

The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, the Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name.

SCRANTON, JULY 27, 1899.

The city of Scranton should have a paid fire department befitting its size.

The Cloven Hoof.

Evil associations, says the adage, corrupt good manners. The Scranton Republican's proximity to the disreputable Scrantonian must be responsible for the maulin outburst in yesterday's Republican directed against the secretary of the Fire Underwriters' association, Mr. John M. Hughes.

To understand this spasm of libelous billingsgate it is necessary to know that the Republican on Monday printed an article proposing a paid fire department limited to seven companies of 32 men in the aggregate, including a chief and his assistant. On Tuesday The Tribune pointed out the utter inadequacy of such a force in a city having so many wooden buildings as Scranton has, scattered over so large a territory, and quoting Mr. Hughes as saying that under such a system suburban risks would have to be rated as "unprotected" and all others, not in the immediate vicinity of the hose houses, as "poorly protected."

Our intent was not to discourage the proposition of a paid department, for which we have been fighting for years, but to illustrate the necessity of beginning a paid service on a broad basis of effectiveness, which is the wisest economy. Mr. Hughes did not volunteer the opinion accredited to him but gave it courteously in response to our request.

In expressing this opinion Mr. Hughes committed no crime, neither did he indulge in personalities. His was simply an expert opinion in modest language on a topic of public interest and importance. Yet mark the result. Yesterday's Republican in the course of a long article abusive of The Tribune (that part we ignore, since we are used to it), goes out of its way to print the following libel:

No one ever knew before that Hughes, the scrivener of the Underwriters' association, could think, or be seen from the above, he tried to think and demonstrated his assinine qualities in a marked manner. But this was no surprise to people who knew Hughes. Since his appointment to the office his head has been so swollen that he became overbearing and intolerant, so much so that people would rather go to meet his satanic majesty rather than encounter the upstart, who, by a pious of nepotism became secretary of the Underwriters' association. Hughes was comparatively unknown in the city until he was "jollied" by a Tribune reporter into giving an interview upon a subject of which he knew just as much about as he knew of common courtesies. And of that he knows nothing.

During the residence of Mr. Hughes in this city he has conducted himself as a gentleman should; he enjoys the generous respect of his colleagues in the insurance business in this city and of others who know him, and we have never heard that he spent his money offering golf prizes at the Country club while workmen dependent upon him, owing to their inability to collect wages due, had to borrow money of friends in order to buy food.

Abuse from such a source, therefore, is the highest compliment.

No one will begrudge General Alger his popularity in Detroit. The city is but ever to tear itself away from such admiring neighbors.

Misinformation.

The Philadelphia Times has been misinformed when it says: It is authoritatively announced that Judge Archibald, of Scranton, has appointed a committee consisting of prominent officials and citizen R-publians of Lackawanna county to take charge of his campaign and boom him as a candidate for Supreme Judge. Judge Archibald's special weakness as a candidate for the first judicial tribunal of the state is in the fact that he has been booming himself most aggressively during the past year, and now that his efforts to boom himself have been almost entirely unavailing, he announces a committee of distinguished citizens of his county as specially charged with his interests in the contest. The one official position in the state that should be won without the candidate resorting to the usual methods of modern political contests is that of Supreme Judge, and the man who most ardently booms himself should, as a rule, be accepted as among the least fitted for the place. But in disregard of this well-accepted principle Judge Archibald has not only been most actively importing support for his nomination in every section of the state, but he now seeks to strengthen himself by announcing a long list of highly reputable names as going to the front to battle for his cause. In creditable contrast with the efforts of Judge Archibald have been the efforts of the friends of ex-Attorney General Palmer in the adjoining county of Luzerne. The leading members of the Luzerne bar voluntarily moved to make Mr. Palmer their candidate, and they have made somewhat active efforts to promote his candidacy. They were not assigned to their task by Mr. Palmer, and thus imperturbed by the candidate to imperturb them to support him. The Luzerne bar, representing the unimpeachable character, high legal attainments and creditable judicial qualities possessed by Mr. Palmer, were entirely justified in announcing him as a candidate and urging his nomination by the Republicans of Pennsylvania. His attitude is entirely commendable and will strongly appeal to the intelligent and fair-minded members of the bar of Pennsylvania. If a Supreme Judge is to be taken from that section, which could be done with propriety, it must be obvious to all not influenced wholly by mere individual or partisan interests that Mr. Palmer should be nominated.

The candidacy of Mr. Palmer we do not now intend to discuss nor do we propose to institute any comparisons between the methods employed by his friends and the friends of Judge Archibald. For the present we arise to remark simply that the committee appointed to look after Judge Archibald's interests was appointed by ex-Judge Withard as chairman of a mass meeting of representative citizens of Lackawanna under the authority of a resolution introduced by one of their number and adopted by the mass meeting

unanimously. The right of the representative citizens of this county to take this action is incontrovertible and the criticism of the Times, being based on misinformation, is consequently void.

Concerning the charge that Judge Archibald has overstepped the limits of judicial propriety in aspiring to an honorable office in the direct line of promotion, it is accompanied by no specification and therefore does not merit consideration. We are not aware that any one in behalf of the Lackawanna candidate has thus far sought to further his interests by assault upon his competitors for the nomination. Such procedure would not be authorized or tolerated. What motive, therefore, can The Times have for sandbagging Archibald professedly in the interest of the Hon. Henry W. Palmer?

One by one the conspirators against Dreyfus fall and still the French Republic lives. Justice often travels a rocky road but it generally reaches its destination.

Try Reason First.

The following letter from a mother in Hyde Park, duly signed, was received by us on Tuesday:

Editor of The Tribune. Sir—I desire in the sacred name of womanhood to thank you and about most excellent paper for your part in helping to drive out of existence such a heinous, polluted and infamous thing in black and white as the Scrantonian. Believe me, in your efforts you have back of you the prayers of decent womanhood. The character of no woman is safe so long as the editor of this city maintains such a vile publication. Let me give one instance of its infamy. A week or so ago three or four eminently respectable young men and their pure and innocent sisters went to Lake Ariel to spend Saturday evening and Sunday. It was a private party of brothers and sisters—yet sacred as was blood relationship the snake came up, and the characters of these brothers and sisters were held up in the filthy Scrantonian in black and white to public ridicule. When brothers and sisters are not safe from the blackmailing tactics of this devil-like sheet how can others expect to escape? But there is a powerful influence at work for the good of the city. In one organization to which I belong there are 10 women who have pledged themselves sacredly to patronize no store that helps to keep the infamous reptile alive. I know hundreds of other women who have made similar pledges. If the decent women of this city will only do as we are doing, withdraw their patronage from the business men who support this destroyer of home and fireside, its pestiferous career would soon end.

In comment we wish to suggest that before applying the boycott, which is a distasteful weapon at best, these ladies appoint representatives to wait on the offending merchants and put before them the reasons why, out of respect to the mothers and daughters among their patrons, they ought not to contribute in any way to the maintenance of the infectious, home-polluting Scrantonian. Some of the merchants, we are confident, have not looked at the matter in this light. They have given no thought to their moral responsibility as advertisers in a publication that systematically outrages every principle of decency and in its evil effects upon the community is worse than a pestilence or a famine. They have simply aimed to distribute their business announcements without stopping to inquire whether in so doing they are helping to support a public nuisance. As honorable men of good impulses, with families of their own to protect, they ought to be readily susceptible to arguments from the standpoint of the home offered in good faith by protesting patrons, whom they cannot accuse of having any axe to grind or grudge to vent. Frank talk of this kind, between merchant and patron, would undoubtedly do practical good. It is the fair way to take hold of this thing; and only when it shall have proved unavailing would we advise the women of Scranton to consider more drastic measures.

Yet in counseling moderation along this line we recede not one iota from the position that the dirty and disgusting Sunday organ of blackmail and vice must be unconditionally cleaned out of this community. It is a standing affront to decency and a mocking challenge to civilization. If the common sense of our business men and the intelligence of our reading community be insufficient to take this vile thing by the throat and choke out its villainous existence by stopping all business dealings with it, either as advertisers or as subscribers, then the help of the law must be invoked and its insolent sponsors, their hands dripping with the rottenness in which they traffic, must, for the public safety, be disinfected and quarantined.

Not the least of Elihu Root's advantages is that he comes into office absolutely unpledged and untrammelled. He can hew to the line, letting the chips fall where they may.

How to Govern Cuba.

The report that the new secretary of war will give early attention to the problem of instituting civil government in Cuba is both credible and creditable. Pacification has been accomplished. It is time for the next step.

We are to guide the Cubans in the setting up of a government of their own. We are to allow them to have their way so far as we think they can be trusted to have it. But we are responsible before the world for its stability; our moral indorsement gives vitality to its credentials; we are, therefore, the deciding power. Cubans must accustom themselves to this fact. The more they declaim against it the farther they postpone the day of their own independence.

Everybody knows that eventually Cuba will be annexed. Destiny will force this. Intrigue cannot block it. But we are to consider now only the means of putting Cuba as quickly as possible on the road to fitness for self-government. The future can take care of itself. The present duty is the duty that calls.

General Wood in Santiago has set the pace. He has kept his soldiers in the background; has appealed to native ambition, self-interest and pride; has enmeshed the hand of steel in the velvet glove and the result is that civil government already prevails in everything but the name throughout the province over which he has jurisdiction. The Cubans are ruled by Cu-

hans under his tutelage; he simply guides their work.

Secretary Root can study Santiago precedents with interest and mental profit.

The postoffice department has just been placed upon record for another praiseworthy act in suppressing a mail advertising scheme at Boston, whereby gullible people are induced to act as agents, make purchases of useless articles, and allow themselves to be swindled in other ways while under the impression that they have drawn large prizes for the solution of alleged puzzles, so simple in construction as to be comprehended at a glance. This class of fake advertisers are little better than "green goods" men, and the policy of the government in protecting the credulous against their cunning schemes should be universally commended.

The sheriff and posse were obliged to take charge of a dance in Indiana the other night at which one man was killed and twenty were injured. This seems another evidence that social life on the banks of the Wabash is best depicted in song.

It is easy to perceive that Mr. Bryan still retains his grip on the Democratic party. The quickest way for his opponents to unhorse him is to let him go his own gait.

Canada's anxiety to pick a quarrel for England to settle is enough to provoke a spanking for the dominion from the hands of the mother country.

When it comes to a question of upholding law and order in communities menaced by riotous mobs all good citizens are as one.

Having stolen a march on the campaign liar President "Ocm Paul" Kruger ought now to have his whiskers trimmed.

The more that is learned about Ingersoll, the man, the greater the pity is that he circumscribed his own usefulness.

OUTCROPS OF HUMANITY.

Ingersoll's Greatest Speech.

It was not until he delivered his memorable speech nominating James O. Blaine at Cincinnati, in 1876, that Colonel Ingersoll's reputation as an orator became national. His friends in Peoria were proud of his speech, and James O. Blaine, when he was chosen to present Blaine's name. Knowing the capabilities of his townsman, a large delegation of Peorians, including his brother, Eliza Ingersoll, accompanied him to Cincinnati to witness his effort and share in his triumph, for it was generally expected, in the West at least, that Eliza Ingersoll would, on arriving at Cincinnati, be surprised to learn that he had as yet made no preparations for his speech, had not so much as rough draft or note of what he was going to say. His brother and friends, knowing his indifference and carelessness, and realizing the importance of the occasion, urged him to retire to his room and prepare his speech. He only laughed at them, however, and instead of complying, put in his time around the hotel corridors talking politics and making the most of his moment.

On the night before the day on which the nominations were to be made, and when "Bob" and his brother and one or two friends retired to the room which they occupied in common, about 12 o'clock, they supposed, of course that "Bob" would at least make a draft or some kind of a rough draft of his speech. Instead, however, he immediately prepared to retire. His brother and friends again urged him to sit up and make some preparations for his speech. He only laughed at them, and said: "Don't you worry about my speech, boys. I'll have that all right," he said and tumbled into bed. His friends followed his example, and each went to bed, and with fearful forebodings of a failure. The next morning, when "Bob" awoke he found his friends already up and making the most of their moment. He said, as they were about to leave the room: "Then he arose, pulled on his trousers, and stepping to the middle of the room in his shirt sleeves, and his eyes peering daggers down his back, he rehearsed the speech he had been evolving in his mind. When he had concluded, his friends stood spellbound for a moment, and then it is said, his brother threw his arms around his neck and went for his joy. A few hours afterward he delivered his speech, and his word for word, and thought it electrified that great convention and made him world-wide fame. It filled it of its great object—New York World.

Anecdotes of Ingersoll.

Mr. Ingersoll's arguments were of the redoubtable and absurd kind. One day in a talk on the ears with Talmage he said: "Then you would like to live in a place, Brother Talmage, where every one had to be good by law?" "Certainly," said Talmage. "You would like to live where every one had to go to church regularly every Sunday?" "Yes, that would suit me."

"Where no man could get a drink and swearing was not permitted?" "Yes, that is the place for me."

"And where every man would have to keep regular hours?" "That would be heaven on earth," said Talmage, smiling and striking his knee with his open palm.

"Well," said Bob, looking over his glasses, "you'd better go up to Sing Sing. That's the place for me."

Beecher was very fond of Bob Ingersoll. Ingersoll's Republicanism, anti-slaveryism and patriotic love for Grant and his soldiers won Beecher's regard who he introduced him to his Plymouth church audience. Still, Beecher was always joking the great agnostic.

One day I asked the great divine if he really liked Ingersoll.

"I can't help it," he said, "I love all my fellow men," and then he added with a humorous solemnity, "And I say now, when Robert Ingersoll dies—whether he goes to heaven or hell, I wish him joy!"

It is an old story that I have told many times, but the death of the loved agnostic makes it new again.

When Ingersoll was thrilling audiences with his great lecture on "Robert Burns" Beecher went to hear him in Chicago. At the Palmer House I asked him how he liked it.

"It was a wonderful entertainment," said Beecher. "He held his audience every minute. He is a great genius and I should like to write his epitaph."

"What would you write, I asked."

"Oh," said Beecher, "as he rubbed his two front fingers on his thoughtful brow, it would be a short epitaph. It would simply be:

"ROBERT BURNS."

—Eli Perkins, in the Sun.

His Denomination.

During the first years of his career as an actor, Colonel W. F. Cody had in one of his theatrical companies a Westerner named "Broncho Bill." There were Indians in the troupe and a certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the moral interests of the troupe. Thinking that Broncho Bill would fear a little looking after, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner

table, and remarked, pleasantly: "This is Mr. Broncho Bill, is it not?" "Yess." "Where were you born?" "Near Kit-Bullard's mill, on Big Pigeon." "Religious parents, I suppose?" "Yass." "What is your denomination?" "My what?" "Your denomination?" "O-ah-yass, Smith & Wesson."—Source Unidentified.

INGERSOLL ON LOVE.

"Love is a transfiguration. It ennobles, purifies and glorifies. In true marriage two hearts burst into flower. Two lives unite. They melt in music. Every moment is a melody. Love is a revelation, a creation. From love the world borrows its beauty and the heavens their glory. Justice, self-denial, charity and pity are the children of love. Lover, wife, mother, husband, father, child, home—those words shed light; they are the gems of human speech. The noblest must be a true home. The noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist. Nevertheless, the true home must be a true home. Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a board, big house. And the marriage bond must be one of mutual affection, not of compulsion. The marriage of the one woman to the one man is the citadel and fortress of civilization. Without this woman behind the man and slave of lust and power, while man goes back to savagery and crime. From the bottom of my heart I abhor and execrate all theories of life of which the pure and sacred home is not the corner stone. Take from the world the family, the fireside, the children born of wedded love, and there is nothing left. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all the world."

TOUCHES OF SENTIMENT.

The Birthplace of Robert Burns.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names of patriot, king and peer. The noblest, grandest of them all Was loved and cradled here. Here lived the gentle peasant prince, Compared with whom the greatest lord Is but a tithed thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw, A novel made of clay; One door shuts out the snow and storm, One window greets the day. And I, who stand aloof in glory, And hold all thrones in scorn, For here, beneath this lowly thatch, Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel Like one who clasps a shrine, When the glad lips at last have touched The something deemed divine. And here the world through all the years, As long as day returns, 'Tis tribute of its love and tears Will pay to Robert Burns.

To a Humming Bird.

Creation rare! O, fairy bird—elusive phantom bright. Who darting through my open window, The drooping rose-spray scents the woodland air. Now poising, fixt in space, a living gem. Well, like a sentient, pulsing ray of light, Disporting 'mong the flowers, too swift for sight. To mingle there Thy emerald with the gold, thy scarlet, pure.

With sunshade, where the lilacs hide from view The crumbling wall—thy bronze, with purple hue. Of fragrant iris—thou, indeed, alone. The name of fairy-kind of birds shouldst own! Peerless shall thy magic spell endure, And inward fancy ever to allure, O, vision fair! —Emile Pickhardt in Boston Globe.

How to Tell a Lady's Age.

You ask me, as though I were one of the boys. To tell from your lady friend's note what her age is. And write it down neatly in one of your pages. Now, the years of a man one may easily hit. For unless he's grown gray any age he'll admit. Except a lone celibate too long he's tarried. And now has got anxious 'bout not getting married.

But a lady, with much of hard guessing 'twill bore you. To arrive at an age she's arrived at before you. I say, it's hard at her age to arrive, And seeing won't help—for what art she'll contrive! And yet, not so hard; guess below twenty, and then, it is said, his brother threw his arms around his neck and went for his joy.

"Now, no joking," say you; I see, and take warning at every word. To be sure of her age—find the year she was born in! —Dennis Wortman.

An Empty Glove.

An empty glove—long withering in the grass. Of Time's cold palm. I lift it to my lips. And lo, once more I thrill beneath its lips. In fancy, as with odorous finger-tips. It reaches from the years that used to be. And proffers back love, life and all to me.

Ah! Beautiful she was beyond belief; Her face was fair and lustrous as the moon's; Her eyes—too large for small delight or grief—The smiles of them were laughter's afternoons; Their tears were April showers, and their hair love—All her speech swoons ere it speaks thereof.

White-fruited cocoon shone against the shell. Were not so white as was her brow below. The elven tresses of the hair that fell Across her neck and shoulders of nude snow. Her cheeks—chased pallor with a crimson stain—Her mouth was like a red rose rinsed with rain.

And this was she my fancy held as good— Yet all alone I kiss this empty glove— As peerless in pure worth of womanhood As was her wondrous beauty in men's eyes.

Yet all alone I kiss this empty glove— The poor husk of the hand I loved— and love. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Slumber Song.

The night wind is swiveling The sweet slumber tree. The leaflets are shaking, My baby, to thee. My mother is near, And safe in her keeping, There's nothing to fear. Softly the long shadows creep My baby is going to sleep.

The fancies are playing at hide-and-go in plink and in white in your own dimpled cheek. And whispering low in the soft, faving That welcomes the realms of a loving good-night.

Hushabye, dearie! Softly the long lashes sweep My baby is fast, fast asleep. —Selected.

NUBS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Kansas has 2,750,000 cows. It cost \$29,000 to float the Paris. Exports for the year ended June 30, 1899, were \$1,27,443,423; imports, \$67,071,588.

The value of all the precious stones found in the United States in 1888 was \$109,920, as compared with \$18,475 in 1857. Within the past year diamonds have advanced in value at least 25 per cent. The United States last year imported \$20,000,000 worth.

All but 6 of Kansas' 113 counties have railroad lines. Yet the total mileage of the state is decreasing, owing to Populistic legislation enacted in 1896. The American printing presses have appeared in Edinburgh, and the only adverse criticism made is that they turn out papers faster than is necessary.

It is now estimated that the loss occasioned by the recent floods in Texas amounts to \$5,000,000, one-third of which sum represents the cotton destroyed.

Russia's 23,455 miles of railroad already built and the 12,500 miles now building will be equipped throughout with Westinghouse air brakes, an American contract worth \$12,000,000.

Henry Watterson believes that the best way to deal with the Baker-Howard vendetta in his own state is to withdraw the soldiers and let the two families fight it out until they shall have exterminated each other.

The number of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued by the Post Office department in the fiscal year ended June 30 was 5,162,020,525, valued at \$2,433,167, an increase of 552,705 in number and \$46,728 in value compared with the previous fiscal year.

It is likely that the mascot of the Columbia will be Billy Terror, the goat mascot of the battleship Massachusetts. This remarkable animal chews tobacco and spits like a native, and is by long odds the smartest goat in the navy. He also masquerades the monitor Terror in the war with Spain.

Lightning caused the death of 367 persons in the United States last year, and a property loss of \$1,411,880. Few of the deaths occurred in cities. The annual statistics of a professor has at given localities in this country averages between thirty-five and forty-five. The maximum is in the Southeastern states.

A volume of clippings valued at \$2,500 is to be presented to Admiral Dewey upon his arrival. The book contains between its silver covers a wealth of printed matter, from profound editorials on the admiral to humorous poetry regarding him, and from the comments of the president and cabinet down to the jokes of street gamins.

The chair of anatomy in Edinburgh medical faculty is probably the most valuable of any professorship in the world, being worth about \$2,000 a year. One of the professors in the University of Berlin is worth \$15,000, but there the population of a professor has a great deal to do with his compensation. In the United States the college faculties receive from \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year.

All the personal paragraphs and society news that appear in the London papers is paid for except that which relates to the royal family, the nobility and the diplomatic corps. If an ordinary citizen gives a ball or marries off his daughter or entertains the prince of Wales at dinner he is compelled to pay for his glory. Sometimes the report of a ball or a wedding costs \$20 or \$40 for every newspaper it appears in.

From Sunnyside, a new town just founded in Utah, all women are to be rigorously excluded. The scarcity of water from which the town suffers is not, as might be supposed, the cause of this regulation. It is due to the fact that the managers of the town have not yet returned to the mining ground in the vicinity, and they fear that if the miners are allowed to bring their wives in complications might arise through taking up of claims by families.

The Montreal Street Railway company has its own coat of arms and its employees against accident or total disablement to the extent of \$100. A substantial increase of wages has been granted to all motormen and conductors who have been in service of the company for two years, while free uniforms will be supplied to those of five years standing.

These concessions, which have been granted by the company of its own volition, will mean the payment of about \$35,000 extra per annum to the men.

Each dispatch from General Otis costs the government about \$25. The cable tolls are \$25 a word, and Otis' messages average about 100 words in length. At \$25 a word, the weekly telegraph bill is \$18,000; in a month it reaches \$72,000, and for the period since the beginning of actual hostilities \$22,000. These estimates being approximate. Cablegrams from Manila are relayed 18 times in transmission from Washington. The relaying points are as follows: Washington to New York; thence to Canoe, Nova Scotia; thence to Valencia, Irish coast; thence to Plymouth, England; thence to Lisbon, Portugal; thence to Tangiers, Morocco, north coast of Africa; thence to Malta, in the Mediterranean sea; thence to Alexandria, Egypt; thence to Port Said; thence to Suez; thence to Aden, Arabia; thence to Bombay; thence to Penang; thence to Singapore, Malay peninsula; thence to Labuan, Borneo; thence to Hong Kong, and from Hong Kong to Manila. The time required to make this circuit, in ordinary cases, is three hours and 20 minutes. The distance traveled is approximately 13,000 miles. If there were a cable from San Francisco via Honolulu the distance would be only 8,000 miles.

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THE LONG GREEN

lawn around the house, or the little patch of grass in the dooryard, require constant attention to look beautiful.

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