

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.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1899.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

State.

Justice of the Supreme Court—J. HAY BROWN, of Lancaster. Judge of the Superior Court—JOSIAH R. ADAMS, of Philadelphia. State Treasurer—LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES E. BARNETT, of Washington. Election day, Nov. 7.

The remarks attributed in another column to General Otis come from a source friendly to him and to the administration, and for that reason are printed, though with some reserve. If Otis said such things he deserves to be removed; if he did not say them, it is time to remove the interviewer.

Saturday's Primaries.

UNOFFICIAL returns from Saturday's primaries indicate the nomination of the Republican ticket of John Courter Morris, of Scranton, and John Penman, of Olyphant, for county commissioners; and William E. Johns, of Hyde Park, and Fred L. Ward, of Scranton, for county auditors. The primaries attracted a light vote and were noted mainly for the intense political activity of Mayor Mor's "non-partisan" police force. A factional complexion having recently been lent, without provocation, to a part of the ticket nominated, there will be curiosity to see whether the nominees thus claimed in advance as personal assets of the Fellows-Scranton combine will seek an election on that basis.

All accounts agree that Governor Roosevelt on Saturday captured Ohio. He is certainly a hustler in accumulating a future.

A Warning Against Quackery.

TO A REPORTER for the Washington Post who interviewed him on Friday last, Governor Stone of our state said: "I am not an advocate of trusts and am not interested in the operations of a single one. My idea is, however, that it is too early in the day to be scared, for we know scarcely anything as yet of their effects. The men who oppose them most bitterly are generally theorists. Of course, if all the alleged concerns trusts be true, then they are a menace to the welfare of the country and should be legislated out of existence. The natural law of supply and demand can be depended on to regulate prices, and for one I do not think we stand in much danger of having to pay exorbitant prices on account of industrial combinations. The trusts can never get so powerful as to shut off all competition in this country, and if by virtue of such combines, large profits are made in any one line of business outside, curial, which is ever keenly alive to profit-making, will step in and at once there will be competition, which will insure the public from being unduly taxed. The cry against trusts seems to proceed largely from those states in which none exist, in the agricultural sections of the United States. In the east, where they have been mostly formed, we hear of no great amount of complaint emanating from the people, and it is fair to presume that they have as yet caused no serious injury."

The attitude here indicated is not essentially different from that outlined by Governor Roosevelt in his speech opening the Ohio campaign. Colonel Roosevelt recognizes the need of supervision of trusts with a view to protecting public interests; but he argues that before this can be wisely applied there must be accurate data upon which to base it, and not mere passionate denunciation for the primary purpose of catching votes. A diagnosis, he argues, should precede the application of treatment, and common sense teaches that the safest physician is not the mouthy quack who holds forth with patent cure-alls on street corners, but the trained specialist who has made of his profession a life-long study and whose fitness to treat complicated cases of disease has been demonstrated by years of successful practice.

The Democratic party is the political quack doctor of the country who promises everything and performs nothing. Every time it has been entrusted with the patient it has been convicted of malpractice, and it is about time for the public to let it severally alone.

It is now a case of Anglo-Saxon or Teuton in South Africa and one or the other must go.

Britain and Boer.

SHOULD England and the Boers finally go to war—now that its grim visage is near both sides seem to be sobered into hesitation which may end in amicable settlement—what kind of war would it be and would England, with overwhelmingly superior resources in money and men, win an easy or a quick victory? These inquiries are timely and information bearing upon them is interesting even to those not directly concerned.

The clearest answer, in the fewest words, that we have seen from an authoritative source is contained in a letter to the Chicago Record from its Pretoria correspondent, a British-born but naturalized inhabitant of the Transvaal, who, while sympathizing with many of the Outlander grievances and admitting their justice, does not credit the present English cabinet

with honest intentions, believes that it has been wrongly influenced by Cecil Rhodes and the capitalist interests in South Africa, and is therefore opposed to war as not only barbarous but unnecessary. This gentleman writes:

"The Boer forces number 30,000 men, between the ages of 17 and 45, with a reserve of 15,000 up to 60 years, to be called up in case of dire necessity. The Orange Free State burghers number 20,000 with a reserve of 5,000. This gives a total for the republics of 70,000 men. About 10,000 men can be reckoned upon to join from the Cape districts and the Dutch districts of Natal, making a total fighting Afrikaner contingent of 80,000 men. These are for the greatest part armed with the latest pattern of the Mauser rifle and practically all are mounted on serviceable horses. The Transvaal has besides between ten and fifteen batteries of the most modern artillery, including Krupp, Maxim-Nordenfeld quick-firers and four batteries of the new French machine gun. It has any quantity of ammunition and modern equipments. The Orange Free State has six batteries of Krupp nine-pounder field guns and howitzers, and excellently trained men under command of Major Albrecht, an able ex-officer in the Prussian artillery. The programme of these forces will not be offensive. The main purpose will be to harass the invading army by night attacks. No masses of burghers will maneuver in any open place, but strong commands of 200 and 300 men will practice guerrilla warfare, supported here and there by artillery, in a manner which will again provide novel experiences for Tommy Atkins. The rapid mobilization of the Boer forces, both in 1881 and 1896, has been the wonder of the military experts in Europe. The Boer commanders take no commissariat. Every man takes his own supplies, and, though the end of a probably long conflict with the power of Great Britain must be defeat, there will again be surprises for the world, which will prove the gallantry of these South African 'rough riders.'"

From a statement of this kind, taking into account the nature of the country, the distances at which England would have to operate away from her bases of supply, and the difficulty of moving masses of men against agile guerrilla bands, we can readily see why her majesty's government does not move to the attack with enthusiasm. But there is also another point noted by the Record correspondent which merits attention; and that is, in the event of war, the almost certain rising of the black tribes, from one end of the continent to the other, against white rule. The native tribes, he informs us, entertain for the whites of all nationalities a secret hatred which only awaits the fitting opportunity to materialize in treachery and violence. Altogether, England has no soft job on her hands; and yet she dare not draw back until a settlement is reached which establishes the essence of her claims, otherwise her authority in South Africa would be at an end.

The re-appearance of Cecil Rhodes in the South African arena will probably not have a tendency to boom the peace.

To What Purpose?

WE SEE THAT a Miss Yatman—Miss Jane Yatman—of New York, has succeeded in making some tremendous scores as a long distance bicycle rider. If we have caught the figures correctly, it was 700 miles in eighty-one hours. That is a detail, however, the point of importance is that Miss Yatman has achieved something very remarkable, making all the wheel people sick with envy and breaking records, whatever they amount to, as though they were made of gossamer. And a little, wondering boy who saw her as she completed the 60th mile and turned in to some road house for an hour or two of rest, looked at her wild face and haggard eyes and semi-frantic state, and asked, in a sort of terror: "What did she do it for?"

That is the question—what for? It is a question which will be cynically treated by the careless and contemptuously dismissed by the cruel and hard-hearted; but it is a question for civilized society all the same. Here is a woman, who, by her young or otherwise, neither knows nor cares, lifted faintly from her wheel, carried into a common road house, then noisily with course merriment, and thrown upon a couch, half crazy with nervous excitement, her face drawn and seamed, her lips like lips of the dead, her whole vitality in an appalling collapse. The vulgar crowd gathers to gaze upon the wreck and interchange heartless comments, and she lies there, save for the piteous hectic flush upon her cheeks, and the awful tremors of her body, like a corpse. She will go on, her companions say. She is so strong and so determined. She will come back to a miserable semblance of life, stagger to her wheel, and speed away like some one in a dream of pain. She will win. She will do the 700 miles within the limit fixed, and she will then, under the eye of science, enjoy her triumph. She will be the wonder of the hour. The papers will give her pictures to the raving mob. She will be talked about, in praise or jealousy, in commendation or disparagement, as the case may be; but she will have won the victory and some day—perhaps—these cruel seams will be smoothed from her anguished brow, the sunken and strained eyes recover their lost light, her veins be filled once more. And then she may remember the child, frightened little voice that asked: "What did she do it for?"

Indeed, grown men and women, thoughtful and humane persons of all classes, are putting that same query to themselves at this moment. What for? We can see the harm, the folly, even the wickedness involved in Miss Yatman's poor achievement, but who can see the good? What does it benefit society, civilization, humanity, that Miss Yatman can wheel 700 miles in eighty-one hours and still live? Can any one conceive a more fruitless and foolish enterprise? Verily it seems to us that, if husbands, brothers, and par-

ents are powerless to keep their women folk within the bounds of decency and reason, the magistrate and the constable—if necessary, the lunatic asylum—should be invoked. The fool, the idiot, and the maniac are entitled to protection against themselves.

At Manila Admiral Dewey said: "I am too old to learn a new business. Forty years of service in the navy may develop a good enough admiral, but I am convinced that I have not studied political questions and political methods enough to make a satisfactory president of the United States. The nation has given me an office I am competent to fill, and I am not looking for another job. If I were out of work I might be tempted to look at these things differently, but as it is I can regard the whole question impartially, and I believe the country should select presidents who are trained and experienced in the science of civil government rather than to take a man from the army or navy." The truth of these sensible observations still holds good.

A significant feature of the resolutions adopted last week by the Republicans of Arapahoe county, Colorado,—the county in which Denver is located—is the omission of any reference to free silver save in a plank declaring for bimetallism, which "the events of the last few years have demonstrated can only be attained by international agreement." Good times have killed Bryanism in Colorado.

It is a pity that Governor Roosevelt's order to General Roe relative to the position of the Grand Army veterans in the Dewey land parade could not be enforced. The Tammany gang which is running New York city just now never did have any use for Union war veterans.

Not content with giving him unanimous permission, the Mexican congress has voted a \$100,000 pocket-money appropriation for President Diaz to take with him when he visits Chicago. Who says republics are ungrateful?

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Bill's Luck. A Chicago hotel manager employed a handy man going by the name of "Bill" to do his window washing. One morning Bill, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in.

"What's this?" he said. Bill was dumfounded. "Pick up your things and go," said the manager. So poor Bill went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went up stairs and put on his clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-bye" to some of the other servants, and there he happened to run across the manager. He did not recognize him in his black coat.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir."

"You look a handy sort of fellow. I only gave the last man five dollars, but I'll give you seven."

"Thank you, sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the windows, and not reading the paper.—Collier's Weekly.

Answered His Own Letter.

A certain young railroad man who has charge of a department in the auditing branch of his company's business, had occasion recently to dictate a letter to the head of a corresponding department of another road. There was a point in dispute between the two roads involving money and this young official had taken a stubborn ground that the other official was totally at fault and advanced what seemed to him the most reasonable grounds to prove it. A short time after he had forwarded the letter he received a proposition from headquarters of the other railroad, relating to the same dispute, and he accepted, and within a few days he became the head of the department with which he had been in dispute. The first letter which he had written, and which he answered was his own on the point in question. There was only one thing to do. He immediately dictated an answer to his own letter, redefining and redefining its argument, and wound up by a heated insinuation that the writer of it was an unmitigated donkey. Of course, the letter was addressed to himself and signed by himself, but in his enthusiasm for the interests of his new employer he did not mind a little thing like that.

Vituperative Yet Charitable.

The late Robert G. Ingersoll had a bluff way about his bestowal of favors whether it was a loan to a friend or alms to a beggar. In the spring of 1898 he came to Washington on some business, says the Post. His duties took him to the department of justice. As he came down he passed an old woman sitting on the doorstep. She had a basket of violets, which partially proclaimed her as an object of charity. The big-hearted agnostic was in a hurry, but he stopped long enough to reach in his pocket and toss her a half-dollar.

Beresford's Choice.

Lord Charles Beresford as a boy was the despair of both his parents and teachers. On his thirteenth birthday his father gave him his choice whether he would enter the army or the navy, or take up orders.

The Test of Love.

"Tom, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."

tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned, and soon had the eyes of everyone in the dining hall fastened on him. The more he twisted and screwed his face the hotter the steam in his mouth got. He didn't know what was the matter. He could stand it no longer, and reaching up, his hand he jerked out the burning bit, threw it on the floor and in a very dramatic way exclaimed: "Now, d-n you, blaze!"

Marital Compliments.

They had been married fully three months, and were having their thirteenth quarrel—thirteen being an unlucky number.

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

Katherine. The curls of my Katherine are hiding my face. And her delicate dimples are riling a race. On cheeks like the rose when it blights its glow. And catches the sunlight in silvery lace! A shower of curls And a shimmer of pearls— The lips and the love of the sweetest of girls!

Oh, daytime is Maytime of rosiest grace When the curls of my Katherine are kissing my face! The dreams of all skies In her radiant eyes That twinkle like stars in the splendor of space Earth's jewels and pearls Cannot match the bright curls— The lips and the love of the sweetest of girls!

And night time is light time when in my embrace The curls of my Katherine are hiding my face! When I fold her away From the frolicsome day And the angels smile on her through curtains of lace

And I'd barter the earth's pearls For one gleam of the curls Of the dearest and sweetest of girl little girls! —Atlanta Constitution.

The Old Trundle Bed.

Oh, the old trundle bed where I slept when a boy! What a napoleon king might not evert the joy? The glory and peace of that slumber of foam! "Pack up your things and go," said the manager.

Oh, the old trundle bed, where I wonder—ing saw The stars through the window, and listened with awe To the sigh of the winds as they tremulously crept Through the trees where the robins so restlessly slept. Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren. And the katydid listlessly chirrup again, Till my tired fancy slowly but gently was led Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed!

Oh, the old trundle bed! Oh, the old trundle bed! With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread; Its snowy white sheets, and the blankets above, Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love.

A Transformation.

A hat an' a skirt an' some overalls, Them's plenty of clothes for me— An' a bit o' bread if the hunger calls, I'm off to be young and free. I've tumbled the crops an' I've helped 'em grow, An' the cares from my back kin roll; I ain't no longer the man with the hoe; I'm the boy with the fishin' pole.

Candor.

"I know what you're going to say," she said. And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall; "You are going to speak of the hectic fall, And say you're sorry the summer's dead, And no other summer was like it, you know."

Too Hot to Extinguish.

A well-known Mississippi farmer will have cause to remember his recent visit to Memphis, says the Scimitar. He stopped in a well-known cafe and among other things ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tobacco sauce was on the table, and mistaking it for catsup he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. He cut off a big piece, but no sooner had it struck his mouth than he began to feel like his

PASSING SMILES.

Making a Compromise. "Don't call me a jail bird," protested Meandering Mike. "What do you want to be called?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Well, you might compromise an' call me a bird o' paradise. After one o' dese long trips over bad roads, jail kind o' seems like paradise."—Washington Star.

Comparing Notes. "I've got a hatpin made out of a nugget from papa's copper mine." "That's nothin'. All my paper dollies is cut out of minin' stock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Maud Plays Golf Now. Maud Muller, on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay. Maud now has better fun, methinks, Chasing a golf ball round the links. —New York World.

Auricular Evidence. "By George! Nibbleson has just missed another noble buck." "How do you know he has missed? You can't see him, can you?" "No, but didn't you hear him shoot?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

From Different View Points. The Citizen—Ever notice how a policeman is never around when he is wanted? The Medicant—I've noticed he is always around when he isn't wanted.—Indianapolis News.

Its Only Drawback. "Wingfield says that new trotter of his is the most intelligent horse he ever owned." "Yes; the horse can do everything but trot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fairly Chopped Out. What's most hurt poor Claribel— In his heart she's now no place— Was to be so ruthlessly cut out By a girl with a hatchet face. —Detroit Journal.

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Ornamental Floors, such as we offer have been in use in Europe for generations. They are no experiment, It is safe to consider that no outlay will so furnish and enrich a dwelling as these ornamental floors. They are cheaper than carpets.

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Table Linens

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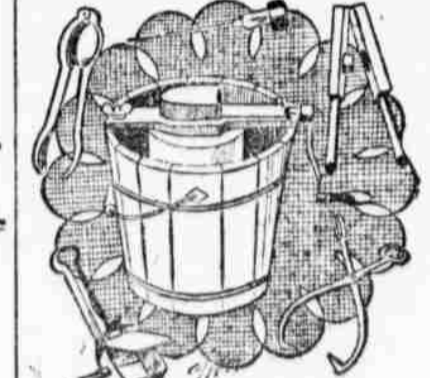
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