

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor JOHN K. TENER.
For Lieutenant Governor JOHN M. REYNOLDS.
Secretary of Internal Affairs HENRY HOUCK.

COUNTY.

Representative, H. C. JACKSON.

It is seldom that a man's duty to himself is a compelling factor in his life. There must be someone outside himself, whom he loves and for whom he will sacrifice and suffer and toil.

We don't find any newspaper saying much about the character, ability or past performances of George W. Kipp, who is a candidate for Congressman in this district.

The woods are very inviting these days, but the warm weather is rapidly drying the dead leaves and other inflammable matter so that it would be easy for a fire to spread.

The Ohio State Journal laments the passing of the bicycle. From all we can understand, the funeral dirge is rather premature. Statistics show that there are more bicycles manufactured and sold in this country today than there were during the height of the craze 15 years ago.

Paste this in your hat: The average wages of the ordinary laborer in the United States is \$1.65 per day, as against 80 cents per day in Great Britain.

Inventor Edison's remarks on immortality and the soul which were published in one of New York's Sunday newspapers, go to show that if we apply ourselves exclusively to and become absorbed in materialistic research, that the faculties by which we understand things that are spiritual, undergo a kind of atrophy by which their functions are destroyed.

WHEN THE DEMOCRATS HAD A CHANCE.

Not so very many years ago the Democratic party had a chance; had a chance to thump all the bad laws that were upon the statute books; had a chance to hit the trusts a solar plexus; had a chance to reduce salaries that were too high; had a chance to pass laws to regulate or suppress the trusts; had a chance to make all political places straight and rough places smooth; had a chance to enact all reforms needed. In fact they had a chance to produce such a flood of prosperity and good times and bring so much contentment and happiness to the people that no other party would ever stand any show any more.

tunity, with all this glorious chance to clean up and set the Nation in proper order and put a song of contentment in the hearts of the people, what did they do? We repeat, what did they do?

With a House and a Senate and a President, all of one party and all pledged to give us a dose of the pure and undefiled essence of Jeffersonism, they went to work and straightway busted the country. They repealed laws that were keeping times good and added a law upon us that reduced our revenues to a bond selling basis. They frittered away the golden moments quarrelling among themselves about questions that time proved they knew nothing about.

And as you listen to the Democratic candidate as he froths and fumes in this good year of grace, telling the farmers of the bad laws that he seems to imagine that the Republicans have inflicted upon the people; as he roars against trusts, and tariff and monopolies and so forth and so on, just ask yourself what did his party ever do when it was in absolute power to regulate any of these so-called evils.

KEYSTONE PRESS.

More power to the New York Judge who refused to be lenient with a wife-beater who pleaded drunkenness as an excuse for his violence.—Pittsburg Sun.

Undertakers report that it costs forty per cent. more for the material of their greswome trade than it did ten years ago. So the cost of dying has gone up also.—Titusville Courier.

The moving picture monopoly appears hard pressed, and the root of all evil. Three Pittsburg youths who held up a street car blamed the films for leading them astray.—Eric Dispatch.

The New York Sun is evidently very much pleased with Gov. Harmon of Ohio as a presidential prospect or it is exploiting him with the hope of keeping mayor Gaynor of that city, out of the running. The Sun is usually so devious that the public will scarcely accept its ecumens of Harmon as sincere, though he merits everyone of them.—Bellefonte Watchman.

Why stop the moving pictures of the big fight? Do you think they would have been interfered with if Jeffries had won. Be a man now. You helped emancipate the black man. Why is he not entitled to the glory of his achievements. He is a citizen just the same as you are and is entitled to the same consideration under the law.—Bellefonte Watchman.

Those whom we love are ready enough to forgive our shortcomings. But this is not a reason why we should expend all our energy in cussedness and give our friends a continuous performance in the forgiving business. The best of Marathon runners stumble; but the fellow who falls down for the sole purpose of having someone pick him up would be better left in the dust. The sympathy of the world is with the man who tries. We do not like our feelings to be outraged by a continual failure, any more than we wish to open our pocketbooks to a panderer.—Titusville Herald.

PICK UPS.

Virtue is its own reward, but a little cash helps out.
Hobbieskirtitis is the latest disease among the women.
It's a case of long suffering when a giraffe has a sore throat.
If Doctor Cook ever dies he will have a hard time proving it.
Democratic tariffs never were known to support the government.
Every day somebody discovers a new way to make a fool of himself.

Perhaps the new style hats for women will be sold by the square foot.

Republican harmony has blisters, not from shaking hands, but from shaking fists.

No, the country is not going backward as long as the Republican party is at the throttle.

There is enough advice at large in the country to supply a population of twice 99,000,000.

Talk about degeneration, Hiram Maxin, inventor of explosives, has taken to writing poetry.

If you are willing to live on promises and soup vote for the party that says the tariff is a "robber."

One good road through a county is worth more than forty muck-back politicians. Hurrah for good roads!

"Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none" is a mighty good gospel but it is blame poorly practiced.

We have a mighty poor opinion of the man whose tombstone is the only thing that speaks well of him after death.

The editor wrote "hobble-skirt," the printer made it read "horrible skirt," and the proof-reader let it go that way.

More business and less politics would be one of the greatest blessings that could possibly happen to this country.

We know lots of folks who put up a terrible hue and cry about the hereafter who don't live for anything decent here now.

When you hear a fellow growling about high prices ask him if they were low enough to suit him under Cleveland's administration.

The question now arises, can John D's charity trust give it back to the people as fast as the Standard Oil company can take it from them?

If Old Miss Democracy don't order one of these hobble skirts and wear it it will be because she can't appreciate the eternal fitness of things.

One legislative district in Vermont went Democratic last Tuesday for the first time in fifty-two years, which we should say, is about often enough.

If you are worried because it cost so much more to live now than it did twenty years ago, just remember how much better it is to live now-days.

It's mighty hard to get it hammered into the heads of some people that facts in business count a blame sight more than feelings in meetings.

When did you ever hear a Democratic politician "pointing with pride" to the record made by the last national Democratic administration? Don't all speak at once.

A certain eminent divine says that social unrest is the most hopeful sign of the time. It may be for future generations but is devilish poor consolation for the present.

The mind that hobbles along in the same old beaten path all the time will never stump its big toe against a new idea nor stagger head foremost into a lake of thought.

Every time the clock ticks you are that much nearer the grave. And yet men knowing this will persist in remaining in a party that is headed for destruction just because "my daddy was the same before me."

Listen at this from Joe Bailey: "The Democratic party has served the Republic more worthily and more effectually in defeat than the Republicans have served it in victory." That being the case, what in thunder do they want to get in for?

The foundation of a Republic is that the people rule. And this applies to town, county, state and nation. Now, Brother, if your party don't stand for local self-government then you are not for a Republic. Home rule is what Jackson of Tyler Hill stands for.

The capstone and foundation of this country is the farmer and yet the Dems who claim to love him so dearly are attempting to foster upon the nation a tariff policy that would knock the farmer higher than a kite. God pity the farmer when Democracy is in the saddle.

KEEP IT OUT OF PAPER!

Nobody but a newspaper man who has actively played the game can realize how many times the editor hears the request, "Please keep this out of the paper."

It may come from a young fellow who has been "out for a good time" and wound up by getting in a fight; it may come from a mother whose son has committed suicide; it may come from a party of young people who have been to a dance and who are ashamed to let people know that they were there; it may come from a wife whose husband has defaulted; it may come from the parents of a young girl who has run away.

Any one of the thousand unceasing comedies or tragedies of life may serve as a cause for the request, but be it grave or gay, the editor must listen to it many times during the course of a year.

And generally the editor must decline, and almost as certainly as he does he is misunderstood. He is considered a heartless brute, hardened to the world and devoid of principles of common humanity.

Such is not the case. The editor has as finely strong sensibilities as most men. He feels a sympathy for

the mother of the young man who takes his life, or whose daughter has gone astray. The editor feels sorry, but he can't help it. He is not responsible for the scheme of existence which decrees that such things shall be printed in the newspaper. He knows that so long as there is a world here with people in it there will be such things, and that so long as there are newspapers such things will be published.

In a small community news is scarce at best and should the editor please everyone who wanted news in regard to themselves "kept out of the paper," the paper itself wouldn't amount to much and soon there wouldn't be a paper. Everybody else except themselves. If the paper contains anything about themselves, or their friends, which they think ought not to be published, they immediately assume a grouch whenever they encounter the editor, and it generally takes them several weeks to get over it.

They lose sight of the fact that the paper never publishes a criticism unless it is deserved; that it always shows the greatest respect for the person who is honest and leads a good, clean, moral life and treats his fellowmen in a righteous way.

They forget that a good newspaper will keep the morals of a town cleaner than any other agency in existence, because the hoodlum, the crook and the degenerate fear the publicity which it gives them.

So, therefore, the next time that something happens which concerns you, don't come to the editor and say, "Please keep this out of the paper."—Ex.

PARABLE OF THE TOBACCO SEED

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that vile worms formed a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it and thought it beautiful. To make them look big and manly, the lads put forth their hands and did chew thereof; and some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that they who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: "We are enslaved and can't cease chewing it." And the mouths of all, who were enslaved became fowl, and they were seized with a violent spitting, and did spit even in the ladies' parlors and in the house of the Lord of hosts and the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby.

And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with great and mighty sneezes, insomuch that their eyes filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to the end thereof, and did look very gave and calf-like, sucking it, and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves. And even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it, and the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said, "Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn your attention to change this wicked evil which has grown up in your midst in a gospel land. Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and defile not yourselves any more, and God will bless you and cause the smile of his countenance to shine on you." But with one accord they all exclaimed, "We cannot cease from chewing and snuffing and puffing. We are slaves to the evil plague."

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HONESDALE DIME BANK is yet young but it has helped many ambitious persons on the road to independence and success.

H. C. Jackson does not claim to be a relative of Andrew Jackson, better known as "Old Hickory," but he has all the sterling qualities of that old Democrat. He is reliable, honest, fearless and truthful. Every Jacksonian Democrat will have a perfect right to vote for H. C. and in doing so will be true to their belief in honest government.

A DEMAGOGUE IN ACTION.

[From the Philadelphia Star.]

The citizen who forms his opinion in politics deliberately and with regard to the facts has been hampered somewhat in the present campaign by abuse and misrepresentation from the third party candidate for governor. The tempestuous Mr. Berry has endeavored to confound the voter with a view to forcing him to base his judgment not upon the issues nor upon the relative merits of the candidates, but upon sensational charges and other specious and deceitful arts employed by the office-hungry demagogue.

Berry's campaign is an insult to every self-respecting Republican in this state. By skillfully made charges, insinuations, innuendoes and reckless falsification he hopes to deceive the people and secure an office. Instead of meeting the voters with honest discussion of the issues he appears as the apostle of abuse and invective. Throughout the campaign his methods have been those of the demagogue. After the most reckless statements he will shrewdly admit, "Now, I am not prepared to furnish evidence that would stand in any court of justice." Repeatedly Mr. Berry has said: "John K. Tener was nominated at the dictation of the liquor interests."

This statement does not contain a syllable that is true. John K. Tener was nominated by a convention of delegates representing the great Republican hosts of this Commonwealth. These delegates did not act at the dictation of the liquor men or anybody else. They nominated Mr. Tener because they knew him to be able and honest and because they considered him the most available candidate for the office of Governor. He was nominated without a dissenting vote and the liquor interests had absolutely nothing to do with the convention's action.

The alleged protection of vice in Philadelphia is another favorite theme of the office-hungry candidate. His charges are vague. He merely repeats the scandalous statements of others and smaller office-hungry candidates who have endeavored to do in Philadelphia what Mr. Berry is now attempting to do in the state. But, even if Mr. Berry's charges possessed an element of truth, the fact would remain that John K. Tener is not a candidate for the office of Mayor of Philadelphia, but a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

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