

SCRANTON TRIBUNE
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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.

SCRANTON, MARCH 2, 1894.

In this day of keen economy, municipal as well as private, the good citizen who dislikes muddy crossings can do a graceful act by cleaning them, himself, as a voluntary contribution to the public weal.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Litigants and jurists are equally interested in a bill now pending in congress, under the guidance of Representative Bryan, of Nebraska. It proposes to amend section 800 of the revised statutes by adding the words: "In civil cases the verdict of three-fourths of the jurors constituting the jury shall stand as the verdict of the same force and effect as a unanimous verdict." This amendment has reference, of course, exclusively to federal courts, and aims to establish in these courts the reform which is in successful operation in five American states; namely, California, Nevada, North and South Dakota and Texas. It will be opposed by conservatives who hold out obstinately for the institutions of the common law, as bequeathed to us through many generations of reverent interpretation, and it will be championed, on the other hand, by all those who regard the law as a fit subject for experiment and improvement and not as something intrinsically inaccessible to betterment or to alteration dictated by varying customs and new conditions.

With respect to the need of some serious steps toward the increased efficiency of our present jury system, we suspect it will be conceded that the affirmative sentiment, generally speaking, is already in a majority. The increasing number of jury disagreements, carrying with them multiplied costs, but nothing definite in way of justice, would of itself suffice to condemn the old system as it is exemplified in current operation. But to this we must add the belief of a growing minority that the entire unanimity principle is wrong, with respect at least to differences in equity; and that, particularly in its virtual endorsement of ignorance as a qualification for jury service, the prevalent system signally fails to keep abreast of this intelligent and progressive age. The union of these dissatisfied sentiments in advocacy of an innovation like that proposed by Representative Bryan seems more than probable, and the adoption of his experiment, therefore, may be set down as a certainty, if not immediately, at least in a relatively brief time.

From the very nature of their miscellaneous duties, the common pleas courts are those in which the defects of the unanimity requirement in civil actions are most apparent. Apart, though, from the fact that these courts are beyond the jurisdiction of congress, it seems many essentials more desirable to locate the experiment of a majority requirement in a federal court than in a state or county tribunal. For one particular, the general tone of the federal court is better calculated to afford a fair test. There is, as a rule, a loftier scope of litigation and a higher quality of counsel, pleading and adjudication than in the common pleas courts. The questions at issue are, in the main, broader and deeper, thus giving larger scope for honest difference in jury deliberations. In view, then, of these and other facts, not to speak of the example set by the United States supreme court in rendering majority decisions to which the dissent of a learned minority is no uncommon thing, it would seem to be no more than courageous prudence on the part of congress to pass the Bryan bill and have the advocated experiment fairly and fairly tried.

It is justifiable slang, these days, to remark that Scranton's name is mad.

JOLLYTY, song and varied festivity last evening attended the banquet of the Cymrodorion at the Wyoming, which brought to a joyous close another celebration of St. David's Day. It used to be said of the American people that they did not know enough to take sufficient pause for the amenities of social intercourse. This may not have been the exact truth; but it is certainly true that to our friends of foreign extraction who transplant among us the happy commemorations of the fatherland we are nowadays indebted for many of our most enjoyable celebrations, of which last evening's was conspicuously delightful.

SELECT COUNCIL, when it is so minded, can say more and do less than even a Democratic congress.

THE EXACT VOTE.

Next Monday will be the thirty-first anniversary of the retirement of Mr. Grow from public life. He will celebrate it by re-entering congress with the unparalleled indorsement of a plurality which, according to the official figures, amounts finally to 188,294. Only once has any candidate in this state had a larger plurality. That was in 1854, when Henry S. Mott, Democrat, running for canal commissioner against George Darst, Whig, in a total vote of 274,074, received a plurality of 180,749.

The total vote at last month's special election reached 894,410, of which Mr. Grow reached 468,894, Mr. Hancock, 267,906, Mr. Morrow, the Prohibition candidate, 11,180, and Mr. Lotter, the Populist candidate, 5,837; the remaining 4,138 votes being scattered, illegal or irregular. It is significant in this connection that the prohibition vote fell nearly one-half, in three months time, notwithstanding the contention of prohibitionists that the tariff is a question of minor importance. Mr. Grow is certainly fortunate in

the manner of his return to congress, not only in the spontaneity of his candidacy but in the practically unequalled indorsement which it has met with from the citizenship of this industrially pre-eminent commonwealth. If there had been in his mind, or in the minds of his friends, any lingering recollection of the injustice of his long retirement, this has been removed in the only way in which it was open to removal. And with the past freely forgiven and the present made glorious he will enter congress doubly prepared to give to the citizens of Pennsylvania the best efforts of his matured manhood.

Representatives and constituents may justly feel mutually hopeful, happy and proud.

THE POLE tax 'coon remained up the tree, despite those pop-gun shots.

IN THE RESOLUTION of Representative Somers, of Wisconsin, calling for an investigation of the decisions of United States judges who have made rulings affecting the right of inter-state railway employees to strike at will, is couched a delicate point, quite apart from the merits of those decisions. Among the judges concerned is Justice Brewer, of the supreme court; and the question that suggests itself is how far a committee of the lower house of congress has any right to inquire into the adjudications of a co-ordinate branch of the government. Mr. Somers does not appear to feel abashed on this point; but he may be less truculent before the issue is disposed of.

THE CHRISTIAN Sabbath has survived a good many liberty leaguers in its day, and will no doubt survive the one in Scranton.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

A severe winter has been tided over by the unfortunate in our city in a manner which has left very little public evidences of unusual suffering. This happy result has been due, not to any lack of pitiable destitution, but to the unflinching generosity of our citizens, and to the systematic, unostentatious manner in which relief has been distributed. The experience of Scranton, in this respect, is the experience of every well governed large American city.

While there may be fleeting touches of winter, the backbone of the cold period has obviously been broken, and, in its conquest, has passed the critical point in the uncommon destination that has lately prevailed among us. From this time forth the energies of our charitable associations will need to be directed, as far as possible, toward the provision of work for those in idleness, and toward the general stimulation of public confidence, so as soon to realize a long-needed revival in business. Work, and not alms, is the key note to the present difficulty, and work cannot be supplied in saving abundance while all classes are benumbed by legislative dilly dalling and hypnotized through fear of hostile and radical tariff action.

Thus, while partisanship is to be tabooed in the presence of a commanding peril, it is plainly to be seen that politics plays a large part in the existing crisis; and that local sentiment needs to reinforce the general political sentiment which cries out for an early decision, one way or the other. Give the country an assurance of what it has to expect in way of foreign competition and it will adjust its business accordingly and push ahead with all its might.

WE COULD stand the south in the saddle if it wasn't so much of a horse on us.

IT WOULD involve a very small tax on the individual citizen's time and labor were he to volunteer to clean the muddy street crossings that this municipality is too poor to have cleaned at the public expense. Municipal patriotism involves some slight sacrifices, at times; and this ought to be one of the times.

IF DRUMMER MOTT'S little record had only been generally known, Grow Republicans could just as well have beaten it, too.

SNOBBERY GONE MAD.

Those who find food for moralizing in new evidences of what they call the growing selfishness and exclusiveness of men of wealth in our large cities will comment with avidity upon the establishment in Gotham of a new club—the Metropolitan—which, in its splendor and ultra-fastidiousness, quite surpasses all precedents on this Democratic continent. In its limited membership of one hundred, the Metropolitan is said to represent \$1,000,000,000. When the palatial club house was recently completed, one day was set apart for the reception of carefully chosen visitors. For the space of twenty-four hours, its massive doors were thrown open and invited guests were permitted to feast their eyes upon the sumptuousness of the furnishings and delight their palates with the sybaritic luxuri-ousness of its culinary appointments. Then the portals were closed indefinitely to every New Yorker not a member, and now the rules provide that no guest can be admitted unless he reside more than fifty miles from the city and be officially declared acceptable by the club's reception committee, in which fortunate contingency, the period of his entertainment is limited to one week.

This, it needs to be explained, is not a romance. It is a literal transcription of cold fact with reference to certain inhabitants of an American city living in this closing decade of the nineteenth century. These men are moving factors in the business life of a community which is our nation's financial heart, the throbs of which pulsate to the remotest portions of the republic, carrying alternatively panic or prosperity. They are the descendants of men who shed blood on the battle fields of the American revolution, in order that government might be free and men equal. They are themselves men some of whom profess to be good citizens and earnest patriots, zealous for the preservation of our free institutions and solicitous for the continued progress of the masses. Yet they do liberally immerse themselves behind stockades of wealth, and build to themselves temples dedicated to selfishness and crowned by the attempted reproduction of an almost criminal aristocracy. It would be interesting to know

with what emotions the granddaughters of these men would revisit this earth and learn of the conditions governing their entrance to the Metropolitan club. Could we fancy the heroes of Stratford or Ticonderoga enjoying the prospect of an unsuccessful suit for admission, even as brief spectators, to the inner circle of plutocratic swiftness as exemplified in this close social corporation of multi-millionaires? Is not a social tendency which intensifies the dividing characteristics between classes and masses, and which makes a sacrifice of domestic life upon the altar of selfish ambition deserving of opposition and vigorous reproach? The less of this snobbery, the better for the American nation.

WHILE THERE existed little necessity last month for irregularities in voting, the fact was demonstrated anew that that feature of the new ballot law which permits the illiterate voter to choose a helper and escort him into a booth is a direct invitation to corrupt practices. We like the suggestion that two helpers, one a Republican and one a Democrat, be appointed for each district by the court, under oath and heavy penalty, to perform this tutorial function. Even this plan might occasionally be attended by irregularities; but it would be a distinct improvement over the policy of promiscuous helpers, too often present for illegitimate purposes.

POOR "OLD HUTCH!" Five years ago, one of the wealthiest of rapid Chicago's speedy speculators on 'change, and now, a penniless bar tender in a Van Buren street saloon! And yet we say that romance is a thing of the past.

UNTIL THE honest wage earner of this land can have reasonable assurance of steady work at good wages, there can be very little hope for a third political party that seeks to ignore the tariff.

NO DOUBT as soon as Mr. Cleveland ascertains that the Wilkes-Barre Leader wants a Democratic postmaster at Pittston, he will fly back to the capital and take down his snickersnee.

AN INDUSTRY whose revival is not dependent on tariffs is that of garbage collection; and it cannot revive any too rapidly for the sanitary benefit of Scranton.

EACH DAY of delayed senatorial action on the tariff costs the country \$10,000,000; but senators are rich and don't mind expenses.

COPIES of Mr. Hines' speech opposing free coal, but pledging his vote for it, are in current circulation. It is a humorous work of much merit.

THE BEST answer to scurrility in politics is to take no notice of it.

FOUND and Then Noted.

A non-resident who occasionally visits Scranton was seen at the corner of Penn avenue and Spruce street yesterday looking for the post office. Of course it would not be necessary for the benefit of the Scranton Times, for instance, to post a sign giving the exact location of Mr. Vandling's present quarters, but many strangers to the city would, no doubt, be gratified if some directions were placed upon the vacant building that would enable them to find Scranton's post office without making inquiries of passing pedestrians. The simple placard "For Rent" is rather mystifying to the average visitor, who is liable to become impressed with the idea that "Uncle Sam" has gone out of business in the Electric City. It would seem, also, that a communications letter and paper drop box would not be a bad feature at the corner of Penn and Spruce. It would be convenient for people who are waiting for cars, to lean against if nothing more.

Just now the future business prospects of Scranton and the probable location of its business center are exciting much attention from men about town who have interest in such affairs. Many of the Court House Square enthusiasts contend that the entire trade of the city will in a few years gather about our government and municipal buildings, and that the pigeons and crows will soon roost in the lofty of Lackawanna, Wyoming and Spruce. The arguments offered are that the population of Hyde Park will come to Scranton via the Linden street bridge and will have no use for the lower avenue. The bridge and postoffice enthusiasts, however, are entirely wrong in their calculations. They forget the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad station on Lackawanna avenue; the splendid new Delaware and Hudson station a few rods distant, which will soon be opened, and the new Jersey Central and Ontario and Western station just across the Lackawanna avenue bridge. So long as these edifices remain and are open to the public, no one need fear that the present business portion of the city will be deserted. There is no question that trade in the vicinity of the court house has been improved by the opening of the new postoffice, but there is no reason at present for the apprehension that grass will grow on Lackawanna avenue, Wyoming avenue, Penn avenue or Spruce street.

The right man in the right place is W. Chapin Squires, the affable and ever-courteous clerk at the Wyoming House. If there is any position where one is required to control his temper while catering to the whims and fancies of a diversified lot of people, it is behind the register of a busy and first-class hotel. With the travelling public Mr. Squires is a great favorite; these modern knights of the road are sure to receive a quick and correct reply to their inquiries about trains, meals, places of business and a thousand and one other things which constitute the encyclopedia of knowledge supposed to exist at the hotel clerk's finger tips. Mr. Squires by his faultless style of dressing has been dubbed the Berry Wall of Scranton. In a measure he deserves the title; his attire is ever immaculate and his tone emblematic of an exquisite in the knowledge of how a man can clothe himself without overdressing. His past career has well fitted him for the position he so acceptably fills. Eighteen months ago he came to Scranton from the New York Athletic club, the most exclusive organization of its kind in the country; previously he had been connected with the Prospect house at Niagara Falls. He was engaged as private secretary to a Minnesota millionaire real-estate prior to his hotel experience. Dan

ville, N. Y., is his native home. Catering to the vagaries of clubmen, attending to a politician's multitudinous requirements and a broad knowledge of the world in the literal sense, have endowed Scranton with a thorough hotel man.

James B. Skeoch, chief of the Scranton Caledonian club, is one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the mother country in the city. Although a resident of Scranton for over eight years, Chief Skeoch has never taken the trouble to exercise the right of suffrage. He expects, however, to become a voter in the near future. He also contemplates another important step, it is understood, which will serve to rivet his affections more closely to the affairs on this side of the Atlantic, if not the St. Lawrence. Due announcement will be made later.

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A WEARY AND WICKED WORLD.

All of us are desperately wicked, and some of us more so. Not necessary to mention names--you know who you are, if we don't. If it wasn't for the few pleasures capable of being grasped occasionally, this world would indeed be "a vale of tears." But when our friends can avail themselves of a chance like this occasionally, prospects become slightly more pleasing.

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- Of that beautiful Gent's Neckwear in one of our windows at 45c.
- Of those Rich Wool Twill Suitings at our Dry Goods Counter--40 Inches in any of the New Spring Shades--at 25 Cents Per Yard. 25c.
- Of those Exquisite Half Wool Challies at Domestic Counter, 15 Cents Per Yard. 15c.
- Of those Fine Domestic Satines in our Basement, 10 Cents Per Yard. 10c.
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