

The Scranton Tribune

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by The Tribune Publishing Company, at Fifty Cent a Month.

LEWIS & REILLY, Editors. O. F. BYRNE, Business Manager.

New York Office: 150 Nassau St. S. H. BELAND, Sole Agent for Foreign Advertising.

Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second-Class Matter, May 12, 1878.

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 publication is that all contributions shall be subject to editorial revision.

SCRANTON, AUGUST 17, 1900.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

National. President—WILLIAM MCKINLEY. Vice-President—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

State. Congressmen at Large—GALVESTON A. GROW, ROBERT H. FURBER. Auditor General—E. B. HARDENBERGH.

County. Judges—WILLIAM CONNELL, JOHN H. FELLOWS. District Attorney—WILLIAM R. LEWIS. Prothonotary—JOHN COPPELAND. Clerk of Courts—THOMAS W. NIELS. Recorder of Deeds—EMIL BONN. Register of Wills—W. K. BECK. Jury Commissioners—J. H. STURGES.

Legislature. First District—THOMAS R. BRYNOLDS. Second District—JOHN SCHEFFER, JR. Third District—EDWARD JAMES, JR. Fourth District—F. A. PHILBIN.

We understand that the Democratic nominee for congress in this district, whose position on the free silver question has been proclaimed on perhaps a thousand occasions, is not afraid this year, as are some of his colleagues, to face squarely the plank in his party's national platform which explicitly re-demands the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the constitutional ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. In other words, our information is to the effect that he has the full courage of his convictions and would want no finer opportunity than the chance to cast a vote in congress for a free coinage bill. If this information is accurate it does credit to Mr. Conry's candor and is recommended as a proper view of a candidate's duty toward the platform of his party.

The Peril in Overconfidence.

FOUR YEARS ago this month the presidential campaign was at white heat. Wherever men were assembled it was the theme of animated discussion. On the trains, in steamboats, at railway stations, in the shops and stores, at street corners, everywhere the talk was the same. Men who were for Bryan and free silver, for an income tax, for government ownership of public utilities, for this, that or the other "ism" of Populism and social revolution were anxious to proclaim their position in loud language and with gesticulation; the conservative influence of society were amazed at the popular outburst; and it took two months of the hardest effort ever put forth against a public menace to insure the victory for stable government registered in the November election.

Today the calm is phenomenal. Even the politicians find it difficult to talk politics. The great mass of people go quietly about their business and give no sign of awakening interest. If their minds are excited at the dangers of imperialism they do not show it. If they are afraid that our widely scattered army of regulars and volunteers is going to overpower them by a Napoleonic coup and take away their cherished liberties they are concealing it with consummate tact. If they are appalled at the spectacle of President McKinley trying to establish law and order in the Philippine archipelago they are withholding the evidences of it in a manner most masterly. If we are on the verge of a popular explosion never before appearances more deceptive.

And yet the election must be held and it must record the majority's will. The majority should not let a minority sneak into power by virtue of its own default.

The best way to "modify" the monstrous Goebel law is to confide its obsequies to the Republican party and that we suspect, is what the voters of Kentucky intend to do this fall.

John J. Ingalls.

JOHN J. INGALLS was the most incisive user of the English language among the Americans of his generation. He used it like an expert fencer would wield a Damascus sword, either to spin in parry or to stab. Yet without he was kind-hearted, generous and chivalric; his cynicism was more a manifestation than a matter of intent. It was the misfortune of all concerned that Mr. Ingalls inhabited a state too unstable in its political ideas to appreciate his exceptional merits. He and Peffer represented an extreme antithesis; nothing more grim or grotesque could be conceived in the way of practical humor that the up-beat which disclosed the scholarly Ingalls to make room for a loquacious Populist whose chief title to distinction was the length of his beard.

In the arena of politics Ingalls was interesting and implacable; he thoroughly appreciated himself and like the wasp kept armed against any invasion of his rights. In the senate he was the spice to long weary weeks of tedium and monotony, the tabasco sauce that kept the Congressional Record from driving its proforesers insane. He worked patiently in committees and was punctual in all routine duties but left no name for constructive genius; what he did in the framing of legislation was overshadowed by his few flights of caustic oratory, which were classics of their kind. Had he given to literature the time spent to little purpose in thankless service of constituents there is reason to believe that he would have put his name high on the roll of the world's great writers.

"To leave now," writes Major Betts from the Philippines, "would mean the death of every Filipino in the islands who has dared to be friendly to the Americans." Let this be digested by those who would scuttie and scot.

What Next in China?

EVERY STUDENT of China and the Chinese recognizes as a prominent Chinese characteristic an exceptional passion for prestige. What dress or "front" is to some Occidentals, "face" is to most Orientals. We thought the Spaniards punctilious when their army officers, for hours, used to delay their inevitable surrender while striving to secure in the articles of capitulation some harmless and meaningless bits of circumlocution which they regarded as essential to the salvation of their untarnished honor. But the Chinese can give the Spaniards a hundred per cent. start in this direction and win out easily. Their diplomacy is all "face."

In his exceedingly interesting book entitled "The Real Chinaman," which, as some of our readers may recall, was reviewed in The Tribune at the time of its appearance, in 1895, to the extent of several columns, and which is yet the clearest analysis of the modern Chinaman in print, Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter, secretary of legation and acting United States minister at Peking, devotes a chapter to the troubles arising between the legation and the Chinese officials over punctilious etiquette. For example, prior to 1873, none of the foreign representatives had ever seen the emperor of China. He was not unwilling to be seen, but he insisted that the foreigners must submit to the same preliminaries as his own subjects. The highest native, to gain access to the emperor, had first to prostrate himself three times and with each prostration knock his forehead on the floor three times. The legation refused to do this. For six months the matter was argued pro and con, and it would probably be undecided yet had not the American government lost patience and one day informed the taung-li-yamen, or Chinese foreign office, that unless our minister was permitted the same freedom of audience with the emperor enjoyed by the Chinese minister at Washington with the president of the United States, friendly relations would be suspended.

This brought the Chinese diplomat to their senses and for a time audiences were allowed with a show of cordiality; but soon an unseemly hour was named, calculated to make the ministers appear ridiculous in the eyes of the natives, and then the emperor developed a singular fondness for keeping the foreigners waiting half the day while he doubtless made sport of them behind the scenes. The frictions growing out of the Chinese government's insane desire to preserve the fiction that the emperor of China is the high mucky muck of the whole universe and that all the other nations are inferior and tributary to China could not be narrated inside of a book smaller than the unabridged dictionary and we have no doubt that a large part of the recent disorders will eventually be traced back to the same fruitful source.

The forms of etiquette prevalent among the people of China in their unofficial social and business relations probably could not be changed if every soldier in Christendom were enlisted in the effort to change them; but before the present disturbance is dismissed some sweeping changes should be made by the powers in the details of China's official intercourse with the outside world. For one thing, the Chinese foreign office should have a responsible head and he should be taught to understand his proper obligations. The thorough policing of all treaty ports is another indispensable requisite to the safety and comfort of denizens and foreigners traveling in China. Whether China's capital shall be changed from Peking to a city within range of protective naval artillery is a question for experts to settle; but there is no uncertainty whatever as to the necessity for such guarantees of good conduct from the native authorities as will insure in future the ungrudging fulfillment toward decent foreigners of solemn treaty pledges upon the alternative of punishment so swift and thorough as to be deterrent of treachery or neglect.

Not Growing Worse.

SOCIOLOGISTS who argue that mankind are growing worse will find apparent corroboration of their theory in some criminal statistics which have recently been made public in Germany. A period of sixteen years—from 1882 to 1898—is covered in the German compilation and the figures show on the one hand a decrease in crimes against property and on the other hand a startling increase in crimes against the person.

In 1882, the persons sentenced for all kinds of crimes numbered 229,968; in 1898 they numbered 47,897. To put it in another way, the crimes in the former year numbered 104.3 to 10,000 inhabitants, and in the latter, 125.7. In 1882, the crimes against the person were 107,389, or 34 per cent. of the whole number, and in 1898, 203,296, or 53 per cent. The crimes against property in the former year were 169,434, or 23.5 of the total criminality, and in the latter year, 120,955, or less than 44 per cent.

We have learned to accept with caution the face value of statistics of this kind, especially those tending to show rapid increases in criminality. Such increases, when carefully traced to their sources, rarely amount to much. They usually represent changes in legislation tending to multiply the number of petty offences of which the

Law takes cognizance of other special and temporary causes; and it has yet to be established that there is in process of evolution a growing tendency toward serious crime. We do not profess to be expertly acquainted with the social conditions of Germany, but nothing which we have read or heard is calculated to create the impression that Germany is not a prosperous and progressive nation, whose inhabitants enjoy a higher average of comforts and advantages than was known to them in prior generations. As a matter of fact, the national life of the German empire is today on the highest plane that it has ever been on; and it is not possible to reconcile this patent fact with the theory that crime among the German people is increasing more rapidly than population.

The plan to place Bryan's speech in a phonograph is commendable. As there is no variation in the lament, it seems useless to waste the breath of the orator in constant repetition when a slot machine can be utilized just as well.

If Mr. Barker, middle-of-the-road candidate for president, has not already paid his campaign assessment, he may yet find cause for congratulating himself that he is "Lord of St. Wenchelash."

Anarchists as a rule are the most harmless persons on earth. It is the cranks who listen to their gabble who commit the crimes.

It is to be hoped that the proposed Scranton poultry show will not die out in preliminary cackle.

Aquinaldo, like Bryan, does not propose to surrender until after election.

Outline Studies of Human Nature

What Happened to Roosevelt.

THERE was one story about Governor Roosevelt's recent visit to Chicago, says the Tribune, that was told by the governor himself as being the star incident of his western trip. "The day I was on my way West," said the governor, "one of my callers was a citizen of Joliet, who was slightly the worse for drinking, but his manner was so original and so funny I couldn't resist listening to him. He made a short political speech and then paid me two or three compliments. He talked about the Cuban war and war hunting, and finally he said: 'Governor, we are anxious to have you make a speech in Joliet when you pass through on Sunday night.' 'I told him I would not make a speech there. 'Well, we want to see you anyway,' he said. 'There'll be a big crowd down at the depot to see you.' 'I told him I would be glad to see the citizens of Joliet, and bade him good-bye. 'Good-bye, colonel,' he said. 'Good-bye.' Then, lowering his voice and in the most confidential tone you could imagine, 'The boys want you to take a hand down to the depot, governor, and if you'll lend me \$25 I'll see that they get it.'

A Candid Diplomat.

A GOOD DEAL has been said in some of the newspapers of the country about the deceptive methods of Chinese diplomacy. "What a good deal has been said," says every one who has occasion to visit the Chinese legation in this city, says the Washington Star, "every student of Chinese history and every diplomat, Minister Wu, for instance, never resorts to that ruse of being 'out' when he does not wish to see a caller for any reason. When he doesn't want to see any one, he says, 'The boys who attend to his door have never been taught 'petite lies' of any kind in dealing with his callers. If he does not wish to see a caller, he leaves the door closed, and with the reason why he desires to be sequestered. The minister himself, as every one knows who has met and talked with him, is often content with a degree of bluntness, asking pointed questions and given outspoken answers when he gives an answer at all. Whenever a subject is touched upon that he desires to avoid, he simply evades the question, and that is all there is to it."

An Omission.

CHLOE, a young negro house servant in an Atlanta family, had asked permission to attend the wedding of her friends. This permission having been granted, Chloe set forth arrayed like unto a combination of Solomon and glory in the field. The next day her mistress said to her: "Well, Chloe, how did the wedding go off?" "Oh, la, missus, it was de grandest wedding I ever saw! It was just lovely. Oh, you jest ought to see de bows an' de splendid wedding! s'pose an' de bride—oh, de bride! She had on de longest train a white veil all ovah her, an' a wreath of flowers an' oh, it was jus de mos' elegant wedding!" "How did the bridegroom look?" "An expression of indignation came into the face of Chloe as he said solemnly: "La, missus, dat good-for-nothin' no-count niggah nebhab come a-nigh!"—Morris Wade in the July New Lipsittist.

Could Not Lose Himself.

IN THE lately issued memoirs of Charles Henry Pearson, once one of Australia's chief men of affairs, an amusing story of his student life at Oxford is told with a waggish genius, whom he styles "I." "It was one of his troubles that he was afflicted with a stammer. One day he had determined to attend a friend to whom he had determined to get getting drunk as a possible cure. The friend agreed against the plan, but attached no particular importance and presently forgot all about it. Late that night, as he was at work, he was startled by a noise as of some one stumbling upstairs and falling against his door. He opened his door and there he found the friend of his, sitting on the floor, his head against the door, and his hands clasped in prayer. "Oh, Mum, do you trouble about 'im? 'E was allays a bad 'un. I've got a nice lot of money from the monopolies and other kind things—though to keep me comfortable. Oh, Mum, this 'ere war's made a lot of 'appy 'omes, it has. But alas! they are not all so easily contented as was this philosophic person."

The Boxer and the Christian.

A CHINAMAN of great dignity and some splendor of dress was getting off an elevated train at Twenty-third street the other day when a white robed fellow came up to him: "Say, you tough, 'are you a Boxer?" "The other tough asked the question and roared with laughter after the Chinaman, who got of the car, then turned. He waited till the gates were closed, then he answered in pretty clear English: "Say, you Christian!" "Then the gatesman and some passengers laughed and the toughy slunk into the car.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Her Graciousness.

SHE was one of those dear, sweet, simple, confiding souls—the sort of woman you like one for what she is and taste for the superior being she makes you feel you are—and she came into a drug store where I was drawing my nose in a glass of ice cream soda yesterday. A girl of the type was with her, and the girl soul tripped up to the proprietor of the establishment and in the most appealing voice asked if she might be permitted to look at the city directory. She thanked him obsequiously

LETTERS FROM A FARMER.

Mr. Editor—When I drove down to Higgins' store yesterday, I saw another fellow there, and he was looking at the book and was about to leave the shop when the grateful heart of the sweet creature prompted her to pause. "Oh, Alice," she said, "I really ought to put something before we go. It isn't right to put the man to all that trouble and use his directory and all, and then not buy anything. Wait just a minute." Clearly she had seen her duty and meant to do it. Back she stepped to the counter and beamed graciously on the proprietor behind it. "The five-cent stamp, please," she said.—Washington Star.

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