

GOSSIP FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

FENNY DISCOURSES UPON THE SITUATION. Amusing Scenes at the "Old Ladies' Sewing Circle"—Senator Pettigrew Starts the Row—Eloquence of Wolcott—A Beer Garden Scene—Talk Regarding the Vice-Presidency.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. Washington, Jan. 19.—The "old ladies' sewing circle" has been busy this week ventilating Philippine politics. It is not exactly the right time to speak of the United States senate in this belittling way, but the petulant, noisy, dyspeptic, dear old gentlemen will all talk at once and they are responsible for the comparison. Senator Pettigrew started the row this time. He is a man in a man's dress, with everybody on every subject and is the most ill-natured man in the senate. Nobody likes him and he seems to like nobody. Nobody cares to associate with him and his leisure moments are absorbed in the contemplation of his own personality. It is little wonder that he is intensely disagreeable. It might be otherwise had he been differently constructed, because he is a man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor. Of course he tongue-lashed the administration and the Republican party. All the mean, nagging, expostulating, baseless accusations a bitter, caustic, unbridled tongue could make he made. When his impotent tirade had ended, the president was up to his neck in the blood of dead American soldiers, and a man was a hero and a patriot. It is necessary to know Pettigrew to appreciate the nightmare effect on the nerves when he announces his purpose to address the senate. It makes little difference what he says, only one man in the senate ever takes the slightest attention to it. Senator Wolcott seems to be his bete-noir. He, too, has a sharp, stinging tongue. He tells Pettigrew that he is a nuisance and an Ishmaelite and unfit to be in the senate, and Pettigrew appears to enjoy the distinction of even this sort of notice. Any sort of denunciation, in Pettigrew's estimation, is better than the indifference and silence of the senate. He will talk for hours to empty seats with the hope that he may say something mean enough to attract the attention of the Colorado senator. With this senator, Pettigrew's appearance is a question of opportunity. It is the means to an end. In this instance Senator Beveridge was the inspiration of Wolcott's vindictive philippic. Pettigrew furnished the occasion. Wolcott has the presence and bearing of a well-bred man. He is always faultlessly, if not fastidiously, dressed, and whether he changes his hose and trousers three or four times during the day, he is the most carefully groomed man in the senate. He has a rich, rolling voice and talks in pure, terse English. He is a paragraph talker, and his speeches bristle with impressive periods and savage interrogation points. In the matter of personal influence and popular ways in the senate, he has the advantage of Pettigrew in generally being on the decent side of public questions. But the unseemly attempt to forever annihilate and extinguish the able young Indiana senator, was an egregious and humiliating failure. He got the acclamation of a few Democrats, but the galleries, which hitherto have never failed to fervidly respond to his forensic outbursts, heard his peroration with rigid and crushing silence. He took his seat, and immediately, with a look of disgust and rage, he sought the woe and comforting seclusion of the senate cloak-room.

A Beer-Garden Scene. Apprehension that the Aguinaldo rebellion might be crushed, the Philippine question could be discussed on its merits, the house minority used the urgency deficiency bills as an opportunity to precipitate a beer-garden scene. Little of a positive, direct character was said that might commit the Democratic party to an avowed or authoritative position in the Philippine matter. What was said by individual members had the emphatic qualification of personal, not party responsibility. One incident of the moderate debate can be taken as typical. Mr. Sibley's manly and vigorous defense of Secretary Gage dumfounded the minority. And when he declared with dramatic emphasis that the Democratic party had no definite policy, except to let the matter rest in the hands of the president, even Sulzberg dropped his red bushy, alleged Henry Clay head, and seemed lost in despair in having the cold truth forced down his capacious throat. Democrats at once denounced and disowned him. That was expected. But who supposed that the Wannamaker organs were so lost to all sense of common decency as to wantonly accuse him of sordid political motives. Considering Secretary Gage's action from the standpoint of a successful business man, Mr. Sibley courageously defended the premier of a hostile political administration. It was an honest, conscientious, brave and commendable action. Yet the Wannamaker advertising bureau despicably and contemptuously treat it as a sordid and base appeal for the Republican nomination for congress.

The Vice-Presidency. There is much talk now about the Republican vice-presidential nomination. According to current gossip Senator Platt, of New York, will name the candidate. Perhaps there is not a grain of truth in the story. It is entirely possible that the Philadelphia convention will name the candidate without regard to Senator Platt or the numerous New York candidates. If President McKinley is re-elected, and that now seems altogether certain, it is equally certain that he will not be a candidate for a third term. The convention may hunt for a figurehead to complete the ticket for 1900, and it may not. There was excellent presidential timber in Vice-President Hobart. Perhaps the convention will select him. Perhaps the next convention will have learned something and will nominate a vice-presidential candidate who will succeed Mr. McKinley in 1904.

The pivotal state of Indiana will have to be considered in this calculation. The Tribune correspondent has suggested Senator Beveridge as more than a possibility in this connection and it will be well enough to keep an eye on the coming man. It must be understood once for all that his reputation has not suffered through Senator Wolcott's perturbation. But there are others. Gossip says that Attorney-General Griggs would not accept the nomination. He was the close friend of the lamented Hobart. Not that he would not wear his mantle as a mark of his personal consideration, but he is not a man for the monotonous routine

JONAS LONG'S SONS. THE BIG STORE. JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY STORE. JONAS LONG'S SONS. EXTRAORDINARY SALE STATIONERY

Begins here today. You have but to glance at the prices that no sale of similar goods ever held in Scranton is to be compared with it. This advertisement will not appear again—so come today, if you would share in this extraordinary offering.

- For Patented Cabinet Photograph Envelopes.
For Big Lot of 12-inch Rulers.
For Choice of Great Variety of Lead Pencils.
For Different Sizes in Perforated Scratch Pads.
For Package of 25 Pay Envelopes.
For Big Bottles of Jet Black Ink.
For Box of Dennison's Gummed Labels.
For Fine Paper Composition Books.

Whole Quire of Best Quality Foolscap Paper, 4c.
For Quire of Hurd's Finest Paper—worth 25 cents.
For Loose Packages of 50 Bill Heads.
For 6 Sheets of 22x28 Blotting Paper.
For Polygrade HHHHHH Drawing Pencils.

- For Quire of Hurd's Finest Envelopes.
For Box Extra Fine Paper and Envelopes.
For 100 Dennison's Shipping Tags.
For Linen Markers; stamp and Outfit complete.
For Ounce Boxes of Rubber Bands in all sizes.

Box of 25 Invitation Cards and Envelopes, 15c.
Hurd's Fine Crest Initial Box Paper, Only 20c.
Invoice Files, Patent Spring Backs, worth 50c—33c.

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of the position. He is not only an all round athlete but is one of the best shots in the country. He is a positive, aggressive man, the greatest lawyer of his age in public life, and of course, he is not a politician. Why not Postmaster-General Smith? Both in Republican majority and in material wealth Pennsylvania stands at the head of the column, and the postmaster-general stands with the attorney-general at the head of the cabinet. The attorney-general would be an ornament in the postoffice department, and the postmaster-general would be equally conspicuous in the attorney-general's office. One is a profound lawyer of extraordinary perceptions; the other the great executive of the cabinet. Perhaps the nomination might be as distasteful to General Smith as to Attorney-General Griggs, but it is well enough to know that New York has no monopoly on the vice-presidency. Pennsly.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

"Taylorville Miner" Tells the Instructive Story of the Great Mine Strike of 1870-71 and Derives Its Lessons. Special timeliness attaches to the following communication, the third in the series of reminiscences which a veteran miner gives of the labor troubles in this valley: Editor of The Tribune:— Sir: Having gone over the conflicts between capital and labor in the anthracite fields during the years 1856, 1859, 1860, 1870 and 1871, I am glad to see you were on the spot at the great strike of 1870 and 1871. This strike was inaugurated on the first day of December, 1870, and the contest was waged for six long months. This was one of the longest fights that ever took place in the anthracite coal fields. It was begun against a reduction. "Sold for Six Months," and that motto gave great enthusiasm to the other miners, so that the phrase became an every day sentence related by almost every man, woman and child in every village and hamlet in the anthracite coal fields. A PROPHECIC CRY. "Sold for Six Months" was all the go and, sure enough, we managed to wage that sorrowful strike for six months. Well, let us see how did we succeed in that strike. Did we gain as much as we point in this struggle? Did we compel the companies to concede as much as a small portion of our demand? Not one iota; but we had to surrender unconditionally without realizing a single thing but plenty of misery and poverty to the great majority of us. I say the great majority of us, because the miners are composed of two classes of men, like

all other branches of workmen—the saving, industrious, economical and the spendthrift, and very often the case that it's the spendthrift that shouts the loudest for a strike. And well he may, for he knows that he will be as well off at the end of the strike as at the beginning. To him it is immaterial how long it will last, for, as he was at the beginning so at the end he will have no house rent, no butcher and no store bills that he ever intends to pay to trouble him in the least; and if you don't believe me in this statement just ask of any good-hearted business man from Taylorville to Providence how long he has been here after the six months strike after he had given all he had to help them along in their day of need and struggle—what did many of them do? They went to bed, and that will cover everything; and these strikes, we know, have driven many a prosperous business man to financial straits so that he never met tally deranged and also as a result of these great strikes some business men have been driven to a premature grave. Such are the results of the strike. The disastrous results of past strikes.

NO MORE CREDIT. But by what I can find out amongst business men in Taylorville Providence since financial disaster will never occur again, for should a strike take place every person will have to stand on his own bottom and paddle his own canoe; live on his own resources and not on his neighbor as in former strikes; and I say, although being a miner, God bless the business man, for your attention to the strike of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western miners was brought about by agitation and intimidation in the desire to call your attention to the mass meeting that was held by the men on the plot where the French Roof hotel stands today to prove that it was outsiders who were insisting on attending to our own business affairs. A number of Hyde Parkers can call to memory that hundreds upon hundreds of miners from the Wyoming valley, the middle coal field, and even from Schuylkill county were present at that memorable meeting. We wanted to transact our own business but they would not allow us. Well can I remember how, when the president of the meeting would not entertain their motion, they shouted, "Put him down," "put him down," but with all their rumpus they failed that day. The following morning, when the Oxford miners were going to work, what was confronting them on the breaker but a picture of a coffin with the inscription written under it: "Was used to that enter this shaft today." Now if that is not intimidation, what is?

These are facts of what took place in those days. My article is getting rather long-winded, else I would say something about mining coal by weight and not by measure. I say, let well enough alone or else we will burn our fingers in this matter. —Taylorville Miner.

THE "HARNESSING" OF NIAGARA

Niagara Falls Destined to Become the Leading Electrical and Industrial City of the World—75,000 Niagara Horsepower in Actual Use—Tremendous Development Now Going On.

Unquestionably the greatest industrial wonder the world has ever known was the successful "harnessing" several years ago, of America's and the world's mightiest and most sublime cataract—Niagara! For years it had been the dream of scientists and the monied kings of the earth, and when the force of the famous waterfall was at last, after many years of experimenting and the expenditure of many millions of dollars, converted into electrical energy to do the bidding of man, is it to be wondered at that Nikola Tesla, the great electrical genius of the age, enthusiastically exclaimed: "Niagara power will make Niagara the greatest city in the world!" Tesla, looking for the first time upon the great whirling dynamos in the power-house of the Niagara Falls Power Company at Niagara, saw pictured in his mind's eye a vast city stretching from one end of the Niagara frontier to the other, a great industrial community the like of which the world has never yet known; a splendid city of great factories, whose wheels should be driven by the silent, wonderful electrical force generated from the mighty rush of waters past the city's doors; a city of millions of people of untold wealth, the manufacturing and industrial center of the whole civilized world.

That was Tesla's vision of the future of Niagara, and just so surely as electricity is to be the coming ruling force in the industrial life and activity of the civilized world, just so surely is it Niagara's manifest destiny to be the great electrical and industrial city of the earth. Niagara electric power has been in use only a few years, but already it is being used to operate a large number of the greatest industrial plants in Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Over 75,000 horse-power has so far been developed at Niagara Falls. A large number of great manufacturing plants have been established on the American side of the river and has also under the magical influence of Niagara Falls power—the cheapest and best motive power in the world, have prospered and created wealth. It is a fact of recent industrial history that there is scarcely a big manufacturing plant at Niagara Falls that has not at least doubled its size and capacity in the last two or three years—and these were the years of panic and hard times! In less than five years, Niagara power will be in general use all over the Niagara Frontier. Important new plants are constantly being attracted to the present city of Niagara Falls and with the great revival of business and prosperity from one end of the land to the other, hun-

The Entire Stock of Sheet Music From the Warerooms of Finn & Phillips To Be Sold by Us Beginning Today At Half Cost

THE OPPORTUNITY of a lifetime to musicians—the most phenomenal chance to accumulate an up-to-date music library at small cost. Here is the story in a nutshell: The firm of Finn & Phillips have determined to devote their entire business to the selling of musical instruments and the publishing of music. With this object in view, they have sold to us their entire stock of Sheet Music, comprising several thousand selections in both vocal and instrumental.

Having bought the stock at our own price, we share the good fortune with the thousands of trade-folk who own pianos and organs, and at eight o'clock this morning it is yours at

10 CENTS A SHEET.

Nothing reserved; nothing held back for future sales. No matter what the cost may have been, it is for you to choose at Ten Cents. There are Marches and Quick-steps, Songs and Dances, Waltzes and Rag-time, all published within a year or so. Some of it is just from the presses—the immense hits of the day.

Not a Sheet Worth Less Than 40c to \$1.50.

Below may be found a few of the titles as we see them at random. Positively none will be sold to dealers—and none will be exchanged. The extraordinarily low price makes it imperative that we follow out these rules.

Entire Main Aisle—Wyoming Ave. entrance, will be devoted to the selling today.

- Gov. Roosevelt's Rough Riders.
Country Club—Phillips.
Coon's Holiday Two-Step.
Uncle Sam's Navy—Phillips.
Selections from Runaway Girl.
Selections from the Geisha.
Selections from Girl from Paris.
All of Chauncey Olcott's Songs.
May Irwin's Coon Songs.
Just One Girl.
The Church Across the Way.
Always.
Georgia Camp Meeting.
The Ameer—Selections.
My Honolulu Lady.
The Honolulu Cake Walk.
Ell Green's Cake Walk.
Dance of the Brownies.
Cotton Blossoms Two-Step.
Mollie I Love You—Wooler.
De-Koven's Recessional.
Nordica Schottische.
Selections from Fortune Teller.
An Old Fashioned Girl.
Impecunious Davis.
Campin' on de Ole Swannane.
One Touch of Nature—vocal.
Dearest Flower, Forget Me Not—Wooler.
The Angel's Anthem.
Jolly Musketeers.
Only One Daisy Left.
Somewhere a Heart is Waiting.
Moonlight Serenade.

ALL OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S MARCHES. These titles form a small part of the collection. There are religious vocal solos, and many solos, duos and so forth for the cornet, mandolin, guitar and other instruments—all at the same price; and in addition to the above—

100 Musical Albums in both vocal and instrumental; containing the very choicest selections. Finn & Phillips' Price, 50c. 75c and \$1.00. Today at..... 25c

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dreds of manufacturers in all parts of the United States are making inquiries as to Niagara power and many of them are getting ready to remove their plants to Niagara. The men who have invested their millions in the Niagara Falls Power Company, the younger but the greater and the more vigorous power company at Niagara, are among the leading capitalists of this country. Their names are household words. Some of them are: John Jacob Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Edward D. Adams, D. O. Mills, Isaac N. Seligman, Morris K. Jessup, August Belmont and other bankers from New York and Boston.

The Niagara Falls Power Company was organized in 1885. The work of "harnessing Niagara" was undertaken in 1889 and up to the present time about \$7,000,000 has been spent on the immense work of this company and its allied companies. There is not space here to describe more than the few main features of this wonderful power-plant. The surface canal, a mile and a half above the Falls, is 250 feet wide, 12 feet deep and extends inward 1,500 feet. It will serve water sufficient to generate 100,000 horsepower. At its side stands the power-house, beneath which is the wheel-pit, 400 feet long and 158 feet deep. The power is generated at the bottom of the wheel-pit, where the water, pouring into great steel penstocks, escapes and in escaping whirls the immense turbines at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute. From the turbines, whirling with them, the shaft, 28 inches in diameter, reaches into the power-house, where it is crowned by the revolving fields of the dynamo. Here the direct motion derived from the water is converted into electrical energy.

From the power house the electric current is sent out to points all over the Niagara Frontier. The transmission line to Buffalo is one of the most remarkable achievements of its kind in the world. Reaching the city, the Falls electrical power is delivered to several stations in widely separated parts of the city and from these is sent out to customers in the respective districts.

Niagara Falls is already the greatest center of the electro-chemical manufacturing industry in the world. Many new plants of this kind have been established at Niagara Falls within the last few years and these are among the most successful industries in the world of manufacture today. Among them are the well-known Carborundum company, which manufactures carborundum, the new abrasive. This company has been so successful that it has just doubled the capacity and size of its original plant on the American side of the river and has also established a flourishing factory across the river in Ontario, where it gets its power from the Canadian Falls Power Company, the Canadian branch of the big Power Company.

Other leading electro-chemical plants are the Union Carbide company, manufacturers of calcium carbide; Matheson Alkali works, manufacturers of soda ash; the Niagara Electro-Chemical company, manufacturers of peroxide of sodium; the Oldbury Electro-Chemical company, and the newly-organized Niagara Electro-Chemical company, manufacturers of chlorate of potash. Seven buildings are being constructed by the Oldbury Chemical company, who are a concern from Oldbury (near Birmingham), England. Their establishment has been in existence for over

fifty years, and they are well known in Great Britain as one of the largest firms manufacturing electro-chemical products. The land for their plant at Niagara Falls covers about two and one-half acres. At first 400 horse power will be used. The three greatest industries of Niagara Falls are the Niagara Falls Paper mill; the Union Carbide company and the Pittsburg Reduction company. These are among the greatest manufacturing concerns in this country and each uses over 7,000 horse-power from the great cataract. Besides a large number of other industries, paper and flour mills, machine shops, etc., all the electric railways, the local lighting companies and the city water works are supplied with power from the world's greatest cataract.

CAUSED BY CHILDREN.

Catastrophes That Have Resulted in Loss of Life and Property.

It is not often that a child in a naughty mood does so much damage as was occasioned recently in an Indian village in Malabar. A little lad of six, having been scolded by his mother, threatened to set fire to the house—and did so. In hot weather on the plains, and especially in a native village, where the houses lie thick and where fire engines are unknown, a fire soon spreads, and the one that was kindled by this mischievous urchin lasted two hours and destroyed fifty-seven houses.

On the 28th of November, 1875, a meddling "middy" opened a valve in the Iron Duke, and the sea rushed in. He first tried to shut the valve, and then, becoming frightened, ran away to another part of the ship. His cowardice caused damage to the extent of £25,000, and came very near losing the country one of its finest men-of-war. This was bad enough, but some three or four years later a big ship, the Esperanza, from San Francisco, to Callao, was totally lost owing to the action of a baby of five, a little girl, in meddling with the compasses. The ill-fated vessel had on board ninety-seven passengers and crew, and of these all but eleven perished. Among the saved was the innocent cause of the terrible catastrophe.

There have been many cases of fatal theater parties being wilfully caused by mischievous children. One of the most terrible of all, however, was brought about quite inadvertently, at the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, on June 14, 1895, a few children in the gallery started to run down stairs, in order to secure their share of some toys that were being distributed in the body of the building by a conjurer named Fay. Others followed their example, the stairs became blocked, and in the end no fewer than 186 unhappy little ones were crushed to death.

On the evening of October 11, 1878, a policeman on duty near the Coliseum Music Hall, Liverpool, noticed an unusual commotion at the entrance. Disheveled boys and girls, their clothing in many instances torn from their backs, and some of them covered with blood, were pouring from the gallery, while from within the building came the sound of shrieking and wild cries for help. Realizing that was happening, the constable seized an ax and smashed in two of the extra doors; but despite this timely assistance thirty-seven unhappy people lost their lives, and more than twice that number were badly hurt. The cause of the panic was a young hoodlum of ten, who threw a lighted match into the auditorium, and then raised a cry of "Fire!"

A similar piece of folly—perpetrated by a girl—initiated an almost precisely similar stampede among the occupants of the gallery of the Star Theatre, Glasgow, on November 1, 1884, when fifteen persons were killed and as many injured.

At the Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield, again on September 13, 1888, a lad in the gallery in selecting a match from a box for the purpose of lighting his pipe, accidentally set fire to the remainder. A girl sitting next to him cried out, and instantly there commenced a wild rush for the doors. Luckily the gallery staircase was wide and the flight short; otherwise the loss of life would probably have been very great. As it was, five persons perished. To go further back still, a panic, originating in precisely the same way, caused the loss of eighteen lives in the winter of 1807, at Sadler's Wells Theater, then one of the most fashionable resorts in London, while as recently as January 18, 1887, a fatal alarm of fire, raised by a young Jewish girl, cost the lives of seventeen persons at a Hebrew dramatic club in Spitalfields.

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An Unconscious Error.

A short time since the daughter of a millionaire drove up to the door of a jeweler's shop, went in, and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at \$250. She made out her check for that sum and passed it to the assistant, relates the Boston Traveler. The alert young man glanced at it and then looked inquiringly up at the young woman and said, "There is some mistake here, I think." The young woman flushed, and asked if the check was not for the right amount. "She was told it was, but—" "But what?" she exclaimed frigidly. "Do you mean that my check is not acceptable?" The assistant acknowledged that he knew who the young woman was, but explained that the check was not made out just as it should be, and he handed it back. The girl ran her eye over it and then returned a deep cry. "Oh! it was exclaimed, 'I see!'" And then she proceeded to make out another check. She had signed the first one, "Your own sweetheart, Jessie."