

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, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

TWELVE PAGES.

The end of the Nanticoke strike will be hailed with delight. Miners in that region since August have lost nearly \$200,000 in wages. Concessions on all sides that will make work for 4,000 men are timely and indicate that at last there is proper sentiment between capital and labor in that vicinity.

American Heroism.

THE CASE of the Manuanaus affords another illustration of what may be accomplished by pluck and bravery in times of great peril. As reports indicate by the heroism and sang froid of 400 American soldiers the rotten transport Manuanaus, from San Francisco to Manila, was brought into port after the worthless officers and crew had deserted their duties. For twelve days the soldiers bailed the ship with buckets and boxes, fired the engine boilers, and lived upon beer, whiskey and hard tack. The transport was unseaworthy, undermanned and short of provisions. By little short of a miracle and only by the extraordinary exertions of the soldiers she was taken into Manila and a great tragedy of the sea averted. Had the soldiers been content to bow to circumstances without making an effort for their lives, it is certain that the leaky old ship would have been at the bottom of the sea by this time. But the soldiers had no idea of giving up the fight that had been abandoned by the sailors, and they worked merrily on, laughing at the hardships forced upon them until the rotten bulk sailed into port. These men are of the right stuff to do credit to their country on the firing line.

It is scarcely probable that General Joubert has ever intimated that he would carry on guerrilla warfare if repulsed by the British. This sort of proceeding may do for savages, but the Boers have thus far demonstrated that they are conducting civilized warfare.

The Endless Chain Swindle.

(From the Washington Star.)

ONE OF THE surest signs of the general state of prosperity is the appearance of many forms of ingenious swindles disguised as opportunities to invest money and make large profits. One of the latest devices of this kind has a familiar appearance. It is the "endless chain" principle applied to so-called banking.

The plan is simple, and doubtless, to come people, attractive and plausible. The projector, who is under arrest just now in New York, proposed to sell to an "agent" a book of four coupons, for which he pays \$1. He is to sell the coupons at 25 cents each and then turn in his stub. The purchaser of each coupon is required to turn it in as a voucher to permit the purchase of a book. As soon as all four coupons have been thus turned in the holder of the original book is entitled to receive \$2 in cash, a certain number of shares in a company organized for unnamed purposes, or an equivalent in merchandise. Thus on its face it appears possible for an investor to secure for \$1— if he buys his book direct from the concern as an "agent," or \$1.25 if he buys it by way of coupon—at least 40 cents, counting the sale of coupons, a profit from 240 to 260 per cent, on each transaction. Apparently the "bank" is a loser. But the manipulator explains, this by asserting that he is willing to pay thus for advertising his principal scheme, for which the shares are issued.

This flimsy excuse will not stand the test of a little figuring. The coupon system embraces the most startling possibilities. Starting with one operator, assuming that in each case all four coupons are sold and cause four books to stack up, in ten terms of the "chain" there will be involved no less than 1,201,505 persons, assuming, of course, that the same ones do not purchase coupons in succession. The swindler figures on a profit from those who, after starting a book, fail to secure four purchasers for their coupons. Out of over a million, should the game go so far, this percentage of failures would be sufficiently large to permit the "bank" to suspend operations and depart for other scenes and other games.

An early holiday trade is said to be one of the best evidences of present prosperity.

Dairying in Dakota.

THE DAKOTA Heronite has been interviewing a local farmer with interesting results. The size of the farm unfortunately is not stated, but the returns for the crop of 1899 are most encouraging. This particular farmer had 700 bushels of potatoes, which he was selling at 35 and 40 cents, aggregating \$245; 800 bushels of wheat, at 51 cents, \$418; milk sold at cheese factory, 2475; wool from herd of sheep, \$210, making a total of \$1,348, besides the increase from cattle and sheep, which amounts to at least \$300. The grand total of \$1,648, besides the products used in supporting himself and his family, the Dakota paper says, can be duplicated by every farmer in that country who farms intelligently. It is not strange that the farmers of North Dakota and of the whole west are prosperous. The Sioux City Tribune, in commenting on this item, calls attention to the fact that the dairy products were the most profitable of all. This farmer's cows brought him more gross income and net profit

than eighty acres of wheat land at ten bushels to the acre, or than several hundred sheep. The creamery and cheese factories of South Dakota have had quite as much to do with the state's new prosperity as have the large wheat yields of the last three years. It is yearly becoming more and more a dairy state, and its butter and cheese stand near the head in the markets. The change is in every respect a good one. There is less uncertainty in dairying than in almost any other department on the farm, and if this industry can be thoroughly established it will take more than one or two bad wheat years to shake the prosperity of South Dakota.

Azuinaldo's followers will soon be reduced to the occupation of bushwhacking and manufacturing moonshine whiskey, if they wish to bother the United States government.

Wireless Telegraphy.

NEW EXPERIMENTS are being made at Vienna to demonstrate the possibility of communication between balloons by wireless telegraphy, and they have met with some success. A captive balloon takes the place of the tall mast as used in the Marconi system. A copper wire is stretched between it and the earth, where the transmitting apparatus is placed. The second balloon, which ascends freely, carries the receiving instrument and is furnished with a wire sixty feet long hanging downward from the basket. The balloons received and transmitted messages up to a distance of six miles and at an elevation of about a mile.

Of course, the great difficulty will be to establish a transmitting station in a free balloon, both on account of the weight of the necessary apparatus and also because there is danger of discharges from the powerful condenser so near the inflammable gas of the balloon.

Restlessness in Cuba appears to develop in a manner that would indicate that it is the result of labors of a few agitators rather than anything else. The difficulty seems to be that some aspirant, hot-headed persons don't want a gradual change from military to civil life, but wish to take the jump to independence and office at once. That is to be decided in Washington, and doubtless will be considered in the light of reports furnished by our own administrators in Cuba. It is scarcely believed, however, that as many are inclined towards revolution as alarmists would imagine. The plight of the Filipinos at this time will doubtless prove a warning to the handful of mischief makers, who ought by this time to realize the futility of an attempt to alter the programme for their welfare so wisely arranged by the government of the United States.

It seems singular that our country, which is almost entirely free from the terrors of the earthquake, should have produced the method of building that promises to be of most service in countries not happily so free from tremors of the earth. The steel construction of our sky-scrapers is to be used for a palace for the mikado, and it is expected to do away with the objections that have hitherto existed against large buildings in countries visited by earthquakes. The steel buildings will sway and yield, but they will not crumble. The plastering may tickle, but the man up in the sixteenth story may look calmly out of his window during a quake and experience nothing more uncomfortable than a slight attack of seasickness.

The terrible slaughter of men in the South African war gives a startling illustration of the effectiveness of modern implements of war in the hands of skilled men. In the engagement between Spanish and Americans and in the Philippines the storming forces in front of the unskilled, though well armed, hordes had little to fear as compared with the Englishmen in Africa when engaged in the endeavor to capture a stronghold defended by the cool and resolute sharpshooters of Joubert's army.

Bethlehem has furnished an example worthy of imitation, by compelling tramps to break stone on the streets to pay for their food and lodging. At this time there are few tramps who are not following their profession from choice. It is easy to see, therefore, that the prospect of work will rid a community of the tramp nuisance quicker than any other remedy that can be suggested.

The fact that General Joe Wheeler has announced that he will return and take his seat in congress may be taken as evidence that in his opinion there will soon be but little left for the army to do in the Philippines.

JOLLY CAPTAIN LEARY.

From the Boston Transcript. It may seem a far cry from the raising of chickens to statesmanship, but Captain Richard P. Leary, the governor of Guam, has combined them. When this energetic Jolly Irish naval officer went to the Ladrones, he had no preconceived notions as to how colonies should be governed. But he was born in Maryland, and has an American love for push. He is the same Captain Leary who in 1858 placed the little warship Adams between the guns of a German cruiser and the natives of Samoa at Apia. Captain Leary is apparently as capable a patriarchal ruler of simple people as he is in dealing with highly civilized people in a strained situation. The tasks are great before him, but if all the civil governors meet the situations which arise elsewhere as has Governor Leary, of Guam, a load will be lifted from the shoulders of the administration.

PROSPERITY ADMITTED.

From the Utica Press. We are informed by a Democratic newspaper, which does not believe in the McKinley administration, that when J. A. Hobart, since vice president of the United States, was asked to say that since 1897 "a resumption of general prosperity" has advanced rapidly, that Mr. Hobart was worth \$3,000,000 when he died. The administration of McKinley and Hobart, according to our Democratic authority, must have started in at once to put the country on a good footing.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Reminiscence of Webster.

As a back-handed slap at a well known member of congress who is too fond of looking upon the wine when he is annoyed, Mr. Depey, in the Saturday Evening Post, tells this anecdote: "The member of congress was being shaved by an aged colored barber in Washington. The shop was a favorite one with the prominent men of the capital, and the old dandy who presided over it often boasted that he had shaved every great statesman since the Madison administration, which may or may not have been true. The member of congress referred to was being shaved by the veteran one day, when he said to the latter: "Uncle, you must have shaved many famous men."

"Oh, yes, sah; I has indeed." "And a great many of those famous personages must have sat in this very chair where I am sitting, eh?" "Dat's right, sah. Dey's set jes' whar yo' is in a settin' dis moment, sah."

"An' I've been stoppin' to watch the antics of the monkeys, relates the New York World. "Clausen," said Mr. Croker to the park commissioner one day recently, "why don't you call that big black-faced monkey you have in the menagerie 'Frank Moore'?" "The newspapers would jump on me," replied Commissioner Clausen. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Croker, "when there was a reform commissioner up there, the biggest tiger in the menagerie was called Croker."

Croker Fond of Animals.

Richard Croker is fond of animals and birds. He never takes a walk in Central Park without stopping to watch the antics of the monkeys, relates the New York World. "Clausen," said Mr. Croker to the park commissioner one day recently, "why don't you call that big black-faced monkey you have in the menagerie 'Frank Moore'?" "The newspapers would jump on me," replied Commissioner Clausen. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Croker, "when there was a reform commissioner up there, the biggest tiger in the menagerie was called Croker."

The Compliment Was Lost.

When President McKinley was governor of Ohio, during the first term, he and his wife, who was then more an invalid than she is now, lived at the Hotel Chittenden at Columbus, relates the Indianapolis Journal. The governor, on a certain day, was to give a luncheon to a party of twenty. The governor, who was a mile away from the hotel, perched on a fence watching a yard full of barnyard ducks. "There can't be much money in raising ducks," said Mr. Croker. "They are still hungry, and I have had two bushels of corn since I've been here."

White's Highest Compliment.

William Allen White, the author, contrary to general belief, finds it more profitable to devote his time to his Kansas newspaper than to fiction. While he is a Republican and has been offered political offices, among which was the Emporia postoffice, which is worth \$3,000 a year, he is a stickler for local reform. During one evening, the governor watched with delight the movements of the mutes who "recited" by graceful signs and gestures. The governor became so interested that after one of the young ladies had "signed" the Lord's prayer, and took her place near the governor, he extended his hand and unconsciously said: "I am sure your recitation was very beautiful," but the pretty compliment was lost.

The Text Was All Right.

A certain young minister was—his young ministers are apt to be very conceited about his preaching; and when visiting strange congregations he did not scruple to fish for compliments in the most unblushing manner, relates the Scottish American. On one such occasion he was invited to take dinner with a dour old elder—as he is called as they make them. Manipulate the conversation as he would, our young friend could not get his host to say "sermon," and at last he boldly introduced the important subject by remarking directly: "That was a fine text I had today." But the elder knew his man. "Oo, ay, there's rathin' wrang wi' the text!"

Not His Fault.

A characteristic story is being told of Sir Redvers Buller, says the New York Press. As everybody knows, he has been kept busy on foreign service. On returning to England on one occasion after having especially distinguished himself, an audience with the queen was granted to him. He was received graciously by her majesty, who remarked: "I am sorry, Sir Redvers, that I have not seen more of you." The blunt soldier replied: "That's not my fault, ma'am." Sir Redvers got home duty for a while after that.

Every One to His Trade.

The recent death of Mme. Aubernon de Nerville in Paris recalls a reply once made to her by Dumas fils, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing, relates the Chicago News. At a dinner at Mme. Aubernon's one evening he sat next to a certain general, who was disconcerted by Dumas' chilly manner.

PERSONALITIES.

Thomas Arnold, second son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, has just completed a volume of reminiscences of his father. Captain Sir Edward Chichester, the English commander who was friendly to Dewey at Manila, is now transfer officer at Cape Town. Miss Ora A. Root, of Cincinnati, spends her spare time collecting books and reading matter to send to the soldiers in the Philippines. The Duke of Parma, who was forced out of his duchy in 1859, has nine teen children, the largest family of any of the royalty in Europe. Mrs. Emmons Blaine objects very much

every one was waiting for a wind asked. "What slang expression which you have in American pleases a pussy cat?" "The listeners all gave it up, of course. "Why, rubber neck," was the reply. "One of Sir Thomas' British friends heard it, and thought it was no good that he called a friend up to hear the conundrum. The one summoned came all expectancy. The enthusiastic admirer of the story could not wait for the young woman who had originally sprung the joke to repeat it, but started to tell it himself. "What slang expression which you have in America pleases a pussy cat?" he asked. "Why, smooth her back," was the reply, and the answer brought out a greater roar than had greeted the original story.

The Only Easy Subjects.

For many years Clark Bell has been engaged upon the Supreme Court of the United States, and Province of North America, which aims to give a sketch of every American judge, relates the Saturday Evening Post. A judge to whom he was explaining the many difficulties of the case took said: "I suppose that even magistrates have like ordinary mortals whenever they find themselves the victims of errors?" "Do they?" remarked Bell slowly. "The only ones who give no trouble are those who are dead."

WITH THE POETS.

The City of Sleep. Over the edge of the purple down, Where the single lamp-light gleams, Know ye the road to the Merciful Town? Where the poor may lay their weeps away, And the sick may forget to weep? But we-wakeful, oh! pity us! We wakeful, oh! pity us! We must go back with Policeman Day— Back from the City of Sleep. Weary they turn from the scroll and crown, Letter and prayer and plough— They seek to reach the Merciful Town. For her gates are closing now. It is their right in the paths of Night Body and soul to steep; But we-wakeful, oh! pity us! We wakeful, oh! pity us! We must go back with Policeman Day— Back from the City of Sleep.

Over the edge of the purple down, Ere the tender dreams begin; Look—we may not enter in, Outcasts all, from her guarded wall. Back to our watch we creep; But we-wakeful, oh! pity us! We wakeful, oh! pity us! We must go back with Policeman Day— Back from the City of Sleep. —Rudyard Kipling.

Kiss and Make It Well. I sit at my window and sew and dream, While my little boy at play Beguiles my thoughts from hem and seam. As he kneels near the living day; But time and again he comes to me With a sorrowful tale to tell, And another must look at the scratch or bump. Then kiss it and make it well. So I kiss his head, and his knee, and his hand, And the dear little grimy hand; And who can understand? For I even kiss when he bites his tongue. And love works its mystic spell, For there's never a cut, nor a scratch, nor a bump. But mother can kiss it well.

'Tis a foolish whim, do you say? Ah, yes! But the foolish things of earth Have taught the wise, since a little child In babyhood his birth. And we know that many an older heart— We know, but we do not tell— Will never be free from its bitter smart. Till kisses have made it well. —May Ellis Nichols, in Woman's Home Companion.

Manana. Manana, when the red sun leaps A ruddy disk from level seas, A wind shall wait across the deeps From other lands and climes than these. A scent of spicy tropic trees, A breeze from the air swinging free, And by the gates the pale dawn keeps My one lone ship will come to me.

I grant to others place and gold, I yield the myrtle-clasp of fame; Whatever else that life may hold, Be sure my heart shall never claim. If that one lamp of mine should pass, That when tomorrow lights the sea, Like some lost sheep strayed far afield My one lone ship will come to me.

Beyond the shore-line's whispering sands, And to the thin horizon-rim, I stretch in silence empty hands, And watch with eyes not yet grown dim. I listen to the solemn hymn, The low waves chant in liquid key, Manana—so the watchword stands— My one lone ship will come to me.

O ev'ning dawn! arise at last And sweep the heart of coming day; My feet are on the air swinging free, And foam-wake stretching down the bay: Already now the east is gray. A far sea whiteneth off the lee; Yes! thus all doubts and dangers passed, My one lone ship will come to me. —Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion.

Man Was Made First. An anti-man convention Was called to order, and Many women fussed about. Each striving to command, The president all nervously Gave out in tones severe: "This is a women's meeting— We want no bosses here!"

The doings were peculiarly Offensive to the "lords," And if a man had ventured in He'd cause some angry discord— One woman read a paper: "No Dullard Man for Me!" Another styled her lecture: "Man's Imbecility."

And in the long discussion That followed in that room, Women was styled "The perfect one!" "Flower of earliest bloom." But, lo! a voice denouncing, Spoke of a perfect plan And said: "When earth created was, The first one made was man!" And then, a wild commotion Made that convention burst— The women could not stand the thought That man was fashioned first! —Buffalo News.

to the publicity given to her Chicago philanthropies and has never allowed her portrait to be printed. Professor Evander B. McGilvary has succeeded Professor James Seth in the incumbency of the Sage Professorship of Moral Philosophy of Cornell University. The appointment of Miss Munro to the pastorate of the Frothingham Congregational church is believed to be the first instance in England of such a proceeding. Lord Dunraven denies that Sir Thomas Lipton asked for the use of the Yair-kite as a "trial horse," and that he refused to accommodate him in this respect. Dr. Edward J. James, professor of public administration in the University of Chicago, sailed recently for Antwerp. He is commissioned to look into municipal administrations in Europe, particularly in Germany, France and England. Lady Colley, widow of Sir George Colley, the victim of Majuba Hill, is now Mrs. Wentworth H. Beaumont, having in 1881 married the square of Jordon Hall, in Yorkshire. One of her stepsons is W. C. Beaumont, M. P., Liberal member for the Hexham division of Northumberland. Joseph Wood, the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States, died at his home in Red Bank, N. J., recently, aged 82. He was served in the Union Pacific, the first locomotive ever operated in this country. The engine was sent from England in 1830, and given its first trial near Bordentown. It is said that General Sir Redvers Buller carried with him to South Africa the British flag that was hoisted at Pretoria. It was served in the finance department that was hoisted down after Majuba—is buried in Pretoria beneath a tombstone on which is inscribed the stogie work "Resurgam."

Mary Ellen Lease is delivering a course of lectures in Indianapolis. Her spiritualistic tendencies are more than ever pronounced, and she declares that the time is near at hand when every phenomenon of Spiritualism will be scientifically demonstrated, leaving nothing for faith to supply. The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Moore, daughter of the late John G. Moore, of the banking house of Moore & Schley, New York, to Lieutenant Colonel Lee, military attaché of the British embassy at Washington. Colonel Lee represented his government in observing the Santiago campaign. Sir Alfred Milner, governor of Cape Colony, one of the most talked-about men in Europe today, has won his way to his present post by persistent hard work. He was served in the finance department at home and in Egypt under Mr. Goschen and Lord Cromer. He made budgets under Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Benich. Then came his appointment to South Africa, in which he has won his chief fame.

LITERARY NOTE. "The Founder of Christian Science" is the title of an interesting article in the November number of the New England Magazine, by Henrietta H. Williams, descriptive of Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Mrs. Williams has evidently been faithful in gathering the facts in regard to the life of Mrs. Eddy, for she relates some incidents never before published, of the home life of the now famous woman. The article is illustrated with twenty-five half-tone engravings.

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