

The Scranton Tribune

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E. P. KINGSBURY, Pres. and Gen'l. Mgr. E. H. RIPPLE, Secy. and Asst. Mgr. L. W. RICHARD, Editor. W. W. DAVIS, Superintendent. W. W. YOUNGS, Adv. Mgr.

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"Printers' Ink," the recognized journal for advertisers, rates THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE as the best advertising medium in Northeastern Pennsylvania. "Printers' Ink" knows.



SCRANTON, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

THE SCRANTON OF TODAY.

Some and inspect our city. Elevation above the tide, 740 feet. Extremely healthy. Estimated population, 1894, 102,000. Registered voters, 29,389. Value of school property, \$750,000. Number of school children, 12,000. Average amount of bank deposits, \$10,000,000. It's the metropolis of northeastern Pennsylvania. Can produce electric power cheaper than Niagara. No better point in the United States at which to establish new industries. See how we grow: Population in 1850, 3,223. Population in 1870, 35,000. Population in 1880, 45,820. Population in 1890, 75,235. Population in 1894 (estimated), 102,000. And the end is not yet.

General Hastings, in deciding who shall be the next factory inspector, will no doubt estimate at their true value the expressions of objection to Captain Delaney voted in the first place by Joseph A. Scranton, of this city, a political back number, and re-echoed by the Philadelphia Times, a Democratic newspaper. General Hastings, we feel confident, is too good a politician to go to the enemy for advice.

Thanksgiving Day.

The completion of another cycle of time has brought us to the dawn of Thanksgiving, the good old New England feast day. Thanksgiving Day, like the Fourth of July, is strictly an American holiday and commemorates a period in the nation's history that should ever be kept fresh in the minds of liberty loving people. Of late years the disposition to associate Thanksgiving with pugilistic encounters upon the foot ball field; cheap raffles, and the cruel sport of so-called marksmen who delight in making targets of imprisoned birds, has nearly eliminated the traditions that have made the holiday dear to the hearts of our ancestors as a season of good cheer and home gatherings. The day in some localities has become a period of boisterous hilarity rather than the peaceful event that the Pilgrim fathers intended it should be, and it is no wonder that the significance of the day, save as an occasion of gastronomic indulgence, is almost entirely lost upon the rising generation.

Thanksgiving Day should be associated with the laying of the cornerstone of the great government of Christianity and personal liberty; the establishment of the government of the people and by the people, who bow only to the Divine Master and giver of all good gifts. The day was set apart by the sturdy patriots as a period of giving thanks for the bountiful harvests and for the assurance that their efforts in the interest of religious liberty had not been in vain. If in their humble surrounding, beset by dangers and vexations, the pioneers of this land could sing anthems of thanksgiving while yet on the threshold of success, how much more earnest and devout should be the songs of praise from the lips of the generations of today who realize blessings and prosperity of which the Pilgrim fathers never dreamed.

The true bouquet to a Thanksgiving dinner is only to be derived from a gracious extension of bounty to those in need.

Sunday and the Saloons.

An interesting symposium of ministerial opinion upon the question "Shall Dram Shops Open Sunday?" appears in the columns of a New York contemporary, suggested by the expected revision, this winter, by the Albany legislature, of the whole excise problem. Eleven prominent clergymen are represented in this compendium; and the essence of what they take a page to say may be condensed into the following paragraph:

Rev. E. Walpole Warren, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, favors keeping the saloons open on Sunday, during certain hours, so that the poor who want liquor to drink with their meals may be put on an equal footing with the rich men who dine at the swell clubs. He would, however, abolish the saloon curtain and the screen door. His views receive the qualified approval of Rev. Joseph H. Rylance, of St. Mark's; Rev. D. Parker Morgan, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest; Rev. Arthur Brooks, of the Church of the Incarnation; Rev. William H. P. Faunce, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church; Rev. David H. G. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's, and especially of Rev. William S. Rainford, of St. George's, who, in preference to the otherwise inevitable side door, emphatically favors the keeping of the saloons open on Sunday from noon to 10 p. m. The ministers opposed to any legal connection to the retail liquor traffic are Rev. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, who comes out with a flat-footed negative; Rev. George R. Houghton, of the Church of the Transfiguration; Rev. Henry A. Stimson, of the Broadway tabernacle, and Rev. Howard Duffield, of the Old First church.

The letter of the last named clergyman, from a rhetorical point of view, is the keener of all. He caustically says: "The fact that the first question which challenges the recently elected municipal government should be the proposition to invest saloons with a legal right to liquor on the community on Sundays as well as

during the week, is startlingly significant. The idea of cleansing New York politics by the beneficent ministrations of the "saloon" would be comic if it were not satanic. To actually enact such legislation would be to proclaim that the late election was the veriest travesty, and that the same malign power whose doom the people decreed with a voice of thunder was still holding this city under its autocratic and brutal sway. It would be to make the humiliating confession that after all there had been no real transformation in the governing forces of the community, but that a duped people had simply exchanged Tammany for Shammany. The "saloon" is the nest egg of Tammanyism. It is the germinating center of all civic iniquity. Around it clusters the whole vile brood of those pestilential evils against which an indignant citizenship has launched its anathema. I am well aware that the liquor-thirst of a vast city is no child's problem, but it is the very logic of childishness to seek to quench it by giving it frog. I am perfectly willing to concede that the liquor-bibber has certain civic rights, but I am not willing to admit that unalcoholic classes of the community have no rights which the drink-lover and the drunkard maker are bound to respect. New York must despair of ever becoming a clean city until the prerogatives of the "saloon" instead of being extended are sharply restricted.

It is scarcely likely that, despite the eminence of the reverend gentlemen who advocate open doors, the saloon business in New York will be thus benefited. Public sentiment concedes that the drink habit is a necessary evil; but it is clearly not in favor of propagating it.

It is a happy custom which on this day, in the churches and at many private institutions of business, remembers the hungry children of the poor. May each mouthful thus dispensed be as money invested at compound interest in gilt-edged securities.

One Central Reason.

Among a number of reasons which Bishop Keane, of the Catholic university at Washington—known to Scrantontians through his agreeable presence here during Bishop O'Hara's golden jubilee—advanced in a published letter for devout thanksgiving occurs one thought which is particularly appropriate at this time. We reproduce it in part because of its intrinsic truthfulness, and partly, also, because of the prevalence among some persons of a delusion that those who share Bishop Keane's faith are secretly hostile to this republic and anxious to see the experiment of free government fail.

"Our country," says the bishop, "has passed through a most painful crisis of industrial depression. This has left many a home with little or no means of support, and it has been the occasion of outbursts of violence most deplorable. My duties called me to Europe just as these troubles were culminating, and I had the advantage both of taking in the situation better by looking on its general feature from a distance and of learning at the same time the views taken of it by foreign nations. To them it seemed that we were on the verge of a socialistic revolution. But of a sudden, to their utter amazement, they saw peace restored and the national harmony undisturbed. The wisdom, energy and the common sense of the American people had met the difficulty, and had brought the country safely through what would have been a disastrous revolutionary crisis to nations abroad. It was an object lesson of the salutary power residing in our federal government, convincing the world that we have the strongest as well as the freest government on earth. It has taught our country that although in the future, as in the past, the adjustment of human relationships may be expected to develop entanglements and difficulties, she has no reason to fear for the result. Our country's resources and energies are adequate to any emergency."

We can add nothing to and we would subtract nothing from the dignity and truthfulness of this thought. Whatever the measure of one's individual reason for thanksgiving today—whether, in the varied circumstances of life it seem much or little—there will ever be one predominant and overshadowing incentive to gratitude in the good fortune which enables one to lift up the voice of his reverent acknowledgment in free America.

The problem of how to employ the convicts in our prisons without hurting the earnest attention it has so long received. The proposition is made in New York that the convicts in that state might profitably be put to work on the mountainous roads, which certainly need improvement. But this at once encounters opposition from organized labor, which claims that idle men on the outside of jails should have precedence over the idle ones within. In fact there is no place where convicts can be put to work without meeting the same dilemma, and it is equally impractical to keep them idle. To all appearances, therefore, we are no nearer a solution of the problem than we were before.

Police Chiefs and Their Work.

The proposition which came before the state convention of city police chiefs in Philadelphia Tuesday, to formulate a bill for presentation to the legislature lifting the police force of incorporated cities out of the go-as-you-please condition now prevalent, and up to a plane where civil service rules will govern appointments and promotions, is probably in advance of the times. Chief Simpson, of this city, opposed it, according to the newspaper reports, not because he took exceptions to the proposition as a proposition, but because he thought its advocacy premature; and he was probably right.

At the same time, however, it is not to be believed that the civic intelligence which is increasingly taking hold of American municipal affairs with a view to their correction will long overlook the chaotic condition of the police systems of Pennsylvania cities. In comparison with the superior thoroughness and discipline found in states where the city police are placed upon a permanent and genuine civil service basis. The large personal power and discretion vested in mayors in this state clearly overstep prudent limits when they enable the municipal executive virtually to command the police force as a general might direct an army. Where one executive may use this large authority wisely and with rare discretion, another is quite as likely to use it to vicious and dishonest purpose; and the only fair way to correct the latter evil is possibly to sacrifice something of the

EARLY THANKSGIVING.

From the Journal of Education. The first reported Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles. The first national English Thanksgiving was on Sept. 8, 1638, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. There have been two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on Feb. 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's jubilee. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for thanksgiving. The first national Thanksgiving proclamation was by congress during the revolutionary war. The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1818, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national thanksgiving in 1783, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

A Professional Reprimand. The Deacon (at revival meetings)—My poor brother, are you prepared to die? The man who has wandered in indignantly—Say, why don't you drop business in a place like this? I'm a life insurance agent myself; but I have never yet talked shop in a church.

How to Win Her. Think not the girl you love loves not; Also love, depend upon it. With willing heart she'll share your lot—If there's a house upon it.

Parlor Furniture . . .

WITHIN THE PAST FEW MONTHS THERE HAS BEEN RADICAL CHANGES IN THE STYLES OF Parlor Furniture,

ALL WHICH HAVE BEEN TO THE ADVANTAGE OF THE BUYER, AS THE NEW AND TASTY PATTERNS ARE LESS EXPENSIVE THAN THE OLDER ONES, THUS ENABLING THE PURCHASERS TO FURNISH THEIR PARLORS IN UP-TO-DATE STYLES AT A

Moderate Cost. YOU CANNOT FAIL TO BE PLEASED WITH OUR EXHIBIT OF THESE GOODS, AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE MADE UP WHAT YOU DESIRE, OUR STOCK OF COVERINGS TO SELECT FROM IS COMPLETE.

Hill & Connell,

191 AND 193 WASHINGTON AVE.

DINNER SETS

We are now showing the largest line of Dinner Sets ever displayed in this city. A splendid variety in HAVILAND & CO., CHAS. FIELD HAVILAND, R. DELENINERES & CO., FRENCH CHINA, CARLSBAD AND AMERICAN CHINA, PORCELAIN AND WHITE GRANITE WARE.

If you want a Dinner Set examine our stock before buying. Coursen, Clemons & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wilkes-Barre News-Dealer has adopted a new head, but is yet running along with the old—and good—brand. A bright idea for the children is the little Picture Magazine, published monthly by the Page Publishing company. Times building, New York. Its illustrations are regular smile-brokers.

A handsome twelve-page Thanksgiving number of the Pittston Saturday Argus, issued last week, attests the enterprise and superior typographical taste of Editor H. W. Dony. It was a fine stroke, and is well appreciated.

Chap Book, published fortnightly by Stone & Kimball, Chicago, is one of the nearest little publications devoted to current literature and art printed. The best authors and the brightest artists regularly contribute to it.

Professor Drummond, in a scholarly review, in the Christmas McClure's, of the career of Rev. Dwight L. Moody, will advance the opinion that "there is perhaps no more truly great man living." McClure's Magazine is always interesting; but this number will, it is promised, be especially so.

The good housewife who failed to prepare her Thanksgiving menu after a careful perusal of the current number of Demorest's Magazine will probably regret it when she sees how the "memory's" recipes were. This magazine easily retains its hold upon the women of America as their favorite household and fashion guide.

His Patience Explained. From the Yonkers Blade. "Why made you take all that impudence from that fellow?" asked the friendly passenger of the conductor. "Why, he even didn't pay his fare." "That's it," said the conductor. "If he had paid his fare I'd have broken his head; but he's riding on a pass, and maybe he has a pull."

THANKSGIVING.

In stack and cellar, bay and bin, Now rest the harvests of the year; The orchard's wealth is gathered in; The ricks are filled; the fields are clear. Today we take a truce from toil 'And at the genial fireside meet; Nothing shall come our peace to spoil As we the annual feast repeat. How calm the Indian summer haze Above the distant mountain lies! The squirrel darts from place to place; The crow across the valley flies. The rippling stream with murmuring tone Seems lonelier as it passes by; And one slow hawk, reserved, alone, Cuts his broad sweep across the sky. The colored pallet, rich and rare, Is gone which made the forests gay; A quaker sunset now they wear; And even that shall pass away. But we, around our ample board, Confront the winter without fear, Whose fruits are housed, whose crops are stored, Whose friends are true, whose home is dear. For all, may some good fortune come, Some happy friend to drive sad thoughts away, Some cheer friendships, love and home, And naught to mar Thanksgiving Day. —Once a Week.

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GOLDSMITH'S BAZAAR.

THANKSGIVING WEEK.



WILL be one of rejoicing to careful, discriminating buyers, who will be fortunate enough to visit our store, where they will find every one of our departments overflowing with goods, sparkling with the latest tints of fashion and absolutely unapproachable in value.

Our display of Holiday Goods will be open for exhibition Friday, Nov. 30, and comprises the newest, handsomest and most complete assortment of Toys, Games, Books, etc., ever brought under one roof. Customers will find it both money-saving and satisfactory to make their selection of Holiday Goods before assortments are broken, and for the convenience of those who desire to save themselves the worry and trouble of shopping incident to the Holiday Season, Holiday Goods selected now will be delivered to suit the convenience of the purchaser.

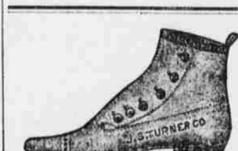
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22 styles of Fine Wool Eiderdowns, newest patterns, of which we have sold hundreds of yards this season no less than 49c; in order to make room for other goods, we are closing them out at 33 cents.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Tailor-made Jackets, 40 inches long, of Cheviot and Diagonal, worth \$10.00; our price, \$7.98. Ladies' Kersey and Beaver Jackets, tailor made, of superior fit and workmanship, worth \$15.00; our price, only \$9.98. We are closing out a few broken lines of Jackets, formerly \$10.00 to \$15.00; your choice of same at \$4.98.

Please take notice that our distribution of Crayon Portraits to every \$25 customer, which we have so successfully kept up for the past five years, will positively be discontinued after Dec. 31, 1894; so bring in your checks and leave your orders now, if you desire them before Christmas.



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DR. E. GREWER,

The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at Old Postoffice Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street. The doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physiology and surgery at the Medical-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia. His specialties are Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases. DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and all distressed mind which unfit them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardly fear, dream, melancholy, tire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health. Lost Manhood Restored. Weakness of Young Men Cured. If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description. Consultations free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., Sunday, 9 to 2. Enclose five 2-cent stamps for symptom blanks and my book called "New Life." I will pay one thousand dollars in gold to any man whom I cannot cure of EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS or FITS. DR. E. GREWER, Old Post Office Building, corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street, SCRANTON, PA.

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And saw in the house you can fix things yourself so that a carpenter will not be needed. Astonishing how easy it is when you have the right tools. Ah, there's the nut in a shell—the kind we sell—the best. Nails and Screws and small but penetrating tacks, and all such staple goods as hardware dealers ought to have are here. Housewives, fortify your kitchens for the Winter with our Furnishings. They hint of home happiness for wise women. Trifles in cost, but great in results. You will be looking to the main chance—your own—by dealing with us. We occupy our new building on Washington Avenue April 1.

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POULTRY AND GAME OF ALL KINDS. Maurice River Cove, Blue Point and Rockaway. OYSTERS, CLAMS MEDIUM AND LITTLE NECK. All kinds of Fresh Fish, Lobster, Hard Crabs, Escallops and Shrimps; at PIERCE'S MARKET. PENN AVENUE. HORSE SHOEING. HAVING purchased the stock and rented the building of the late John Hamlin, I shall now give constant attention to shoeing horses in a practical and scientific manner. Quick work and good is the motto. JOHN HAMLIN, DOCTOR OF VETERINARY SURGERY. IF YOUR OLD BOOKS NEED FIXING, SEND THEM TO The Scranton Tribune Bookbinding Dept.

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