

WEATHER FORECAST: Showers.

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READ THE CITIZEN

SAFE, SANE, SURE.

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68th YEAR -- NO. 42

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS REVISED

Ohio Man Rewrites Them According to Supreme Court's Standard Oil Decision

WORD "UNREASONABLE" PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN WORK OF REVISION. "MUSTN'T KILL MORE THAN REASONABLE NUMBER OF COMPETITORS."

Columbus, O., May 22. To the Editor New York American: Sir—The Ten Commandments might be construed as follows under authority of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the Standard Oil company vs. the United States: First Commandment—Thou shalt have no unreasonable number of other gods before Me. Second Commandment—Thou shalt not make any graven image or any unreasonable likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not unreasonably bow down thyself to them, nor serve them any more than is for thy convenience, for the Lord thy God is occasionally a jealous God, visiting the unreasonable iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto a reasonable number of generations of them that unreasonably hate him. Third Commandment—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain unreasonably. Fourth Commandment—Six days shalt thou labor, so long as such requirement is reasonable. But the seventh day is the Sabbath; in it thou shalt not do any more work than thou dost on a week day, but thy man servant, thy maid servant, thy cattle and the stranger within thy gates shall do such a reasonable amount as yields unto thee the highest degree of comfort. Fifth Commandment—Reasonably

honor thy father and thy mother, but do so in great obscurity, that they may not interfere with thy daughter's social standing or spoil your son's matrimonial alliance, that they prey may be long upon the land which the Lord, through reasonable monopoly, giveth thee. Sixth Commandment—Thou shalt not kill more than a reasonable number of thy competitors, not more than will give you a complete monopoly of the business. Seventh Commandment—Thou shalt not commit adultery to an unreasonable degree. Eighth Commandment—Thou shalt not steal an unreasonable amount and thou shalt not be prosecuted thereafter after you are found guilty, if it shall in any way disturb big business. Ninth Commandment—Thou shalt not unreasonably bear false witness against thy neighbor unless any witness against thyself, whatsoever, if it tend to incriminate thee. Tenth Commandment—Thou shalt not unreasonably covet thy neighbor's house, nor thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. If you can organize a pipe line of a New Jersey corporation that will choke thy neighbor from marketing his goods or buying the finished products, this will not be covetous. F. S. MONNETT.

BAD MR. BUCKLEY

"Threatened to Kill Me 1,000 Times" Says Wife

MUST GIVE BOND TO KEEP THE PEACE AND LEAVE HIS WIFE ALONE.

The matrimonial difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. John Buckley of 129 River street, Honesdale, (Texas township) were pretty thoroughly aired, at a hearing held Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Squire W. H. Ham's office. John Buckley, it will be remembered, was arrested Monday by deputy constable Patrick J. Moran at the instance of his wife, who swore out a warrant charging him with being drunk and disorderly and with making threats, and lodged in jail, pending a hearing Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Deputy Sheriff F. H. Crago brought the prisoner to the Squire's office about 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon where a hearing was held. The Squire informed the defendant of the complaints which his wife had made against him, and asked Buckley what he had to say about it. Buckley had nothing much to say about it at first, denying in fact that he made any threats, unless he made them when he was drunk. He didn't know, he said, whether his wife's tongue was worse than his or not. Mr. Ham reminded him that this was a good chance to ubosom himself of any grievances he might have against his better half. When pressed further, Buckley protested that he didn't do anything wrong, except when he got drunk. He didn't think he could furnish bail. Mr. Ham thought it wouldn't perhaps be any great hardship if he took a couple of weeks' rest in jail, as it might help him to make some good resolutions. Mrs. Buckley declared that all she wanted was peace. He promised to be good before, but he didn't keep his pledges. In fact he broke them each time, she averred. "I want him," continued Mrs. Buckley, "to stay away from me for the remainder of my life and I want to keep the little girl in my possession." "Will I be taken care of in the poor house if I can't work?" whimpered Mr. Buckley. "Squire Ham assured him that he would be looked after in such an event. Mutual recriminations were exchanged between the unhappy pair as they sat in the Squire's office. Mr. Buckley admitted that his failing was drink. She told some of the unprintable names he called her when under the influence of intoxicants, and asserted that he threatened to kill her 100 or a 1000 times. Sooner or later, she felt, in some drunken fit, he would do it, too. The Squire suggested that Mr. and Mrs. Buckley might retire into the parlor, with a view of reaching some sort of an understanding in the matter. His offer was not accepted. When Squire Ham intimated that Mr. Buckley would have to give bonds to keep the peace, the prisoner was up in arms in an instant, and expressed his fear that he would lose his property rights as all the labor of his life-time, so he alleged, was in the property. He admitted, however, upon cross-examination by his wife, that the property belonged to her, and had been willed to her, but persisted in saying that he had done all that he was able to do on it. Another excuse which Mr. Buckley offered for not putting more money into the place, was the fact that his wife always had the handling of his money until he broke down. "All I want is peace and quietness," continued Mrs. Buckley, who said she had tried to make a good man of him. There were further interesting revelations of family history, the upshot of it all being that Mr. Buckley was given until Friday afternoon, at the same time, by Squire Ham, to secure a bondsman who would guarantee that he would agree to keep the peace and leave his wife alone. Mr. Buckley has been in similar trouble before. Once he took the pledge from Father Hanley, but his strong desire for drink led him to break it. All are agreed, that he is a good man—when he is sober. ADAM FELK'S LEG CRUSHED. Adam Felk, a driver in the employ of David Fisher, the South Main street iron dealer, Tuesday afternoon while unloading metal from a car in the D. & H. yard, met with a serious accident, a heavy bar of iron four inches in diameter and about six feet long falling on his lower right leg, crushing it badly and fracturing the ankle. The accident was caused by the horse making a sudden jerk forward when the bar of iron was hanging midway between the car and the wagon. Mr. Felk was removed to his home on Erie street, medical aid was summoned and he was made as comfortable as possible. The unfortunate man has a wife and four small children. It may have to be amputated.

CELEBRATE 3 DAYS

Memorial Services Begin Sunday, End Tuesday

HONESDALE LEADS IN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SUSTAIN GRAND ARMY POST.

The local observance of Memorial Day this year will extend over a period of three days, commencing with a memorial sermon at St. Mary Magdalene's Sunday at 7:30 p. m., before the Captain James Ham Post No. 193; and the Ladies' Circle G. A. R., Company E, Thirteenth Infantry, N. G. P., and Maple City Drum Corps; continuing with exercises Monday afternoon at the school when patriotic addresses will be made to the school children by the veterans of the Civil war; concluding Tuesday with the official Memorial service commencing at 10 o'clock, when the line of march will form at Eighth and Main streets and proceed to Fourth, thence by Fourth to Church, thence to the corner of Ninth, thence East to Court street, up Court street to Tenth, up Tenth to the Lackawaxen and thence to the cemetery. The program follows: Drum Corps: "The Revellie." "The Long Roll." Post Bugler: "The Assembly." Invocation: Rev. C. C. Miller. Opening by Post Commander. Raising Flag: Mrs. William Clark. Band: "The Star Spangled Banner." Draping Grave: Mrs. Charles E. Baker. Drum Corps: "Glory Hallelujah." Dropping flag at half-mast: Mrs. Wm. Clark. G. A. R. Services: Officers of Post; with addresses by veterans who went to the front at the outbreak of the war, fifty years ago. Band: "La Marseillaise." Service in memory of the unknown dead. Address: Rev. Dr. W. H. Swift. Decorating Grave: Mrs. D. B. Mantle. Band: Dirge. Musketry salute to the dead: Company E. Benediction: Rev. Dr. W. H. Swift. Drum Corps: "Tattoo." Post Bugler: "Taps." Forming for return march. Band: "The Watch on the Rhine." Raising flag: Mrs. Wm. Clark. Instead of opening the day with salutes at 5 a. m., in accordance with the time-honored custom, in view of the objections of many people who do not enjoy being aroused from their slumbers at such an unseemly hour, the salutes this year will first be fired at 10 a. m. The Post Commander, in speaking of the day's observance, says that they will necessarily come to an end before long, but as the veterans are dying off very rapidly that he hopes to be able to keep the Post together in sufficient numbers to hold the services for four years more, 1915, as that will be the fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of the Confederate army and the restoration of the Union. He adds that the people here have a keen appreciation of the day, and its meaning, and would be sorry (Continued on Page Eight)

MYSTERIOUS KICKER WINS A PRIZE

Brand New Dollar Bill Sent to P. O. Box No. 547. Who Is It?

KICK EDITOR AWARDS 2 PRIZES THIS WEEK—MAY GIVE SEVEN OR TEN NEXT. IT ALL DEPENDS. JUST KICK.

When we referred last issue in this column to the fact that Luther Burbank was lashed to the mast by the lucky winners of our Kick Contest, we didn't mean to hurt his feelings. Of course Mr. Burbank has a lot of class attached to him when it comes to making two plants grow where only one grew before, but even he has not yet succeeded in planting a kick and raising a dollar. You can accomplish this amazing result if you only try hard enough. Others have done it, so can you. It begins to appear as if geniuses are as scarce in Wayne county as children are among the "400." Don't hide your incandescent under a bushel. Let it flicker! The Citizen takes pleasure in awarding the prizes this week as follows: (1) "Hope," Box 547, Honesdale, see below; (2) Mrs. Fannie Simons, Patpac, last issue. Beginning with this issue the editor of the Contest reserves the right to decrease—or increase—the number of prizes each week according to his best judgment. Some of the kicks are as follows: Strike Tut. I kick because the ball players Down my lane on Sunday go, And after the game they come back again And make an awful show. MRS. AUGUSTA BENNETT, Gumbles, Pa. Answer: Why don't you talk to 'em like an umpire? That will get their Angoras. Here's "Hoping" They Will. Editor The Citizen: I kick 'cause good folks in our town, Who know the hills that fetter Our little burg, don't quit their kicks, And try to make things better. "HOPE." Box 547, Honesdale. Answer: Wonder if "Faith" and "Charity" have boxes 548 and 549? Nothing Like It. Dear Editor: I kick because the mosquitoes are so thick and big and if I get that dollar I will come back to dear old Honesdale again, you can bet. Yours truly, MISS CARRIE MCKAM, Ledgedale, Pa. Answer: We never bet on a dead sure thing. A Joyful Chirp. Dear Editor: Thanks very much for the brand new one dollar bill received on the Kicking Contest. Yours truly, BOBOLINK. Envious Insects. Dear Editor: I kick because the mosquitoes bite me when I read The Citizen. Yours truly, HENRY VETTERLEIN. Answer: They'd bite you twice as hard if you didn't. You Know What "It" Did. Dear Editor: I kick because the Wayne county fair Is held so far away; If it were only held in Hawley, We'd attend it every day. LOUISE VETTERLEIN, Pupac, Pa. Answer: Come on up, anyway, the walk will do you good.

"Um—Don't You Dare to Stop." Dear Editor: I kick to stop kicking. Kause why? No use. MRS. FRANK LITTELL, Sherman, Pa. Answer: No use, eh? Ask some of the lucky winners about it. They'll tell you it's better to kick than inherit a fortune. Editors Stand Most Anything. I kicked the editor when there was no kicking contest, And when I kicked I found the editor could stand the test, And now I kick for the dollar to win, So when my subscription runs out I can again begin. M. J. B., Scranton, Pa. Answer: Don't let a little thing like that detain you. Tut, Tut, Jennie. Dear Editor: I kick because it rains, I kick because it shines, But the things I kick about the most Are those old hateful mines. JENNIE GOULD, Winwood, Pa. Answer: But, then, you're so far away, that even if Scranton did cave in, we don't suppose that Winwood, also. The Reward of Genius. Dear Kick Editor: I implored the gods for help to earn the kick dollar, when lo and behold Genius sent the Goddess of Poverty to say, Genius is never rewarded until after death. Therefore I kick. Now I think I'm a genius because I know eleven from eight. MRS. A. N. CREAMER, Waymart, Pa. Answer: That's more than some of 'em know. Family Competition. Dear Editor: I kick because my father can kick harder than I can and if I win that dollar I'll practice a little better. WILLIAM GILLET, Ledgedale, Pa. Answer: Practice makes perfect but father makes blisters. nor did anything wrong. Mr. Decker is going to give me \$1 a day and board. "I was out with him all last summer." According to the boy's story, his father gets drunk pretty nearly every other day; gets so drunk he can't work. "George is a good boy," said Squire Ham. "He's all right. "Have you got a middle name?" asked the Squire. The boy said he hadn't. When the reporter asked him whether he hadn't any uncles or aunts or grandparents to take an interest in him, he regretfully answered in the negative. After the Squire had filled out the blanks, George put his name at the bottom of it, and departed happy. His father, it is alleged, not only drove him away from home, but also tried to prevent him from working after he had left home. His mother, according to his own story, didn't treat him any better.

Ups and Downs of News-boy's Life.

JOE WESTBROOK TELLS 'SQUIRE SMITH PLAYIN' HOOKEY ISN'T ALL ITS CRACKED UP TO BE.

Master Joseph Westbrook, the fourteen-year-old son of Joseph Westbrook, of Spring street, Honesdale, last Monday afternoon at a hearing before Squire Robert A. Smith, told an interesting story of the ups and downs in the life of a Maple City "newsie." Master Westbrook, who will be fifteen on August 18, and who has peddled one of the nearby city evening dailies for four years, is a pupil in the seventh grade of the Honesdale public schools. Mrs. W. A. Sluman being his teacher. According, however, to the complaint made by Principal of Schools, Harry A. Oday, Joseph, Jr., "truantly" left the Honesdale High school, and continued to keep absent from the said school on several occasions, contrary to the Act of July 11, 1901, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In other words he got into trouble, "for not coming to school," as he sobbingly told a Citizen man who was present at the hearing. "The Long And Short Of It." Principal Harry A. Oday brought the little fellow to the Squire's office about half-past four o'clock Monday afternoon. As they walked through Central Park, and on up the path to the court house, they presented a striking contrast. Prof. Oday is almost seven feet tall, and well, Master Joseph is rather a small boy for his age. It was "the long and short of it!" When questioned by the Squire as to his age, Joseph admitted that he was fourteen, and that he would be fifteen in August. Prof. Oday said, "I looked up his record. He has been to school this year 48 days; that is all he has been there out of 153 days." Joseph tried to condone his absence by saying: "I only started in about three months ago to come back." He also said that he was looking for a job. The Squire wanted to know how many times he had gone to work, to which he promptly replied that he had gone to work three times. Two of the places at which he was employed were the Honesdale Footwear Company and Durland and Weston Shoe company. "Hasn't your father had any trouble with you?" asked the Squire. "Extra Paper! All About The Fire" "No, sir," insisted Joseph, "only once in a while. Some times I don't do what he wants me to do. Some times I don't get home until after 6 o'clock on account of my papers. Then he says I'm running around and gives me a scolding for it." Joseph further related that he had his "Journals" to deliver from one to three o'clock, afterwards. The Wednesday of the week previous, he went fishing, he confessed. Unlucky Thirteen. "Thirteen" is an unlucky number for Joseph. Prof. Oday in commenting upon his repeated absences from school, stated that in the seventh month he attended thirteen days, in the sixth the same number, and thirteen and one-half in the fifth. "If he can go thirteen," remarked Mr. Oday, "why can't he go twenty days?"

Doesn't Believe In Heresy Trials

DR. W. H. SWIFT EXPRESSES OPINION ON ATLANTIC CITY ASSEMBLY CASE.

"I don't believe in heresy trials," said the Rev. W. H. Swift, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Honesdale, when seen Wednesday morning by a Citizen man, and asked to express an opinion on the meeting of the General Assembly in session at Atlantic City, arising out of charges of disbelief in certain Biblical passages, made against Rev. William D. Grant of the Northumberland Presbytery. "A man who is not in sympathy," continued Doctor Swift, "with the teachings of the church, should withdraw from it. But I do believe in a large liberty. I don't believe in heresy trials." Doctor Swift is an alumnus of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, which has been under fire for years, on account of the liberalism of its teachings. "I was at Union Seminary," remarked Doctor Swift, "before the days of Briggs. There were grand good men there then as now. It was on Eighth street then. We had to get our own carrying of coal from the sub-bellar up to the eighth floor. Now everything is up-to-date." "I don't believe in heresy trials," was Doctor Swift's last word to the reporter.

THE WEDNESDAY ISSUE OF THE CITIZEN FOR MAY 31 WILL BE PRINTED ON MONDAY, OWING TO MEMORIAL DAY OCCURRING ON TUESDAY. ADVERTISERS, CORRESPONDENTS, AND ALL THOSE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN ARE REQUESTED TO BEAR THIS CHANGE IN MIND AND SEND IN THEIR COPY EARLIER.

MT. PLEASANT BANKER BEGINS TERM.

E. H. Steinman, Mount Pleasant, Pa., formerly vice-president of the Farmers and Drivers' Bank of that city, has arrived at the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, to serve a five-year sentence. Steinman was convicted on a charge of making excessive loans on insufficient security.

Delegates Appointed to Baptist Convention.

The executive committee of the Wayne Baptist Association met Tuesday afternoon in Honesdale and appointed as delegates to the national and state conventions of the denomination which will be held in Philadelphia: Rev. James Rainey, Aldenville, and Rev. H. J. Baker, South Clinton. They also partially arranged the program for the annual meeting of the Wayne Baptist Association which convenes at South Clinton in August. The executive committee consists of Rev. Charles F. Smalley, Hawley; Rev. James Rainey, Aldenville; Rev. G. S. Wendell, Honesdale, and Messrs. John Penwarden and George P. Ross, Honesdale.

Armory Committee.

At a meeting of the Honesdale Armory Board, Wednesday evening, Messrs. Homer Greene and John D. Weston were appointed a committee to wait on Major General C. B. Dougherty, Wilkes-Barre, with reference to the time of the dedication of the new \$35,000 Park Place Armory.

TO PAINT PARK FENCE.

The county commissioners, at their recent meeting, ordered that the fence surrounding the monument in Central Park, erected by the Wayne Memorial Association in 1869, be painted.

PETERSEN TREES STRUCK.

During the course of the severe thunder shower, Wednesday afternoon, lightning struck and badly splintered a maple and an elm tree in front of the residence of Miss Caroline Petersen, Church street.

Driven from House, Now Seeks Job.

GEORGE STEGNER CALLS ON 'SQUIRE HAM TO OBTAIN EMPLOYMENT CERTIFICATE.

"I don't know why my father chases me out. He doesn't like me. He never did like me," said Master George Stegner to a Citizen man in Justice of the Peace W. H. Ham's office, Wednesday afternoon, where the boy had gone to obtain an employment affidavit. Master Stegner seemed like quite a young lad to be looking for a job. His parents live on Brook Road, right over the hill by John Conner's place in Berlin township, two miles out of Honesdale, where his father tills a fifty-acre farm. George Stegner, Jr., for his father's name is George too, is only fourteen years of age, and will be fifteen the thirtieth of next July. School was out the nineteenth of April, and since then his lines have been cast in hard places. According to his story, he was driven out from his home the first of last week, and has been staying down at Jacob Hafner's since. He was looking for a job, and in order to get it, he needed an employment certificate, which Squire Ham gave him, saying, "Sometime when you feel pretty rich, you can give me a quarter." Mrs. Ham gave him a good piece of parting advice, which in view of the temptations a homeless boy must face, was worth more than all the employment affidavits in the country. It was this: "Now be a good boy!" "I am going to work now for John Decker on the ice," he told the Citizen man, whilst standing cap on head, left hand in his coat pocket, in the doorway, waiting for the coveted parchment to be filled out. He stood there all through the interview, and a more forlorn looking object it would be hard to find. His shoes were worn out. A dark working shirt, unbuttoned at the top, a ragged coat and pair of trousers constituted his wardrobe. "I never played hockey," he said when plied with further questions,

How To Live 100 Years

RULES ARE FOR WOMEN ONLY. LEAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

Here are the rules by which Mrs. Mary M. Scriggens, of Brockton, seventh birthday last week says she expects to live to be one hundred. Lots of regular hard work—fifteen hours a day is not too much. Abstain from idle gossiping about your neighbors. Never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy. Most emphatically do not read novels, for it destroys the disposition. Women get wrinkles worrying over the troubles of the heroes. If you have vanity of dress destroy it. The young women of today who are binding up their limbs with hobble skirts, are shortening their lives. Keep away from dances and moving pictures. —The yeomen of Wayne county in future will receive for their services as Jurors \$2.50 per diem, and as witnesses \$1.50 a day.