

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1911.

Meet me at the High School Entertainment-to-night [Thursday!]

TENER MAKING GOOD.

Governor John K. Tener is "making good" at a rate that is astonishing his warmest friends, and discomfiting his greatest enemies. It always pays to put a "business man" at the helm of affairs. We predict, that under his administration, Pennsylvania will enjoy a regime that will redound to the peace and prosperity of its inhabitants.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Next Monday, the anniversary of the birth of the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, will occur. We are pleased to see that so many of the pastors of Honesdale and Wayne county churches are planning special services for next Sunday. The rolling years add but new lustre to the memory of the man who kept the Union, one and inseparable.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is a very uncertain commodity. It runs this way and that. Like a pendulum it swings from one extreme to the other. Sometimes we think John Smith is a demi-god, and then again we are sure he is a semi-devil. Days come when every pleasure-loving citizen is sure John Smith will be the lucky winner, but when the political "sinews of war" are exhausted, and "smokes" and "fire water" are no longer to be had for the asking, enthusiasm wanes and Mr. Voter is not quite so sure about the successful outcome of John Smith's candidacy. By the way, very few people nowadays are perpetrating the blunder of a certain railroad magnate, who some years ago relieved his surcharged feelings by saying "The people be d--d." It is amusing to see how contemptuously certain individuals speak of the "power of the press," and yet how they will move heaven and earth to prevent the publication of their faults and foibles. It might be just as well for certain persons to remember, that the public press, is not only a "mirror," but a "moulder" of public opinion.

THE WEATHER.

We admit, at the outset, that "the weather can talk for itself." It seems to us that it must be a "linguist," to judge from the many varieties of temperature we have experienced this Winter. One day it will be lukewarm, the next morning cold, the following evening, the mercury will frantically climb up the tube. Oh, it has been a great Winter—an awful winter—for "Grippy Colds," for "Grip and Near-Grip," for Rheumatism and all the ills that human flesh is heir to. Oh, for a gold old-fashioned Winter—the kind you read about,—the sort we used to enjoy,—when as little kids, with knee-deep pants, we used, unwillingly to trudge to the dear little old Red School-house, where we assimilated learning by the famous "hickory process."

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE! The man who wrote those famous lines, which you and I used to declaim, with trembling knees, and shaking hands, and perspiring face, before the admiring visitors, Friday afternoons at school, and which run something like this— "Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! It sheltered me, when I was young, And I'll defend it now."

—may have understood his business, but he couldn't make good with any verses like that, nowadays! The very latest theory in tree-trimming, is to "cut off" the bough, and amputate it near the trunk. Central Park, Honesdale, and other shady nooks, are suffering from incompetent arboreal surgery. What we need in Honesdale is a "Shade Tree Commission," composed of three skilled foresters, who know all there is to know about trees, and who, so the Law says, may be appointed by the honorable Town Council, to take up the matter, and make Honesdale's trees "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

Even down in Jersey—Shameless Jersey—Jersey, notorious for raising the most famous breeds of mosquitos, in the world, they have such commissions, and they have parks that are really, truly "Lovers' Lanes," where John and Mary may stroll along, arm in arm, without molestation, and secure from the prying eyes of Mammias, Pappas, and Policemen!

"MAKE IT A BOOK!"

Next Tuesday is St. Valentine's Day. Instead of sending silly and inane missives to your sweetheart, why not send her a book? Books, next to people, are after all your best friends. And when you have gone the way of all the earth, they will remain as everlasting memorials of you and your thoughtfulness.

PEOPLE'S FORUM.

"Hawley's Population, 2018." Dear Editor: In your "Impressions of Hawley" you stated that it was a city of 1900 inhabitants. Now, Hawley people are noted for wanting their things at full size or a little bigger. The exact number of its people is 2018. JOSEPH S. PENNELL, Enumerator, 1910.

GOD SAVE OUR TOWN.

Beyond the sea in cities old, With time worn walls and moss grown towers, Still, as we are by travelers told, The ancient watchman calls the hours.

At midnight when the moon rides high Rings out his voice to the roofs and the sky, "Twelve o'clock—twelve o'clock— and all's well. God save our town."

But scarce his voice had died away, Ere from the great cathedral down, 'Midst the sculptured saints who pray away, Rings out o'er the sleeping town, The pealing voice of the mighty bell, "All's well—all's well. God save our town."

'Mid the sultry heat of the summer night, When the houses shake to the thunder's tread, And the cross on the spire is wrapped in light, By the lurid lightning shed, Clear 'mid the voice of the dashing rain, The watchman shouts with might and main: "Twelve o'clock—twelve o'clock— and all's well. God save our town."

And thus throughout the rolling year, Whether the sky be foul or fair, Whether the moon shines brightly down, O'er the glistening roofs of the peaceful town, Through the perfumed summer air, Or casts its dim, lack lustre light Through the drifting clouds of the autumn night, The watchman walks his round, Waiting the midnight hour to sound "Twelve o'clock—twelve o'clock— and all's well. God save our town."

And answering from the lofty spire The voice of the bell comes high and higher, Each listening ear and trusting heart to tell, "All's well, all's well, all's well. God save our town."

From flood, from fire, From battle's ire, From earthquake's harm, From rage of storm, From pestilence that walks abroad And spreads its flight, By noon or night, God save our town."

From pride that scorns a neighbor door, Or drives the beggar from his door, From misers boarding up their gold, From rascals cunning, bright or bold, Each in their several degrees, And from the loud-voiced Pharisees, God save our town."

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

How the Imagination Figures Between the Two In Question.

It was the morning of that fearful, uncertain day on which the bonds were to be made fast, when a tiny path yet to be made, when each tries to peer into the future and wonders and doubts and hesitates. They were alone, and she drew near him, aware and watchful. "Harold, dearest, in a few hours it will all be over. Can you grasp it all? But did you dream of me last night?"

"Yes, ownest, I saw you as a black, marvelous swan, drifting placidly all alone on a mirrored lake, with here and there a flat, floating leaf. And then I, a humble, joyous swan, too, began to float out to you. And my soul took fire, dearest, and I thrilled all over as you swung superbly around, and I wished to be a poet, with a living, passionate pen, and I wished myself an earth god and that a raging wind would swoop down upon you that I might seize you in my arms and defy the storm god. And I could smell sweet incense and hear the tinkling of innumerable bells and could feel the delirium of a burning heart, and again I wished to be a poet that I might sing—" "But, Harold, do you really love me?"

He paused, breathed deep and poured out his soul, "Yes, dearest, I think you are it." And then she held up her vibrant lips, confident, satisfied.—Puck.

Right to the Point.

When the lord chief justice visited Ireland he was often entertained by a hospitable gentleman who had an old butler, who took the privilege of speaking his mind freely. On one occasion the claret did not quite meet the host's approval, so he called the ancient butler and said: "I told you you were to put the best claret on the table. Is this the best?" "No, sorr, it is not the best claret," replied the old fellow, "but it's the best ye've got."—London Tit-Bits.

NECROLOGY.

Funeral Of Mrs. Ferguson Kiple.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Ferguson Kiple, Dalton, were held Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock in the Grace Protestant Episcopal church, Rev. A. L. Whittaker, the rector, officiating. Interment was made in Glen Dyberry cemetery. The pallbearers were: R. M. Stocker, Esq., H. Z. Russell, E. C. Mumford, Esq., O. T. Chambers, J. N. Welch, J. D. Weston.

Funeral Of Contractor Brown.

Hundreds of people went to the home of the late Fire Chief and Contractor Richard H. Brown, Thursday afternoon, to pay their final tribute of respect and love. The services were conducted at 2:30 p. m., by Rev. W. H. Swift, D. D., assisted by Rev. Will H. Hillier. Interment was made in Glen Dyberry.

Fire Chief Brown's Record.

Mr. Brown's "fireman record" follows: Joined Protection Engine Co. Number 3, June 14, 1887; elected second assistant foreman, March 11, 1891; first assistant, September 8, 1891; foreman, September 14, 1906; served until 1909; again elected foreman, September 14, 1909; elected Chief of Fire Department, November 7, 1910.

Death Of Cornealius L. Riley.

Cornealius Leo, son of John W. Riley, Preston, died in a hospital in Omaha, Neb., January 27, after an illness of nine weeks of typhoid fever, aged 29 years. Cornealius was a bright, energetic young man and was graduated from the Dairy Department of State College and practiced the trade of butter maker for three years; later he was manager of Hotel Jones, Hancock, N. Y., which position he held up to his departure for Omaha in October last in company with his brother James. The latter died December 16 of the same disease. Cornealius possessed a sunny disposition, always pleasing and sympathetic. It is universally expressed "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." His remains were brought to the home of his parents, Monday, January 30. The funeral, which was largely attended, was held from St. Juliana's church, Wednesday, February 1, where a requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. P. E. La Velle. Interment in Rock Lake cemetery. Besides his parents he is survived by two brothers, Joseph at home, and Andrew, at Susquehanna.

Death Of Dr. Helen M. Miller.

At her home in Cleveland, Ohio, after weeks of intense suffering on the morning of January 6, 1911, the soul of Dr. Helen M. Miller took its flight. Her body was brought by her two sisters, Mrs. George Moag and Mrs. Fritz, who were with her a short time before her death to Pleasant Mt., where on January 11, a short funeral service was conducted at the home of George Moag by a former pastor, Rev. H. J. Crane, assisted by Rev. Mr. Schenck and interment was made in the Pleasant Mount cemetery.

Dr. Miller was well known in Wayne county, where she had lived and labored a large portion of her life. She was born at the Miller homestead in Mount Pleasant, January 26, 1853, where she resided and attended school during young womanhood. She afterwards attended school at Prompton and Millersville normal and Waynesburg College. She taught in Honesdale for a few years. Later she went to Philadelphia, where she was graduated with high honors from the Woman's Medical college. During 1889 and 1890 she was principal of the Pleasant Mount Academy. She then followed her profession for a time at the Woman's Medical College.

For a year she was resident physician in a children's home on Staten Island. In 1891 she went to Cleveland, Ohio, and was very successful in her medical work, building up a large and lucrative practice. Here she was highly esteemed by the medical fraternity and greatly beloved in the homes where she ministered to the bodily ailments and often of the spiritual uplift. Dr. Miller was a devout Christian woman, manifesting her faith in her every day life amid all classes of people with whom she came in contact. She loved to let her light shine.

When at Waynesburg College she joined the Presbyterian church and when returning to Honesdale became a member of the Presbyterian

Indigestion

Relief in Five Minutes and Permanent Cure or Money Back.

When G. W. Pell states that he has a remedy that only costs 50c and is guaranteed to cure any man or woman who suffers from food fermentation, or money back, what are the poor stomach sufferers in Honesdale and vicinity going to do about it?

Food fermentation causes belching, sour stomach, gas eructation, heartburn and that lump of lead feeling as you probably know.

The name of this most remarkable stomach prescription is MI-O-NA. Most people call them MI-O-NA stomach tablets because they know that there is no remedy so good for indigestion or stomach disorders. Here is one opinion: "I have been troubled with indigestion for more than a year. I bought one box of MI-O-NA and it cured me. Now I would not be without a box in the house for \$5. It saves a lot of doctor bills when you can be cured for 50 cents.—Arthur Sederquest, 6 Nichols St., Wakefield, Mass. MI-O-NA stomach tablets cost 50 cents a box at G. W. Pell's and druggists everywhere and money back if they don't cure.

church there and later at Pleasant Mount. Since 1891 she has been a member of the Miles Park Presbyterian church at Cleveland, Ohio. Useful by precept and example, a faithful attendant at church services, helpful in prayer meeting and Sunday school and liberal in the use of her means.

Death Of Mrs. George Law.

Mrs. George Law, a well-known and respected woman died Wednesday afternoon at her home in Taylor, after a lingering illness. The deceased was fifty-four years of age and formerly resided in Honesdale, Pa., where she was well-known. She is survived by a husband and three sons, Alexander and Frank, Taylor; George, Manchester, Conn., and four daughters, Misses Josephine, Elizabeth, Alice and Genevieve. Mrs. Law before her marriage was a Miss Margaret Medler. The remains will be brought to Honesdale Saturday morning, when a requiem mass will be celebrated by Rev. Father Thomas M. Hanley in St. John's church. Interment will be made in St. John's cemetery.

THE DESIRABLE GUEST.

The Person Who Can Talk Entertainingly is the Best Type—Are You Such An One?

The person who can talk entertainingly is the best type of guest at social gatherings, for she who chatters incessantly is almost more undesirable than one who is too quiet, for the latter gives opportunity for other persons to express themselves, while with the former to say even one word is often a struggle.

The balance between these extremes is the art of stimulating a temporary companion to conversation, and at no place is it more important to adopt the correct attitude than at a dinner. More than one man has been obliged to talk so much when sitting beside a quiet woman that he has not eaten enough. Such conduct on the part of a woman is decidedly inconsiderate.

At dinners and also at formal luncheons it is a good idea to watch the plates of neighbors, and if one person has been talking so much as to have fallen behind in the course it is tactful to take conversation into one's own hands, giving the other a chance to listen and at the same time to eat.

It is not good form to monopolize the attention of one neighbor to such an extent as to prevent him or her from talking with the person on the other side. Often it is a temptation when on one side is an attractive person and on the other one who is dull, but politeness makes dividing the attention necessary.

If one person is kept constantly in conversation by one neighbor at a dinner it means that he or she on the other side sits much of the time with no one to talk to, for the guest farther on is certainly giving some time to the person on his or her other side.

Wayne Co. Farmers' Mutual FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Table with columns for CAPITAL, Amount Insured, RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURES, and ASSETS.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURES, listing various items and amounts.

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RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, Death has removed from our midst on February 6, 1911, the Chief of our Fire Department, Richard H. Brown; therefore

RESOLVED, That we shall greatly miss our fellow member, friend and leader; who by his friendly manner, fair treatment and quick response to the call of duty; has won the respect, honor and love of every member of Protection Engine Company No. 3.

RESOLVED, That we sympathize with his family in their bereavement and mourn with them over the loss of one who was dear to all who knew him.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of our company, a copy sent to the bereaved family and publication thereof be made in the local papers.

H. A. ODAY, GEORGE MUELLER, WILLIAM BADER, Committee. Feb. 9, 1911.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A WELL DRESSED MAN COMMANDS RESPECT and GAINS SUCCESS

To dress well and look well is one half of the "battle of success" won



A poor fitting and bum made suit of clothes is worse than a ton of bad luck to the man who wants to make a success of life. We have the most dressy the best made, the finest patterns and the largest assortment of Gent's Clothing and Furnishings in Wayne county.

Our Prices are the Most Reasonable. Anything and everything that a man needs for Comfort or Style can be found at our store.

WE ARE OUTFITTERS FOR Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Merchant.

BREGSTEIN BROS. Leading Clothiers

HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK

Table showing CAPITAL, SURPLUS, and TOTAL ASSETS.

WE ARE AFTER YOU! You have more or less banking business. Possibly it is with us, such being the case you know something of our service, but if not a patron would it not be well for you to become one?

OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

will help you start. It is calculated to serve all classes, the old and the young, the rich and the poor. MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN IT RECEIVES DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UP and allows three per cent. interest annually. Interest will be paid from the first of any month on all deposits made on or before the 10th of the month provided such deposits remain three calendar months or longer.

HENRY Z. RUSSELL, PRESIDENT. ANDREW THOMPSON, VICE PRESIDENT. EDWIN F. TORREY, CASHIER. ALBERT C. LINDSAY, ASST. CASHIER.

A CLEAN CUT ARGUMENT

In your favor is the use of good printing. It starts things off in your favor. People read your arguments, reasons, conclusions, when attractively presented. It carries weight. Entertaining men use GOOD PRINTING because IT GETS BUSINESS. If you don't already know our kind of printing, let us show you. It's an even chance we can save you money.

CITIZEN PRINTERY Both Phones. HONESDALE, PA.