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LIVY S. RICHARD, Editor.
W. W. DAVIS, Business Manager.
W. W. YOUNGS, Adv. Mang'r.

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UNION LABEL

SCRANTON, JUNE 18, 1895.

"We ought to realize by this time that we should not do our work nor make our loans in Europe. Let us place what options we have with our own capitalists, and our orders with our own manufacturers, who, in the past, have been always abundantly able to meet every need and demand of the government and of the people."—Governor William McKinley, at Hartford.

Characteristic Treachery.

General Hastings' administration of the office of governor of Pennsylvania needs no defense from us. It has been clean and manly; and has, in all the items of his official conduct up to this time, compared favorably with the record of his Republican predecessors. We have no doubt that this fair start will be sustained throughout his term of office.

We desire, however, to call attention to the peculiar characteristics of an editorial expression in the Scranton Republican of yesterday, whereby, on the day that a number of the foremost citizens of Scranton and its vicinity journeyed to Harrisburg to place before the governor the fitness of an eminent fellow-citizen, Mr. E. N. Willard, for appointment to a judgeship of the new Superior court, and to plead for favorable executive action on appropriations affecting the very life of a number of our worthy local charities, the attempt was made, in most abusive and vindictive language, to thwart the generous purpose of this mission and to invite gubernatorial resentment, with all that that implies.

While we believe that General Hastings is too broad-gauged and too well-informed a man to visit upon the people of this community the just indignation which he must feel for his envenomed local assailant; yet we wish our readers to consider the studied malice which must have impelled this attack at this time. Here was a delegation composed in almost equal proportions of Democrats and Republicans—the former, for this once, magnanimously ignoring party lines in order to bear cheerful testimony to the personal and professional deserving of a distinguished Republican candidate and neighbor—and on the very day that it bore its message of sectional indorsement and neighborly good-will, irrespective of party, a journal professing political kinship with Mr. Willard, pretending friendship for his candidacy and assuming to voice the sentiment of local Republicanism deliberately and brutally tries, not only to stab Mr. Willard in the back, without profit or provocation, but also to jeopord the important needs of deserving local charities, which, under the state's necessities, stand at the best in danger of curtailment.

The character of this treachery needs but to be explained to be condemned, swiftly and severely, by every lover of decency and fair play. We waste no time on the author of it; but we submit to the intelligence of this liberal community that it should be unreservedly repudiated.

Practical Jury Reform.

Judge Barrett, of the New York Supreme court, who presided during the recent tedious trials of Police Inspector McLaughlin, is preparing for the next legislature of his state measures designed to improve the present jury system. For one thing, we learn from the Philadelphia Times that he will urge the appointment of special commissioners of jurors, who shall select from the great mass of names each year 2,500 men of "the very highest standing in the community, men of unblemished reputation, leading merchants, business men, and men of affairs." These men are to be exempt from jury duty excepting as they may be called as select jurors.

In any case before a court where there is such public prejudice or passion as to endanger the proper administration of justice, any party to a suit may appeal to the court for a select jury to be drawn from this list, so that any suitor who apprehends that public passion or prejudice may do him injustice in the jury box, can command a jury of the highest intelligence and integrity composed of men who, being specially called as special jurors for special cases, could not but act judicially in rendering their verdicts. In addition to this special jury system that is open to all, the standard of jurors is to be elevated by the inspection of special jury commissioners to be appointed by the courts, and, as the Times points out in the course of a strong editorial, thus assure the administration of justice without the fear of political or individual control. It would eliminate from the jury system all traces of partisan prejudice or personal influence, and would assure generally honest verdicts in judicial controversies between litigants."

There appears to be much solid argument in favor of Judge Barrett's proposed change. It is notorious that the present method of drawing jurors is grossly unsatisfactory. The prevalence of professionals in the jury box, the increasing liability to disagreement and the equally growing feeling of suspicion with reference to the integrity of average juries chosen according to conventional standards of ignorance and imbecility make desirable some change calculated to restore popular faith in the fairness of trials by jury. We do not see why special fitness should be exacted of the men who carry mail, lick stamps or add rows of figures in federal department offices, and not of men invested with the power and responsibility of passing upon most important issues affecting property, freedom and even life itself. The "special jury" idea seems at first thoughts to be a highly desirable one, worthy of a careful test.

What Next?

The people of Scranton have dealt very generously with the Scranton Traction company. Through their representatives in councils they have permitted that corporation to secure, without legitimate cost, franchises and privileges amounting in value to hundreds of thousands of dollars. They have imposed but one legal condition—a pole tax amounting to $2,500 a year—and this was not imposed until the Traction company had bitterly fought a similar ordinance and showed its vindictiveness by defeating for re-election the councilman who had introduced the pioneer ordinance on this subject.

The people of Scranton, when the present management took hold of the street car lines of this city, were promised a greatly improved service, low fares for workingmen and special rates for school children. This promise was kept for a few months, or during the time when valuable concessions were being railroaded through councils; and then they were broken. The first evidence of the Traction company's bad faith was its failure to keep its lines in a suitable condition of fitness for the rapid transit of a growing patronage. Next came the refusal to continue the special rates for school children. This was followed by the curtailment of the transfer system from a margin of one hour to a margin of only thirty minutes. In the course of time the low workingmen's fares were rescinded. Anon came the virtual refusal of the company to provide its cars with safety fenders and to submit to a reasonable ordinance governing the speed of cars in thickly populated portions of the city. Last of all, we have the recent high-handed attempt, under cover of the Franklin avenue double-track scheme, to vitalize the sweeping People's Street Railroad charter so as to enable the Scranton Traction company to purloin at its pleasure any and all streets in the city. During all this time, the car service has not perceptibly improved; schedules are maintained only in an arbitrary fashion; and upon special occasions, such as ball games or theatrical performances, crowds of people are furnished with about half the number of cars necessary to their proper and safe conveyance.

In view of these facts and tendencies we are of the opinion that it is time for public sentiment in this city to take some steps toward the protection of the legitimate interests of the public—and to ascertain, if possible, whether the fair demands of a community of 125,000 inhabitants for cheap, safe and efficient street transportation are to be complacently evaded or ignored by a debt-ridden corporations whose management, from choice or necessity, remains to all appearances deaf to the voice of protest.

An ado is being made in some of the papers concerning an alleged big syndicate of silver mine owners said to have been formed to aid the cause of free coinage. The details of the plot are somewhat nebulous; but if such a syndicate has been formed it probably reasons that it has as good a right to make profits out of Uncle Sam as has the Rothschild-Morgan syndicate, which resides beyond the sea.

McKean county Republicans, at their recent convention, opposed free silver coinage at this time, but favored bimetallism whenever an international agreement will sanction the unrestricted use of the two metals at a parity. This is clearly the Republican position, in the light of the last national platform; and until a national platform shall declare otherwise, it must remain the binding rule of party creed and doctrine.

Many of the Washington correspondents complain that President Cleveland is too reserved, and far too fond of shutting himself out of the way of people. They apparently overlook the divinity which ought to hedge a consecrated president.

It would materially improve the prospects of the cause of honest bimetallism if there were fewer Sibleys, Peffers and Stewarts on the surface of contemporary events.

It is unfortunate that the New York Sun, in other respects so close to what a newspaper should be, should mar its achievement by an unfair and an unnatural hostility to municipal reform. It is difficult to believe that so intelligent a man as Charles A. Dana can be sincere in his professed esteem for the boodle-grabbing nuisance known as Tammany Hall.

The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 2517 to 33,586,000,000. Now while there's room is the time to be happy.

And now it is M. Alphonse Allardi, a prominent Belgian economist, who declares that the "only remedy for the present world-wide industrial and commercial depression is to rehabilitate silver." International bimetallism is by no means an iridescent dream.

Lord Rosebery has proved a disappointment as premier of England. But it may be he has not had a fair chance. He is a young man, as politicians go; and can afford to wait, if necessary, for the fame that many once believed his due.

President Roosevelt's determination to secure for New York city a proper observance of the Christian Sabbath is a creditable one, in the execution of which he can find room for the exercise of his very best abilities.

The interesting fact was recently disclosed during a lawsuit at Beaver that the average cost of a first-class bicycle does not exceed $30. The other $70 is the cost largely of the pride which goeth before a fall.

Philadelphia's Municipal league, before putting up for the Penrose "Lexowing," manifests a suspicious inclination to exact a guaranty for the prompt and proper delivery of the goods.

One thing may be pretty safely predicted in advance. There will, next year, be precious little of the New York-is-the-pivotal-state howling inside the Republican party.

The impression that one Benjamin Harrison will be a mighty potent factor in the next Republican convention is by no means on the wane.

The report from New York is that Whitney wants Lamont to run for president. And yet Whitney pretends to be Lamont's friend!

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald supplies another story of Gresham, this time relating to his career on the bench. When he was young on the bench it appears that Judge Gresham had to hear a suit for possession of some land in Lake county. The plaintiff sought to dispossess the defendant, who had been an occupant of the land for about twenty years. The title was evidently good and the only question as the judge put it when the case was first explained to him was whether the possession of the ground for twenty years gave the defendant a right to steal it. However, the defendant was permitted to state the case for himself, and his plea was wholly for sympathy. He told the court how he and his family had settled on the land in 1845; how a little girl had come to his wife there; how the little girl grew and grew and became prettier and prettier every day; how she sickened and the roses went out of her cheeks; how he walked to Chicago to get a doctor, but when he returned the little girl was dead. They buried her, he said, without mass or candle, in a little mound beneath an old tree that stood on the property on which he had lived so long. And now, he said, they wanted to steal his child's grave from him. When the simple-minded German had finished his tale the lawyers saw that the judge's eyes were full of tears. He said to the plaintiff: "Sir, you may find some courts that would give you this man's little grave, but not this one. Mr. Clerk, make out a decree for the defendant."

* * *

THE GOOD OLD TIMES:

Oh, bring me back the memory
Of scenes now passed away,
Of things which seem just now so dear—
More dear than I can say.

Bring forth the old newspaper file
And let me read once more
Of how the mercury went down
As ne'er it did before.

Of snowdrifts reaching to the neck,
Of water pipes that froze,
Of blizzards in procession ranged—
Oh, let me read of those.

I fain would ponder on the jam
Of ice which swept away
The bridge, and left the country round
Excessively frappe.

Those by-gone days—we met them then
With disapproving brow;
But bring the old newspaper file,
We'll revel in them now.
—Washington Star.

* * *

General Fitzhugh Lee is not one of the kind who would spoil a good story simply because the joke happened to be on himself. His recent visit to Louisville recalls to the Courier-Journal of that city an anecdote which the general himself told and which furnishes a good illustration of the Confederate soldiers' esteem for General Robert E. Lee: As it is well known, General Fitzhugh Lee was at the head of the cavalry, and these were much envied by the infantrymen who had to walk through the mud and dust. After General Robert E. Lee had surrendered General Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier. "Ho, there!" cried General Lee, "where are you going?" "I've been off on a furlough, and am now going back to join General Bob Lee," replied the old soldier. "You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and return home, for Lee's surrendered." "Lee's surrendered?" "That's what I said." "It must have been that damned Fitz Lee, then. Bob Lee would never surrender," and the old soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.

* * *

FOUND AT LAST:

"I wondher," said Mr. Dolan, "is it thrue that whisky'll cure a shnake bolt."

"Av coorse it's thrue," replied his companion.

"An' there's no doubt at all about whisky makin' a mon see shnakes."

"Divil a bit."

"Begob, thin—!"

"Phwat's the matter wid yes?"

"Ol've dishcovered perpetual motion."—Washington Star.

* * *

Horace Greeley's wife, as is well known, was peculiar in some respects. One of her peculiarities is revealed in a reminiscence lately narrated by ex-Congressman Cummings, within the hearing of the Washington Star. "One day," said Mr. Cummings, "I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out of the window and opened the door himself. 'Come in here, Amos,' he said, in his high, mealy tones, as he lead me into a fashion of parlor. I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment, laid my hat, gloves, and cane on a center table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. The moment she entered the door her eyes fell indignantly on my trosseau—hat, gloves, and stick—on the table. Without a word, and before I could speak to her, she swooped on the outfit like a fishhawk, and the next moment threw them out of the window. Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had taught somebody that the hall was the place for hats and canes and small bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot; a man naturally might who sees his hat pounced upon and cast into the shrubbery. But before I could get up or say a word Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecatory manner and cheered me with the remark: 'Never mind her, Amos; she thought they were mine.' Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like I had my doubts."

* * *

MAGAZINE VERSE:

Now and then a thought comes sadly to me—
A thoughty thought that cometh in a chunk,
And makes me somehow sort of sad and gloomy,
To think what thoughts I actually have thunk.
Ah, weary soul! What am I getting through me?
Whence, wherefore, now the whichness of the when?
These are the fastest things, oh, fairest one, beshrew me,
That soothfully come to me now and then.

Now and then I realize quite plainly
That time is passing and that life is brief,
That everything's distorted and ungainly,
And incubates and breeds a brood of grief.
Alas! alas! The women all are females,
And of the genus homo males are men,
What then's the use of going into details,
Whenceforth the whyness of the when?
Punxsutawney Spirit.

* * *

CORRECT:

"What do they mean by a test case?"

"A test case is one which is brought to see how much the lawyers can make out of it."—Puck.

* * *

RHYMES OF THE TIME:

There are times when man would be alone,
Far from the maddening crowd,
Where he his privacy can own
And think his thoughts out loud.
One of these times, without a doubt,
Is when he first bestrides
A bike, and neighbors all come out
To see how well he rides.
—Kansas City Journal.

New woman in her hours of ease,
Despite her scorn of man,
When chased by snakes or bugs or bees
Screams on the same old plan.
—New York Recorder.

"I want free silver, since it's cheap,"
Quoth she: "'twould be so funny
If we could find there's such a thing
As bargain-counter money."
—Washington Star.

The politician now perceives
With judgment ever sound,
It's time to raise his boom a bit
From off the level ground.

And yet discretion must be used
To steer the thing aright;
If too much ballast gets away
It goes clean out of sight.
—Washington Star.

Burnish up the reel and rod,
Straighten out the line,
Take a spade and turn the sod—
Fishin's gettin' fine.

Tramp along to where they say
Speckled beauties swish,
Sit around for half a day—
Go and buy your fish.
—Buffalo Courier.

She felt a decided ennui,
As in like manner did hui.
The falls of the Sioux
They hied them untioux,
The strong arm of the law set them frui.
—Detroit Tribune.

In years agone when he had not
The five-and-twenty cents,
He watched the daily ball game through
A knothole in the fence.
He sits in the grandstand now
And marvels much to know
Why he sees not half of what he saw
Through the knothole long ago.
—Cincinnati Tribune.

Described.

From the Washington Star.

"In what shape are this young man's finances?" asked the father.

She had a soul above deception. So she meditatively drew a cipher and murmured, "Well, at the present time, Algernon's finances are in the shape of an ellipse."

Unendurable.

From the Washington Star.

"No," said Cholly Anglomane, "I will nevah consent to having twadespeople in the club."

"Why not?"

"Because I have trouble enough to avoid meeting my creditors as it is."

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer.

Astrolabe cast: 3.16 a. m., for Tuesday, June 18, 1895.

Moon rises 12.42 a. m.

A child born on this day will possess unlimited nerve and coolness. He will not be easily agitated and will never drop dead at an unexpected raise of salary.

Funds will be the only thing lacking for the success of one whose natal day falls upon this date.

As the silver movement has apparently swallowed the Democratic party, it is not surprising that uncompromising Republican gold bugs should have a Jonah-like feeling.

Ajacchus' Advice.

If you would assist the Clair Stevens soda water boom, drop a postal in the slot.

This is a good time to write poetry on the "beautiful snow."