

The Scranton Tribune

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When Senator Quay said he couldn't tell whether the Philadelphia Inquirer was fool or knave, he showed he hadn't read the paper. It takes brains to be a knave.

Nature's Noblemen.

There is no stint to the welcome which Scranton today accords to the brave men of the Medal of Honor Legion who are for the time its enviable guests.

It is not permitted to any citizen of this republic to wear the artificial titles which in other lands too often confer unmerited rank and distinction; but we have yet our orders of true nobility; and this Medal of Honor Legion is one of them.

The medals which these heroes wear in token of a nation's grateful remembrance are fittingly termed "medals of honor;" but not the least of the claims of the recipients upon our considerate attention is the fact that they wear their tokens with a modesty which is the essence of genuine bravery.

All honor, then, to the American Legion of Honor; and may it be long ere the final conqueror calls them to the last engagement!

Now will the Pennsylvania-legislature be good?

Quay as a Tariff-Maker.

The amendments which Senator Quay proposes to offer to the tariff bill are short, sweet and very much to the point. They are:

(1) Eliminating the proposed tariff on tea. The argument that tea might possibly be grown in America in small amounts if protected by tariff from Oriental competition, is insufficient to reconcile the great bulk of citizens to the duty on tea proposed by the senate finance committee.

(2) Striking out the proposed increase of the beer tax. It will be held that this is a surrender to the brewers; and we dare say it is offered with a view to their propitiation. Still, the fact remains that beer, with a growing number of persons, is as much a beverage of necessity as tea, coffee or cocoa.

(3) Providing for the free admission of iron ore imported from mines owned abroad by citizens of the United States for their own use. This has special reference to the Cuban ores used at Bethlehem, Steelton and Sparrow's Point. The mills at those places must have this ore if they wish to continue in the iron and steel business, and Senator Quay evidently thinks it is just that they should have it duty free.

(4) Requiring all articles on the free list to bear a ten per cent. duty until 1897, by which time it is believed the finances of the country will be in shape to enable this emergency provision to be discontinued. This remedy for deficits is heroic, but it is like its author. When Senator Quay has to do a thing he believes in doing it to the very limit. The fact that duty has been cast upon the ability of the amended Dingley bill to raise the revenue required by the government suggests to him a very direct way to remove that doubt. There will be no deficits if this provision shall be adopted.

(5) Restoring the former internal revenue provisions. Changes in the internal revenue schedules invariably beget confusion and open the door to fraud. They are dreaded by tariff makers but in the original draft of the Dingley bill several of them were rendered necessary by the desire to add materially to the nation's current income. Inasmuch as this addition would be reached by Senator Quay in another and perhaps a surer way, it is desirable, if his other amendments are entertained, that this last one should be included with them.

It will, we think, be the general opinion that these few amendments offer a clear, simple and straightforward way out of the problem. When to them is added one restoring the Aldrich sugar schedule to a condition of public decency, the sum will offer a material improvement upon the new tariff bill as it was reported by the

senate committee on finance. These remarks are made upon the assumption that the Dingley bill as it left the house cannot pass the senate.

Out in Blair county the Pennsylvania railroad officials who are summoned to serve as jurors generally beg to be excused, but on Monday Judge Bell read several of them a lecture and recommended that copies of Supreme Court Justice John Dean's address on bettering the jury system be distributed among them and their friends. That wouldn't be a bad idea in Lackawanna also.

Pursuing a Delusion.

The fact that a conference of all the free silver elements of the country was held yesterday in Chicago, avowedly for the purpose of uniting their forces for the political contests of the immediate future, suggests brief consideration of the prospects of the silver standard agitation in the United States.

At the present time it is clearly fair to say that the one hope which the leaders in the independent free coinage movement have for the success of their proposition at the polls in the near future consists of their prediction that the Republican policy of protection will, when restored, fail to fulfill the expectations. This is obviously not a subject open to argument. We can only await the result itself. True, protection with its allied policies has fulfilled reasonable expectations in the past, and has, according to Mulhall, been at least one of the most marvellous eras of national development recorded in modern history. It does not, therefore, seem reasonable that protection should suddenly have lost its potency; but the reverse of this cannot be proved prior to protection's adequate restoration. Only the test itself will settle the point. With a little patience that test will be ready for public scrutiny and study.

But let us for argument's sake suppose that the test has been made and that it has proved a failure. Let us assume that the teaching of the last thirty years has been shown fallacious; that a tariff which employs American labor and defends American producers of the American market is wrong; that the proper thing in tariffs is a flat revenue enactment adjusted without reference to American economic conditions. How would that benefit the silver movement? Of course it would stimulate discontent, sap confidence and encourage reckless thinking together with still more reckless voting. And that might for a time toss the silverites into office. But what kind of a field would they then have in which to undertake the working out of a delicate experiment in finance? Is it to be believed that ferment and turmoil are the suitable attendant conditions for a successful test of so radical an innovation in the life-current of commerce?

A little thought ought to convince our free silver friends that no less as theorists than as citizens personally concerned in the diffusion of substantial prosperity it is to their highest interest to woo confidence back; to bank the fires of sectionalism and class jealousy; and to substitute for the croakings of pessimism the cheery comradeship which befits superior citizenship.

"McKinley," says the Philadelphia Record, "will only be with us for four years. We might have fared worse." You might; but don't be too sure about that word "only."

Right to the Point.

The many words of Governor Hastings admonishing the obstreperous legislature of its neglected duty and inviting it to finish its labors and adjourn, are worth repeating. They ring clarion-like above the din of the petty turmoil at Harrisburg:

"At this time, when almost all industries are suffering, when trade is stagnant and when willing labor can find no employment, economy in the expenditure of public moneys should control the general assembly in its appropriations and will certainly control the executive in the consideration of all measures. When the individual citizen finds it necessary to exercise the most rigid economy in order to support himself and his family it is certainly a strong admonition to you and to the executive to see to it that his burdens should not be increased, but so far as possible should be lessened."

"There are two ways for states as well as individuals to successfully meet such exigencies as the present conditions impose. The first is to increase the income to meet existing outlay. This is practically impossible for state or individual at this time. The other is to reduce expenditures so as to live within the income. This is good house-keeping. Instead of searching through the crippled business institutions of the state for new subjects to tax, or calling upon me to point them out, it will be much easier and more in the line of duty, as public servants, to exert our energies in finding where the burden of taxation may in some measure be lifted from the shoulders of our people."

"Your prompt action upon and speedy disposition of the work remaining before you, making an early adjournment possible, will, I am confident, meet with the approval of the people of the commonwealth."

If any citizen thinks this dignified rebuke is too severe, let him review the session's work and then ask himself if it is not wholly deserved.

"I hear," says Mr. Wannamaker, "that some who have only been the president's friends since election are skillfully using his words to make enemies for him." But, of course, John, they can't make an enemy of you.

General Lee's Report.

The report of General Lee upon the Ruiz case, which Commissioner Calhoun indorses, has been published in full in advance by the New York Journal. That report incorporates no new facts, but its repressed summary of the circumstances surrounding the arrest, incarceration and assassination of Dr. Ruiz is eloquent in implied condemnation of his Spanish murderers. General Lee narrates the piteous story at length, but as his version does not materially differ from that given at the time of the tragedy it is necessary at this time only to examine his conclu-

sions. They are codified by him as follows:

First.—Dr. Ruiz was arrested on a false charge.
Second.—He was placed under an improper jurisdiction and died before the proper tribunal considered his case, thereby giving him no opportunity to prove his innocence.
Third.—He was kept "incommunicado" in a solitary cell for six hours in violation of his treaty rights, which limits such confinement to seventy-two hours.
Fourth.—He died from congestion of the brain produced by a blow on the top of the head.
Fifth.—There are two theories connected with the wound on the head: one that in a state of mental excitement he ran across the cell, as described by one of the jailors, and butted his own head on the door in a frantic effort to get out; another, that he was thrown over the head with one of the clubs carried by the jailors—by the immediate watchman—who had probably ordered him to vacate his cell for relief and for his children, and upon his not doing so, struck him with more force than he intended, or it is possible the blow was delivered to make him confess or give evidence against others.

General Lee examines each of these theories with what thoroughness he can, considering that the opportunity for proof is absolutely lacking, and expresses no specific preference for either. "But," he adds significantly, "the fact remains that Dr. Ruiz's confinement killed him. Had he been released from incommunicado by the hand of man at the end of 72 hours the hand of death might not have released him at the end of 315 hours and today the widow would have had the support of her husband and the means of her fatherless children would never have been heard."

Upon the strength of this report we may rest assured that our government will exact from Spain such reparation and apology as are within its bestowal for a crime thus inexcusably fiendish. While it is true that there is no possible indemnity we can demand or Spain grant which will wholly compensate the widowed wife of the four orphaned children, yet so far as human action can avail in their behalf at this late day, this nation will certainly see to it that approximate justice is done. On this score all fears may be dismissed. The facts are plain; the evidence is convincing; the papers are flawless. Whether we take General Lee's version or the version of Spain, whether we affirm that Ruiz was beaten to death by a brutal jailor or concede that he was kept in his cell, contrary to his rights, until the horror of it filled his mind with madness and forced his revolting frame to beat out its life against the cruel bars, the fact remains as General Lee has so eloquently expressed it in the quotation above—a damning fact, not only to Spain but also to that president then in the American white house who listened to the Ruiz narrative unmoved, and threatened to recall General Lee for wanting to have a warship at his back.

It is well that things at Havana and at Washington are different now.

The familiar signature of Marion Stewart Cann now appears at the bottom of an exceedingly readable column on the Truth's editorial page. The Truth and its readers jointly deserve to be congratulated; the former for its enterprise in securing so interesting a feature, and the latter for the opportunity to enjoy it.

Three weeks more of the present legislative session will be amply so far as the people are concerned, and at a pinch they could perhaps spare it sooner. There is renewed talk of an oleo emergency tax. If oleo is fit to be sold at all, it is entitled to stand on its merits and without discrimination. When Spain shall give Cuba home rule Spain will give Cuba independence. The two terms are synonymous as the situation stands. Our new revenue proposition at Harrisburg contemplates a 5-cent tax on theater tickets. Better say cigarettes. It will do the legislature no good to grow red in the face. It brought it on itself.

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Gossip at the Capital

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Washington, June 8. There is not an official of the government, from the president down to the chiefs of divisions, who does not receive more or less old communications from people all over the country. When Joan Wannamaker was postmaster general during the Harrison administration he received the following letter from a postmaster down in South Carolina: "I understand that you are a philanthropist, as well as a shrewd business man. I am postmaster here, and want to be reappointed. I can't, however, fill the place unless you send me a pair of pants. The pair I have on has been borrowed so often it can't be re-sold any more. In my intervals of leisure (which is about all the time I sit out in front of the office on top of a four barrel) and when ladies inquire for mail I treat them with the utmost deference, retreating backward before them. There is another man here looking for the place. He don't know a blank thing, but he has a good pair of breeches, and if you can't send me a pair, you can treat this letter as my resignation, and give the office to him."

While the late Frank Hatton was postmaster general an exchange draft for some \$20,000 needed his signature. He was not at the department; neither was he at his home. But old Sol, the messenger, knew where he was, although no amount of coaxing could make him divulge his secret. He offered, however, to take along to the postmaster general that was absolutely necessary. Seeing that the case was hopeless, they gave the draft to the messenger, who took it to the place where the draft had been given. The postmaster general signed the \$20,000 draft, then tossing it carelessly on the table, laughingly said: "Play to that, gentlemen!"

The laugh died out, and the game went on, and ended, but the incident remained as characteristic of the man whose good fellowship crowded out all superfluous conventionalities.

The following was a unique letter once received by Postmaster General Wilson from a lady evidently in the tonorial business, which is here reproduced by permission: "To the General Postmaster: 'Dear Sir—Would you kindly object to forward me address and names of three or four of the best barbers in Washington? I mean the ones who are in the class where, for instance, the upper class will be mostly likely to frequent during the coming inauguration. No matter whether hotels or stores; sell or don't if you would be kind enough. It is business, of course."

I would include you in the trouble; but I would feel offending you, and I never was there, so do not know of the best resorts at all. I may come on for that matter; kindly excuse my troubling you, and believe me,

"Respectfully yours," "Mrs Madison." It was at the beginning of Postmaster General Bissell's administration that the government decided to print its own stamps. Immediately after the change hundreds of complaints a day poured in from all sides, mainly on account of the non-stickable quality of the mucilage. While the department was racking its brains to solve the difficulty, some wag sent a letter to the postmaster general, on which the stamp was riveted with four brass brads.

One day while Mr. Minick, private secretary to General Bissell, was engaged in departmental work, his mind was diverted by a conversation between the two men. The man, who had become a well-known figure since, was trying to instruct Cruso, a new recruit, in the rudiments of arithmetic. The first example was: "Suppose you were to buy 300 pounds of beef at 5 cents a pound; what would it amount to?"

Cruso scratched his woolly head, figured over several sheets of paper, using the rubber end of his pencil quite as often as the lead, and finally handed the answer in, which proved to be incorrect. "No, no," said Ross. "Let me give you another. Now suppose you were to buy 300 pounds of beef at 5 cents a pound; what would that amount to?" hoping to get him by strategy to solve the problem again.

"G'way, dar, man," said Cruso, "doan't s'pose any fool's gwine t' know beef's worf mo'n poke?" And he refused, in disgust, to work out so foolish a question.

While Don M. Dickinson was postmaster general, he received the following telegram from one of his postoffices: "Have been brutally maltreated by the postmaster. What shall I do? Shall I come on?"

The postmaster general enjoyed the message extremely, and after a few pleasant comments, telegraphed back: "Tick the postmaster first, then come on." (Signed) "Don M. Dickinson, P. M. G."

Don't Magnify Calamity.

From the Philadelphia Times.

It is always best to take the most hopeful view of every condition that confronts us, while looking squarely in the face the dangers which beset us. There is now a tendency on the part of some of our reckless partisan journals to magnify the present misfortunes of the country. They are serious enough when considered from the most unbiased standpoint, but they can be greatly magnified and their evils multiplied many fold by the systematic calamity-howlers who present only the shadows which cover their great country while rejecting all its boundless resources, its tireless energies, its marvelous adaptabilities, and its certainty to win prosperity in good or bad administrations.

In spite of the calamity-howlers the business of this country is slowly but steadily improving. The volume of business today is as large as it was in 1892, though very much less in profit, and the diffusion of money amongst the people is evidenced by the increased circulation of more than \$100,000,000 during the last six months; but we yet suffer from the want of confidence, and confidence alone can put us on the highway of prosperity. Those who seek to multiply misfortunes aim their heaviest blows at business confidence, because they well know that it is the weakest point in the bulwark of national prosperity. They seek to multiply calamity by vastly exaggerating it, instead of inspiring all classes and conditions with the faith in themselves and in each other that is necessary to restore 70,000,000 of people to comparative comfort.

Let the calamity-howler be sent to the rear. He is the pest of the community, and he should be shunned as the enemy of every class and section of the land. He is the foe of peace, of plenty and of prosperity, and his greatest delight would be to see the present misfortunes of the country multiplied and sorrow widened in every channel of industry and trade. There is much to hope for in the present business condition. Let good citizens of every political faith stand shoulder to shoulder, and by manfully pointing out the perils which beset them and strengthening each other, aid the varied interests of the country in the advancement to which we are entitled by our unexampled resources and the boundless energies that would give thrift even in a less favored land. Don't magnify calamity.

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong; In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denials when a coward cries. To give to the man who bravely tries; And you will succeed with a little song— If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along, You'll find the busy rushing throng Will catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding rain; That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky; That the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends From where the placid rainbow bends; And all because of a little song— If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along, You'll see that the singing will make you strong; And the heavy load and the rugged road, And the sting and the stripe of the torturous goad Will soar with the note that you set afloat; That the beam will change to a trifling mote; That the world is bad when you are sad, And bright and beautiful when glad; That all you need is a little song— If you'll sing the song as you trudge along!

—Rufus Fields, in Nashville American.

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