

THE CITIZEN

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All notices of shows, or other entertainments held for the purpose of making money or any items that contain advertising matter will only be admitted to this paper on payment of regular advertising rates. Notice of entertainments for the benefit of churches or for charitable purposes where a fee is charged, will be published at half rates. Cards of thanks, memorial poetry and resolutions of respect will also be charged for at the rate of a cent a word.

The policy of the The Citizen is to print the local news in an interesting manner; to summarize the news of the world at large, to fight for the right as this paper sees the right, without fear or favor to the end that it may serve the best interests of its readers and the welfare of the county.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1911.

All aboard for Bermuda!

A kick in time saves shoe leather.

The Ladies' Improvement Society has started on its spring tour cleaning by drawing off the mud on the upper part of Main street. The Citizen wishes to state that this is an effort in a good direction.

A baby six months old has been adopted by a number of women in a Missouri college. Now if the poor little thing gets the colic each of its mothers will tell the others. "I told you so; it was your own fault."

The Tribune-Republican says that "the Jordan is the most crooked river in the world, meandering 213 miles in a distance of 60." We know a man who has the river Jordan beaten a mile. He's so crooked that he can't walk under his own umbrella.

OPENING THE HERALD'S EYES.

Our Democratic neighbor, in its eagerness to smite the Republican ex-President, leaves out of view certain conditions that frequently exist in army operations, and the historical facts relating to the operations of Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" in Cuba. First, when the commander of any military organization is absent, from any cause, the ranking officer present acts in his place. Hence, it is no unusual thing for a lieutenant, or a sergeant, to be in temporary command of a company, a lieutenant-colonel, major, or captain, in a command of a regiment, a colonel or other field officer, in command of a brigade. Next, as a matter of history, at the engagement referred to, Col. Wood, as ranking officer, was in command of the brigade, which consisted of the Rough Riders, and one 1st and 10th U. S. cavalry; and this necessarily left lieutenant-colonel Roosevelt, as ranking officer, in command of his regiment.

THE 45TH CAMPFIRE.

It has been our good fortune to attend a number of gatherings of various kinds during the short span of our life thus far, but we can truthfully say that never have we been so thrilled and touched by any spectacle whatsoever as the G. A. R. campfire Monday evening in celebration of the forty-fifth anniversary of the closing of the Civil War.

It was a delightful inspiring occasion and we take this occasion to thank Commander Judge Henry Wilson of the Capt. James Ham Post, No. 195, G. A. R., for affording us the honor and privilege of being present.

The speeches of Judge Wilson and Homer Greene, which The Citizen publishes exclusively, were beyond compare while the extemporaneous talk of Michael J. Hanlan was worth traveling many miles to hear.

Civil War veterans never grow old. Their age increases but their hearts remain as young and enthusiastic as in the awful days of '61 when they went forth to battle for the principle of one flag for all and all for one flag—the Star Spangled Banner of the UNITED STATES of America.

May they live forever!

THE TRAGEDY AT THROOP.

Of the 1200 miners who left their homes last Friday morning for the day's work in the Pancoast colliery, seventy-six will never return.

The Alabama disaster Saturday numbered 200 victims. To-morrow we may hear of another disaster and another terrible death list, and yet beyond the immediate raising of relief funds for the stricken families, it is extremely doubtful if anything will be done to prevent the occurrence of such disasters in the future.

In all probability such disasters can never be prevented. Catastrophes are bound to occur from time to time but by wise legislative regulation and ENFORCEMENT OF SUCH LEGISLATION, the chances of the occurrence of such calamities can be reduced to a minimum.

In this case a state investigation will probably be started at the instigation of Governor Tener. Another investigation will be made by the chief state mine inspector. Still another investigation by the grand jury will no doubt be gotten under way. It would seem as if the old fable of stable door and the stolen horse will never be fully learned and taken advantage of no matter how often and how forcibly it presents itself to view. It would seem as if the proposition—of so plain and common sense a character as to make it almost silly to call attention to it—that all businesses, occupations or work of any kind whatsoever which involves danger to the lives of those who work therein, should be thoroughly investigated before a disaster takes place had never been conceived. Perhaps some day it may become customary to study dangerous occupations carefully with a view to taking all the preventative steps that human brains can conceive or human skill execute before a terrible calamity occurs which will render those same steps obligatory afterward. That day is far in the future no doubt but we have faith that it may yet come to pass.

In the meanwhile instead of innumerable separate investigations let one comprehensive inquiry be started into the Throop disaster that will fix the blame where it belongs; that will procure the necessary legislation for preventing, as far as possible, such disasters in the future and that will provide some means of immediate and permanent relief for the families of the unfortunate victims.

How'd you like to have a Siberian Samsyede? No, it's not a disease it's a new kind of dog.

A sculptor has made a marble bust of Jack Johnson, says the Inquirer. Must be black marble and costly.

The meanest man in New York stole his 20-year-old son's wooden leg. Probably he wanted to whittle it up into toothpicks.

Dr. Coe, the appendicitis specialist, diagnosed his own case and now we wonder if he'll send himself a bill. Habits are hard to break.

The New York street sweepers want white hats, according to the New York Times. But not as much as most New Yorkers want white streets.

The father who bundled his seven-months-old baby up in blankets to smother its crying, smothered the baby by mistake. Men are certainly careless creatures.

Dr. Cook flayed Capt. Peary the other night in a lecture in Brooklyn by saying: "A trail of bribery leads to his door." But the Doc couldn't follow it even if it were so.

The United States Secret Service has sent out a warning against two new counterfeit bills of \$10 and \$20 denominations. Nevertheless we see so little money nowadays that we'd welcome even the sight of a phoney greenback.

A 68-year-old spinster of Connecticut married a childhood sweetheart 73, who had been proposing for years. Wonder if it will take her as long to make up her mind about hubby staying out nights after marriage.

"Says Dark Man is Coming," is the way the N. Y. Sun puts it. No, gentle readers, the speaker isn't a Sixth Avenue fortune teller; he's only another college professor predicting the ultimate extinction of the blonde.

A book agent tried to sell to Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, a set of the famous five foot library. The Doctor refused to buy. Evidently he knew their worth much better than the book agent.

The two Kansas gentlemen who have waged a legal war over the paltry sum of \$2 and in so waging have spent over \$1,000 in ammunition for their lawyers, are just the kind of people who make the legal profession so crowded.

Did you ever see a band of graduates of the Keeley Institute together giving their college yell? Well, neither did we but imagine it must go something like this: Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, Sars'perill—ah!

The members of the Chilton Club, of Boston, who have applied for a liquor license say that they mean to drink moderately. Well, you know what country is paved with good intentions. Yes, one of the fashionable suburbs of Boston.

The King of England, according to cabled press dispatches, is going to have a terribly busy summer. Poor Kink! Just think of having to attend a measly coronation when the trout season is wide open and the little speckled beauties are waiting for the fly.

What's gotten into Memphis? The story of \$2,000,000 for Bryan to locate there seems to prove that the city has procured a live wire for a press agent. Probably there are one or two other cities that would be willing to part with twice that amount to keep W. J. away.

The Cornell Era urges that beer be provided at senior banquets and says that the percentage of students who now drink with regularity is so small as to be almost negligible. From our experience in a rah rah factory we will venture to assert that that "negligible percentage" keeps the breweries working nights.

THE SENATE AND THE SCHOOL CODE.

The School Code is now before the Senate. The House has passed it, not without considerable alteration but still much less than was anticipated, and has washed its hands of the entire affair. It is distinctly the business of the Senate to avoid delay and pass the bill.

The bill represents the best efforts of the commission appointed to examine into existing conditions and draw up a measure which will aid in establishing a regular school system which at present is woefully lacking. Unless a legislator has studied the question with the same care as the commission, we cannot see how his casual suggestions will benefit the measure. Too many changes will spoil a bill just as too many cooks will spoil the broth. We trust that this measure may pass the Senate without further alterations, remembering that two years ago Governor Stuart was compelled to veto the school code because the legislators had altered, changed, and revised it so completely.

And the sooner the Senate passes it the better will everybody be pleased.

"PASSING ON" THE BEGGAR.

The beggar long ago discovered that a ticket to some other place where he can trouble us no more is the thing above all others which we give with the greatest cheerfulness to the applicant for aid. As a result an agency in a railroad town out of a total relief expenditure of \$300 a year used \$240 for railroad tickets to near-by communities.

The officials of neighboring places returned the compliment. All were busily giving transportation to meet the demand which they themselves had created by "passing on" the procession of charity-rate travellers. "What else could they do?" Surely something better than this.

Over 400 public and private agencies refuse to buy railroad tickets for applicants except straight through to destination and then only to those who will be better off there.

The adoption of this rule in one city reduced to one-half the amount spent for railway tickets. How badly some sane method of regulating the evil of "passing on" is needed, is shown by an instance given by Mary E. Richmond in The Survey.

"A feeble-minded woman, young and good-looking, applied to the county officials of a western state, saying that she came from Kansas. The county promptly sent her to another county, which promptly sent her back again. Weeping and in great distress, she was sent again and was again returned this second time in the custody of the county clerk. Such interests are not unknown over the insane."

G. A. R. CAMPFIRE

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vessels, and other property of the United States, within their limits, except Fort Sumter, at Charleston, Fort Pickens, at Pensacola, Fort Taylor, at Key West, and Fort Jefferson, at Tortugas. They had also enrolled military forces, for the purpose of maintaining by arms their separation from the Union.

South Carolina Makes Demands.

South Carolina, upon adopting its Ordinance of Secession, had sent three Commissioners to Washington to negotiate for the adjustment of its new relations, as a "Sovereign State," with the Federal Government, which had, it contended, arisen through its withdrawal from the Union; and later, the government of the "Confederate States" had sent Commissioners for a like purpose. But the Federal Government had refused to recognize the demands of either the State or the Confederate Government, or to hold official communication with their commissioners in relation to those demands.

The United States forts at Charleston were Forts Moultrie, Sumter, Johnson, and Castle Pinckney. Fort Moultrie stood on Sullivan's Island, on the northern side of the harbor entrance. It was of little strength, and was untenable against an attack from the landward side. Fort Sumter was built on a shoal in the harbor, about half a mile from its mouth, and about 1,600 yards west of Fort Moultrie. It had been for several years in course of construction, and was not yet completed. Both forts were about four miles from Charleston. Fort Johnson was on James Island, about 2,300 yards west of Fort Sumter. It was unoccupied, and in a ruinous condition. Castle Pinckney stood in the harbor, about a mile southeast of Charleston. Its only garrison was one officer, with his family, and it was of no importance in the pending operations. The federal force in Forts Moultrie and Sumter consisted of Companies E and H of the 1st artillery, commanded by Major Robert Anderson.

Fort Sumter Occupied.

On the night of December 26, 1860, Major Anderson transferred the garrison of Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, with all the munitions and supplies which he had the means of transporting. For the next three months and upward he did all that was practicable to put the fort in good condition for defense. Meantime the secession forces took possession of Castle Pinckney and Forts Moultrie and Johnson, materially strengthened the two forts, and armed them with heavy guns and mortars. At Cummings Point, on Morris Island, on the southern side of the harbor entrance, opposite Fort Moultrie, and about 1,300 yards from Fort Sumter, they placed two powerful batteries, one of which, with a roof sloping toward Fort Sumter, and covered with railroad iron, was known as the "Iron Battery." A floating battery, with a similar roof, was placed at the western end of Sullivan's Island, and at other points on the island, facing Fort Sumter, were five more batteries. The entire armament of the secession works consisted of 30 heavy guns and 17 8-inch and 10-inch mortars, supported by about 6,000 men. In Fort Sumter only twenty-one guns could be brought into action, four of which were forty-two pounders, and the residue thirty-two pounders. The garrison consisted of nine commissioned officers, sixty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates, eight of the regimental band, and forty-three laborers, most of whom aided in carrying ammunition during the bombardment.

The First Secession Shot.

After some inconclusive negotiations for the surrender of the fort, Gen. Beauregard, commander of the secession forces, gave Major Anderson written notice at 3:20 a. m. on April 12th, that his batteries would open on the fort in one hour. In his official report, Gen. Beauregard says: "The signal shell was fired from Fort Johnson at 4:30 a. m. At about five o'clock the fire from our batteries became general. Captain George S. James, commanding at Fort Johnson, had the honor of firing the first shell at Fort Sumter." Edmund Ruffin, a Virginian of some distinction, is sometimes referred to as having fired the first shot; but this is a mistake. Mr. Ruffin, who was an ardent secessionist, visited Columbia when the South Carolina Convention met, December 17, 1860, and at a public meeting made a speech urging immediate secession. Though near his sixty-eighth year he joined the "Palmetto Guards," of Charleston. This company was stationed at the "Iron Battery," from which fire was opened on Fort Sumter at 4:48 a. m. on April 12th. Capt. G. B. Cuthbert, commanding the company, in his report said: "At dawn of day the Iron Battery commenced its work of demolition. The first shell from Columbiad No. 1, fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, burst directly upon the parapet of the southwest angle of the fort." Lieut.-Col. W. G. Sausser, artillery commandant at Cummings Point, and Gen. Beauregard, in their reports, speak of Mr. Ruffin as serving at the Iron Battery. The result of the war, however, was such a bitter disappointment to him that on June 15, 1865, he shot himself rather than live under the federal government.

The Defense of The Fort.

At seven a. m. Fort Sumter began to reply to the secession batteries. The first shot was fired at the Iron Battery, by Capt. Abner Doubleday, commanding Company E, 1st artillery. The garrison was divided into 3 reliefs, each of which served the guns for two hours. With this small force, the firing was soon confined to six guns, directed chiefly toward the Iron Battery, Fort Moultrie, and the other works on Sullivan's Island, including the floating battery. The metal, however, was too light to do material damage, except to the barracks, quarters and

embrasures of Fort Moultrie.

The contest continued until the afternoon of April 13th. The barracks and officers' quarters in the fort were several times set on fire by bursting shells and red-hot shot, and though the flames were extinguished several times they finally gained such volume that it was found impossible to check them. The garrison suffered much from the heat, smoke and flying cinders, and it became necessary to close the magazines to prevent the fire from reaching it. At the same time, hunger began to stare the defenders of the fort in the face. Their provisions were reduced to a few barrels of salt pork, and at breakfast on the 13th the pork had been supplemented with their last ration of rice. Toward evening on the 13th, a flag of truce was sent by Gen. Beauregard, and by eight o'clock terms of surrender were agreed on. At noon on April 14th, the American flag was lowered, with a salute of artillery, and at four o'clock a secession garrison took possession.

On the afternoon of April 12th, part of a relief expedition which had been sent from New York appeared off the harbor. As planned, the expedition was to consist of the sloop-of-war Pawnee, Powhatan and Pocahontas, the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, three transports, with supplies, and about eight hundred troops, and two tugs. But only the Pawnee and the Harriet Lane, with the transport Baltic, reached the mouth of the harbor, and it was deemed impracticable to land at the fort under the fire of the secession batteries. On April 15th Major Anderson and his command were transferred from the fort to the Baltic by the South Carolina steamer Isabel, and sailed for New York. As the steamer passed Cummings Point, the secession soldiers stationed there lined the beach, silent, and with heads uncovered, as a mark of respect to the defenders of the fort.

The Casualties.

The most remarkable feature of the bombardment was that no one was killed. In Fort Sumter, the casemates formed a substantial protection; but a sergeant and three men were injured by flying fragments of an embrasure which had been struck by a shot from Cummings Point and a civilian employee was severely wounded by pieces of a bursting shell. Lieut.-Col. R. S. Ripley, the South Carolina artillery commandant on Sullivan's Island, reported "four slight casualties," and Gen. Beauregard reported the same loss as "but four slightly wounded." In saluting the flag at Fort Sumter, after the surrender, "one man was instantly killed, one mortally and four severely wounded, by the premature discharge of a gun and explosion of a pile of cartridges," as reported by Capt. Foster, of the Engineer Corps.

Thus the opening victory was won for slavery. But after a war of four years, of a magnitude unparalleled in human history, slavery, and the pestilential brood which it had begotten, nullification, secession, rebellion, treason, were in one red burial bier, never again to rise.

Speech of Mr. Greene.

Fifty years ago to-night this country had reached the most critical moment in all her history. The crisis was on. The turn of a hand, the utterance of a word, the breadth of a hair was all that stood between the preservation of the integrity of the United States and the destruction of the Union that the fathers had planned and built. In the preceding autumn the presidential campaign had been waged between the forces that stood on the one hand for the re-

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In Two Minutes

Easy and Quickest Way to Break Up a Cold.

If you want instant relief from cold in head or chest, or from acute catarrh, try this:

Into a bowl of boiling hot water pour a teaspoonful of HYOMEI, (pronounce it High-o-mee) hold your head over the bowl and cover head and bowl with towel. Then breathe the pleasant, penetrating, antiseptic vapor deep into the lungs, over the sore, raw, tender membrane, and most gratifying relief will come in a few minutes.

Druggists everywhere will sell a bottle of HYOMEI for 50 cents. Ask for extra bottle Hyomei Inhalant. Don't be stubborn. Don't be prejudiced. There is not a particle of morphine, cocaine, or any injurious or habit forming drug in HYOMEI. Give it a trial at G. W. Pell's risk, who guarantees it. It is made of eucalyptus and other grand antiseptics. It will chase away the misery of catarrh or any affliction of the nose and throat in a few minutes. You can get a trial sample free by writing Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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Sent Sale opens at 9 a. m. Monday.

EDITOR'S CORNER

We get a lot of fun out of this column. We want you to enjoy it also. Primarily it is run for your amusement. If anything appears here which offends you in any way whatsoever, drop us a postal or phone us to that effect. An apology will appear in the next issue of the paper. That's fair, isn't it?

We have no wish to hurt anybody's feelings. All we want to do is to brighten one moment of your day; and if but one single item brings a smile, we shall feel it was not written in vain.

Margaret Rierdon becomes a member of the Smile Club with this: To note there's something you have missed, Please cross her name from the telephone list. You will find resigned is Wright—C?

Yes, Margaret, we C, thank you. It took us considerable time however to let it filter so hereafter we're going to wear our specs on our brains.

If Tom got Fuller would Russell Van Keuren by feeding him smoked Ham or make him Wilder by getting Murrem to take to Boos.

If Jimmy Oakes sized up an actress on the avenue, would Shumway her or would Hulsizer up.

Wyman gets little here below is because he don't let Cortright it up and let Wilson bring the paper with his ad.

Konfidential—They won't kick. All right, Mr. A. Non Imity we'll take your word for it. Still, would it not be terrible for us if they should lose confidence in you?

Marie Ward and Company joined the Smile Club with the following: If Rockefeller is worth eighty millions how much is Tommy Charlesworth?

If Harry Thaw is insane is Clarence Wright? If Flagg, the clothing man, made a big splash, did George Ripple?

At the Baseball Minstrels will John Carol Kelly?

If a "large one" is a Schoonover is A. Kraft a Collier? If we are killed for this will Joe Barberi us?

Does Otto Truscott? If Dr. E. W. Burns is Percy Cole? If Florence Eldred Shakespeare what did Myrtle Reed?

Did Dick Bracy Harland Histed by The Citizen's kinks?

And then just to let 'em know they're in the club we'll initiate them with this: If some young fellow proposed and was accepted would he Marie Ward and Co?

If Harold Rowland were threatened with diphtheria, could Anna Ward it off?

The village quartette will now render that beautiful little ballade entitled "Tell the doc to get his bill, the patient moved an eye."

Damon Knuppenburg, Tunks-hack, a state horticultural expert, gave a demonstration Friday, at the farm of Judge A. T. Searle in Siko, Lebanon township.

Mrs. R. M. Torrey and daughter, Miss Clara R. Torrey will return the last of the week from an extended trip to Bermuda and other points of interest in the South.

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