

The Scranton Tribune

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If Senator Vaughan never authorized a bill of expenses to be made out in his name for presentation to the state, who did?

Modern Copperheadism.

At a time when English unneighborliness in the matter of the seal fisheries has exhausted the patience of the American state department and forced it to speak plainly its sense of injuries received, and when the British press in reply to such plain speaking, adopts a tone of derision and contempt, what kind of Americanism is it which causes the Mugwump journals, almost without exception, to side with the British rather than with their own country's side of the controversy, and to outstrip even the inspired organs of London in supercilious disdain of American diplomacy?

The New York Evening Post, the New York Times and the Springfield Republican—these journals in particular and doubtless many more—are raising the same howl against Secretary Sherman that they raised against President Cleveland when he pronounced the Venezuelan message. The Times, indeed, recognizes that Secretary Sherman had a clear case against England, but warns him that it is inexpedient to press it. The Springfield Republican cannot deny that Britain has acted in the matter of pelagic sealing like a bully and a boor, but because few persons nowadays wear scalkins it thinks the matter is not worth noticing. And the Evening Post of course goes the whole length of upholding England and aspersing the United States. It does this from habit. It apparently could not be patriotic or loyal if it tried.

And yet these Tory oracles, whose editors if they were to carry the same principles and practices into a time of war could and probably would be held on a charge of treason, ask the American people to look upon them as safe teachers of public morality and duty and have the prodigious gall to assume superiority over plain, every day Americans who love their country, believe in it, stand by it and want to see its rights maintained wherever those rights are threatened. What humbug.

Can violence be kept out of the mine strike equation? If so, labor will win its greatest triumph. If not, it will fall in its grandest opportunity.

Considering a Homely Theme.

During the last few weeks the Springfield Republican has been printing a valuable series of articles by thoughtful contributors dealing with the need of better instruction in morals and deportment among the young. The subject is of vital importance and discussion of it cannot fail to be widely profitable. The tenor of the articles seems to point to a recent growth in roidism for which most of the contributors appear to hold the schools chiefly responsible. But this elicits from a Holyoke, Mass., teacher a spirited protest that contains many thoughts quite as pertinent to the subject of proper education in Scranton as in New England.

This teacher asserts that one cause of the inferior deportment of the young of today as compared with the young forty or fifty years ago lies in the fact that parents are turning their children entirely over to the school for training and purposely neglecting to do their own duty. "From much of the talk that you hear," this writer says, "you would be forced to believe that the school is the only agency in civilization. Yet there are three great factors for good that should be working together for the saving of the young—the home, the church and the school. There is work enough to be done for all these three factors—the load is heavy enough for all. The home is the natural nursery, the center to be more or less artificial. Nothing can take the place of the home—the father and the mother—and when we try to do this we are simply substituting an artificial for a natural process. The home must be first and foremost in its influence, and the other agencies must be assistants. We are, therefore, looking to the school to do too much. We are asking it to do the work that the home has refused to do, and that the church cannot do because it cannot reach all the people. So bold has the home become in this line of refusal to accept its share of responsibility that mothers often send their children to school a year before the time, and admit it is because they wish to get the children out of their way."

Coming to particulars the Holyoke writer, condemns the almost omnipresent practice of parents in permitting their children to loiter after school hours and in the evenings upon the streets, thus learning both idleness and vice; and suggests that another remedy would be to turn all lawbreakers over to the law and have them prosecuted. "We have too much favoring people who are connected with educational institutions," he adds. "There is no reason for this. In law all persons are the same, and it cannot but have a bad influence on pupils if we give them reason to believe they will be protected in wrong doing just because they are connected with some school. When our schools protect their pupils from the consequence of lawlessness, these schools become promoters of crime. It should be a common principle of moral teaching that the wages of sin is death, that the breaking of law has its penalties and no one is exempt from its operations. Much of our work has been just the opposite. Many persons are so shallow as to claim that pupils should be protected when caught, their names should not be hurt, etc. Very soon pupils come to

think they can do anything and yet go free. Much property in school is injured by pupils, yet they would never think of doing this to property in a mill or business house in which they worked. A great remedy in part for all these troubles would be to apply the law to all—whether pupils of influential parents or common hoodlums."

These are trite subjects involving plain old moral principles that some may deem outside the pale of a newspaper's jurisdiction; but in the view, as we are, of the significant fact that lawlessness is increasing these days faster than decency, and that the one cure for all the evils, public and private, which in these times occupy attention simmers down in last analysis to more careful character-building in the places where character is supposed to be developed, it may not be amiss once in a while to consider a homely fundamental topic alongside such exciting up-to-date matters as the bountiful issue in Thessaly and the gold find along the Klondike in Alaska.

The czar now notifies the sultan that the latter must stop his foolishness or the Russian troops will cross the Turkish frontier. This is business. The same kind of talk three months earlier would have saved a deal of both, or, not to speak of many lives.

The Deeper Problem.

The immigration restriction league, an organization which has done work of inestimable value in stirring public opinion in favor of a better regulation of immigration, in a circular offering some recent evidences why the present congress should re-enact the substantial features of the Lodge bill, which was vetoed by President Cleveland, mentions these two facts of especial interest in this section:

The legislature of Pennsylvania has been investigating the cost to the state, in its pauper institutions, of the great mass of ignorant and indigent foreigners within its borders; and the results of the investigation prove conclusively what the league has always maintained, that the cost to the country of supporting alien paupers far exceeds the amount of wealth added to the country through money brought in by immigrants. The legislative committee reports that there are 25,000 alien paupers in Pennsylvania, costing \$1,500,000 per year. As a sample of the state of affairs continually occurring in Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Inquirer for March 18, 1897, states that of fifty arrests for assault and battery in the Schuylkill county criminal court in one session, fifty concerned Poles and Hungarians.

There is nothing surprising in these figures to residents in the affected region; the latter have grown accustomed to them. But the presence in the community of this mass of unassimilated foreign material, whether it come technically unassimilated or be the alien tax sufficiently to apply for a certificate of citizenship valued only as an escape from a three-cent impost, should arouse enough concern along economic if not along humanitarian lines to cause a determined effort to be put forth for its reclamation. Even should the bars be put up against further immigration of this character, there is enough potential irritation and trouble in that already among us to give pause to thoughtful citizens and incentive to earnest workers for better conditions.

The laws on this subject can be changed somewhat easily and bid fair soon to be made stringent and efficacious. But the great problem of individual development among the foreigners already with us; the problem of fitting them as they should be fitted for the surrounding in which they have been placed and in which their children must grow up—this is more important than the wording of any law, and what are we doing to solve it?

Recent lynchings in portions of the south have revived the outcry against mob law; but if we will look at facts as they are, we shall see that the inclination in a warm climate to take swift vengeance on the lustful defilers of women and moralize afterward is an outgrowth of human nature requiring more heroic reformatory and educational treatment than the occasional utterance in a platitudinous way of perfunctory deprecation.

It is reported that President McKinley has offered the Russian mission to Carl Schurz. Such a report can be credited only on the supposition that the president wants to get Mr. Schurz as far out of the country as possible. The selection of this pessimistic Mugwump and villain of the office under the present administration would be an affront to every man who made McKinley's election possible.

A woman out in Salt Lake City attempted to commit suicide the other day. She is the wife of an aeronaut, and no one can find it in his heart to blame her for the rash deed although there may be room for wonder that she did not adopt the custom of accompanying her husband on his aerial voyages, when the same result might be a little delayed but equally sure.

The rival New York publisher who recently gave orders to his subordinates to "cripple the Sun" knows now how the man felt who went against the buzz saw. The Sun is by all odds the liveliest cripple that ever drew breath of life. More power to it!

An inquiry made by the Indiana bureau of statistics in the divorce problem in that state reveals that nearly three-fourths of all the divorce actions are begun by women. Is marriage a failure for the wives of this country?

The Alaska gold fields may make a few rich but they are more likely to make thousands poor. Hard work and thrift will win results as well in Scranton as on the Klondike.

The Peary expedition goes forth to the music of brass bands and will probably return, if at all, on a stretcher. Is the game worth the candle?

When the sugar trust tackled Tom Reed it simply repeated the error of judgment made at Carson City by the distinguished Mr. Corbett.

er and the spendthrift or make the fortune of the man who stands at the corner all day conversing through his mustache.

During the year ended June 30 we sold to other nations goods to the value of \$1,651,987,091, the biggest export trade on record; but now that we've fairly got our hand in, it's safe to guess this showing won't be a marker to next year's.

Because we're willing to compromise the costs with Spain in the Ruiz case isn't saying we're disposed as a rule to make a cheap for them to assassinate Americans. The Ruiz bargain was limited and special.

Currency reform stands in less jeopardy from its enemies than from its friends.

The sidewalk scorcher must go.

Reminiscences of an Aged Editor

Writing from Stroudsburg to the New York Sun, Ed Mott says: On July 14, 1849, the Stroudsburg Jeffersonian. One of the first to subscribe and pay for the paper was Mrs. A. Dusenberry. A few days ago Mrs. Dusenberry, now of Newton, N. J., paid her fifty-seventh successive annual subscription to the Jeffersonian. The editor of the paper is in itself a somewhat extraordinary experience. To have paid the first subscription and every one of the succeeding fifty-six subscriptions to the same person as editor and proprietor of the paper is one still more unusual. At Schoch, at 82, hale, hearty, and jolly, and still in the editorial harness, confidently believes that he is entitled to the distinction of being the longest living editor of a newspaper in the country. There is metal type in the Jeffersonian office that has been there since the paper was started, and it is doing as good service today, as it did nearly three-score years ago. For fifty years the paper has been published by the Smith hand press No. 176, made by H. Hoe & Co. There have been few editions of the paper of which Editor Schoch himself has not edited or had a portion of it printed. Typographically the current issue of the Jeffersonian resembles in appearance the first issue of 1849. Editor Schoch has never used a patent outside or any plate material in setting out his paper. There are few editors who can boast that they can make that boast. The veteran editor has set type on every issue of his paper, and sets type yet.

The Jeffersonian was started as a Whig organ in a county (Monroe) where there were five Democrats to one Whig, and in a congressional district where the Democrats outvoted the Whigs almost ten to one. This was the famous Tenth Legion of Democracy. The Whig exception of one at Easton, Northampton county, there was not a Whig newspaper in the district, which included all the country from Bucks county on the south to Susquehanna county on the north, and was made up of the present counties of Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne, Stroudsburg or by those years, 35. Rail fences bordered the main street of the village. There were no mail routes in the county except one up the narrow ware valley from Easton. The county looked upon a Whig as one misguided and inimical to the country's good. Soon after Editor Schoch had been elected to the Jeffersonian a leading Democrat of an adjoining township made his acquaintance. Liked him and actually subscribed for his paper. This Democrat had long been justice of the peace for his township. One day a constituent of his was in his office and had a letter that lay on the table. Looking at it, he dropped it as if it had been a coal of fire. It was the Jeffersonian.

"Shades of Jackson, 'squire!" he exclaimed. "Do you take that paper?" The "squire" had to admit the fact, and it would have been a sore trial for the peace at the next election if he hadn't been surewinded enough to show cause for taking the Whig organ. "To be sure, I take the paper," he explained. "If I didn't take it I wouldn't know how to argue for the Whigs. Now I know, and I can combat him. By combating him I can show him the error of his ways. When he sees the error of his ways he'll stop printing a Whig paper. That's why I take the Jeffersonian."

"The 'squire saved himself by this explanation, but somehow he didn't succeed in showing Editor Schoch the error of his ways. The audacious Whig newspaper kept right on in that Democratic territory. The subscribers to the Jeffersonian in the outlying townships for years had to get their papers by the hands of neighbors who made occasional trips to Stroudsburg or by those years, left at the nearest mill or backwoods store or tavern. Those who lived along or near the road up the valley were more fortunate for the stage drivers—who must have been Whigs—carried their papers and left them in fence corners, hollow stumps, and other receptacles at convenient points agreed upon.

The second Harrison campaign occurred in 1850. The largest Whig vote ever cast in Monroe county was given for Harrison. It was 33, which was the number of subscribers to the Jeffersonian books, and the majority Harrison had in Pennsylvania.

"So we saved the state for Harrison, sure enough," says veteran Editor Schoch. The Jeffersonian was originally a five-column quarto. Some years ago Editor Schoch reluctantly agreed to a column to each page. Otherwise the paper remains much as it was fifty-seven years ago, with the same broad and comprehensive discussion, which during all those years has been conspicuously announced on its first page in bold German text, between the date line and the heading: "Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence."

The Jeffersonian has never missed an issue. When the Whig paper was sold to a Republican party in the hotbed of State's Rights Democracy, Ed Schoch has lived to see himself on the bench as associate judge of Monroe county, where 2,600 Democratic majority in a poll of 3,000 has been no uncommon thing. He has lived to see and help bring about a result in the political affairs of this same old-time Democratic stronghold which must have made the bones of the dead and gone war horses of the country's Democracy turn and rattle in their graves—a Republican majority in the board of county commissioners. Even more surprising, he has lived to see the old Tenth Legion, the congressional district historic for its steadfast 1860 Democratic majority, return a Republican as its representative—the incumbent.

"If I should live to be a hundred," says Editor Schoch, "I wouldn't have more glory to think of than this."

"I sometimes think it was seeing stars that ailed me into an editorial career," he continues. "I started out to be a farmer. This was up in Pike county, in 1831, when I was 18. I lived with George W. Nye, on the Milford road. One day word came that a relative of Nye's wife was dead at Shawnee, Shawnee is just above the Delaware Water Gap. The funeral was to be held next day. To get there in time the Nyes had to start very early in the morning. I got up at 1 o'clock and went to the field after the horses. The morning of the 6th of November, 1831, and I saw a sight! Stars were falling as I thought, and everybody thought. The air was thick with shooting stars. The weirdest light that ever was shown fitfully on the earth, now brighter, now fainter, as the shooting stars, the celestial pyrotechnics filled me with awe, as you may well imagine, I can't express

what my feelings were. But I had to get the horses. I went out into the lot. It lay between the road and the Delaware river.

"There was plenty of light, but the horses were nowhere to be seen. I searched every nook and corner by the light of the falling stars. I had a vague idea that the last day had come, and that probably the horses had anticipated it and fled to Jersey. But, last day or no last day, those horses had to be found; for it was the last day, by delivering those horses at the barn my duty would have been done to the very end of time; if it wasn't the last day, that relative of Nye's wife had to be buried, and the Nyes folks couldn't get to the funeral without those horses. So I hunted on for the missing animals. The stars continued shooting, leaving brilliant trails of fire. They shot horizontally, diagonally, perpendicularly, and zig-zag. I wondered why none of them fell into the river or the field. No sound accompanied the startling display. In fact, it seemed to deepen the awesome midnight silence. At last, down near the river, huddled beneath an overhanging bank surrounded by thick trees—the only place that was found—came upon the horses. Their terror was pitiful. I soothed them, and by and by succeeded in getting them to come with me. But no time I had leading them across the field and out of it to the barn. They gradually became used to the unwelcome disturbance. I found the family in a state of trepidation when I went in. No one declared that he believed the end had come, but every one looked it. However, Mrs. Nye and his wife drove to Shawnee, lighted all the way by the most startling fiery phenomenon that ever showed any one the way, I guess, since the pillar of fire warned the children of Israel that they had better keep in the middle of the road, for those stars kept on shooting until daylight and perhaps longer, being visible after dawn. That was the famous and historic flight of meteors of November, 1832, that you read about nowadays.

"George W. Nye was a good man, but he got it into his head, as did many other dwellers in that part of Pike county, that the shower of stars meant that he wasn't quite good enough. He concluded that the best way to show that he understood the warning was to build a church. So he went to work, and others joined him before the year was gone they had erected the Dutch Reformed church at Bushkill and hired a preacher—good Dominie Pitts. The church is standing there as a pious creation of the shooting stars of '33.

"The extraordinary celestial display made an impression on me, too. I don't say that it set me to thinking that folks in this half-wick needed more light, but it seems to me now that maybe he did. Anyway, next year I left Farmer Nye, went to Easton—I was born near Easton—and became an editor. I started the Whig and Journal office. By the time 1848 came around I guess I must have thought I was ready to turn on that light, for I had the nerve to come back and edit the Jeffersonian, and I've been here ever since. I thought the world was coming to an end that November night in 1833, but it kept right on. When I heard the result of the election last fall, and that a Republican congressman was elected in the old Tenth Legion of Democracy, I guess, maybe, I said, 'The end of things is come now sure!'"

"But it hadn't, and I guess the world can stand any kind of shaking up now."

THE COMMON SENSE VIEW.

From the Philadelphia Press. Governor Hastings is showing no purpose toward Senator Quay; he has, however, delayed a purpose not to be dictated to. He has a most responsible duty to perform in the proper of the commonwealth. He cannot approve measures passed for mere individual benefit and totally against public policy without subjecting himself to deserved criticism. He cannot be expected to do this at one man's urging more than at another man's. There is no public reason why he should acquiesce in the action of the public reason why he should veto it. Senator Quay can appreciate this and respect the governor's position as well as any one, though he may be disappointed.

PUNCHING THE MUGWUMPS.

From the New York Sun. The Mugwumps who were against the "brutality" of the Venezuelan ultimatum are, of course, distressed by the "discourtesy" of Secretary Sherman's letter exposing the disgraceful conduct of England in the matter of the sealing regulations. The trait nerves can never stand the shock of a vigorous utterance of American sentiment. The Mugwump is the legitimate successor of the Copperhead who was for the war but against its prosecution.

SCRANTON'S NEW DIRECTORY.

From the Sunday News. Taylor's Scranton directory for 1897 has been delivered. The directory is arranged in as complete and comprehensive form as any directory can be, and is artistically printed and bound. The work was done by The Tribune Publishing Company. The number of names in it is 45,222, and by multiplying this number by 3, the estimated population of the city is 135,666. The names of Dunmore residents are also given. The population of that borough is about 10,000.

SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. The Boston Transcript acknowledges the receipt from one of its subscribers of his sixty-first annual subscription. That shows how long men live who pay for their papers.

Not Contagious.

Teacher—"Give an example of the use of the word 'contagious.'" Student—"They are hard to catch."—Boston Transcript.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer. Astrologic cast: 2:16 a. m., for Tuesday, July 20, 1897.

A child born on this day will be of the opinion that there are too many streets in Scranton for Abe Enning.

Scranton possesses no gold nuggets, but the man who will work hard and live on flour and beans can probably make a decent living.

Of course Mr. Powderly's appointment does not suit everybody. Almost any of us would prefer to have had the job ourselves.

It is only the man with a hypnotized conscience who can take pleasure in uncalled-for acts of petty meanness.

It is said that alternate draughts of ice cream soda and beer will demonstrate that no man can serve two masters.

GOLDSMITH'S G. B. BAZAAR.

Napoleon and Bismarck Have Said: "In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

Our Great Carpet Closing Out Sale is suggestive of this historic saying. Although you may not want your floor covering just now, you are apt to need them in the early fall. Whilst we have stock you are at liberty to make your selections and we will keep them for you until wanted upon payment of a

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35 cent Ingrain Carpets, 25 cents
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