

DRAMATIC CAREER OF MATTHEW S. QUAY

HE IS PECULIAR, FORCEFUL AND SILENT.

Stories of His Childhood—A Knife Trade, and the Tin Sword—Rapid Rise in Politics—Relations with the Camerons—Origin of His Present Difficulties.

Harrisburg, Pa., Washington, D. C.

Something less than a year ago when Senator Quay, triumphing over every formidable opposition, had brought about the nomination of his candidate for the governorship of this state, a clear-sighted politician, not a member of the senator's party or following, predicted that the success of Stone would mean the Waterloo of Quay.

a Republican. For upward of thirty years he was all-powerful in Pennsylvania politics, and when, in the course of time, he caused him to withdraw from public life, he was succeeded by his son, Donald Cameron, who reigned for a quarter of a century as secretary of war and senator, and who might have been senator still, but for certain events which will form a part of this chronicle.

Thus the Camerons retained their power in the person of a member of the family, but there was always a mayor of the palace, as it were, who was kept well to the front. To this post Colonel Quay succeeded in the early seventies. It is doubtful if there was ever genuine friendliness between Quay and the young Cameron, the latter an untiring and unyielding temperament, and a stranger to most of the qualities which win and hold men. At any rate, it was not long before Quay, encouraged by the steady growth of his own personal following, began



SENATOR M. S. QUAY.

to oppose his desires and purposes to those of Cameron. In 1878 he forced Cameron, much against his will, to consent to the nomination of Henry B. Hoyt for governor. Two years later he opposed Cameron's attempt to have the Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican National convention instructed for Grant. He failed in this second trial of strength, but could not have had his way, if Cameron, instead of Hoyt, had been elected.

While these events were transpiring, Colonel Quay had held for a year the rectorship of Philadelphia—a fat office, and one which by the legislature and since abolished—and had then assumed his former position as secretary of the commonwealth. But differences with Governor Hoyt caused him to resign the secretaryship in 1882, and the Cameron influence was now actively exerted to elect him in other directions. In 1883 the state convention was taken completely out of his hands by Chris Magee, backed by Cameron, and in the following year he saw Cameron, who was already giving his proxy as a member of the national committee to a candidate who had no part in the state or national conventions of 1884, and in the same year was badly beaten when he sought the Republican nomination for congress in his district. To add to his embarrassments in these days, some of his acts while secretary of the commonwealth had made him an object of continuous and violent abuse by the press. Friend and foe alike declared that he was politically "dead."

DARING POLITICS. They who know little know the man. Of a sudden, in 1885, he resolved upon one of the boldest acts in the whole history of American politics. He attacked directly the people of Pennsylvania to see whether he was as bad as his enemies declared him, announcing himself, to every body's intense surprise, a candidate for state treasurer. The method employed by him in inaugurating his campaign was as simple as it proved to be effective. He sent letters to his friends in different parts of the state—and no living man has a wider personal acquaintance—announcing that he should be a candidate for the nomination for state treasurer, and saying he would be glad to have their influence and support. Among these was one to the late Governor Curtin, written on the back of a letter received twenty-five years before by the young prothonotary of Beaver, in which Curtin asked support for his gubernatorial nomination. This incident was without effect on the old war governor, and is worth mentioning here as proving Quay's methodical ways, and how he brings his resources into play at the right moment down to the most trifling detail. It was not so much to have recalled the Curtin letter, but it was a great deal to have recalled it after a lapse of a quarter of a century, and to have done so at the most effective moment.

Against the campaign thus inaugurated by Colonel Quay the Philadelphia Press, then the chief organ of the party in the state, and the most considerable Republican journal in Pennsylvania, waged a bitter war of innuendo and suggestion. A bolt was threatened. All the party scandalmongers dug up and their enemies pressed for a street parade which never took place. The indignities and savage bitterness. The famous "p. 2" heart transaction was brought up against him. W. H. Kenzie and three others, to state this affair in fewest words, pleaded guilty in March, 1880, to having induced the Pennsylvania legislature to pass a bill voting some four million dollars to pay the losses caused by the Pittsburg riots of 1877. They were sentenced to a heavy fine and a year in the penitentiary. The state board of pardons, of which Quay was a member, pardoned them before they put on the stripes. But, in spite of the war of words waged against him, Quay's triumph, personal and political, was complete. He was nominated practically without opposition, and he received on election day a plurality of 43,516 votes.

HIS EYES ON THE SENATE. And so, when the smoke of the battle cleared away, it revealed Colonel Quay undisputed master of his party in the state. Those who are in position to speak adversely say that he did not, as is commonly believed, make the campaign for the treasurership with the United States senatorship in view. However, from the counting of the votes on the treasury election his succession to the senatorship was conceded, and he was accordingly chosen the following winter. He took his seat in the senate on March 4, 1887, and, re-elected in 1892, has sat in that body up to the present time. His career as senator has been a quiet one. Not being a speaker, he has not spoken. In truth, it is doubtful if Colonel Quay has ever played as high a value on the senatorship as do some of his

fellows. He has always taken keener zest in the getting than in the keeping of a thing, loving pursuit better than possession, and far more congenial to his nature than ownership. He has taken his seat ahead of him when, in 1888, his election to the chairmanship of the Republican national committee gave him his first opportunity to display his abilities as a political strategist on a broad stage. When Quay took charge of the Harrison campaign the Democratic managers were confident that success lay in their hands, and that nothing save accident could bring about a Republican triumph. They had been planning for months, and everything was running smoothly. Quay went about his work with confidence born of success. He planted himself in New York city, and began his great fight with Tammany hall. In his hotel room he had on the walls a map of the country, a map of New York state, and a map of the metropolitan district. He studied them with the eagerness and care a general displays on the eve of a decisive battle. And he studied them to good purpose. Tammany was defeated in its own home, and Quay was hailed the country over as the greatest of political geniuses.

Colonel Quay's fight for Harrison has now become one of the glorious, abiding traditions of party warfare, yet the political methods which are peculiarly his own find happiest exercise in a purely local fight. When he sets out to master the exact situation in a Pennsylvania campaign the whole state, thanks to his remarkable memory, his grasp of locality and his genius for details, is speedily an open book to him. He knows the county leaders, the origins of factions, and the motives and temper of small politicians. He knows where majorities can be safely counted upon in any contingency, where they may be increased, and where both forces are in almost equal strength. In all his career he has avoided personal warfare, yet when he deems it necessary to defeat a candidate, whether party friend or foe, Quay is prompt to tell him that he is in the way of other interests and must stand aside or be knocked down. When he is desirous of forming a combination or negotiating a trade of votes, the friendship he has long cultivated with members of both of the great parties renders his task a comparatively easy one, and it is made still easier by the fact that Republicans and Democrats alike know that his word is as good as gold, and that it has never gone to protest.

CHARACTER OF THE MAN. What has just been written fails of its purpose, if it does not make clear the elements that have brought Colonel Quay success in his chosen field. Yet I should state but half of the truth if I did not add that he has always been much more than a mere politician. He is in many respects a composite character. He can content himself alone or he can be happy in the midst of his friends, and, although fond of lone fisherman habits, he will, upon falling in with one whom he trusts, open the doors of his speech and talk interestingly hour after hour. And in his personal relations he is, without grace and unassuming and capable of fine magnanimity. I have heard many stories about people who have assailed him and sought to break him down, and yet who were later forgiven and forgiven.

In a word, he knows human nature to its last chord, and this knowledge has come to him through a diligent study of books as well as of men. His reading is of the most varied description, and he has standing orders with several publishing houses of the country to send him all books of current interest. An acquaintance of the writer chanced to be with him in a Washington book store one day last spring and noted his purchases. They included books on history and political economy, and he proposed to read and digest them during his summer vacation in Beaver. Thus, his library is not only well stocked and choice, but it is steadily increasing, and when he leaves this life the man who strays around the bookshelves of his home will find that his former guest has been a reader of many books and has profited by the wisdom that they contained.

A LATE LESSON LEARNED. After Colonel Quay had helped to make Harrison a president, and he was taught the not unfamiliar lesson that presidents, like other men, are often ungrateful. Wamanaker, who had done no more than gather the grease about with to oil the wheels of the Quay engine, not one of the choicest plans in the presidential padding. Quay and his friends got little of nothing. It was, perhaps, for that reason that Quay was one of those who vainly opposed Harrison's nomination in 1892. However, in Pennsylvania no one sought to question or oppose Quay's leadership until the summer of 1895. Then a determined movement was made to detest him by the election of an anti-Quay man as chairman of the state committee. Behind this movement were Chris Magee, who conceived it, John Wamanaker, David Martin, Charles Emory Smith, and other strong and resourceful party leaders. Quay went, after a struggle, called "the horsewoman" by the press, and on of the results of the fight was that Don Cameron, who had stood aloof and refused to help him in the hour of need, in due time surrendered his seat in the senate to Boies Penrose.

Beyond the forced retirement of Cameron, Quay's most ardent attempt to establish the man who had committed at his overthrow, but his generosity failed to bear enduring fruits. The dance of revolt kindled in 1895 broke out again in the state campaign of last year, and have now taken shape in an organized and resolute effort to defeat Quay's return to the senate. The senator's arrest, charged with fraudulent practices in connection with the management of a broken Philadelphia bank, has not been the least sensational feature of a most sensational fight. His enemies have made savage and, for the moment, effective use of the weapon thus supplied them, but his friends claim that deceit and falsehood inspired its forging, and that it will in the end prove a boomerang. Be this as it may, Colonel Quay has never waged stouter, braver battle than he is now making against the man who had set hope in that he is riding for a fall. Will he win? This question does not yet admit of answer. Bonaparte would have won at Waterloo had he been ten years younger, and Colonel Quay has been a long time in the saddle, is growing old, and is, in a measure, wearied of fighting. One thing, however, is certain—if beaten in the end, he may be counted upon, true to his record, to go down silent, smiling, and with his face to the foe.

Inevitable. "Mr. Spooner said if he was sure you would accept my proposition." "Maud—What did he say?" "I told him to try it. If you wouldn't now, you would some time."—Detroit Free Press.

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DURING HAVANA'S BLOCKADE.

Story of the Only Attempt at Rioting That Occurred.

Havana Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

Here is the story of the only attempt at rioting that occurred during the blockade. It began, so far as my story is concerned, in the house of Mrs. Jose Gonzales, in Monte street; for it was she who afterward related, for my entertainment, the events of that evening. Mrs. Gonzales, perfect hostess, charming woman, good Samaritan, beloved by the poor, is of England, but being the wife of a Spaniard, is Spanish in heart. Her niece, Miss T., a bright, vivacious English girl, lives with her. This English girl, before and during the siege, was the fiancée of General Arolas, the military governor of Havana. Often when out riding with the general, she wore the uniform, the color at least, of a Spanish colonel. The general was fond of calling her his aide-de-camp. All Havana knew these two. He had passed his sixtieth year, she was under twenty, and when they rode together through the Prado the soldiers of Spain smiled, while cafe loungers exchanged significant winks. It was the height of spring and winter, and the people chuckled and wondered, as people will.

One evening in June, General Arolas, as usual, was dining with his fiancée at the house of Gonzales. All was quiet in the quietest order, and the lady, who, as usual, was waiting the pleasure of the enemy. Suddenly there were cries and a great clattering of horses' hoofs in the street. Next, there was a tremendous uproar in the courtyard below. Then all was quiet, and in a single step the general, clanking on the marble pavement, came officer-dashing into the presence of the military governor. Bowing low to the officer, and apologizing for his intrusion, the officer said: "Mr. General, the populace, aided by the volunteers, are attacking the office of La Lucha. Instantly comprehending all that this news meant, the general arose, Miss T.—brought him his sword, and then, saying calm adios, he took the arm of the courier and slowly descended the steps. Once out of sight of the ladies, he rushed to his coupe, which stood at the door, and, snatching the reins from the coachman, a mighty snarl of the door, and the carriage rolled rapidly away toward the office of La Lucha.

It must be remembered that, under Spanish rule, newspapers in Havana printed only such news as the censor permitted. Thus, under compulsion rather than from choice, the printed news which was not news, but fiction. It seems that La Lucha had that morning printed something that enraged the populace—something about England.

When General Arolas came within sight of the newspaper office the mob gathered there was so vast and so tightly packed that his carriage could make no further headway. A squad of cavalry was immediately behind, making way for the carriage. But the general, springing the horsewoman, commanded the troopers to halt, ordered the driver to his seat, and himself mounted to the box where all could see him. Making a sign that called for silence, he began addressing the mob, commanding the volunteers to disperse, and warning the excited people to go home. "Remember," he called, "the cause of the demonstration—England and English friendship toward the Americans. Instantly the mob burst again into excitement; again showed a disposition to violence and to wreak revenge upon poor La Lucha. At this moment a horseman came riding up—no, a horsewoman! It was Miss T., in her colonel's coat.

"The Englishwoman," came out of a thousand angry throats. "No, not an Englishwoman," responded General Arolas, drawing his sword and saluting the horsewoman. "But my bride-to-be, the betrothed of a soldier of Spain." What magical effect had these words upon the mob! Out of a thousand throats came laughter. A Havana crowd is not unlike a crowd in Paris; a flip of the tongue turns tragedy into comedy, an ugly mob becomes an extremely good-humored congregation. Any way, the populace and the volunteers laughed and sauntered away. And thus a flip of the tongue, linking spring with winter, averted a riot in the besieged capital of Cuba.

DU BOSCO'S SPY SYSTEM.

How the Secret Service Got Positive Evidence on the Subject.

Arthur Henry in Ausler's.

"When our war with Spain was beginning, Lieutenant Carranza and Sergeant Du Bosco rented a furnished house at No. 2 Tupper street, Montreal. They took it for two months only, and having ascertained this fact, one of our men secured a card from the real estate agent, requesting that the tenant kindly permit the bearer to see the house. "A party of three was made up, including a lady, and about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, May 23, they called, were admitted by the maid, and shown slowly through the various apartments. Carranza and Du Bosco were at breakfast in the lower part of the house, and as the visitors passed through the sleeping room of the form-

er, one of the men saw an official-looking letter stamped and ready for the mail, lying on the dresser. The lady and one of her companions moved out toward the hall with the servant, while the third member of the party slipped the letter into his pocket. In the lower hall, just before they left, the postman handed in three large letters, and these would also have been in our possession had not the maid suddenly appeared and took possession of them. "This letter was enclosed in another envelope, stamped and addressed and given to an American railroad engineer who stopped on his run at Burlington, Vt., long enough to mail it. This letter reached the Secret Service department and gave the government what they wanted. Application for the immediate banishment of the Spaniards from Canada was made to Great Britain and the Spanish spy service in America came to an end."

A MARVELOUS PALM.

Its Trunk, Leaves and Roots Are Used for Various Purposes.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The most marvelous tree undoubtedly grows in Brazil. It is the Carnaluba palm, which grows uncultivated in the states of Parahiba, Ceara, Rio Grande do Norte, Piaui, and some of the neighboring states. The descriptions given of it seem incredible. In no other region of the globe is a tree to be found that can be employed for such varied and useful purposes. It resists intense and protracted droughts, and is always green and vigorous. Its roots produce the same medicinal effects as sarsaparilla. Its stems afford strong, light fibres, which acquire a beautiful luster, and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials, as well as for stakes for fences. From parts of the tree wines and vinegars are made. It yields almost a saccharine substance, as well as a starch resembling sago. In periods of famine, caused by protracted droughts, the nutritious substances obtained from it are of immense benefit to the poorer classes. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. It yields an agreeable taste, and the nut, which is plausibly and emulsive, is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. It is used for tanning the threads in the loom, now and then seeking out from the ball of wool or wool from which she spun, young made. The pith is an excellent substitute for cork. From the stem a white liquid, similar to the milk of the coconut, and a flour resembling maize can be extracted. Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. A considerable quantity of this straw is shipped to Europe, and a part of it returns to Brazil manufactured into hats. The straw is also used for thatching houses. Moreover, salt is extracted from it, and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

THE GRAY FELT HAT.

What a queer thing is our soldier hat!

Who ever dreamed of a life like that!

To deck the head of a soldier boy—

The battle's hero and artist's joy?

Where are the feathers, buttons and brads!

Wherein our faces were once arrayed—

The gray kept, the bearskin cap, The fancy helmet and jingling strap?

Come where the woodbine used to twine—

Like the Spanish fleets—or last year's snow—

Where all the rubbish goes!

For the Yankee today is a practical man,

Who aims to wear on a practical plan.

The militant Yankee's platin felt hat

Looks odd; but it doesn't roof a hat.

Do you remember, in sixty-one,

When the late unpleasantness was begun,

The tons that were worn? What a mass—

—of quads!

A target excursion on parade—

Dig souave breeches, gilt-tasseled boots,

Silk-trooped jackets, rainbow suits!

But these had saw lightning-bled and died,

And learned to put fess and feathers aside.

There's something rather business-like

In that dull gray slouch without a spike;

It's warm against the winter's snow,

It keeps the sun from eyes and nose!

And, wet or dry, it is devil-may-care,

With a very taking bulldog air.

You may poke it up, or flatten it out,

Roll it, stretch it, or throw it about!

In fact, it's a rough-and-ready hat,

The Yankee himself, for the matter of that.

Is that the same, when it comes to style

As his simple useful, capable life—

He marches and fights in a "gig-thin"

And where he lights he's safe to stay,

Little shooting his national game—

On land or sea his 'all the same.

And a German helmet or Russian cap,

Or French chapeau with fancy sash,

Or any other fash-fash hat,

Will find, if it runs against this Quaker,

That the slouch hat's built to stand!

Goes nicely back of a rifle-sight,

And is just the size for Freedom's hat—

The Yankee lad in his gray felt hat!

—Fudor Jenks in the Criticism.

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