

The Scranton Tribune

Daily and Weekly. No Sunday Edition.
Published at Scranton, Pa., by The Tribune Pub. Co.
New York Office: Tribune Building, Frank B. Gray, Manager.
C. P. KINGSBURY, Pres., and Gen'l. Man.
E. H. RIPLEY, Secy. and Treas.
LIVY S. RICHARD, Editor.
W. W. DAVIS, Business Manager.
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Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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upon them by the recent unthinking onslaught upon silver.
The action of Germany in moving for international concurrence in a bimetallic standard will dispose of further patience many who would otherwise be inclined to take some chances on independent effort. If Secretary Carlisle can promise that the president will do his part toward furthering an international conference, his plea for caution may not prove ineffectual. But we still are of the opinion that this question will not be correctly solved until Republican statesmanship shall solve it.

Servants or Autocrats, Which?

The claim of those street railway managers who contend, regardless of the facts, that no safety fender has yet been designed sufficiently meritorious to fulfill their critical requirements is that they ought to have the privilege of "running their own business in their own way." But is it their own business? Does the public no longer possess rights which a trolley corporation is bound to respect?

The residents of our American cities, Scranton included, are all more or less vitally interested in having these questions authoritatively answered. If a street railway company, after acquiring the public's permission to use the public's thoroughfares for purposes of private profit, is to enjoy powers transcending the powers of the public which chartered it; and is to continue, with impunity, to maim and murder people because too avaricious to take reasonable precautions for their protection, the fact should be definitely known, so that no further charters may be granted.

The impression existing among the laity now is that a corporation which exists by public courtesy is still amenable to public regulation; and that it is high time this fact were recognized by our law-making assemblies. If this impression is erroneous, the people should be so informed. While there is no wish to deal unfairly with the trolley managers, it is essential to the public welfare that these lords be taught the full measure of their responsibility to the people, if they are under any responsibility; and that the obligations which they now appear to ignore should, if such longer exist, be made plain to them beyond possibility of further evasion.

Mr. Platt Talks.

Mr. Platt has been interviewed by "Gath." The result is interesting. He predicts Republican defeat in New York this fall, and blames it on Mayor Strong. The latter, he says, he "knew very little about." He has broken promises all around. He has brought in men from other states and made a dumping ground of them in New York, which is resented by the political forces. One man from New Jersey, another from Newport, R. I., hold important places. The most important office he gave to Waring, such an ill-regulated man that, in addition to cleaning the streets, he has assailed the self-respect of all the soldiers. Strong, however, adheres to him.

Nor is the ex-senator's humor much sweeter in relation to the man whom he is generally credited with having nominated for governor, "Mr. Morton." He says, "has not satisfied me. I think the conditions under which one accepts a political preferment ought to be as good as any other promise. Mr. Morton hesitated about accepting. He did not know that his age and health would let him serve. His wife was understood to be opposed to his re-entering politics. I think that she has the force of the family. My luck in sustaining public men has been often adverse. However, I think that Governor Morton can obtain the support of New York state in the presidential convention if he wishes to be a candidate. The governor does not like to be made a target of. I think he does pretty much what the mugwumps request of him."

Secretary Carlisle's Position.

There is a general disposition throughout the eastern and northern states to view with favor that portion of Secretary Carlisle's Covington speech in which he says:

I am in favor of the preservation of the existing standard of value with such use of full legal-tender silver coins, and paper convertible into coin on demand, as can be maintained without impairing or endangering the credit of the government or diminishing the purchasing or debt-paying power of the money in the hands of the people. This is neither gold monometallism nor silver monometallism, but it means that one standard or measure of value shall be maintained, and that all forms of standard coins in use shall be kept equal to that standard in the purchase of commodities and in the payment of debts. Any policy which would discontinue the use of silver as money, by direct legal enactment or by undervaluing it relatively to gold in the coinage laws, would certainly result in practical gold monometallism, and, on the other hand, it is equally clear that any policy which would discontinue the use of silver as money, by legal enactment or by undervaluing it relatively to gold in the coinage laws, would result in practical silver monometallism.

We interpret this assertion to have reference, not to a single metallic unit of coinage; but to a unit governing the standard weight and fineness of both gold and silver, and retaining in all our money the sovereign merit of intercurrence. The position is practically identical with that outlined by the last Republican national convention; and if interpreted in a spirit of fairness toward silver can be endorsed by all classes of moderate bimetallicists. We do not believe that a programme embodying independent and unlimited silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 will carry in this country so long as there is a reasonable prospect of an international bimetallic agreement. The most that friends of silver can expect is such a treatment of the American product as will serve both the purposes of a sound currency and relieve the western states of the undesired burden put

upon them by the recent unthinking onslaught upon silver.
No comment is necessary on the foregoing statements. But if advice be in order, we should say, with apologies to Senator Quay: "Dear Platt—don't talk."

Alluding to the approaching convention of the Republican National league of Pittsburgh says: "The work of the Republican national convention must be left solely to that body, and any attempt to anticipate, forestall or direct it a year in advance would be not only futile but harmful." If our contemporaries wish to suggest that such an attempt is probable at Cleveland, next month, it probably labors under a hallucination. The National league, since its organization, has exhibited a thorough appreciation of its functions and limitations, and the same is true of most, if not all, the state organizations. It is not claimed in any quarter that the league can bind the Republican party to its deliberances, but as a representative assemblage, the league convention is entitled to express its opinions and would be derelict if it did not express them. Our Pittsburgh contemporaries may dismiss any possible fear that the league does not understand its place.

Whatever may be the legal status of Mayor Nichols' vigorous fight upon the social evil in Wilkes-Barre, there is no doubt that his intentions are good, and that our neighboring city stands in need of just such a reformation.

David Martin says he is satisfied; Senator Quay is sure that he is; and the remainder of the state, from all reports, appear to be doing as well as could be expected. Let us have peace.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The eccentric artist, Whistler, is an American by birth, though he is known as the painter of the "Blue Boy." It seems that one of his models, after having posed a surprisingly long time in silence, broke out: "Mr. Whistler, where were you born?" "I never was born, my child," he replied, "I descended from on high." And she exclaimed: "Now that just shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world. I should much sooner have said you came up from below." Whistler, by the way, has quarreled with Raffalli, the great French impressionist. The other day when Whistler was mentioned to him Mr. Raffalli laughed with great gusto and said: "Oh, he is an extraordinary man, that Whistler. I had some meetings with him, and the last was a bad meeting, very bad, and I told Mr. Whistler that I did not know Mr. Raffalli. Mr. Raffalli does not know Mr. Whistler."

JINGLING HUMOR.

Achievements totter in a day:
Let him who chafes the works of ages go;
But come what may, they're here to stay—
The men who say: "I told you so."
—Washington Star.

Now doth the fly sit calmly by:
The neighborhood to scan;
Nor finds by search a better perch
Than the electric fan.
—Washington Star.

Although well blessed with earthly goods
His joys were fragile as a bubble;
He fretted 'neath the worst of debts—
Because he always borrowed trouble.
—New York World.

All hail to great George Washington!
Let's follow in his track.
He never was nor couldn't be
An anglo-man.
—Washington Star.

Our sober colon at Harrisburg occasionally rebelled readily be granted when one has read this little episode in the Philadelphia Record: Representative Sam Cochrane, of Armstrong, was showing the sights to several of his rural constituents and introducing them to the big men about the legislative halls. After doing the rounds, Representative Fow and others joined the party and enacted a little farce-comedy for the benefit of the countrymen, one of whom talked fluently of his services in the Union army and how he had led the charges at Chickamauga. "Look out," said some one, pointing to Fow, "there is an old rebel soldier."

"What a rebel in the Pennsylvania legislature!" exclaimed the astounded countryman. "Yes," said Fow, "I served in the Third Louisiana Tigers and helped to turn your left flank at Chickamauga." Some hot words followed and Fow Mrs. Cochrane began to do the same and jumped in to help his constituents. The lights were turned off, the table upset, and to cap the climax, one of those present drew a toy pistol. That settled it. The "hero of Chickamauga" thought everything was in the hands of the stars as soon as he could break loose he made a dash for the door and flew up the stairs like a flash. At 3 a. m. Cochrane was still searching for his missing constituent, while his friends were rosy from laughing.

WHERE:

Where are the birds whose promised song
Was rudely quenched by cruel frost?
Where are the sunbeams that are now
By laughing wavelets should be tossed?

Where are the flowers whose perfume
Should freight the breezes as they blow,
And where, oh, where, is the straw hat
That decked the street some time ago?
—Washington Star.

We have all heard of the sorrowful relative who, after mournfully telling about the sadness of his kinsman's death, brightens up all at the thought that the corpse was so beautifully laid out that the family was "licked to death." A story in the same vein is narrated by Henry Clay Barnabee, the inimitable comedian of the Bostonians. It is a story illustrative of the undying master passion of the actor. An actor who plays juvenile roles met a leading man on Broadway. The leading man was dressed in deep black. There was a wide band of crepe on his hat, and he had discarded the patent leather shoes in favor of low-top shoes with subdued polish that spoke of grief. "What's the matter?" asked the juvenile. "My father is dead," answered the leading man in a heart-broken voice. The juvenile expressed his sympathy. "When did he die?" he asked. "Last week. We buried him today," answered the leading man. "What a good friend," said the juvenile, "said Uncle Eben, 'listen to 'im, but don't trade horses wit' 'im.'—Washington Star."

EPIGRAM AND REPARTEE:

"Dah am some men," said Uncle Eben, "dat regards ebery change in de weddah as a change foh de wus."—Washington Star.

"When'er man talks 'er tremejus night 'bout what a good frien' 'de yon'a he is,' said Uncle Eben, 'listen to 'im, but don't trade horses wit' 'im.'—Washington Star."

Mrs. Gray—"What a terrible thing has happened to the Blacks! Mr. Black was coming home from his club the other night and he fell down and broke his leg so badly that he has had to have it amputated." Mrs. Green—"Lost his leg! Isn't it awful?"

And his family saw so little of him before."—Boston Transcript.

Lady (who has a sick husband): "Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?" Doctor (absent-mindedly): "No, madam, not until he gets well."—Philip Welch.

Sunday School Teacher—If you had your choice, would you rather be as wise as Solomon, as great as Julius Caesar, as rich as Croesus, as eloquent as Demosthenes, as tall as Goliath, or as good as the prophet Elijah? Willie—I'd rather be a drummer in a brass band.—Chicago Tribune.

In one of the interior towns of Michigan, says the Detroit Free Press, reside two lawyers who are rather well-to-do. They feast itself at periodical intervals. It is only in a mild form, though, so their friends rather take it as a joke than otherwise, and each of them are rather well along in years. One night they happened to meet on their way home, and though one shied and tried to keep in the shade the other wouldn't have it that way. It was evident that he wanted something, for he tackled his legal friend without ceremony, and he asked him to "pull up that you." "Course it is," was the response. "Didn't a'pose I was going around in disguise, did you? What do you want?" "Want to know what time it is, that's all." It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and the man in the shadow of the street knew it, and appreciated the fact. "Well," he said slowly, so as to make the dignity of the occasion more apparent, "I decline to tell you. You ought to know better, sir, than to try to get me to answer a question that would incriminate me," and he passed along in the farther shadows, leaving his friend standing in the middle of the sidewalk in a dazed condition.

TYING HER SHOE.

She stood by the door that was festooned with flowers.
While the sound of the waltz floated lazily through,
And young bloods of fashion and maidens stood watching while I was tying her shoe.

She wore a red stocking, soft, delicate silk,
Her ankle just turned to perfection—yes, two,
And the edge of her petticoat, whiter than milk,
I saw, and I trembled—when tying her shoe.

Ah, me, for the days of young love and young life,
For the days when my cares were both trifling and light,
Just seven long years I've been calling her "wife,"
And now think it a bore—when I'm tying her shoe.
—Tom Hall in Life.

The man from Wilkes-Barre had spoken long and lavishly in praise of his city, and the Scrantonian gave signs of growing unrest. Finally the Wilkes-Barre man, after a long pause, asked the Scrantonian: "Barren's permission to repeat a story once told to him by a young lawyer of the Luzerne bar who had passed one summer as an extra-ordinary man, that Whistler, while going from his camp one day to get some provisions he was startled by the approach of a large grizzly bear. He had neglected to arm himself, there was not a tree in sight, and apparently no avenue of escape. It was a desperate position, demanding quick action. He noticed a hollow log lying on the ground, and he was just large enough for a man of his size to squeeze through. He managed to crawl inside as the bear was about upon him. The prisoner for some time. In the meantime it had begun to rain and to his horror the log began to swell, squeezing him like a vice. He began to realize his time was short for this world. The Wilkes-Barre man, who had been listening intently to the narrative, inquired how the lawyer succeeded in freeing himself from his perilous position. The Scrantonian replied that a happy thought struck him. He just remembered that he had once been a resident of Wilkes-Barre and it made him feel so small that he began to shrink until he was not over one-half his ordinary size. At this point the conversation abruptly ended."

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Triune Astrologer.

Astrolabe cast: 231 a. m. for Thursday, May 23, 1895.

A child born on this day will be inclined to believe that a few supreme court opinions in advance would save this country many dollars in preventing the passage of measures that will not stand constitutional muster.

Perhaps by the aid of vaseline and bronze powder the bloomer costume might be made attractive enough to be popular in