HILLIARD BRUCE, - - EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 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.

TENER IS COMING SATURDAY.

It is desirable that every good Republican in Honesdale, and as many good Republicans from Wayne county as can arrange to be with the Honesdale Republicans that day, plan to be on hand Saturday, when the party's candidate for that gubernatorial seat at Harrisburg, the Hon. JOHN KINLEY TENER, comes around to look us over.

Mr. TENER, from the present plans of the candidate, has only a few hours to shake the hands of his Honesdale and Wayne county supporters; but in that short space of time he will, beyond all question, discover that old Wayne county, the beauty spot of the northeastern Pennsylvania hills and the home of some of the staunchest party men that ever voted a ticket, is still safe and sane on the absorbing question of Pennsylvania politics and proposes to contribute its mite to the very comfortable majority of 100,000 or more that Mr. TENER is absolutely certain to receive in November.

There is something wonderfully attractive, something irresistibly compelling, in the personality and career of this man TENER. He started poor. He commenced life with health and brains and ambition and pluck and industry, but with mighty little money to boast him toward his goal. When he began to play ball and worked himself up to a tidy salary as well as to an enviable reputation for diamond efficiency, he was for the first time in his life drawing income enough to live on Easy street. JOHN TENER, the old boys that were with him in those glad days of sticks and strikes and uniforms will tell you, was a pitcher who pitched clean ball; in business life and in political life the morals of the honest sportsman have stuck by him, and no carping critic of TENER in Chaleroi or TENER in Washington or TENER in Harrisburg can ever have occasion to veraciously picture him in any dubious connection with a dollar.

The ball field in time gave way to business, as the ballfield of every ambitious player eventually must, and JOHN K. TENER became a builder and a banker—builder of the pretty little town of Chaleroi, where every man, woman and child will tell you that they count him their friend; and a banker because he ran the bank that financed the projects from time to time introduced by Mr. TENER and his associates to develop the splendid waterpower and other prime industrial facilities of that naturally rich Monongahela Valley country and incidentally to give employment to needy thousands in Washington county. Today Chaleroi, thanks to the TENER influence and the TENER bank working together for good to all the people of that fruitful section, is one of the model towns of the East for homes and roads and schools and a contented, industrious population.

In Washington, where for 10 years Mr. TENER has served his constituents and his country well in the same session—a performance to which not all Congressmen can conscientiously claim credit—the man from Chaleroi has been a worker and a producer. He has given particularly efficient service to the gigantic scheme for an inland waterway system that shall start at Cape Cod, the seaward tip of Massachusetts, and go clear down the coast to the St. John's river at Jacksonville and thence directly across the peninsula of Florida to the Mississippi below New Orleans—a project that must ultimately multiply Atlantic coast trade and bring benefit to every state between Portland and Texas. He has been an energetic supporter of the measures advocated by THEODORE ROOSEVELT for stricter government supervision of railroads and other corporations that operate over a wide territory, and,

though a man with some money to invest in legitimate enterprises, Mr. TENER has never been accused of being a sympathetic corporation tool except by the men in all parties to whom the \$7,500 salary of a Congressman always spells the tainted retainer of Wall street and who for some inexplicable reason see fit to delude their noddies with a notion that a man cannot own brick blocks and banks as the result of his own intellect and industry but must filguzzle them out of the means of some poor devil that never had a chance to hobnob with the boodie mongers.

On this tour of the state he is making now Mr. TENER is creating an exceedingly favorable impression on men from the city and men from the country. He is making no extravagant promises. That is not the nature or the practice of TENER. In his pitching days he never agreed to strike out 27 men in a single game. He has thrown no mud at his opponents, though the good Lord knows Mr. GRIM and Mr. BERRY have thrown enough at him to make the whole hill at Harrisburg look like Main street in Honesdale after an all night's sprinkle. When he played ball Mr. TENER never stooped to disparage his opponents; when he was promoted to play politics he pursued the same live-and-let-live policy that was TENER'S in his days on the diamond. He has called attention to some conditions in this state that need a speedy remedy, and he has told his crowds everywhere that if he is elected he will not be found lagging in efforts to apply that remedy. His talk is the plain, matter-of-fact, manly talk of a man to whom clean-cut and rational business principles at all times make the most forcible appeal and who knows that honesty is the best morals as well as the best policy. Wayne county, like all the other counties that have heard him, will be impressed by the sincerity and sense of JOHN K. TENER.

JOHN M. REYNOLDS, who is on the ticket for lieutenant-governor, HENRY HOUCK, renominated for secretary of internal affairs, and CHARLES FRED WRIGHT, the Susquehanna county ex-congressman now running for his first full term as state treasurer, will be in the TENER party. Mr. REYNOLDS is not so well known in this corner of the state as he is in central and western Pennsylvania, but his work for Pennsylvania at Washington is known without recourse to the Congressional Record. Mr. HOUCK is one of the popular men of Lebanon county, where they long ago learned to call him "the sunshine of Lebanon Valley." That is almost as good an encomium as to be the sunshine of Paradise alley! And CHARLIE WRIGHT—we all know him! Even if we did not expect to disappoint the Hon. BILL DIMMICK and the Hon. FRED G. TOLLEY by giving our majority to Mr. TENER instead of to Mr. BERRY, we should be charmed to have Mr. TENER in our midst that day, or any day, just because he likes our CHARLIE WRIGHT and CHARLIE WRIGHT likes him.

Wayne is for TENER anyhow, of course; but the visit of the gubernatorial candidate and his fellow ticketmen will boost by quite a little the majority the Republican nominees are certain to get in this county.

GINGERSNAPS.

Can the phonograph give us a canned can-can?

How to feather your own nest is a ticklish subject.

There are none so deaf as those who won't hear the still, small voice.

October straw rides will soon show what way the matrimonial winds blow.

Even when he is seeking others, the detective may be what is called self-seeking.

There will not be a false note in the Tener demonstration at Honesdale Saturday.

No, Evangeline, in Peru the mark of the dogwood is not referred to as Peruvian bark.

It's another kind of uppishness when some cross people get called in the morning.

In advancing wages, it is not at all reprehensible for the printer to raise the devil.

It doesn't follow that the rich parasol maker got his money through shady transactions.

Would you say that the undertaker who cannot collect his bills is "dead stuck" on his business?

If you want to know what "the land of the living" means, go and watch a passenger ship unload.

Some theatrical would-be stars are like the comet—gone into eclipse, having failed to make a hit.

Have you looked over last winter's overcoat to see whether it can again answer to rollcall?

One of the worst things going, you might say, is the bore of a guest who refuses to go.

The polite well-preserved woman doesn't say, "Wouldn't that jar you?" when some one tells her she is a peach.

Have you been tagged as yet? If not, that winsome blonde or sparkling-eyed brunette is waiting for you between here and the next corner. Please don't renig!

Oh yes, you need not be a poet to know the frost will soon be on the pumpkin. Or that the snow will soon be on the sidewalk before breakfast-time in the morning, either.

The blanket that was pool-poohed during the daytime as an old maid's idea, tee-totally unworthy the attention of a real live, red-blooded man of the moment, comes in mighty handy in the wee, small hours of these September mornings.

The last baseball news of Wayne county for this season of 1910 is pretty good news at that. Tom Gill's White Mills team is to get the \$50 the Millers honestly won from Archibald at Lake Ledore that beautiful Heptasoph picnic day in August.

We presume the sovereign state of Pennsylvania will be on the map of the universe at 12 o'clock sharp the night of Dec. 31, despite the pitiful fact that the 1910 apple crop is little, if any more than half a crop in the 67 counties of good old Pennsylvania.

We harbor the impression if not the full-fledged, black and white belief that Woodrow Wilson, college president and Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey, will be almost as chilly cool a candidate as Alton Brooks Parker, the Strong Swimmer of Esopus, who "also ran" in 1904.

Dr. Cook and his claims to Polar priority will not deter, says an ex-claimant, we prefer to say that the prevalent opinion of the American people that Dr. Cook is the greatest humbug, fakir, fraud, fourflusher and bag of wind generally that ever made a track up the continent will not down.

There are lots and lots of Maine Democrats never before heard of, locally, statewide and nationally, who think they are real competent to hold down that United States senate seat tenanted so long and so well by the Hon. Eugene Hale, a statesman whose prominence antedates Tom Reed and his speakership.

"Clump" Clark's threat to drive two Democratic mules from Missouri down Pennsylvania avenue to the White House nicely on March 4 should work up quite for what few Chautauqua dates the Missouri congressman has left. It is hardly heavy enough for the lyceum platform this winter.

The John K. Tener buttons the county chairman commenced to distribute Saturday show an all-fired goodlooking man on the face of 'em. Now, if the women folks could vote in these 67 counties, the Tener avalanche in November would be even greater than the one beneath which the Hon. Grim and the Hon. Berry are shortly to be buried.

Twentieth century physical culture and athletics have received a setback from which they cannot expect to recover until another American distance runner goes across the pond and cabbages a full-sized Marathon. Congressman Billy Sulzer, the arch exponent of the standing broad jump at Tammany district plenaries, will not from present indications be the Democratic nominee for governor of York state.

Here's hoping today's meeting of the fair workers for the Honesdale hospital will get on their job at 3 sharp, as advertised; that they will get a permanent president and a permanent secretary in less time than it took them to get a president pro tem and a secretary with the same titles; that they will get together with the vim and the alacrity Honesdale women have a way of showing when there comes to their hands any effort for the benefit of humanity; and that the \$5,000 the town must raise to find the state's \$5,000 may be pledged before June 1.

KEYSTONE PRESS.

It cost Hoke Smith and his friends some \$17,000 to win the Democratic primaries in Georgia and the governorship, which is what Hoke Smith gets for the money, isn't worth anywhere near that sum. The liberal use of money in elections is not the exclusive offense of any party.—Philadelphia Press.

Every now and then some kind friend informs us that a certain individual intends to discontinue his subscription because the editorial columns do not exactly voice his sentiments. Of course there always will be people in the world who insist that everybody must think precisely as they do all the time. But they are not very numerous.—Altoona Tribune.

Candidate Tener is being well received wherever he goes, and especially by the farmers, whom he promises to help by enforcing the pure food laws and other health measures, encouraging in every way the building of good roads and the building up of schools, especially in rural districts. He is a clear thinker and direct in his statements and will make a good governor.—Franklin Evening News.

When we get so good that we don't talk about our neighbors they'll be so good they won't be worth talking about.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Occasionally the erudite editor of the Venango Herald emits something really funny, as, for example, when he said: "It will soon be time to go chestnutting and get burrs in your fingers." Alas! We have not had a chestnut burr in our fingers for so long we almost forget what it feels like.—Oil City Blizzard.

The honor of former Gov. Hoke Smith's victory over Governor Joseph M. Brown for the gubernatorial nomination at the primaries in Georgia is somewhat dimmed by the itemized accounts of campaign expenses filed with the comptroller of the state. Mr. Smith spent \$17,596.10 and Governor Brown \$3,950.75. The salary of the governor of Georgia is \$3,000 a year.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Old Settlers' reunions and other similar gatherings have the right of way in the late summer. Such occasions supply a much-needed relaxation to the farmer and others who have toiled hard through the summer heat, and they are usually full of interest and enjoyment. They form a connecting link with the past and the present and there is something especially delightful in seeing old relatives, friends and former neighbors greet one another after years of absence. To those who come from the large cities to attend such doings it means, if even but for a brief season, "back to the day is not for them one of the very brightest in the entire circle of the year, and that the monotonous grind of business life?—Bristol Courier.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

I don't want to hit Jersey again on an election day, either with an automobile party or any other way. In one place where Gene Courtwright and I and Pete landed they wanted us to go right into the booth and vote, citizens or no citizens. What do you know about that?—John N. Sharpsteen.

That automobile my brother and I bought the other day is not precisely a pleasure machine, though, naturally the friends of George and myself will be remembered. It costs no more to spin over Wayne, Monroe, Pike, Bradford, Wyoming and Susquehanna in an auto than it does to pay fare on a train, and I can stop wherever I please to do business. This car we bought in the expectation that it would produce results.—N. J. Spencer.

It costs money to go motoring in the beautiful country that lies to the south of here, believe me. Down the Delaware valley they certainly do soak a man who comes to town via gasoline route. I left Stroudsburg with 84 cents in my jeans and from that point on the party had to beg, borrow, sign notes and get trusted. I charge this shortage to the fact that Sharpsteen is a good deal of a kid in his tastes and persisted in buying postcards every place we stopped.—E. H. Courtwright.

When you get to handing out your dope about the strenuous life, please apply to me for further information. I was in Carbondale the other day, ready to board my friend Ward's train for Honesdale, when one of my smart friends said to me, "Don't let's get on here, but walk across town and take the train at Lincoln avenue." I had my doubts about the practicability of the performance, but he insisted and he and I started. The distance is so near a full mile that there's no fun in calling it anything else, and the last leg of the course is all up hill, around corners, up a steep grade, and then more hill to the track, which seemed to me as though it must be on top of Pike's peak or some other noted mountain by the time I got there. About three blocks from our destination I handed my bag to a younger traveler headed in the same direction, but my overcoat was still an impediment. My ambitious friend in front, who made the pace between stations and spared no pains to have it hot enough, wore an overcoat and had a bag, like myself, and he was not so smart when we reached Lincoln avenue as when we left Trinity place. We made the train by a hair's breadth and now we laugh at that chase through the streets and up the hills of Carbondale, but I wouldn't take that trip again for the price of the train.—Ben Robinson.

THE OLD HYMNS MUST STAY.

The proposal to eliminate "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" from the list of hymns to appear in a new missionary hymnal has aroused both clergymen and laymen to whom the old hymns represent a wealth of tender sentiment and association, which means to them a great deal more than considerations of rhetorical, metrical structure or musical science. The objection appears to have been made that Bishop Heber's famous missionary hymn ("apostrophizes mountains and winds and rivers"—but so does "America," with its frank reference to rocks and rills and templed hills. If those who object to the hymn on the ground that it "emphasizes natural rather than revealed religion" are unable to look through nature up to nature's God, to be consistent they should deprecate the inclusion in their manual of worship of Addison's magnificent hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High."

The inspirational value of a hymn is to be judged in large measure by its popular reception. The good that it has done to thousands to sing it is the true test, and not the academic decision of a committee or a council of editors. A hymn like "The Morning Light is Breaking," is nothing much as literature, it makes no pretensions to being a great poem, but it is a great hymn

because it has lent wings to the heavy-laden souls of humankind in every land. A hymn like "Throw Out the Lifeline" may provoke the polite ridicule of a professor of belles-lettres, but roared out lustily in a sailors' mission or on shipboard it has had its own unmeasured influence for good. The Salvation Army uses many a crude and homely ballad, but the simple sincerity of the performance by the street choir redeems the banal character of the song, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"—It is easy enough to poke fun at such hatchet-made verses, but they have reclaimed more wanderers and prodigals than have been recaptured by highly paid warblers and cathedral organs.

An old hymn is an old, familiar friend, and it recalls the past as no power on earth can do. The multitude do not much care what the critics think of "Abide With Me," or "Sun of My Soul," or "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," or "Lead, Kindly Light," or "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." These hymns may or may not be weighed in the delicate balances of purists and precisians and he found wanting. They have long ago been taken to the hearts of the people, and that is all that is necessary. If the publishers of hymn books do not care to print them, that is the publishers' concern; they will be handed down by oral tradition, as in the days when books were painfully hand-written and too rare and too dear for the poorer folks to buy. The mistake of judgment will be not that of the people who obstinately continue to love the good old hymns, but that of the critics who think that whatsoever things are newfangled are the things the people ought to be trained to like.—Editorial in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Having closed up our branch store at Delhi, N. Y. we will close our stock at

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Full line of Men's, Gents' and Children's clothing and Gents' Furnishings must go to make room for our large fall stock.

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Menner & Co. have got a splendid assortment of goods this fall. It is worth your while to call and look them over. Prices are very low.

Get your winter clothing now and get it from BREGSTEIN Bros. who have laid in a new assortment of up-to-date goods which they are disposing of at unusually low prices. DON'T DELAY.

Who Will Gather the Sheekles?

Editor of The Citizen: Reading in your paper of the meeting of the ladies of Honesdale concerning a hospital, can you inform me to whom and where subscriptions will be received?

Very truly yours,
A CONSTANT READER.
Scranton, Sept. 17.

The Citizen will receive subscriptions for hospital. Will acknowledge same in each issue.

Catarrh Germs

MOVE OUT WHEN HYOMEI MOVES IN.

No stomach dosing. HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me) is made from the highest grade of eucalyptus, taken from the eucalyptus forests of inland Australia, and combined with the excellent antiseptics employed in the Listerian system.

In inland Australia the atmosphere is so impregnated with balsam thrown out by the eucalyptus trees that germs cannot live, and in consequence catarrh and consumption are unknown.

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An outfit consists of a bottle of HYOMEI, a hard rubber pocket inhaler and simple instructions for use. The inhaler will last a lifetime, but bear in mind if you need another bottle of HYOMEI you can get it at druggists for only 50c. at any time. Guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup and throat troubles, or money back. Trial samples of Hyomei free to readers of The Citizen. Address Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.