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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; and the condition precedent to acceptance is that all contributions shall be subject to editorial revision.

SCRANTON, JANUARY 23, 1900.

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—C. C. Ferber, E. D. Follows.

The vacancy in the position of business manager of The Tribune created by the accidental death of Mr. Alexander Craig at Paterson, N. J., on the 29th of last November, was filled yesterday by Mr. O. F. Byxbee, for six years employed in the management of the Paterson Press. Mr. Byxbee has had a thorough training in newspaper production, is highly endorsed by his former associates and employers, and is cordially recommended to the good offices of our patrons and friends.

Boers, British and Busybodies.

THAT THERE is considerable sympathy in this country for the Boers is a fact patent to everybody; but when Senator Hale says that nine-tenths of the American people hope that England will be defeated in her effort to secure better government for South Africa he represents nothing more than his personal belief. No census upon this subject has been taken nor has there been in any way a show of sentiment sufficient to warrant sweeping declarations like that so emphatically made by the senator from Maine.

There has always existed in this country some prejudice against Great Britain. Much of it has grown out of the wrongs and fancied wrongs of Ireland and has survived the expiration of the more substantial grievances on Ireland's part. The portion of our population which has come to us from the countries of continental Europe is also inclined to share in the unfriendliness for England which is characteristic of those countries. A few Americans whose ancestry goes back to colonial times bear an inherited dislike for the mother country. And more than all the others, the bulk of those who, in any difference between nations, are swayed mostly by their sympathies without taking the trouble to examine carefully into the facts, is now apparently inclined toward the Boers, because, on the face of things, the Boers are few and the Englishmen many, and it is natural to applaud the under dog.

Very lately a political cast has been imparted to this matter by the effort of the Democratic leaders in congress, aided and abetted by the anti-expansionist Republican clique, including such men as Senators Hale, Wellington and Mason, to make trouble for President McKinley and the Republican national administration, by bundling appeals for the granting to the Boer republic of diplomatic recognition.

These men well know that under international law it would be impossible to confer such recognition so long as the control of the Boers' foreign relations is by treaty expressly confided to Great Britain; neither would it, as a matter of policy, be wise, fair or just in view of the obligations the United States is under to England for sympathy and moral aid exhibited during the late war with Spain.

In view of this partisan or obstructionist conspiracy, which cannot possibly work out any benefit for the Boers, but can only embarrass and annoy our president at a period when he needs the full measure of his time and energy to devote to problems that are indisputably within his jurisdiction, it seems advisable to suggest that Americans of common sense refrain as much as possible from worrying about the South African struggle. It is not a struggle which they are called upon to solve or meddle with. It is in good hands. It will undoubtedly be ended in consonance with the best interests of South Africa and the world at large; and in the meantime let the people of the United States demonstrate that they are fully capable of minding their own business.

An American Abroad.

SOME INTERESTING impressions concerning European affairs have been imparted to the press by Hon. Peter S. Grosscup of the United States Circuit bench, following his return from an extended sojourn in foreign lands. Judge Grosscup is one of the clearest-minded men that we have in this country and he never talks without saying something.

The judge says that not only the people but also the officials of continental Europe are in sympathy with the Boers, which is not surprising; but to this he adds a statement which is, to wit: "In England I believe there has been a change of feeling. The people realize that Kruger was taxing his people, not to fatten his own purse, as they at first believed, but to buy arms to defend themselves against such as the Jameson raid, and I believe that if England could wipe out the past four months she would be willing to give the Transvaal her liberty." Fruitless, however, is the contemplation of what might have been!

Again: "The people of the future in Europe are the Slavs. They are coming on rapidly. There is no more prosperous country in Europe than Hungary. Her people have as great talent as the Americans have, they are resourceful, and besides they are industrious and economical. The Americans have those qualities, but are not so resourceful. Some day the Slavs will give a different complexion to Europe. The three

great races of Europe are the English, Germans and Slavs, but if England should lose in the Boer war she will lose her prestige. The United Kingdom will be divided and wrecked and the Germans and Slavs will be the only great races of Europe."

As to Germany, France, and the Paris exposition: "Germany is moving right ahead, especially in manufacturing and business. Germany now is the great power of the continent, France is weak, staggering. She is diminishing in population, in political power and in literary achievements. She has no great men now like she once had. In Germany the opposition to Emperor William is not so strong as it was. They still consider him as somewhat erratic, but have settled down to the conclusion that he has a great mind. Had it not been for the Paris exposition there would have been a revolution in France last summer over the Dreyfus incident. The French can have a revolution any time, but an exposition only once in ten years, so they postponed the one for the other."

The United States is good enough for us. With the Hon. William Mason on their side the Boers are indeed entitled to sympathy.

For Vice President.

ONLY ONCE since this government was founded has Pennsylvania, industrially at least the Keystone of the national arch of states, supplied a citizen to fill the office of president of the United States; and only once has one of her citizens been summoned to the vice presidency. President Buchanan and Vice President Dallas were both Democrats. It therefore is high time that the Republicanism of the banner Republican commonwealth of the Union had representation upon the national ticket; and since the re-nomination of William McKinley for president will be unopposed, Pennsylvania may rightfully aspire to present to him a suitable running mate.

We have been glad to detect among many of the representative Republicans of the country a disposition to accord to Pennsylvania the compliment of supplying the vice presidential nominee at the Philadelphia convention provided the opportunity to do so were sought with earnestness by the whole party, regardless of faction. Should this opportunity be embraced, we have little doubt that the harmony thus begun would ripen into a wider and happier fellowship and the future of the party in this state be relieved of much of the rancorous and malignant factionalism of the past. This is only a personal opinion, but the experiment, at all events, is worth trying.

Fortunately the occasion designates the man. The brilliant success achieved by Pennsylvania's representative in the cabinet, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, both as a counselor in helping to shape administration policies; as an executive whose conduct of the intricate affairs of the post office department, including the construction practically of new posts in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, has been successful to a marked degree; and as an orator, whose impassioned eloquence and polished diction have carried his fame throughout the continent, points to him as pre-eminently worthy of the state's united support for the vice presidential nomination.

The report that a poll of congress shows an overwhelmingly majority in both houses for the immediate construction of the Nicaragua canal is decidedly welcome news. Speed the consummation.

A Fit of the Blues.

D R. PARKHURST is again scolding his parishioners. The Christians of New York, or at least some of them, are, he intimates, Christians on Sunday only, but six days of the week they work like slaves to make money and on Saturday night fly forth to suburban homes, leaving the city to the thieves and vagabonds. This indifference to city interests is not limited to New York but it does not appear from the statistical records that permanent good was ever wrought by merely scolding about it.

Dr. Parkhurst makes another assertion which would be very serious if it had to be taken literally, but fortunately for humanity it is susceptible to a figurative construction. "More children," says he, "are being started in the direct road to hell every week than all the churches, missions and Sunday schools combined are saving in a year."

Some good is doubtless accomplished by the caustic rhetoric of which the foregoing is a sample, but it is doubtful whether in the long run such fierce exaggeration pays. Dr. Parkhurst cannot mean to be interpreted without discount. Vice in New York is unquestionably very bold just now but to that it bears a larger proportion than formerly to virtue or that it is gaining on virtue at the ratio of 32 to 1 is not proved and is, we think, incredible.

The good doctor is evidently a temporary victor of the blues.

Mr. Macrum is having some of the troubles encountered by Admiral Dewey in avoiding the interviewer while on his way home, but seems in no danger of dyspepsia from banquets.

repentant in their sinning against the public welfare, into the better circles of society. Later he explained: "I think that much more evil of every kind is controlled by ostracism than by statutes that have no social penalty behind them. Social ostracism will serve as a remedy for any public evil. It is, in fact, the only effective remedy. It applies to evils connected with trusts in the same way that it does to any other form of commercial wrong. I did not suggest the ostracism of trusts, but of the individuals who grossly abuse the powers which the existence of trusts placed in their hands."

President Hadley is undoubtedly correct in this view. Men who are smart enough to circumvent the law so as to have no dread of the penalty which it prescribes are often very sensitive to any criticism which tends to injure their social standing and will go to great lengths to preserve this standing when showing indifference to purely legal perils. Thus it comes about that the things which society strongly condemns few men of means will hazard to undertake; as, for instance, to rob a church, a charity or a widow. Yet many men who would halt at either of these offences would show no scruple whatever in cheating a competitor, buying a council, or alienating the affections of some other man's wife, for the reason that upon these latter offences society as a rule puts little ban and is quite willing to lift that ban as soon as the offender demonstrates that he has money, nerve and a fair knack at entertaining.

It is within the power of society to clean up a good many of the public abuses of our time, by simply causing it to be known that men and women responsible for them may not have the much-prized smile of its gracious favor. Why this power is not more earnestly wielded in the interest of the public welfare is a question with respect to which President Hadley is unfortunately silent.

The animated contest which has been waged among the Republican brethren of the mother county for the Wilkes-Barre postmastership has been terminated, it seems, by the selection of Byron G. Hahn, chairman of the Luzerne County Republican committee. Mr. Hahn's appointment is in the nature of a compromise in the interest of harmony, but in it merit wins handsome recognition and all concerned may fairly be congratulated.

In July, August and September last imports entered Manila to the value of nearly \$5,000,000, or at the rate of \$25,000,000 a year. Under the old regime the average yearly imports of the entire archipelago were only \$17,000,000. American sovereignty is unquestionably a great trade tonic.

Only eleven of the fifteen inmates that have escaped from the Trenton industrial school for girls have been traced. If the New Jersey authorities would provide Mrs. Eyer with a pack of bloodhounds, better work could be accomplished in gathering in the runaways.

It becomes more and more evident daily that the press censor of South Africa does not intend to let the war correspondent anticipate the magazine writer.

Uncle Paul Kruger may not be qualified to shine before the world as an ideal diplomat, but he certainly knows when to issue a railroad pass.

There is no question that either the Filipinos or the press correspondents at Manila have been subdued.

WHAT STRIKES MEAN.

From the Wilkes-Barre Times.

The word "strike" has a peculiarly unpleasant sound to the ears of the valley and those who lived here during the last two miners' strikes shudder at the mention of that word. Thousands suffered in those dark days of bitter labor struggle and all for what? A dream alone. Not only did the unfortunate strikers, their wives and little ones, suffer the loss of wages, but scores of others also who were dependent upon the coal business. Hundreds of homes were broken up, the savings of years scattered to the winds, misery prevailed all around, leaving scars behind which are visible to this day. Tradesmen by the dozen who stood bravely by, sunk under their load, and but few ever arose again.

The worst feature of those strikes was the blow that was given to the supremacy of arithmetic. It was a coal then in general use, the cheaper soft coal took its place in factories and works, so that large customers were lost then never to return. Another strike and it will become simply a house coal—needed in the winter only. It will encourage a still greater use for soft coal, of gas and electricity for domestic purposes. It will be another case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. At this period of the year and especially with such mild weather as we are now having, the demand is fast falling off, so that a strike now would not be such a severe blow to the operators. The men and their families—the workers in the fray—would be the chief sufferers.

That there are grievances, points for adjustment, need for fresh rules, new schedules and equitable payments, we doubt not. Of our nature and justice we are not qualified to speak, but it seems to us that people who are unable to stand the pecuniary strain of idleness should seek other methods than to adjust difficulties and settle grievances. When miners strike they compel lamented tailors, teachers, draymen, tradesmen, merchants and employees and landlords to say nothing of their defenseless wives and children—to suffer, too, without so much as asking "by your leave."

A strike never pays. Let us suppose a case, using only minimum figures. The strike lasts, say for three months. In thirteen weeks, loss of wages, say \$6 per week; three months rent, say \$21; store bills, etc., \$41, or a total of \$148. Assuming the strike to be successful and a 10 per cent. advance is granted, it would take 22 weeks or eighteen and a half years to make up the pecuniary loss, but the suffering would ever remain uncompenated. The fact is, a strike is just so much lost time, and the old proverb reads, "Lost time is never regained." We have referred simply to the losses of the man for whose benefit the strike is inaugurated, but for the other unfortunate workmen, such as we have named, the loss would be truly great and irreparable. These are considerations worthy the thoughtful attention of every laboring man in this stage of our coal mining. It takes a long time and a lot of capital to build up a business and a community, but the rash act of a moment can scatter it to the winds. We therefore trust conservative counsel will prevail in the discussion of all labor disputes.

In Woman's Realm

GREEN RIDGE has always been the cleanest section of the city. Yesterday an odor of formaldehyde was so all-pervading that it was suspected the residents had energetically determined to fumigate the out-of-door atmosphere. There were those who intimated that the disinfectant conditions of the air had been noticeable ever since the committee of the Women's club had returned from visiting the dairies in the vicinity, the tourists having felt that vigorous sanitary measures had to be taken before they could keep the Sabbath day in a seemly fashion.

The Green Ridge Women's club held a general meeting yesterday afternoon in the lecture room of the Presbyterian church, and such a meeting! It is no wonder that section of town is giving Scranton a continuous series of new sensations, when so many of its representatives were brought together in a common cause where earnest determination and high aims are so evident. The rooms were filled with members and friends. Mrs. I. J. Lansing presided and spoke in graceful fashion of the hopes that had been fulfilled and of the ambitions cherished for the future of the club. Reports were heard from the various sections. The Art club was represented by Miss Dorothy Dimmick who gave a clever and humorous detailed account of the work of the month.

It is evident that the Economic section is the liveliest of the quartette, and the president urged more interest in the others which are so ably conducted. Miss Anna Robinson gave a pleasing report of the Music section, and Miss Louise Grecke told of the work of the department of the History. Miss Amy Gerecke gave a most interesting report of the Economic section, in which she spoke of the water agitation and its results and described the programmes thus far taken up.

A social interim followed, tea being served by the young ladies and the direction of Mrs. G. W. Kear and Mrs. S. P. Hull. A delightful musical programme followed, when Mrs. Newbury sang sweetly, Miss Mary Dickson gave several charming violin solos, accompanied by Miss Clara Reynolds. Mrs. C. C. Deane wrote smart papers which would confuse mankind; like an elegant, brilliant social leader of the times, but not the writer of the richest humor ever penned by a feminine hand. Sometimes you can't tell.

MRS. RUTH MENERY STUART looks precisely like the portrait published in Harper's Bazaar of November 16, only prettier and younger. She wore the same gown last night. A beauty it was too. One can never think of her as writing the dialect stories which she read, notwithstanding the additional charm and effect given by her interpretation. She looks like a society woman who would be the fashion in her set, like an ideal club woman who could write smart papers which would confuse mankind; like an elegant, brilliant social leader of the times, but not the writer of the richest humor ever penned by a feminine hand. Sometimes you can't tell.

SHE WAS a little lady with a self-possessed smile to the girls who were giving reminiscences of other days. "The first time I ever used a telephone," she was saying, "I went to the mirror and patted my hair and put on my nicest, sweetest company face, and then I went and talked to that telephone as if it were a dear old friend who had come to call in her new tailor gown." And all the other women listened and smiled, and wondered if they had not done the very same thing in the other days.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Political Reasons.

To illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its fiery partisanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the work-a-huk.

"You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?" "Yes, sir." "And, Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And, Jim, you are a Democrat?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning."

"I am a Republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery." "And, Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "I am a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our crowded prisons and poorhouses." "Excellent reasons, Bill!" remarked the tutor encouragingly. "Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?" "Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck."

And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew. —Saturday Evening Post.

Outwitting Otis.

In the rank and file of the army no subject is more frequently commented upon than the "otter's" extreme conscientiousness in matters of petty detail. This was the Chicago Tribune.

During an advance on the north line recently one company had to lie down at the side of the road for shelter from the well-directed volleys of the insurgents. One of the privates had dropped his hat away back, and after the company had laid down, he calmly stood up and walked down the road toward the lost hat. He made a nice target for the insurgents and the bullets rattled around him pretty lively.

"Here, come back here, O'Malley," yelled the lieutenant of the company. "You'll be killed." "Well," replied O'Malley over his shoulder, "I might just as well be killed as have General Otis a-runnin' me up and down dale and comin' over to me house every mornin' and sayin', 'O'Malley, why don't you pay the government for that hat?'"

Then he calmly walked on and got the lost piece of property and, as he came back and sat down just in time to escape the next volley, he turned and threw the hat back on the ground and said: "And when he does come tomorrow mornin' to me house I'll say, 'Otis, me little man, you're dead wrong. I never lost no hat; say, take your bloody old potato bag. Take it to the government with me compliments.'"

Compliments.

An interesting anecdote is told of the meeting of the late Evangelist Moody

and Mr. Gladstone in England, says the Buffalo Commercial. Mr. Gladstone attended the Moody and Sankey meetings, and was deeply impressed. Hearty grasping Mr. Moody's hand, the old statesman said to him: "If I wish I had your body." Mr. Moody immediately replied, "I wish I had your head."

His Answer Was Reassuring. Monsieur Calino, the simple-hearted and inconspicuous Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smash-up, relates the Youth's Companion.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every round of the bell or whistle, she cried out: "Oh! oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?" Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapped in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him: "And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?" "Not I, madame," answered Calino, reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!" The nervous woman went into hysterics, and had to be removed from the train at the next station.

Nirvana. A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said: "He walks about, thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember." — Collier's Weekly.

A TEACHER'S DREAM.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat alone, her task pursuing. She averaged this and she averaged that. Of all her class were doing; She reckoned percentage, so many boys, And so many girls all counted. And marked all the tardy absences, And to what all the absent amounted. Names and residence wrote in full, Over many columns and pages; Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt, And averaged all their ages; The date of admission of every one, And cases of flagellation, And prepared a list of the graduates For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book, And her weary heart still lower. For some of her pupils had little brains, And she could not furnish more. She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died, And her spirit went to Hades, And they met her there with a question fair, "State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Academy slowly rolled away, Leaving but partial traces, And the teacher's spirit walked one day In the old familiar places. A mound of fossilized school reports Attracted her observation. As high as the state house dome, and as wide As Boston and annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones, And the ground was well built over. But laborers digging threw out a skull Once planted beneath the clover. A disciple of Galen wandering by, Paused to look at the diggers, And plucking the skull up, looked thro' the eye, And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D., "How easy it is to kill 'em— Statistics ossified every fold, Of cerebrum and cerebellum." "It's a curiosity, sure," said Pat, "By the bones can you tell the creature?" "Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that." Was a nineteenth century teacher." —Albany Journal.

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AGENTS: THOS. FORD, JOHN B. SMITH & SON, W. E. MULLIGAN, Pittsford, Plymouth, Wilkes-Barre.



The treasurer of a Brooklyn (N. Y.) Safe Deposit Co. was a sufferer for fifteen years with nervous dyspepsia, and like many other victims of this dread disorder, tried everything suggested by physicians and friends to attain relief and was always extremely gratified for even a temporary cessation of pain. He finally commenced with Ripans Tablets and, after taking them a few weeks, found himself entirely cured. "I smoke to my heart's content," said he, "and eat any and everything, and I have not had to take even a Ripans for the last three or four months." His attention was first called to the Tablets by seeing them advertised in the cars of the Brooklyn Elevated R.R. He has been the means of selling hundreds of boxes of Ripans Tablets on the strength of his cure, even going so far as to get his own physician to use them in his general practice, for he "had given my case up as hopeless."

A new style packet containing THE RIFANS TABLETS in a paper wrapper without glass is now for sale at some drug stores—ask FIVE CENTS. This new packet is intended for the poor and the occasional. The dose of the five-cent packet (the tablet) can be had by mail by sending fifty-eight cents to the RIFANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 12 Spruce Street, New York—of a single dozen (100) Tablets will be sent for five cents.