SCRANTON TRIBUNE

F. E. WOOD,
General Manager.

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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.

SCRANTON, FEBRUARY 12, 1894.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
GALUSHA A. GROW,
OF SUSQUEHANNA.

ELECTION FEBRUARY 20.

THE CASE WELL STATED.

"The general depression in business caused by the prospects of the passage of the Wilson bill, affects every class of wage earners in America, and particularly the miners. Owing to the depression, coal is not needed for steam purposes, and work is therefore slack at coal mines and prices are ruinously low. Iron for machinery, structural work, etc., is not in demand and American iron ore miners are actually suffering for the necessaries of life. The same can be said of other classes of miners. The Wilson bill aims to make this state of affairs permanent by opening American markets to the mineral products of European countries, the British provinces, Mexico and Cuba. It is a bill that is framed directly in the interest of foreign nations and against the interests of Americans. American miners are opposed to it, and they should emphasize their opposition by strong protests against the measure sent at once to their senators at Washington. If in the face of such protests their representatives continues to favor the passage of the bill, they should retaliate at the next election by declining to support men who do not keep faith with them."
—*Lyceum Enquirer.*

NO SOLUTION of the overhead wire question will reach bottom until the stringers are laid low.

IT COUNT next week, on this question of needed municipal improvements, to be a bad day for clams.

IT DOES not look as if the wage earners of Pennsylvania were so well pleased with the Grover Cleveland "object lesson" as to desire it to be made permanent.

THE REAL friend of American labor is the citizen who supports such a policy as will give to that labor the chance to earn an honest wage and not hold over it the menace of idleness and ruin.

FROM THE manner in which Democratic newspapers are taking to the campaign mud-thrower as a substitute for rational argument, we are inclined to suspect that Mr. Grow will have rather more than two hundred thousand majority.

REPRESENTATIVE HINES rather plaintively informs a reporter that during the tariff debate in the house he was "between the devil and the deep sea." Perhaps it was out of courtesy to the great unwashed that he finally decided to cast his lot with the former.

MR. HANCOCK'S airy talk about hard times being the result of Republican protection indicates that he has either not graduated from Mr. Cleveland's "object lesson" or else is so ashamed of his party's work that he wants to misrepresent it on the other fellow.

"For my part I do not lie awake nights on the subject of monopolies. I have always discovered that any monopoly which undertakes to grind the faces of the poor has its appointed time to die and also that the corpse is ready when the funeral is ordered."—Thomas B. Reed, at Philadelphia.

"NO MAN," pithily says Tom Reed, "can be diseased in arm or leg and be happy in his noble forehead." And no nation can by legislation stick the dagger into the vitals of one of its industries without sending the nerve tremor of hard times throughout the body politic.

WHATEVER HAS been done in the past—and going into ancient history, except for impressive examples, is seldom a profitable journey—it is undoubtedly true of the future that valuable municipal privileges will not be given away, unless the public is given away by its councils.

PROGRESSIVE SCRANTON has been told at every step that it is going ahead too fast. The "forward, march!" of each municipality brings into view obstructionists and those unnecessarily timid of the result. But the price of all public improvement is the discomfiture of the kickers. Let them pay this penalty at the bridge election, next week.

"LET US," says Mr. Hancock, "look squarely at the facts. Free raw materials are the basis of industrial success and prosperity." And free coal is the basis of further restriction in our mines. What success and prosperity can be builded hereabouts upon a foundation of idleness in the mines, and of great stagnation among our mills and car shops and carriers?

"There is one thing that makes this country the greatest market in the world, and that is because the most of the people in it have money to spend. It is because here, of the countries in the world, wealth is most evenly distributed; not that there not rich men here, but that those rich men—thank Heaven—cannot make money with their money, except by making things that you and I can consume, and paying their money as wages, in order to make them.—Thomas B. Reed, at Philadelphia.

MR. HANCOCK propounds this conundrum with all the jauntiness of a man who fancies he has launched an argumentative torpedo: "Did we empty the United States treasury in which Grover Cleveland left $200,000,000 more than was necessary to meet the running expenses of the government?" Supposing that we give Mr. Cleveland due credit for the economy of a Republican senate, how is that Mr. Cleveland, today, with full sway in all departments, can pay running expenses only by forced loans, and can devise no better revenue plan for the future than one which deliberately creates nothing but deficiency and depression?

THIS TRUTH from Mr. Grow's speech at Philadelphia last Friday night cannot be too emphatically impressed: "The greatest robber tariff this country can ever have is one that robs American labor of its employment by permitting the products of the poverty stricken labor of the world to supply our home market. That robber brings want and misery to the fireside of the sons of toil and fills the land with the saddest of all sad sights in this world's pilgrimage, that of an honest man begging in vain for employment in order that he may earn his daily bread by his daily toil."

THERE IS a measure of cheerful effrontery in James Donton Hancock's speech in Germantown Saturday evening which tempers righteous indignation with something between pity and contempt. Take, for instance, this sentence: "The Democratic party is not a party of destructive elements, but is a constructive party, whose duty it has been to assist in furthering every conceivable industry." Does Mr. Hancock rate the intelligence of his fellow-citizens, and even of his fellow-partisans, so low as to suspect that they will, in the light of the utter incompetency of this Democratic administration, be caught by such chaff as this? Or is he simply turning his sacrificial canvass into a huge jest?

BURY THE WIRES.

Throughout this discussion of the proposition to tax electrical poles one need has been almost entirely overlooked, and yet it is destined eventually to become the key to the whole perplexing problem. There is not an intelligent electrician today who honestly and firmly believes that the residents of our large cities will much longer tolerate the giving away of valuable franchises, coupled with the conversion of busy streets into tangles of unsightly poles and still more obnoxious wires. Take any one of the prominent business thoroughfares of Scranton and note the space occupied by these interlaced filaments and their sustaining props. One can scarcely see through the network; while for getting ladders up to tall buildings in case of fire, the thing would in many places, be literally impossible.

Another point. When the public gives these companies certain rights it naturally expects a certain quality of service in return. But under the overhead wire system it not only has its streets populated with deadly "live" wires involving constant perils to man and beast; it not only converts the curbings of these streets into rule resemblances to rows of homely bean poles, obstructing travel, wasting valuable space and forming a clumsy and altogether needless incident of urban growth, but it opens the door to a direct impairment of the service it pays well for. Take the telegraph. Every wind storm throws its wires into a condition of chaos. Every fall of snow or hail snaps these thin conductors, leaving the ends to dangle and sizzle in our public places and to destroy by fire thousands of dollars in property each year. Likewise with the telephone. The slightest atmospheric disturbance converts its undertone into a deafening and indistinguishable roar. Conversation becomes impossible. Wires snap and cross each other. The ball is kept vibrant with false calls, and the individual patron accounts himself lucky, on an average of at least two days in seven, if he can keep safely away from a receiver so useless and an ear trumpet so offensively full of crackling, spattering babels of sound.

Of the fifteen thousand poles in Scranton, today, not more than one in three is a necessity, even under the present conditions. Only the supineness of the public, encouraging the aggressions of the electrical corporations themselves, ever permitted the placing at many street corners of three and four and five poles in groups where one would have been amply sufficient. If a tax on these poles would have the effect to divide their excessive number by three, or even by two, it would appeal strongly to public sympathy, regardless of after consequences. But even 5,000 poles, where there are now 15,000, would not overcome the surmounting difficulty. The dollar tax would altogether evade it. What popular sentiment will, sooner or later, demand is the burying of these unsightly and dangerous wires altogether. What the electrical companies, as a matter of self-interest, should do is to free the streets of their present and growing thralldom. Get rid of the enlarging tangle of multiplying wires and cables. Remove the necessity of taxing poles by doing away with the poles themselves. Contribute the amount of this tax, as a business investment, to the laying of underground conduits. Take time, thus shrewdly, by the forelock, and don't wait for the public to achieve by force what it now mildly suggests.

Underground wires must come some day. The sooner they come the better for all concerned. Why not have them now?

IF IT BE expedient for the telegraph and telephone companies of this city to bunch their wires into cables comprising many strands, as a precaution against damage from storms, it ought to be even more expedient for them to set aside a sinking fund for the placing of all wires underground. The conduit system is certain to be demanded some day. Why not prepare for it now?

"IF POWDERLY has declared himself for Grow," says the Wilkes-Barre News Dealer, "he is no friend of organized labor, because Grow is an enemy of organized labor." In one sense, yes. He was an enemy to the labor organization championed by Southern brigadiers thirty-five years ago; the shackled labor of slaves. And he is today the enemy of the labor of these same brigadiers, or their descendants, who aim to get revenge for that organization's forcible disruption by paralyzing Northern industry through the insidious means of a ruin-breeding tariff bill.

SCRANTON'S MUD ROADS.

West Lackawanna avenue on Saturday was an admirable miniature reproduction of the streets of pioneer Scranton. The expression "sea of mud" is literally a correct description. The mud was six inches deep, if it was an inch; and as far as the eye could reach it spread its slimy, filthy, defiling expanse over roadbed, crossings, gutters and railroad tracks, blockading everything. It was a regular Conemaugh flood of blackened nastiness, diluted just so as to spatter easily over the clothing and person of pedestrians, over the shaggy hide of horses, and over every square inch of exposed vehicles.

This particular portion of the West Side may have been a little worse than the average unpaved Scranton thoroughfare, but there are many mud roads within the municipal limits which push it hard for supremacy. Spruce street, between Franklin and Wyoming, was in at least one respect worse. It made a pretence of having a pavement, whereas West Lackawanna avenue did not. While in a physical sense the two thoroughfares were pretty evenly matched for disagreeableness there is a moral side to the Spruce street stretch of slippery, sloppy, squirty and disease-breeding wooden block paving which separates and distinguishes it from all possible competitors; a moral hypocrisy that jars just as badly of the conscience as the material rottenness of the pave itself irritates one's temper and befouls one's clothes.

In a few weeks we shall have the other extreme. Exposed to the piercing winds of March and April, this coating of intolerable muck will metamorphose into great clouds of sand and dust, spread with relentless thoroughness into the eyes, the nostrils and the lungs of pedestrians, and into the homes that are situated near it. All the effluvia of winter, or so much of it as never gets cleaned away, will be disseminated in the form of disease producing microbes and micro-organisms, and there will be the accustomed spring time epidemics and the annual tired feeling. It is an open question which is the worse, mud or dust. Either is abominable.

Does it pay not to pave our unpaved streets?

AMONG Music Lovers.

The announcement that a summer season of light opera is contemplated by the management of the Frothingham Theatre will be received with pleasure by music lovers generally. Notwithstanding the fact that the stern followers of the classic themes frown upon the frivolities of music in lighter vein, there is no question that comic opera has done more towards elevating a taste for high-class music than any other element. The catchy airs of the light opera almost invariably stimulate a longing for something more substantial in a musical way, and aid in making classical themes popular. Comic opera appeals to all who have the slightest taste for music. Spirited and melodious numbers; artistic scenery; brilliant costumes and bubbling fun combine in making an entertainment unsurpassed. The opera comique is the foremost in the world of amusement. It has come to stay, and there seems no question that the Frothingham management will display good judgment in giving Scrantonians ample opportunity to enjoy its delights during the coming season. The acoustic properties of the new house will be perfect, and the theatre will be probably the best equipped edifice for the production of opera in this section.

* * *

Professor Hemburger, who arrived in this city from Germany a few weeks ago, to a certain extent, fills a "long-felt want" in Scranton musical circles. While this city contains many talented musicians, composers, directors and performers, there have been none who have made a specialty of orchestral arrangement. Professor Hemburger thoroughly understands orchestration, and will no doubt find considerable work to do in that field in Scranton. His arrangement of the orchestral parts of Protheroe's Mass, which was recently rendered by St. Peter's choir, was an excellent piece of work, and gave ample evidence of his ability.

* * *

Miss Lillian A. C. Hammett, pianist, has closed her studio in the Raub building.

* * *

Miss Amanda Mates, vocalist, a pupil of De Ralph, has opened a studio on Wyoming avenue.

* * *

In speaking of recommendations, Professor Charles B. Derman was heard to remark, the other day, that he could produce but one recommendation as a choir leader and that would come from St. Luke's church. Mr. Derman's labors at St. Luke's extended over a period of thirty years, and during the last twenty-seven years he had exclusive charge of the musical part of the service. It would seem as though a record like the above would be more valuable than a score of testimonials from as many different localities, no matter how glowing they might be.

* * *

Mme. Schilling, wife of Professor Schilling, the musical director at St. Patrick's church on the West Side, possesses an excellent soprano voice under good cultivation. It is probable that Mme. Schilling's voice will be heard in some of the church choirs of Scranton in the near future.

* * *

A choir has been engaged to render the Easter music at the First Presbyterian church, where the congregational singing experiment is being tried for a season.

* * *

Mr. J. Willis Conant's organ recitals at St. Luke's church will continue through Lent and will be given on Saturday afternoons.

* * *

Miss Black, of Nicholson, is among the promising young vocalists in this section of the state. Miss Black is the possessor of a fine soprano voice which is being rapidly developed under instruction received from Mrs. Kate Wilcox, the well known vocal teacher.

* * *

Miss Gertie Morris, pianist, has opened a studio with Miss Tillie Lewis, the elocutionist, in the Raub building.

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It is pleasing to note that the "Thirteenth Regiment March," composed by Miss Nellie Beamish, has been well received and that the sales promise to be remunerative. It is understood that Miss Beamish's next musical effort will be in the vocal line, and that her brother, R. J. Beamish, esq., the well known writer of verse, will furnish inspiration in the way of a charming poem.

Equal to a Patent Churn.

Wilkes-Barre Record.

The SCRANTON TRIBUNE says some of the streets in that city are unfit for publication. Down here the wooden pave has one redeeming feature. When our dairymen want to do a churning they drive over a couple blocks of it.

Democratic Theory and Practice.

Mr. Grow at Philadelphia.

A tariff that neither raises sufficient revenue nor protects American labor in its competition with the poorest paid labor of the world, the revenue reformers claim, is the only constitutional method of adjusting a tariff. The one that raises sufficient revenue and protects labor, they denounce as a robber-baron tariff.

Strive to Break the Record

Altoona Tribune.

There should be a generous rivalry between the several election districts in the matter of giving Galusha A. Grow the highest percentage of the total vote cast.

It Would Hit All Equally.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wilson bill, as it is now before the senate, would, if passed by that body, deprive capital of its just profits and labor of its just wages.

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