

**The Scranton Tribune**

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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, DECEMBER 12, 1894.

**THE SCRANTON OF TODAY.**

Come and inspect our city.  
Elevation above the tide, 740 feet.  
Extremely healthy.  
Estimated population, 1894, 103,000.  
Registered voters, 20,599.  
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.  
Such have we:

Population in 1860..... 4,223  
Population in 1870..... 22,000  
Population in 1880..... 45,850  
Population in 1890..... 75,215  
Population in 1894 (estimated)..... 103,000

And the end is not yet.

Scranton is vindicated at last. In the cards of the Long Distance Telephone company posted in Philadelphia hotels it is set forth that:

- \* This hotel is connected by TELEPHONE.
- \* with Scranton, New York.
- \* Baltimore, Williamsport.
- \* Buffalo, Washington, Harrisburg, Boston, Erie,
- \* Reading, Albany.
- \* And other prominent cities.

This naming of Scranton first is obviously not accidental.

**Elm Park Church Anniversary.**

We venture to say that there is nowhere in the city, be he Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Mohammedan, agnostic or atheist, a man who does not honestly rejoice in the happy circumstance which, after two baptisms by fire, has enabled worshippers at the Elm Park church this week to commemorate the first anniversary of their handsome new structure's completion and dedication to the purposes of religion. If there is such a man, he does well to keep under cover; for the sight of him would be a sorry token of the effectiveness of civilization under its present close alliance with the modern church.

Only a little more than twelve months ago, what is now the best-designed church building in Pennsylvania was a mass of charred ruins—the second mass of ruins which, within a few weeks, had occupied the church's site and occasioned, despite all argument, hushed mutterings of evil portent. Today, not only does the third attempt to build a church stand embodied in visible beauty of material triumph; but there has also been achieved a year's great growth in grace, in charity and in liberal and enlightened Christian fellowship, typified to those on the outside in hundreds of beneficent acts and agencies that have helped decidedly to carry this community across the trial of a serious panic. Even the building, beautiful as it is, is of slight importance in comparison with the grand work that has been done in it, and of which it becomes merely the happy symbol.

It may not be inopportune to renew attention to the circumstance that while our thriving city is building a business broader and more substantial with each passing year, it is also quite steadily adding to its other wealth in new churches, new schools, new libraries and new hospitals. To what single influence are we most indebted for the impetus which pushes forward this intellectual and moral growth? What agency would, if suddenly subtracted, most cripple these later activities of our municipal expansion by which a community's true wealth is alone calculated? This is a thought which we deem it appropriate to call up in this week of pleasant church anniversary services. With this thought recommended to each reader's attention, we wish our Elm Park church friends many happy returns of the day.

In view of the fact that a number of esteemed contemporaries are busily announcing special holiday numbers, it may be wise for The Tribune to inform its readers that it too, is preparing a Christmas treat which will be well worth waiting for.

**Trouble Enough.**

A recent reminiscence related by Mayor Connell to our versatile friend, P. A. Barrett, carries with it a strikingly suggestive moral: "I was in Boston a few months ago at the time there was a slight cave-in over in Bellevue," said the mayor, "and saw on the newspaper bulletin board there, in glaring letters, that Scranton, Pa., was sinking into the earth and thousands of lives and millions of property were in danger. Boston was thoroughly aroused over this, and while I was sitting in the hotel leisurely reading the weird tale, a friend of mine who had met me the night before, ran breathlessly up to me, and asked me for God's sake to hurry home, that my family and the people of the town had dropped into the mines. I smiled at the Bostonians' innocence, and this only angered my friend and he turned and gave me 'Hall Columbus' because I was so indifferent about such an awful catastrophe. 'I will bet you a box of cigars,' I said, 'that not one out of every hundred people in Scranton have ever heard of this trouble, and that when the Scranton papers reach us there will be scarcely a word about this affair.' My friend took the bet, and several days later when the Scranton papers arrived they announced that by a cave-in at the Bellevue mines the

foundations of several houses cracked. Only that and nothing more."

It is difficult to say, off-hand, just how these effervescent liars who send out such misinformation as this can be brought to book; but if there is a remedy it should certainly be applied. Scrantonians have enough to do to stagger along under the weight of the true things that can be said of them—said of their wretched wooden block pavements, for instance; their lack of appreciation for high-class musical and literary entertainments; their ship-shod regulation of fire-trap buildings; their easy indifference to the speculations and speculations of venal councilmen; and their indefinite toleration of street nuisances that in most cities would be abated as soon as perceived—let them be spared, therefore, the unconscionable persecutions of the space-rate, sensational, hired liar.

In consequence of what the Report calls the Southern Pacific's monopolistic rates, the curious spectacle of regular freight traffic between San Francisco and Fresno, conducted by mule trains, is now visible in California. The first "schooner" load of ten tons of general merchandise was transported the 112 miles in this pioneer fashion very successfully, at less cost than by rail, and regular wagon trips are being arranged. Evidently the Interstate commerce law is not a howling success on the coast.

**Scranton and Its Future.**

With a new hospital coming in Hyde Park, and a \$75,000 appropriation for Lackawanna county now reasonably expects that the first hanging in its history will soon occur. If there had been more hangings in Lackawanna county her history would be better.

**THE MOUNTAIN VOICE.**

All easily through the stern ravine  
There rode a horseman brave:  
"Ah! draw I near to my darling's arms,  
Or near to the gloomy grave?"  
The echo answer gave:  
"To the gloomy grave."

And as the horseman rode:  
"If I thus early to the grave  
Well—in the grave is rest."  
The answering voice confessed:  
"In the grave is rest."

Slowly adown the rider's cheek  
A tear of grief fell free:  
"In the grave there is rest for me,  
For me in the grave 'tis well."  
Whereto the echoing knell:  
"In the grave 'tis well."

—Heinrich Heine.

Colonel McClure thinks Hastings should have a rest. The colonel is not phantoming this year.

That alleged Quay impersonement of Adicks turns out to have been the work of a systematic forger.

What about the county controllership? Will recently declared unconstitutional. Affairs political are peculiarly pied just now in the Fifteenth congressional district. It is quietly intimated that a deal is on.

The Brooks license law inquiry, of which Sam Hudson, of this city, is secretary, will hold its first session in Philadelphia Thursday.

Then the Wilkes-Barre News-Dealer moves to Indiana, the ex-Commissioner Tom English instead upon a \$500 rebate on certain official printing when he was in office?

The latest presidential slate fixed up by the political gossipists for 1896 has Congressman Reed at the head of the Republican and Secretary Carlisle at the head of the Democratic ticket.

Colonel McCormick, of Williamsport, who is to be attorney general, specifically states that he will not give the \$2,500 a year scholarship to the Sixteenth congressional district. It may go to County Chairman Charles P. Adams, of Carlisle.

On his retirement from congress in March, Judge Holman, Democrat, of Indiana, will write a book of personal reminiscences of his thirty years in congress. It will deal largely with finances and government expenditures, and in its personalities is expected to be spicy.

Colonel O'Malley, of Carlisle, and Representative-elect O'Malley to introduce a bill repealing the unjust and inadequate special laws under which the school and poor boards of that city are now working and to put these bodies under the new general law for cities of the third class.

The election of Silas W. Pettit over Clayton McMichael as president of Philadelphia and swelled his fortune was a general surprise. One of the defeated directors on the McMichael ticket was Colonel Lambert, of the Press. The league will soon proffer a public reception to Governor-elect Hastings.

The Wellsboro' Agitator advances the proposition that the next Republican state convention ought to order the selection of future delegates to the national convention which all agree—a paid field department. The journals of that city, no matter how fiercely they quarrel among themselves, are always a unit for anything which conserves the interests of the town. If we only had a little of that local pride down here, Wilkes-Barre would be a city of 100,000 people by this time.

Wyoming's Latest Massacre.

From the Philadelphia Record.

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The Truth Teller Put.

From the Wilkes-Barre Record.

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The Proper Spirit.

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