

The Scranton Tribune

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by The Tribune Publishing Company, at Fifty Cents a Month.

New York Office: 150 Nassau St., S. S. VREELAND, Sole Agent for Foreign Advertising.

Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, AUGUST 26, 1899.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

State. Justice of the Supreme Court—J. HAY BROWN, of Lancaster.

Judge of the Superior Court—JOSIAH R. ADAIR, of Philadelphia.

State Treasurer—LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES E. BARNETT, of Washington.

Election day, Nov. 7.

As the days glide by, human nature loses none of its queerness.

The United States gives \$50,000 to save 100,000 Porto Ricans from starvation.

At the same time arranges to blow in \$500,000 on fireworks and noise for Dewey.

The Reconstructed Thirteenth.

With yesterday's election of regimental officers the reorganization of the Thirteenth may said to be complete.

Enlarged and reconstructed, its membership representing a happy blend of veteran and volunteer.

At its head, in Colonel Watres, a man whose motto and performance are to succeed in every enterprise undertaken.

The Thirteenth enters with bright prospects upon a new era in its history of splendid usefulness to the commonwealth and to itself.

The war with Spain both closed and opened an epoch in the Thirteenth's history.

It showed the error in a scheme of organization not in harmony with the composition of the regular army.

It revealed defects in tactics and equipment which are marked for thorough remedy in the near future.

It proved, above all, the incalculable worth of the National guard as a radiating center of military instruction.

It brought a nation of peace-loving civilians, and it gave opportunity for a display of soldierly patience and heroism among the volunteers enrolled under the Thirteenth's banner.

It will remain for all time among our most cherished local monuments.

The war's close necessitated the reconstruction which has since taken place.

In spite of some new faces the regiment, in spirit no less than in name, is still the old Thirteenth.

It will, in its modernized, three-battalion form, recall to our community all that lingers in traditions and glorious memory about the eight-company form familiar in the past.

It will moreover typify the spirit of enterprise and expansion that is to be the dominant note of the century as near to hand.

We shall expect the new Thirteenth to be to the Guard at large what the old Thirteenth was to it when it led the regiments in both state and nation.

And we do not think it is extravagant to promise that when this leadership is established there will be no trouble about its getting that much-needed new armory.

Pittsburg, which had only six representatives in the Tenth regiment, represented the larger part of the \$35,000 fund to pay for the regiment's reception.

Credit to Pittsburg for liberality well bestowed.

"After the War, What?"

No one has argued with clearer insight the question of America's duty toward the Filipinos than Dr. Lyman Abbott and in this week's Outlook there appears from Dr. Abbott's pen a notable contribution to the current discussion of this by no means exhausted topic.

"After the War, What?" is the apt title and the argument presented is bound to commend itself to intelligent public opinion.

In considering what shall be our policy toward the communities put by the war in our charge Dr. Abbott emphasizes the idea that there is only one tenable point of view—the point of view of duty.

The responsibility for the protection of person and property in the Philippines having fallen into our hands, he holds that we are in honor bound to discharge it manfully to the letter.

"It was not the duty of the Good Samaritan," says he, "to leave his business and devote his life to hunting for wounded travelers; but when the wounded traveler's cry came to his ears, it brought a duty of humanity to his aid."

The events of the war laid both Cuba and the Philippines on our pathway; to pass by on the other side and leave them to their fate because it is not for our interest to set them on their feet would be only one degree less criminal than to participate in the original robbery.

We are to ask ourselves, not what is our interest, but what is our duty, and the answer to that question is plain now, as it was plain six months ago; it is to protect life and property, preserve order, suppress violence, establish justice founded upon law; in short, to secure in both Cuba and the Philippines a substantial government.

If the armed revolutionaries in Cuba had attempted to prevent our fulfillment of this obligation by force, it would have been our duty to disperse them by force.

So long as armed revolutionaries in the Philippines endeavor to prevent our fulfillment of this obligation by force, it is our duty to disperse them by force.

This is not a war of conquest, any more than dispersing the armed mob in Idaho is a war of conquest. It is no more a violation of the principle that government rests upon the consent of the governed than the war against secession in the South was a violation of that principle.

The judgment of a community cannot be ascertained in the midst of a revolution. It is impossible to know what kind of government the intelligence, the virtue, and the thrift of the island of Luzon desire while it is overrun with armies. Order is an essential pre-

requisite to ascertaining what the will of the people is. The anti-imperialists are quite right in condemning all wars of conquest as un-American. They are wrong in regarding the war in Luzon as a war of conquest. It is a war to establish order in a community for whose order the people of the United States are responsible.

When that order is established, it will be for us to ascertain what are the desires of those in the island who are competent to pass judgment on its future course.

The war against Aguinaldo is an incident merely in the large task of reconstruction forced upon us by the war against Spain. Its end will leave us simply at the beginning of that duty. As Dr. Abbott well says: "Peace established, law respected and enforced, order maintained, industry revived, life for a time interrupted by war resumed, and local self-government fairly initiated, and the people taught by object lessons what liberty means, it will then be for us to do in the Philippines what we have promised to do in Cuba, leave the government and control of the island to its people." Those people, if they should then possess the capacity for gratitude, would themselves ask for such advantageous sovereignty to continue.

An occasional sarcastic remark from the direction of Harrisburg indicates that Dr. Swallow is still hovering on the outskirts of politics.

Pensions and Interest.

The recent announcement by the commissioner of pensions that the tide in pension expenditure has turned and is now likely in future to recede steadily, lends interest to two tables bearing on the subject, compiled by the Rochester Post-Express. The first shows the number of pensions on the rolls at the end of fiscal years:

Table with 2 columns: Years, Pensioners. Data from 1861 to 1889.

Since the beginning of the Civil war the government has paid to pensioners a total sum of \$2,428,799,146, the most generous allowance of any nation in the world's history.

The Jimenez revolution despatches are of the uncensored variety.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Did Great Things.

"What kind of a time are you having this summer, Jimmy?" "Oh, out of sight! The family all away. Father was the last to go. He went north on business, and he says, 'I'm strong on that, you know. Haven't been there since he left. That makes me think, I'd better go around tonight—his due today.'"

James was right. His father had returned and was sitting on the porch smoking a cigar when his son arrived.

"Well, how have you been getting along for the last week?" inquired the father.

"Oh, very well, considering," said James, assuming the confident air of the man that has done his duty. "A few accidents about the house, but I fixed them all right."

"Yes," said burglars one night. Lucky thing I was here—they might have stolen half the house. And the gas pipe sprung a leak, too. But I discovered that in time. And the rats! Why, we'd have been overrun with 'em if I hadn't been here to clean them out!"

"H'm! That's strange," said his father. "I haven't heard any burglars, nor smelled any gas, nor heard any rats, and I've been here all the week. You know I didn't take that business trip after all!"—Detroit Free Press.

Roosevelt Had the Advantage.

"Thirty years ago," says George G. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer, "my studio was at Thirteenth street and Broadway, then a residence apartment. At the corner, facing Union Square, was the old Roosevelt mansion where Governor Theodore Roosevelt spent his boyhood."

"I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth street about thirty years ago?"

"Mr. Roosevelt's eyes twinkled. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'I've pretty nearly outlived by this time. But as I have the police on my side now and I'm not afraid of being arrested, I'll admit that I was the boy. But don't let that make you spoil this picture.'"

"It didn't, for it was the best likeness

that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe."—Saturday Evening Post.

He Owned It Himself.

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar on a downtown corner the other day there approached the elderly and important reformer of immemorial legend, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"How many cigars a day do you smoke?" asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs.

"Three," replied the youth, as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued. "How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the old man.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

It Made a Difference.

"If I slip down on a defective grating in the street pavement and sustain serious damages can I get redress?" he asked of a lawyer.

"You can,"

"Whom shall I sue?"

"The owner or occupier of the premises. You can hold him responsible."

"I was laid up seven weeks and I think I ought to have \$20."

"I think we can get double that. Do you know the owner of the property?"

"I can find out very easily. It's No. 89 Blank street."

"What? Why, that's my residence! Better drop the case at once, sir. I forgot to say that the law is so defective that you can't get a verdict once in twenty times."—The Bits.

Honesty in Example.

Long ago he had taken the resolution always to be perfectly honest with his children.

"My son," he accordingly observed, "I am buying you this trunk strap, not for your own good, but because I am hot under the collar! No, it does not by any means hurt me more than it hurts you."

In the face of such a luminous example, it would be strange if a boy did not grow up to be an honest man.

It was perhaps possible to overdo this thing, and render a boy so honest that he would be unable to earn his living in any of the learned professions; but that difficulty, if it existed at all, was theoretical rather than practical.—Detroit Journal.

Defined With Exactness.

C. S. Batterman, one of the best-known mining men in the Rocky Mountain states, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada and under cross-examination by a lawyer.

"Question relating to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as 'kidney lumps.' 'Now, Mr. Batterman,' said the attorney, 'how large are these lumps—say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?'"

"Yes," replied Mr. Batterman, "but not as thick." The attorney smiled, and even the judge could not help smiling.

HUMOR IN VERSE.

The Uppermost Problem.

Now here's a little problem that doth vex the soul of man, About us hard a problem as we've had since we began;

"Twill tax the word-mint mightily to fashion out a word, To name the automobile that is not a bit absurd."

'Tis not alone a horseless cab, as any one can see, 'Tis quite as dog and cat-less as a wagon wheel can be.

It has no horse—that's true of course; But what's the name of it, as you know, 'Tis equally devoid of mules, and has no kangaroo.

'Tis horseless, muleless, zebriless, rhinocerosless, too. 'Tis leopardless and camel-less and so all through the zoo;

Not to be confused with it for the poor old spavined hack Who's lost his job because of it, and cannot get it back.

It doesn't go all by itself, hence "auto" isn't right; It has a motive power, even if it's out of sight;

It's sometimes electrically, and sometimes it's benzine And one or two that we have known smelt much of kerosene.

Electrocart? Benzino-cart? Which one of these will be the word?

Or is "Kerolocoart" euphonious to you?

Or are you just content to stand when one of them you call, And whistle to the driver, and not name the thing at all.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Men with the Saw.

They sawed off his arms and his legs, They stalked his jugular vein; They put fancy fells on his lungs, And they deftly extracted his brain.

'Twas a triumph of surgical skill Such as never was heard of till then; 'Twas the subject of lectures before Conventions of medical men.

The news of this wonderful thing Was heralded far and wide; But for the patient, there's nothing to see.

Excepting, of course, that he died. —Public Health Journal.

Dwindling Calibers.

My daddy's granddaddy, he carried a gun—

Its muzzle was wide as a door, And engineered proper

'Twas the subject of lectures before Conventions of medical men.

At sixty or seventy yards—or more; He carried that gun

(To fit it you'd think it weighed nearly a ton)

From Delaware Dover to Fortress Duquesne, And straightway thereafter to Dover again.

My granddaddy carried a weapon, too, Smooth-bored and wonderfully long;

'Twas twenty-four to the pound, And 'twas blessed with back action

exceedingly strong;

And it had the way through, From the beginning of '32 until Pakenham's crew

Saw Tennessee rifles ablaze in the color.

Its flint and its priming were never forgotten.

And daddy—his piece was a long brown gun Of caliber fifty-six;

'Twould kill at a mile In most elegant fashion;

And it never forgot to be free with its kicks.

Dad shouldered that gun Sometimes several only in sixty and one, And the old piece was good for a Johnnie Reb still

When 'Ulysses and Robert E. took to the quill.

And sometimes I carry a weapon myself—Krag-Jorgensen, '95—

It's caliber thirty, It never gets dirty,

I'll back it to puncture a Harveized plate!

And I'll say for myself (Sometimes when I'm done for and laid time on the shelf),

That I and my own little six-shooting "Krag" Saw San Juan flying a star-spangled flag.

—Raymond Evans, in the Sun.

BOUQUET OF SMILES.

Too Solicitous.

Ida—They say Maud didn't succeed as nurse in the Philippines?

May—No; she aroused the patient every few minutes to ask him if he was resting easy.—Chicago News.

Finally Getting Even.

Billets—Are you still looking at houses? I thought you had decided to board.

Winterland—So I have. But I'm getting even now with the landlords who mistook me for a millionaire.—Philadelphia North American.

Lived Up to the Designation.

McSwatters—Why do you call your next door neighbors smoking team?

McWatters—Wait till you hear the kids howl when they go inside.—Syracuse Herald.

Setting a Good Example.

"You are not going to church this hot morning, Maria?"

"Yes, I am. I've got to set an example for those new neighbors next door. This is the first Sunday they've been there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Similia Similibus Curantur.

"Our minister believes in fighting the devil with fire."

"A homeopathic doctor of divinity, so to speak."—Detroit Journal.

Departing Blessings.

"Did you have any luck in the Klondike?"

"Yes," answered the perspiring citizen, sadly. "But I didn't know luck when I saw it. I found more lead and snow-capped mountains than I could shake a pick and shovel at."—Washington Star.

PERSONALITIES.

King Oscar of Sweden takes delight in fish and dog salutes.

Baroness James de Rothschild owns the finest collection of fans in Europe.

Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the Marquis of Salisbury, is a successful barrister in London.

The King of Sweden travels as Count de Hava. It was under this title that he stayed at Cannes last spring.

Nageron, the great Japanese lawyer, is in Paris, where he is studying the workings of the French law courts.

Lady Sophia Cecil is 93 years of age and was present as a child at the ball that took place on the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

Lord Dunraven, who no longer cuts any conspicuous figure in yachting circles, is said to have become a patron of professional pedestrianism.

Edouard Foa, the famous French explorer, who succeeded in crossing Central Africa, was born in Marseilles in 1822. He has spent thirteen years in Africa.

Juliette Dodu, still living in France, has the distinction of being the only woman to receive both the cross of the Legion of Honor and the military medal.

Lord Morris, who has been elected vice-president of the Royal University of Ireland, of which Lord Dufferin is the president, has literary proclivities, as well as diplomatic talents.

Whether or not William Gaebele drinks is a matter of dispute. Some newspapers say that the candidate for governor of Kentucky drinks whisky and others say he never touches it.

Queen Natalie, of Serbia, is never so well pleased as when she throws off her royal titles for awhile and assumes one of the many appellations of lower rank to which she is entitled.

The King of Greece delights in taking recreation in the fields. He can plough, cut and bind corn, milk cows, and in short could at a pinch keep a farm going single-handed.

Herbert Spencer is now living in strict seclusion at Brighton, the state of his health being such that his correspondence is limited to replies to letters of immediate personal concern.

Charles Santley, the eminent Liverpool baritone, has been made by the Pope a knight commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, in recognition of his services to the Catholic church.

The lecture platform will be utilized the coming winter by William Dean Howells. He will make known in the large cities his ideas and theories about the novel and discuss other matters germane to his profession.

Dr. William Siegel, professor of historic geography at the University of Letosia, has been called to fill the place of professor of geography at the University of Berlin, left vacant by the death of Heinrich Kiepert.

Lord Londonderry carries on a coal-yard, the Marquis of Bute owns a vineyard, that he profits by commercially. Lord Sudeley turns many an honest penny out of Jam and Lord Harrington has a fruit store at Charing Cross, London.

The Queen of Saxony possesses four sapphires equal in size and beauty to the one that glows in the crown of England. The favorite wives of the Shah of Persia and Sultan of Turkey cheer themselves the like of which no western queen can boast.

Pope Leo has refused a business offer which the projectors asserted would bring him much revenue as Peter's Pence. The wine made from the grapes of the Vatican gardens was to be put up in bottles and sold at the Paris exhibition under the label, "Vino Leonino di Sua Santita," "His Holiness' Wine."

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Ripans Tabules.

An intelligent matron, a resident of Ithaca, N. Y., makes it very plain to all her neighbors that she thinks there is no medicine like

She believes that they saved the life of her son, a boy of twelve, who had been taken sick with what the doctors called liver trouble and catarrh of the stomach. She says that after treating him a year, without doing him any good, the doctors gave him up to die. About that time his uncle, who had had experience with Ripans Tabules and found that they had done him much good for catarrh of the stomach, insisted that his nephew should try them. After they had been taken two months, according to directions, the boy was able to go to school and four months after he began taking them he replied to an inquiry: "Why, I am just as well as ever I was."

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