SCRANTON TRIBUNE

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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.

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Whatever the faults of our political administration, either in its domestic policies or in its foreign intercourse, the "lowering war cloud" is not an American institution. And it should add to our civic gratitude to realize that it is not.

CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

An economic locksmith who modestly masks behind the pseudonym "Antonio," has sent to THE TRIBUNE a curious "Key to Business Prosperity" and it is fitting, in this time of commercial depression, that we should give it wide publicity. A good many able men have been searching for such a key and some of them, theoretically at least, have found it, as they fancy; but "Antonio" is prepared to convince one and all that they are deluded and deceived. The key which he offers is comprised in a modest pamphlet, embodying, as he explains, merely the outlines of a cure, and this small syllabus can be yet further compressed, as we shall endeavor to demonstrate, into a very few words.

Letting pass "Antonio's" severe characterizations of the growing contrast in this country between automatically productive wealth, on the one hand, amassed and centralized among the few; and widespread suffering and squalor distributed on the other hand among the impecunious many—waich characterizations, whether deserved or not, are not new nor especially instructive—we may briefly skeletonize his specific as the substitution, for gold and silver, of a money medium consisting of government bills of credit, subject to a tax of one per cent. per annum and based upon improved real estate, which is the combined product of nature and labor. This, in one author's opinion, would prevent the speculative hoarding of gold or silver, do away with the danger of sudden efflux of coin, and insure a uniform and wholesome domestic circulation of money, conditioned solely upon the activities of labor itself. It would, he thinks, secure the profits of our monetary exchanges to the government itself, instead of to private or corporate banking institutions; would do away utterly with a bondholding class; would practically abolish interest as a factor in commercial activities and would give to the individual citizen a larger security in all his business transactions, than he at present enjoys, or can enjoy.

It will thus be seen that "Antonio" favors virtually the nationalization of land. To base a currency upon improved real estate it would first be necessary for the government to own that real estate; or at least to practically control it by some form of mortgage. This is not quite the economic stride recently taken by Mr. Bellamy, who wanted the nationalization not only of land, but also of all industry. "Antonio" does not favor the latter course. He thinks it best to let all men have the rewards of their own honest work, in such varying quantity as corresponds with their varying diligence and ability. All he wants is the elimination of speculation in money or money-earning securities; the abolition of interest and the adoption of a basis of circulation with a stable and a steadily growing value subject to no capricious arrestment or inflation by money lenders and other brokers of finance. Yet even this, while a desire more modest than Mr. Bellamy's, is, we fear, one too capacious for practical gratification. And one thing, in particular, against it is that it would practically cut us off from all foreign trade.

CRIES OF fraud in the Republican vote for Grow are not meant to be taken seriously. They are uttered in the nature of a humorous let-down.

MR. HANCOCK professed to be for "tariff reform" simply as a preliminary step to practically free trade. But he chafed under even this half way concession; and the tenor of his speeches was unmistakably radical. His defeat then, was no accident. Nor can there be any quibbling as to the lesson of the returns.

THE NEXT nominee of Luzerne county Republicans for congress will have reason to felicitate Mr. Hines for his ultimate indorsement of free coal.

HISTORY UP TO DATE.

THE TRIBUNE owes Bill Nye an apology, and it is going to make it, if it has to pass a dividend. This journal once accused Bill of generating gloomy thoughts. It once, by inference at least, if not by open accusation, arraigned him for selling to the syndicates literary pabulum unfit for a dog. Upon reflection we feel that we have done Bill an injustice, not to speak of the dog. We desire, therefore, to say that if the syndicates want to buy that sort of stuff, and pay hard cash in advance; they ought to have it, in as great abundance as the funny mill will grind it out. We could even excuse William for working overtime, on this basis; and of putting his think-generator on double shift.

We have just discovered why it was that recent Nyeisms in the newspapers seemed so homœopathic in their humor. The festive Bill, with a shrewd eye to business, was skimming the cream off his able thinks, and was setting this richer scraping aside, while he ladled out to the syndicates the palely comical skimmed milk. If the latter was blue and thin, the former is certainly thick, unctuous and delightful. It has been churned into an entirely original production, soon to be issued as "Bill Nye's History of the United States." The material of this book, as advance sheets inform us, is wholly new, never having appeared before in print. Therefore, possessors of other histories may purchase this without feeling that they are being buncoed twice by the same game.

It would afford us pleasure to give our readers some of the choice benefits of Mr. Nye's indefatigable research. But space presses and tempus fugit. This one citation shall be smuggled in, though, if it breaks a column rule or squelches a quad. It relates to that happy fruition of Christopher Columbus' great voyage when, to the mutinous mariners, lost in the unploughed expanse of an unknown sea, there is suddenly wafted the vision of terra firma, and preparations are duly formed to occupy the continent in the name of Spain. Mr. Nye says: "A saloon was at once started, and the first step thus taken toward the foundation of a republic." Then he adds: "From that one little timid saloon, with its family entrance, has sprung the magnificent and majestic machine which, lubricated with spoils and driven by wind, gives to every American today the right to live under a government selected for him by them who make that their business."

MR. CLEVELAND will not find, in those Democratic journals which have the courage to tell the truth, much pleasant reading, these days. But he can get any quantity of wholesome instruction.

THE TRIBUNE feels itself under no obligation to Postmaster Vandling, political or otherwise. He is a Democrat, whom it will fight, by fair means, whenever it gets a chance. But it must admit that when the Democratic organ charges Mr. Vandling with mistakes which he did not commit, factionalism goes a step too far. The value of genuine criticism is sacrificed by such indiscriminate hounding.

IT HAS remained for the mugwump Springfield Republican to decipher in Mr. Grow's plurality a big vindication of the Wilson bill. Of course figures don't lie.

THAT VIADUCT.

In suggesting the other day that transportation corporations which make street crossings dangerous ought themselves to pay for the precautions necessary to insure the public safety, THE TRIBUNE uttered a general principle to which few disinterested and fair minded persons will take exception. But in its application to the proposed viaduct on West Lackawanna avenue, the suggestion, as we have since ascertained, overlooked an important fact, namely, that the railroad was built before the street was opened; and that in opening the street across the railroad, the municipality assumed a share in the responsibility for any resulting accidents.

It would have been in the power of the northern division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway company, at the time of the opening of the street, to have compelled the municipality to cross its tracks in such a manner as to obviate all danger; that is to say, by means of a viaduct or else by the tunnel or culvert process. The fact that the company waived this legal right of obstructing the creation of West Lackawanna avenue naturally puts the present city of Scranton under an obligation not overstated in the proposition that it now pay one-third of the viaduct's cost.

Fortunately, there has not been any question of the need of this improvement. The addition of the switches by the steam railroad, and the street's occupation by the electric transit lines, have combined to make it easily the worst single crossing within the city limits. It is a remarkable fact, considering all the opportunities for accident, that so few casualties have punctuated its history. The only safe and sensible plan, in view of all circumstances, is to unite in a tri-lateral movement for the viaduct's construction, taking advantage of the generous contributions already preferred in the premises.

IN THE OPINION of that astute political observer, Colonel Lambert, the "anthracite counties covered themselves with glory." When you consider what the Wilson tariff meant to them, it was really a case of justifiable self defense.

DR. DANIEL B. STRONG, whose tariff speeches have received such favorable comments, when asked to deliver an address in Scranton, struck what should be the keynote of Republican organization this spring by saying: "No, Scranton is converted to the true faith already. I want to spread my truths before Democrats." The guns of intelligent economic discussion should be trained, not upon those who are protectionists already, but upon those who are not. There is need of missionary work, not in Philadelphia, Allegheny, Lackawanna or Luzerne, but in Pike, Berks, Monroe and Northampton.

THE GALLANT Colonel Zimmerman thinks Cleveland is like the little Pennsylvania German at Reamstown who said, not very reverently: "The longer you live, the more you find by tam out." Grover's recent accumulation of experience has certainly been rapid.

DIPLOMACY'S DOOM.

Scarcely a week now passes without its record of curtailment in the expenses incident to the maintenance of foreign legations. The latest example is shown in Portugal's closing of the Portuguese embassy at Stockholm. Many of the diplomatic functions of Italy are notoriously cramped by lack of funds, and even England, which makes a particular feature of maintaining the best equipped foreign service of any nation, must at times feel that the more than six million dollars expended annually on this service is a dear price to pay for what, in this age of rapid intercommunication, is at least only a picturesque survival, a reminiscential luxury.

Everybody knows how general the sentiment is in the United States that ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, paramount commissioners and envoys extraordinary comprise, in the aggregate, one of the most ridiculous appendages of a republic dedicated in a new world to new principles and new aims. The utmost that can be said in favor of their retention is that it preserves us as a nation from the notoriety of being the first to discard customs that belonged especially to feudalism and that lost all their recommendations with the advent of steam locomotion and the electric telegraph. In our case the natural anomaly of an obsolescent scheme of diplomacy is yet further aggravated by a scheme of domestic partisan contention which every four or eight years overturns the whole foreign service from cellar to garret, and preserves it as a ludicrous kind of international kindergarten for ambitious politicians with a pull.

In the opinion of a growing number of observers, and these not all incorrigible radicals, the march of ideas, not only in our own country but in Europe, is away from mediaeval diplomacy. In the general spirit of the middle classes, this diplomacy has already lost that reverence and awe which it once inspired, and is tolerated largely because nobody is sufficiently concerned in the matter to propose a method of getting rid of it. But it is a system whose intrinsic decay will cause it to collapse, even if urgent economical reasons did not constantly point to its abolition. Men now alive may live to see the day when the business of nations will be transacted in as short, sharp and informal a fashion as is the business of individuals, by agents who will not be expected to ape the manners or the extravagances of a bygone age when courtier nobles robbed the poor in order to feed the cost of the flunkeyism exacted by rotten courts.

VIEWING RECENT events in the light of an arithmetical progression, Representative Foltz's Chambersburg Public Opinion thinks that by next November Pennsylvania's Republican majority ought to be well beyond the two hundred thousand mark. It can be put there by proper work.

THE SCRANTON merchant who, burned out on Sunday, opened with a splendid stock in a new store, on the following Tuesday, affords a solution to the question why Scranton has grown so rapidly. In the vocabulary of the genuine Scrantonian there is no such word as despair.

THAT WAS both a sapient and a witty Democrat who recently remarked: "Our party is only intended to be a minority party, and the chief end of the present congress seems to be to make that minority as small as possible."

IT IS, of course, simply a beggary of the case to say that overhead electrical wires cannot safely be placed under ground. Wherever the experiment has been fairly tried, it has given general satisfaction.

AT THE Pie Counter.

"Ah, dearest, this is love, indeed!"
He sighed, and kissed her thrice.
"I am not sure," she said, with speed,
"But anyhow it's nice!"

* * *

Richard (at the Musicale)—There is something rich in the tones of Kathryn Moore's voice.

Sara (who also sings)—Oh, yes; Katie's new false teeth are on a gold plate.

* * *

Husband (late at dinner)—There's one thing I must say, Maria, when Jane was alive, if I were late she had things kept hot for me. Wife (sarcastically)—That's probably what she's doing now, John.

* * *

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm charmed—I fain would know."
"You're talking through your hat," she said,
"That song and dance won't go."

* * *

Wife (who is a character student)—Observe that fine looking man sitting in the third row. I know he must be a person capable of arousing the innermost sensibilities of man.

Husband—He is, my dear. He is cook at the railroad chop house.

* * *

Sam—That girl I introduced you to is good as gold.

Tom—I don't care about that. If she's as good as a couple of corner lots near the business center, I'll be perfectly satisfied. —*Detroit Free Press.*

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SOME PASSING THOUGHTS:

It is sometimes better to be a rolling stone than a moss-back.

Nothing angers a literary bushwhacker so much as to treat his efforts at vituperation with silent contempt.

A well preserved bluff has often acted as a successful substitute for brains.

Modesty has been the mill stone about the neck of many a brilliant man.

Upon striking the long road that has no turn, it is well, occasionally, to jump over the fence and seek success across lots.

A streak of luck will often accomplish more in fifteen minutes than years of labor. It is well, however, to continue business at the old stand, as luck seldom comes to the one who depends solely upon it for an existence.

Just as Applicable Here.
Philadelphia Times.

It has been demonstrated that electric wires give more reliable service underground than overhead, so that the chief objection long urged against the change has been shown to be no objection at all. It is only a question of work and cost, and it is high time the work was done and the cost paid in all sections of the city. The overhead wires have been both a menace and an unsightly nuisance long enough.

Unrecognized by Friends.
Denver News, Dem.

If any one knows of anything Democratic about the Cleveland administration its discovery has been kept a profound secret.

Neither Is Contented.
New York Tribune.

We wonder who is the unhappier, Liliuokalani, who is out of a job, or Grover Cleveland, who wishes he was out of a job.

THE HUMMING TOP.

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song
To my dear little boy at play—
Merrily singeth all day long,
As it spinneth and spinneth away.
And my dear little boy
He laugheth with joy
When he heareth the tuneful tone
Of that busy thing
That loveth to sing
The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,
That the song be loud and clear;
Now hurl the top with all your might
Upon the banquette here;
And straight from the string
The joyous thing
Boundeth and spinneth along.
And it whirrs and it chirrs
And it birrs and it purrs
Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,
As some have grown before?
Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,
When he heareth the songs of yore?
Will ever this toy
Of my dear little boy,
When the years have worn away,
Sing sad and low
Of the long ago,
As it singeth to me today?
—*Eugene Field.*

As True as Preaching.
Philadelphia Record, Dem.

Crimes against the ballot box are in their consequences more serious than almost any other form of fraud; but by some singular perversion of the moral sense the rascals who cheat the whole body of their fellow citizens are much more likely to escape punishment than are burglars or sneak thieves whose depredations only affect individuals.

Collegiate Athletics.
Philadelphia Times.

The colleges are beginning to reason that too much time given to sports may result in the students practically making game of their studies.