

The Scranton Tribune

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To those who know the real character of the men at the head of the conspiracy against Senator Quay there is something decidedly amusing in their hurried intimations that if any tampering has been done it is Quay's friends who have been fooling with the jury panel.

A Weakness in the Law.

On the assumption that Roland B. Mollinoux, the wealthy Brooklyn clubman under arrest for the poisoning of Mrs. Katherine J. Adams, is guilty—an assumption which, of course, ought not to prevail until all the evidence is in—the experts are already wondering how Mollinoux is to be punished. The evidence of the prosecution is expected to show that he sent poison to Harry S. Cornish, a personal enemy, first putting it in a bottle labeled "Bromo-seltzer"; but the evidence also shows that it was not Cornish who died from the poison's effect, but a lady to whom Cornish gave the poison, thinking it was what the label said it was.

Yet if it is true, as is alleged, that Mollinoux is a multiple poisoner, who has made the chemistry of poisons a special study for the deliberate purpose of putting out of the way persons who had incurred his enmity there is little need of argument to establish that hanging is too good for him; and if the law does not provide more than a term of imprisonment for such an offense the law should be strengthened forthwith. In these comments we assume guilt simply for the purpose of illustrating the defective provisions of the law, not with any wish to prejudice Mollinoux's chance of acquittal if he is innocent.

The Fifty-sixth congress will be expected by the country to take good care that its regular army of the United States is not, on July 1, 1901, reduced to 27,000 men, as provided in the compromise army bill rushed through the closing hours of the expiring session.

Literary Mountebankism.

It is a question whether famous literary men add to their enduring reputation by going about the country like some variety of a show, and lecturing or reading for people at a dollar a head. That they do add to their bank account is undeniable, but this is at the expense of some advantages which as persons of exceptionally fine sensibilities they must secretly deprecate. Of course, the public likes to see all noted characters at close range. According to its several tastes it delights in shaking the hand of a great writer, a great statesman, a nobleman, a popular actor, or a murderer. Any one of these is reasonably certain to be surrounded by a throng whenever the occasion permits. People like to know all about the inner life of a prominent personage. If it could be accomplished they would rejoice in turning the very souls of wrong side out. What is almost the same, they would like to camp in a convenient location where they could conveniently determine what the great man's family had for breakfast every morning and whether he invariably kissed his wife when he went down town. Particularly would they be pleased to know for a certainty whether he is able to live with or the contrary.

Much of this information being desired, the next best thing is to look to hear and see him when he makes a tour of exhibition. Perhaps they do not care so much for his looks. Often they could not name a character in a single production of his brain, but they want to see what manner of man he is so they buy tickets and occasionally feel that they have been swindled, and not infrequently they come home saying, "Oh, he isn't such a great man after all. He is only five feet six, and his hair is growing thin on the top, and his dress coat doesn't fit."

The very withdrawing from the multitude, the exclusiveness which angers the American public particularly and all other publics somewhat, constitute a priceless charm. The fine reserve which forbids a man to yield his entire personality to the scrutiny of the mob is in itself a hint of his rise in literary value. The soft, impassable veil separating some great soul from the common herd is wont to resolve itself into a halo above his brow in the eyes of the world. If he should emerge from its glorified encircling and slip from Dick or Harry, let's have a wrestling match! he might be loved, but the reverential adoration which had been his before would be left behind the veil.

Thus it is problematical whether Anthony Hope, Marion Crawford, Hall Caine and many others who have torn across this continent, snatching dollars from the lecture platform as they sped, have not lost something more beautiful and more desirable than they have won by these tours. Imagine Tennyson from his far, pure distance, before he left it for another beyond our ken, giving readings from "In Memoriam" and remarking between, "Here, I thought of my sister, widowed before she was a bride, as I wrote." "Here I often paused to weep for my dead Arthur, and I knew its pathos would touch the public."

Rudyard Kipling, too, has held that reserve which is not especially endeared him to the newspaper makers, as he has steadfastly declined to furnish opinions of American women and American customs, or to confide his domestic affairs to the public through the medium of the press. He works at a prodigious rate and is most fas-

tidious regarding what he sends forth from his pen, but of his home life, his personal aims and desires he tells little, but holds to the dignity which is his by right. He is the greatest writer of his times and civilization today kneels at the door of his sick room, anxiously longing for intelligence of his recovery. It is not at all probable that Kipling will ever take to reading for leisure and other well-meaning organizations in order to eke out a livelihood. May he regain his health and continue to add to the lofty fame he has so early gained.

President McKinley has been exceptionally happy in his judicial appointments. Within the past ten days he has been called upon to make three of those and it is the simple truth to say that not one of the three could be improved. Judges Kohlsaat in Illinois, Day in Ohio and McPherson in Pennsylvania stand forth before public scrutiny as ideal selections. It is not too much to say of John B. McPherson, named yesterday by the president to succeed Judge Butler on the bench of the eastern district, that he stands at the head of the splendid judiciary of his commonwealth and commands the profound respect of the bar of the entire state. His promotion is an act of manifest justice.

The Advice of a Patriot.

If there is a Democrat in public life who commands and deserves the respect of every American citizen irrespective of party, it is General Joe Wheeler, of Alabama. Next to Dewey Wheeler is the finest figure of the Spanish-American war; sagacious in generalship, irrepressible in action and a loyal, whole-souled gentleman clean through. While other leaders in his party were playing small politics at Washington he took the field at Santiago, was the first to begin fighting and the last to quit, and has by his example given a new baptism of patriotism to the Southern States particularly and incidentally, to the whole country. When, therefore, General Joe Wheeler offered advice to the caucus of Democratic congressmen the other night which undertook to formulate a partisan issue over the Philippine problem it was advice that should have been heeded. He told his political brethren that so long as our soldiers are in battle array in the Philippines the only thing to do and the only thing which the country will consent to have done is to support them with all the money and blood in the country, if necessary. Any party, he added, which takes action looking like a failure to accept the results of the war and to deal with them in a manly, Anglo-Saxon way will find itself disparaged in the eyes of the country and of mankind.

This is gospel truth, stated mildly. We don't know what germs of imbecility have gotten into the minds of Democratic leaders who want to open a partisan fire into the rear of our soldiers and sailors in the far-off islands of the Pacific, but whatever they are they are germs which must be exterminated by the loyal citizenship of the country at the earliest opportunity. The nagging opponents of the government in congress have brought enough shame and mischief upon the country as it is, without adding to their crimes the horror of deliberate treason.

Speaker Reed seems to be the only quiet anti-expansionist in the country.

The Outlook for Peace.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is in London, professes to feel quite hopeful that the czar's approaching disarmament congress will register a substantial gain for civilization. Twenty-six nations are to be represented and Dr. Hale thinks that even if no workable basis of immediate partial disarmament can be agreed upon, some plan of international arbitration under the jurisdiction of an international high court may be accepted among the many which are to be proposed. He regards it as significant that during the past twenty years no important international convention has been signed which has not had the furtherance of peace as its object, expressed or implied.

We guess that if the truth could be known, the strongest incentive which will direct the energies of this congress toward the avoidance of war in future would be shown to be the revelation which has recently come to intelligent Europeans of the previously unrealized reserve strength of the United States as made manifest in the war with Spain. Without egotism it may be said that this demonstration of the potentiality of democracy has profoundly affected the statesmanship of Europe, and given a new turn to its diplomacy. Returning Americans tell us that the commercial interests of continental Europe are beginning to sense the seriousness of the competition which they are experiencing under the remarkable recent growth of the American export trade, a growth perceived by Europe's more prominent public men to have limitless possibilities. This, taken in connection with the recent growth in our sphere of political influence and responsibility—a growth which multiplies manifold our liability to be brought into conflict with the policies of European governments—is sufficient to explain the newly awakened eagerness of hitherto indifferent continental statesmen to reach by diplomatic means a condition of affairs which will save the effete powers of Europe from the disasters of an open conflict with the forces of democracy as represented in the newly-consummated moral unification of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We believe it to be nothing less than the truth that the best statesmanship of Europe is at this time afraid of the United States and of the tendencies and possibilities which its augmenting power and vitality represent. It is afraid in the sense that it recognizes in these tendencies a seed of political and social revolution threatening the permanency of the principles upon which its monarchical governments rest. It is afraid because it has the common sense to perceive, if not openly to admit, that in the inevitable issue between government of, by and for the people and government of the masses by and for the classes democracy holds

irresistible weapons. The attempt of the continental diplomats to effect a combination for the purpose of placing limits upon American activity at the beginning of the war with Spain was a defensive rather than an offensive move—it was the desperate act of a scared statesmanship which foresaw in triumphant democracy a genuine menace to its own prestige and place. It failed, thanks to England, but the feeling of alarm and the perception of danger remain; and this, more than anything else, in our judgment prompted the convocation of the czar's disarmament congress.

We are to be reconnoitered in apother manner. Knowing our pacific inclinations the attempt will be made to get us to sign a contract for peace which will be in the nature of an international surety bond. The aim is to commit us so far that the other fellows can cry shame if in resenting future ill-treatment we raise the club of war, but not far enough to interfere with a military combine on their part if deemed essential to the furtherance of continental ends. In a contract the rogue always enjoys the advantage because he has no conscience; and the diplomacy of continental Europe is essentially roguish in its disregard of morals. In our judgment this interpretation of at least some of the motives masked behind the disarmament project is justified by history and sanctioned by common prudence. For this reason the United States, although represented, should let the other members of the congress do most of the talking. We need give no special guarantees of peace. They are given in the character of our people and in the nature of our institutions. Most of all, they are afforded in the irresistible potency of American armaments and armed men, afloat and ashore.

It is to be hoped that the recommendation of the senate naval committee cutting down from twelve to six the number of new warships authorized by the present congress will be defeated emphatically. This rich nation does not need and cannot afford to save money at the expense of its safety.

Now that Aguinaldo begins to see the foolishness of his revolt and is looking about him for a method of surrender, does the Democratic minority in congress wish by untimely declarations to encourage him to keep up his mischief? Has that minority absolutely no sense of discretion?

If the participants in the Quay trial looked anything like the figures in the court room pictures published in the Philadelphia papers, it is evident that there has been a delay in justice all around.

According to accounts much of the trouble at Manila has resulted from Consul Wildman's failure to "deliver the goods" to Aguinaldo.

Late despatches indicate that both the German and American officials at Apia became too large for the countries they represent.

Two vice admirals for the navy would be none too many. We have plenty of material in the navy worthy of promotion to this grade.

After tomorrow Mr. Johnson will be turned loose as a curbstone orator.

TOLD BY THE STARS. Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacicus, The Tribune Astrologer.

Astrolabe Cast: 2:31 a. m., for Wednesday, March 1, 1899.

A child born on this day is in danger of becoming a spring poet.

With the exception of snow the work of the soft coal is not so apparent on the face of the earth.

In spite of the failure that Adam made there are several persons rich here in Scranton who want the earth all to themselves.

There is something wrong with the individuals who believe that the ability to lead a mob is an indication of greatness.

In this age it is positively useless for an athlete to expect to achieve success who does not part his hair in the middle.

Snow, water, mud and dust on our streets at the same time yesterday indicated that winter still lingers on the lap of spring.

It is about time that something was said in the papers concerning the rights of bicyclists.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH. 1—Put on a veil. 2—Take care of your complexion. 3—Try ichtyol ointment for that red nose. 4—Several senatorial kickers are now out of a job. 5—The "porch climbers" make an attempt to enter the count hall. 6—The payment of election bets continues to be stood off. 7—The cow trust and the hen trust are consolidated for the sake of the dear people. 8—Dick Helgate continues to tell what he is going to do. 9—Give it up. 10—Judge Archbold gets a telegram that causes him to smile. 11—Myron Kasson decides that he will accept the vacancy on the Lackawanna bench. 12—The Thirteenth doesn't come home. 13—An unlucky day. 14—Golfers begin to be seen on the street. 15—The police force receives notice that it will appear in kilts after April 1, rain or shine. 16—Orders are left at the tailor's for the above costumes. 17—A New York syndicate buys up all the coal land in this vicinity. 18—Winter coxcoats will be worn long or short according as to whether a fellow has a spring one. 19—Enclose stamp for return of manuscript of your poetry. 20—The New York syndicate does not buy up all the coal lands in this region. 21—The board of trade registers its thirty-third vote against the council. 22—John Fellows prepares his inauguration speech. 23—The city streets are not cleaned. 24—George M. Watson decides to accept the mayoralty next term. 25—Director R. G. Brooks comes home from the south and creates consternation in the poor board. 26—Secretary Althorn forgets himself and releases a joke prepared for the himself show instead of the report he was to give before the board of trade. 27—John McAskle presents a fumigated gavel to the mayor-elect and they have a street parade. 28—John T. Richards announces the prospectus of his new book. 29—Mayor Bailey engages two drays and Aleck Patterson's vapors system. 30—Mayor Bailey vapors. 31—Mayor Bailey vapors.

NEWS AND COMMENT

The sudden shutting off of the water supply of a big city is no small matter, especially if it is without warning. Such a shut-off occurred in New York Monday afternoon, causing also a suspension of the steam supply, and the Sun thus notes a few of the consequences: "With few exceptions all of the big downtown office buildings get the power for their elevators from the New York Steam Company. At 3 o'clock all of the elevators came slowly down to the ground floor, but declined to ascend again. When the steam company's telephones were kept busy for the next hour, and the clerks explained to all inquirers that the city had shut off the water, and that they were being warned and that they were being warned, in the meantime there was a walk-out from the city, and the tenants of the affected buildings, some absolutely refused to climb up to their offices, and sent for the elevator men to tell their employers to look up and go home. Messengers boys who had letters to deliver to offices on the upper floors of the skyscrapers kicked vigorously at having to walk up and down the stairs, and women and men who walked down stairs from the upper floors were completely exhausted when they reached the street. Altho' it is not the Kentucky predicament that the downtown business district has found itself in since skyscrapers have been in existence." Fortunately the matter was soon adjusted.

The Texas legislature is considering a bill which is of interest to bars there and elsewhere. If this becomes a law, it means that a man has been called a liar will become a full defense in assault and battery. That is to say, the man with the battered nose, blooded eye, and hurt front teeth will learn in a court of justice that it "served him right." The laws governing liars in other states vary. In Kentucky it is a misdemeanor punishable by a \$20 fine to call any man a liar, and a police justice in Louisville has declared from his bench that he in Kentucky means a blow. This memorable declaration was given in discharging honorably a man who had knocked down another fellow for calling him a liar and had been brought to court to answer. In Virginia, by the law of 1890-1896, a man who calls another man a liar is guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction may be fined not more than \$500. In Georgia it is slander, punishable by \$200 fine or a year in the penitentiary, or both, to call any man a liar unless you can prove that he is one in which case you are clear. The Georgia courts hold that he is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine. In Mississippi insulting words are civilly actionable. In South Carolina and West Virginia the same.

An anonymous German recently returned from the fatherland has informed a San Francisco reporter, or else the reporter has imagined it, that Germany is preparing to seize the Philippines under a pretext of lack of protection to German trade and foreigners. He asserts that Germany is anxious to acquire the islands recently seized on the steamer Abbey were furnished by the Germans to outfit several batteries of 6-inch Krupps are now on their way to the Philippines in German ships. "The ultimate object of Germany," he adds, "is to discourage the expansion idea among Americans. To do this a heavy blow must be dealt to American pretensions in the Philippines. The plan is to have Russia and France to unite with Germany and all three seize the Philippines. To strengthen Germany's navy an option has been secured on the Almirante O'Higgins, Esmeralda and Captain Pratt, which were moribund and Captain Pratt, which were refused the United States when the war was on. These vessels will rendezvous at the Marshall Islands, and when the time comes the Philippine possessions will be seized. Dewey's ships will be helpless, as he has none that are as fast as the new Chilean cruisers." All of which is certainly important if true.

California is going to try to regulate caricaturing by law. A bill has just received executive approval in the Golden State which declares that it shall hereafter be unlawful to publish in any newspaper, handbill, poster, book or serial publication or supplement thereof, the portrait of any living person a resident of California, other than that of a person holding a public office in the state, without first obtaining the consent of that person. The only exception to this prohibition is that it shall be lawful to publish portraits of persons convicted of crime. The section goes on to provide that it shall be unlawful to publish any caricature of any person residing in California which will in any manner reflect upon the reputation or contempt, or disparage, reputation or business or political motives of the person so caricatured or which tends to expose such person to public hatred or contumelious abuse, or being who does not reside in California, to be fair prey for the California caricaturists. The enforcement of the law will be watched with interest.

It is gratifying, writes W. E. Curtis, to learn by an announcement that has just been issued from the Executive of the Democratic club, that a wine cellar has been added to its luxurious apartments, with nineteen varieties of champagne, fourteen of which are of the highest quality, and the finest wines in existence. We are officially informed by Mr. Croker and his house committee that their agents have secured for the Democratic club, a fine cabinet blue seal, Johannisberg bottled by Prince Metternich in 1861 for the use of the duke of Nassau. This wine is listed at \$12 a bottle, and illustrates the decline of the Democratic party, which formerly took its liquor from a 25-cent bottle.

The North Dakota senate has taken an advanced step on the matrimony question by passing a bill providing for the appointment of a commission of three physicians in each county for the examination of applicants for marriage licenses. No license to marry can be granted under the bill unless the applicants present a certificate from the board of examiners that they are free from certain diseases and ailments, including diplopia, hereditary insanity, and tuberculosis. A fee of \$2.50 is required for the medical examination.

The conferees of the two houses of congress have reached an agreement on the bill for taxing the census in 1900. The principal point of difference was over the provision placing the clerical force under civil service rules. This was eliminated, and the appointments to be made by the director of the census. The 300 supervisors, however, are to be appointed by the president and confirmation by the senate is made essential. After the conference report is adopted the bill will go to the president for his signature.

A trio of accidents of the same kind in three different towns in one day last week resulted in the scalding of the girls who were the unfortunate victims. Miss Sallie Vanmeter, a daughter of Judge Vanmeter, of Chillicothe, O., had her hair all burned off, while leaning over a grate, by her scalding comb catching fire. She is terribly injured. At Zanesville, O., Miss

Lulu Moore, a society girl, got too near the grate; her celluloid comb ignited and she was scalded before help could reach her. At Wheeling, W. Va., Miss Mary Conner, while taking coal in the grate, got too near the fire, and her celluloid comb was ignited, burning her terribly. It was the second accident of the kind at Wheeling in a week.

ONLY A SMILE OR TWO.

The bride's fair cheeks were dampened with the tears born in her eyes. An amazed she on the wreckage of her half-crumbled pie. And, as her mind reverted to some other things she'd spoiled. The grief within her bosom like a seething cauldron boiled. "I make so many blunders," she unto her husband said. "That you must almost hate me! Oh, I wish that I were dead!" And that searful husband this sweet consolation spoke: "They are nothing to the blunders that my mother used to make." —Denver Post.

The grand dame was visibly affected. "If I give you five cents will you get intoxicated with it?" she asked feebly. The unfortunate started as if stung. "No, no, no!" he protested, wildly. "I'll take it home to my wife and she will probably give a cushion with it." —Detroit Journal. Wife—Why didn't you come home when I telegraphed? Husband—How could I until I got your letter explaining your telegram?—Boston Life.

"Jenkins never laughs unless there's money in it." "I've seen him laugh at the theatre." "Of course he has to laugh there to get his money back."—Chicago Record.

Theater manager (to duck hunter)—No luck at all; not a duck in sight. Boy! Where are those wooden decoy ducks I ordered? Boy—In the boat, sir. Theatrical Manager—Bring em here and set em out. I see we'll have to paper the house.—New York Weekly.

In due time the pilgrim came to a great house where they were to hold an international exposition. "What," he asked, respectfully, "is the purpose of your exposition?" "To celebrate," replied an inhabitant, with courteous concision, "our great industrial achievements." "And are you so much better off by reason of these achievements?" persisted the pilgrim, with no notion of being impertinent, however. "Certainly," replied the inhabitant. "But for these achievements how could we have an exposition?" Whence the pilgrim perceived that there is purpose in all things.—Detroit Journal.

THE TROLLEY ON THE NILE.

Whizzing o'er the desert— My! what heads of sand! Gracious, there's a camel! See the Dervish band! Isn't this delightful? Glad we came so far— Scouting down from Cairo In a trolley car! Here's the conductor— Looks first-rate in blue; Glory, he's a Yankee— So's the motor, too! See that dirty Egyptian With the water jar; Glad we came from Cairo In a trolley car!

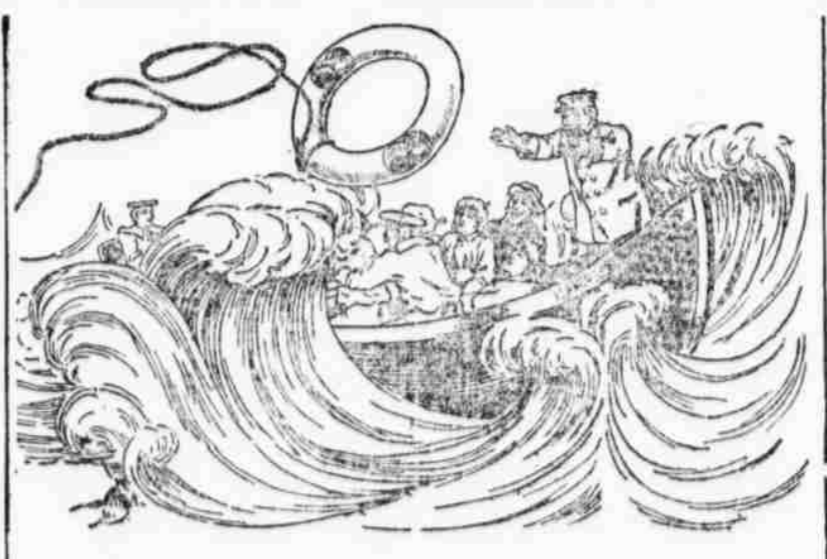
Say, th' car is slow— Wonder where it stops? Yes, the journey's over— There's old Cheops! Makes you feel real creepy. Thinkin' where you are! Hustled down from Cairo In a trolley car! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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