

The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, the Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends on current topics...

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, OCTOBER 12, 1899.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

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

County. Commissioners—JOHN COURIER MORRIS, of Scranton; JOHN PENMAN, of Glyburth.

The United States is engaged in shooting down men whose only offense is a love of country and a dogged determination to maintain and defend a government of their own choosing—Scranton Times.

For "love of country," Aguinaldo sold out to Spain, receiving \$400,000, which he afterward refused to divide, as per agreement, with his fellow revolutionists.

Anglo-Saxon Police Duty.

Whatever technical points may weigh against the British side of the South African situation, it is important to bear in mind that essentially it is the side of justice.

The deficit for July is accounted for by the fact that in that month large payments are made each year on river and harbor improvements. But in July, 1899, receipts were \$4,000,000 larger than in July, 1898, and the deficit for the month was more than \$20,000,000 smaller, despite the fact that river and harbor drafts last July were \$1,000,000 larger than in July, 1898.

On Friday of last week the balance of cash on hand in the United States treasury, exclusive of money laid aside to meet fixed charges, was \$288,932,730. This is more money than the treasury needs, even taking into account the necessity for an ample gold reserve.

Public Schools and Morals.

IN AN ADDRESS to the teachers of Chicago, delivered recently, Superintendent Andrews of that city considered a topic which justly commands the attention of every thoughtful citizen.

Army Reorganization.

SECRETARY ROOT, obedient to expectation, is preparing to attack the problem of a more efficient organization of the American regular army. He has addressed to prominent military officers a letter soliciting suggestions and advice.

Opinions differ on many points as to just what changes are needed, but upon one point there is substantial agreement. "When the reorganization of the army occurs there should," to use the words of the Philadelphia Inquirer, "be provision made for a corps of officers whose duties will be understood to pertain to other things than regimental matters."

Not only is there urgent need of a special staff organized on the basis of fitness but included within it should be a system of interchangeability as

in the naval staff, so that officers may not become mossbacks through long continuance in one bureau. In the hands of the president should be lodged power to choose his own chief of staff, whose office should correspond to that now held by the major general commanding with one difference.

Armies are not democracies and cannot be run as such. There must be centralization of authority and command and implicit obedience all the way down the line.

The circulation of the Daily Inquirer is 10,000 copies more than the combined circulations of the Ledger, the Press and Times and the North American—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Uncle Sam's Balance Sheet.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if any other nation is in so good a financial condition as is the United States at this time, notwithstanding that it has just emerged from one expensive war and is waging another in a remote quarter of the globe.

The following table presents in compact form the figures of revenue and expenditure during the past fifteen months and shows how rapidly Uncle Sam's income is getting the better of his outgo:

Table with 3 columns: Month, Total, Deficit. Rows include 1898 (July-December) and 1899 (January-September).

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy of conciliation has been a success at Chicago. But then, Chicago is quite a distance from the Alaskan boundary line.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer. Astrologic Cast: 4:08 a. m., for Thursday, Oct. 12, 1899.

A child born on this day will notice that large men seldom stoop to small tricks. There's cause for every effect. Even a dog will wag his tail with more vigor at feeding time.

Ajacchus' Advice.

Do not be too modest: Genius like a well built yacht cannot sail without a certain amount of wind.

PERSONALITIES.

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General Arthur MacArthur, who has been one of the most successful fighters in the Philippines, became a colonel in the volunteer service during the war of the rebellion when but 19 years old. H. W. Denison, of Vermont, who has held for many years the important post of law adviser to the Japanese Imperial government, is about to visit home after a continuous absence of 17 years.

church would be in danger of espousing such a teacher's faith. This fear is now seen to be groundless. It is on the wane and will soon entirely disappear. For all practical purposes morality can be taught without dipping into religion, and all sects are becoming aware of this.

Are not these statements true? Is not the inculcation of ordinary morality as important to the pupil, to the parent and to the state as knowledge of cubic root or the intricacies of the Latin grammar? Might we not, to gain a better citizenship, be justified in letting up a little in the furious haste of our city schools to polish off the intellectuals of their pupils, regardless of consequences?

The Filipino war is unrighteous, unholy and wicked—Scranton Times.

It is a war to save 8,000,000 people representing sixty different tribes and half a dozen different languages from anarchy and chaos; to rid them from oppression or the fear of oppression by armed bandit hordes levying forcible tribute on ignorance and industry; to put them in the way of governing themselves wisely, justly and intelligently and to establish for their protection as well as our own respect for the Stars and Stripes, the world's best, symbol of law, order and justice.

Speaking of wireless telegraphy and other discoveries, reminds us that it is about time for Mr. Edison or "Wizard" Tesla to announce the completion of a machine that will transform Hubbard squashes into gold bricks or cobble stones into South African diamonds.

From one standpoint the universal outcry against Congressman Roberts seems like a kick at the under dog. A man with four wives ought to have trouble enough at home.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, but the yacht race excursion boats at New York reap a greater harvest when the wind postpones action until next day.

The element of Democracy that picked up Aguinaldoism as a political issue furnishes another illustration of the man who grasped the bear by the tail.

Now that the press censorship in the Philippines has been practically abolished, we may expect some heavy cannonading in the yellow papers.

Some of our Democratic contemporaries are picturing Candidate Creasy as the "man with the hoe." His hoeing is mainly labial.

DEATH.

Sleep forever, little maid! In the night no more afraid. Still her plaint and closed her eyes—Gone the sob like summer sigh. All her sorrow hushed away. She will never laugh at play. In the meadow will not roam. Will not wander far from home. Will not hear the skylark sing. When he mounts on distant wing. Gather flowers in the dawn. Feed thy hand the spotted fawn. In the meadow by the brook. Where the butterflies abound. And the violets are found. There the little maid shall play. No more heed the fragrant rose. No more break her soft repose. Sleep forever, little maid!

LIFE AGAIN.

Wake triumphant, little maid! Nevermore the day will fade. All her sorrow hushed away. On the morrow she shall play! In the meadow she will roam. She will wander far from home. She will hear the skylark sing. Gather flowers in the dawn. Feed her hand the spotted fawn. In the meadow by the brook. Where the butterflies abound. Where the violets are found. There the little girl shall play. Nor be happy all the day. No more heed the fragrant rose. No more break her soft repose. Sleep forever, little maid!

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CURRENT VERSE.

Show Me the Way. Along the pleasant pathway of a dream, I wander to the realm of Afterlife; I see the world draw near its golden prime; The hills of the Future are agleam; And all the landscape wears a sunny smile. As I were in the heart of summer time; And there is song and laughter in the air, That blend into a general harmony— The music of content—while everywhere. Are heard the happy voices of the free; A sky of radiant promise bends above A universal atmosphere of love.

There is a stately, gentler, nobler race, A reprobated, redeemed humanity, That holds the earth in common brotherhood. Of greater soul, more culture and more grace. Of broader kindness and sympathy. Of high fidelity to each other good. There are no poor, for each has equal part In the world's work and in the world's affairs. And there are faith and hope in every heart. For Christ has filled the world with love. The night of greed and hate has passed away. The earth at last has reached the better day.

I wander back the pathway of my dream; And find, 'mid scenes of strife and bitterness, A world where the usurper, Wrong, is King. I see men's faces in the baleful gleam Of War's red hell, as stern and pitiless. They fill the lands with death and suffering. I see all o'er the earth the specters gaunt Of Vice and Crime, of Wretchedness and Greed; Of truth made timid and of lies grown bold; Of right forgotten in the race for gold.

O God, above it all I look to Thee, For I am weak. I pray Thee make me strong. And I am blind. I pray Thee give me light. I love the world, I love humanity— There is so much misery and wrong! What is there I may do to aid the right? I know Thy stars are shining overhead. I know Thy earth swings toward the right. I know Thy glory o'er the world is shed. I know somewhere Thy Truth is marching on; And I would do the little that I may To aid its coming—show to me the way. —Denver News.

Queen of the Arkansas. Maid Mary of the Arkansas of beauty cannot boast. No gallant knight in sparkling wine her eyes would care to toast. Her figure not a connoisseur would call of perfect mold. And in her hair there's many a silver thread among the gold. And yet admirers by the score are seeking for her hand. From cowboys, rough in speech and dress, to nabobs of the land; They see in her without a doubt a most enticing prize. She owns a thousand head o' steers, and beef is on the rise! —Denver Evening Post.

A Song of Degrees. I sing of a man who was called John Smith— A name many people are satisfied with— But he wanted, you see, A quiet modest degree; So he sat in the shade of a college tree, And he came back John Smith, A. B. John Smith, A. B.—a pretty good name— But, being a preacher, he wasn't to blame For wanting to see An advanced D. D. So he wrote to a college (inclosing a V), And it came the next day, he! he! The Rev. John Smith, A. B., D. D. A high sounding name, we must all agree. But he put up the plea "I don't want to be free Until he had gotten his third degree, He would stop with a Ph. D. By this time his name had grown a long tail; A. B., D. D., Ph. D. would avail My labor on me. But Smith went to a tree And shook it most violently, When down came an LL. D. "Alas!" sighed poor Smith, "I can see nothing more. In the line of degree, My ambition is o'er." But the public in glee Made a quick reprieve And led to the east of his latest degree A very suggestive N. G. —Indianapolis News.

Hush Thy Sorrow, Little Maid. Hush thy sorrow, little maid! In the night be not afraid. Let me soothe thy sob away. On the morrow we will play. In the meadow we will roam. We will wander far from home. You shall hear the skylark sing When he mounts on distant wing; Gather flowers in the dawn. Feed thy hand the spotted fawn. In the meadow by the brook. Where the butterflies abound. And the violets are found. There the little maid shall play. No more heed the fragrant rose. No more break her soft repose. Sleep forever, little maid! —Indianapolis News.

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GLOOM-CHASERS.

Our Dual Saviors. "I tell you," said the tourist from the north, "there is a weapon more powerful than bullets. On election day the American people decide great issues, such as nations less civilized wage battle for. The ballot is the weapon. By the side of it the bullet is but a worthless piece of lead." "Yes, sah," replied the prominent southern citizen, "and used together judiciously, sah, nothing can defeat their aims."—Puck.

Out of Sight. Boss—"I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary." Manager—"What has he been doing?" Boss—"He rushed in my private office this morning and told me there was a man downstairs who would like to see me." Manager—"Who was it?" Boss—"A blind man."—Chicago News.

Broke It Gently. Miss Hitts (11.30 p. m.)—Are you fond of traveling, Mr. Slawgatt? Slawgatt—Yes, indeed; I dearly love to travel. Miss Hitts (suppressing a yawn)—Then why don't you?—Chicago News.

Zoological. A speculator was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street and had lost it all. A sympathetic friend asked him whether he had been a "bull" or a "bear." "They made a monkey of me,"—Ohio State Journal.

Intricate Reasoning. "Aunt Jane, if you had your life to live over again, what would you do?" "I'd get married before I had seen enough to decide to be an old maid."—Puck.

Pop the Question. "Let woman propose," mused the janitor philosopher, "let woman propose, and then, faith, if they get dissatisfied with their choice they have no way to blame but themselves."—Chicago Daily News.

The Proper Remark. Mr. Slawgatt (about to propose: time, 11 p. m.)—"I am about to say something, Miss Chillington that I should have said some time ago. Look into my eyes and tell me if you cannot guess what it is." Miss Chillington (suppressing a yawn): "You look as sleepy as I feel, so I suppose you must be going to say 'Good-Night.'"—Tit-Bits.

On the Fence. First Cat—That Theonist family I live with just makes me tired. Second Cat—How? First Cat—Why, they claim to have had more than nine lives.—Judge.

Not Their Fault. Old Party—See here, you boys! Don't you know it is wrong to fight that way? The Boys—Maybe it is, boss; but it's the only way we know. You can't expect the kids to be up in the Markey of Queensberry rules, kin yer?—Judge.

In Danger of Being Omitted. "So," said the Chinese emperor's friend, "you have decided to open the gates, so that in the course of time every nation on the globe will be permitted to transact business on your territory." "Yes," replied the emperor, gloomily; "every nation, with the notable exception of the Chinese."—Washington Star.

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