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

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, NOVEMBER 7, 1900.

The man who, to gain an office, would stir up class prejudice and encourage his country's enemies well deserves defeat.

The Result Nationally.

BY EVERY prompting of justice and fair play the administration of William McKinley was entitled to the magnificent indorsement it has received; and right here we wish to go on record with the assertion that 75 per cent. of the citizens who voted for Bryan in their hearts believed so and now that election is over and party tension is eased will frankly say so.

When we look back upon the conditions which prevailed at the time of Major McKinley's first election, observe the steady improvement in business which followed, recognize the fidelity with which campaign pledges have been redeemed and appraise fairly the splendid achievements of executive policy both in peace and in war which have characterized the four years of his tenure of the chief magistracy—achievements which have lifted the prestige of the American nation and people to the highest point in history and brought about the tacit recognition by all foreign powers of America's primacy among the nations—it is not surprising that the people have conspicuously recorded their verdict of approval; the surprise is that any man or any party should have reflected upon their good sense by assuming a contrary possibility.

The verdict is a demonstration of American intelligence; it is a new proof of the efficacy and adequacy of democratic institutions. By it the demagogism which would set class against class, base hope of preferment upon the engendering of fictitious discontent and in a great emergency of national responsibility resulting from unexpected consequences of a war for humanity play the game of backfiring on American soldiers and of coquetry with national armed foes for the paltry purpose of gaining a temporary partisan advantage has been rebuked most wholesomely. If the lesson of this rebuke shall be heeded by the opposition party the chance will arise for honest divergence over lines of future administrative policy. If not, the rebuke will be repeated as often as provocation shall recur.

In one respect the American people are unique. To the verdict of the ballots they bow in frank submission. Grumblers and grunters are in the minority the day after.

The Ruskin Hall Movement.

A NEW idea in the educational life of our country is about to be introduced in what is known as the Ruskin Hall movement, an idea imported from Oxford university in England. It is based on new lines of university extension and contemplates the carrying of higher culture to millions now by poverty or other means debarred from easy access to it.

The plan of work to be adopted by the chief promoter, Mr. Walter Vrooman, who has established headquarters in the University building, Washington square, New York city, includes four distinct features. The first contemplates the establishment in suitable localities, one in each state, of residence colleges, where, upon payment of $100, students may get a four years' course of instruction, conditional upon performing certain manual labor for the benefit of the college. It is proposed to have farms and other industries conducted in connection with these colleges, the profits from which are to help defray the expenses. Each pupil is to work on these farms or in these industries five hours a day, just long enough, it is calculated, to keep him in fit physical condition.

The second feature consists in the establishment in the various cities of branch colleges where classes of twenty or more workingmen may meet, after their day's work is over, and get instruction from special lectures at $3 a week. All study is to be done outside of working hours. The intent is to use the best talent available in the selection of lecturers.

The third feature is a correspondence school designed to furnish instruction to students living in country districts and not able to reach any of the classes or schools. In its curriculum is to be taught all the branches covered by an ordinary scientific school together with additional courses in sociology and science of government. The fee is to be only 25 cents a month; and when these mail pupils can come together in small clubs, lectures will be furnished at cost, the hope being eventually to get volunteer lecturers, men of means willing to give their services freely as is done by the lecturers in the People's college in France.

The last feature aims to secure in course of time an endowment fund of $100,000 to be given as loans to 1,000 young men who cannot afford to pay the $100 each necessary to secure a four years' course in a residence college. To insure repayment on this loan it is proposed to take a mortgage on each borrower's character. As he repays, the money is to be reloaned and used over and over again until thousands are educated in this manner.

Such, in brief, is the outline. Mr. Vrooman expects to enlist in behalf of the movement the countenance and aid of the American Federation of Labor as well as of some men of benevolent tendencies and ample means who are disposed to view in educational institutions the best monument to their philanthropy. The idea certainly is quite attractive and if executed efficiently and in good faith its benefits would be inestimable.

It has been demonstrated beyond doubt that Governor Roosevelt is a bigger man than Chief of Police Devery.

The Next Battle.

WHILE IN the country generally people will be glad, now that election is over, to give politics a rest, there is one place where it has only just begun. In Greater New York an election for mayor is near at hand and that it will be a warm one is clearly indicated in the following significant paragraph conspicuously printed in yesterday's New York Sun:

"In this great city there begins today a campaign that must wage for twelve months to come with a consuming and destroying fire. Richard Croker has been saying on his banners that 'we must remain a free people.' We must. We must be free of Richard Croker! It is to be a campaign of the people for a new public life; for cleanliness, for decency and for honesty. New York must be redeemed. Life itself is not more necessary to us than the honor of our city, and today we enter upon the struggle for its redemption. Seth Low must be the next mayor of Greater New York!"

Those who remember the bitterness with which the Sun fought Low three years ago will marvel at the completeness of its reversal; but the fact is that in this matter the Sun only follows the better sentiment of the metropolis. The audacity of Tammany; the unrelieved frankness of its alliance with vice and its brutally contemptuous disregard of morals and of ordinary obligations of political decency are forcing another revolution, which Seth Low is peculiarly well fitted to lead. The changes in the Empire state's Republican politics since Theodore Roosevelt's entry into the executive chamber at Albany have been many but in none has the tendency toward the substitution of high principle for mere personal preferences been more marked than in the Platt organization's acceptance of Seth Low as the appropriate standard-bearer in a new battle for civic redemption.

Election in Scranton was also as quiet as in a country village.

A Cure for Lobby Evils.

THE ONCOMING of the time when at many state capitals lobbyists even more than legislators will control legislation renews attention to methods of controlling the lobby and holding it down to its proper place. Expert counsel for special interests exposed to harm through careless or malicious statutory enactments are a necessary and in the main a beneficial feature of state capitals; the danger lies in the abuse of fair privileges.

Discussion of this subject by eminent men has revealed no better starting point toward halting crooked lobbyists than the law enacted ten years ago in Massachusetts and still in advantageous operation. Briefly, it requires the sergeant-at-arms to keep two dockets. In one must be entered the names of counsel employed to appear before committees, as well as of those who make a specialty of certain branches of legislation; in the other, the names of the agents employed for any general purpose in promoting or opposing legislation; and in both must be given the names and addresses of employers and employed, the date and term and character of the employment, and other important particulars. If a person combines the work of counsel with that of agent, he must advertise the fact by appearing in both dockets. Counsel and agents must file, in connection with the entry of their names in the dockets, credentials for their authority, signed with the full names and business addresses of their employers. Punishment for wrongdoing by any counsel or agent involves disbarment for at least three years, together with a fine of from $100 to $1,000; and any employer who fails to meet any of the provisions of the law, including a sworn statement of the expenses incurred by him in promoting or opposing legislation, is subject to a similar fine.

This law, of course, is open to evasion but by affording an open sign of legal approval to agents of legitimate interests disposed to employ straightforward means it has done much to elbow the crooks and boodlers out of the way. Competent testimony holds that it has improved the tone of Bay state legislation and cleansed the atmosphere surrounding the capital. It ought to be tried elsewhere.

Traveling men who have been shouting themselves hoarse in the interest of Mr. Bryan will please note that the party whose representatives in congress voted to a man against the effort to regulate trusts has been rendered harmless for another four years.

Some of the Filipinos who have bet on American elections will be given a surprise when the cable begins to work.

The fellows who claimed everything are now glad their claims were filed before the voting began.

EUGENE FIELD.

With the gentlest tears, no less than jubilee
Of blithest joy, we heard him, and still hear
Him sing on, with full voice, pure and clear,
Uplifting, as some classic melody
In sweetest legends of old minstrelsy;
Or swarming cliualike upon the ear,
His airy notes make all the atmosphere
One blur of bird and bee and lullaby.
His tribute:—Luster in the faded bloom
Of cheeks of old, old mothers, and the fall
Of gracious dews in eyes long dry and dim;
And hope in lover's pathways midst perfume
Of woodland haunts, and—meed exceeding all—
The love of little children laurels him.

James Whitcomb Riley.

TOLD OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Three Stories of Lord Russell.

From the London News.

One day, a legal correspondent writes, before the late Lord Chief Justice took sick, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches, whispered, "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

On one occasion Lord Russell went to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He began his speech of set purpose with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided, Sir Charles Russell (as he then was) said: "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "and I sometimes drink Scotch." With this his hold on the audience was secured.

Although unrivalled in the art of cross-examination, on one occasion he was distinctly beaten by a witness. "What is your age?" he asked. "Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness. "Yes, sir. Now, speak up and be exact." "And be exact! Well, of all the ——" "The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age." "Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week." "Don't trifle with the court, and remember you are on oath." "It's quite true. I was born on Feb. 29, in leap year, and my birthday only comes one in four years."

High Class Music Under Difficulties.

From Musical Enterprise.

Henri Wieniawski, the famous violinist, whom some older readers may remember having heard in this country, while making a concert tour in Russia with his brother Josef, a noted piano player, had some peculiar experiences.

The two brothers were to play in a large town in the interior and wished to see the hall in which the concert would take place. They were conducted through mud and snow to a large plank hut, which had been used for a circus, and on entering found nothing but bare walls.

"And is that where we are to play?" asked the brothers. "There are neither benches nor seats."

"Oh, that makes no difference," replied the marshal. "With us every one brings his own seat."

"Yes," answered the musicians, "but what about lights? There is not a lamp in the room."

"That's nothing, either," replied their companion. "With us every one brings his own lantern."

Having learned the simple manners of the country the musicians asked how the concert was to be advertised.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the marshal. "It's true we have no printing press, but I will have a servant write the announcement in large letters on the door, and it will spread through the town fast enough."

A man soon appeared with a pound of chalk and began writing on the plank door. The brothers were somewhat dejected, but the marshal assured them that everything would be satisfactory.

Toward evening all the inhabitants were seen flocking to the place of performance, each carrying in one hand a seat and in the other a lantern. The house was crowded to overflowing. The mother of the performers was present, and, seeing the rain and snow dropping through the roof on Henri while he played, she was greatly disturbed.

"My poor son! He will take his death of cold!" she murmured half aloud.

"Is that your son, little mother?" asked a kindly old man sitting near her, and, rising, he shouted to the young violinist: "Put your fur coat on!" Then turning to the audience he said: "His mother, who is sitting near me, fears he will take cold."

Other voices at once repeated the command: "Put on your fur coat! Put on your fur coat!"

Henri paused and thanked them for their permission, but added that he could not play in a fur coat. "That makes no difference!" cried the whole audience. "Put it on! Put it on!"

He did as he was bidden, and played as best he could, so incumbered.

La Farge and His Coupe.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

John La Farge, the artist, who lives at Newport, has all the eccentricity that is said by the wise to be a part of genius. The late Bishop Brooks, of Boston, was very fond of La Farge and they were excellent friends, but he hit off the latter's eccentricity in a single sentence.

Bishop Brooks and a friend were coming out of a church where the artist was decorating a great window. The friend walked toward a handsome coupe that was standing in the rain, and said: "I suppose this is your carriage, Bishop?"

"Dear me, no," said the bishop, "I always walk. That's a livery carriage waiting for La Farge."

"But La Farge," said the friend, "has been working in the church all day, and will continue to work until night."

"I know," said the bishop, his whimsical smile drawing the corner of his mouth; "but La Farge can never work very well unless he knows he's keeping a carriage waiting for him somewhere."

Governor Thayer's Joke on Bryan.

From the Cleveland Press.

Ex-Governor Thayer of Nebraska participated in what W. J. Bryan thinks is the best joke on himself in his career.

Bryan took an active part in the campaign in which Governor Thayer was elected, as a Republican, by about 30,000 plurality. He made fifty speeches against Thayer. Consequently, after the election, Bryan was not certain just how Governor Thayer felt toward him.

At a St. Patrick's Day celebration in Lincoln Governor Thayer was put down for an oration. Governor Thayer did not have a printed programme, and depended upon the secretary of a civic organization to tell him the parts as they came.

The programme was varied, there being speeches, recitations and songs. When Bryan's number was reached the secretary leaned over and whispered in Governor Thayer's ear "W. J. Bryan."

Governor Thayer arose and Bryan advanced toward him. The former seemed most cordial, and it pleased Bryan to think that the Governor was not harboring any malice because of those campaign speeches made against him. Governor Thayer shook Bryan's hand warmely, as he asked, softly: "Do you sing or speak?"

Outline Studies of Human Nature

His Anxiety Relieved?

REV. THADDEUS A. SNIVELY, rector of St. Chrysostoms' Episcopal church, is dignified as a minister, but as a man he is recognized as a good fellow, and this trait has brought many young Northsiders into his church on Dearborn avenue. Perhaps it was his good fellowship which made the folowing story, which he tells himself, possible, relates the Chicago Times-Herald.

Some time ago Mr. Snively took a trip on one of the big steamers through the lakes. Naturally interested in everything that was taking place on board the vessel, he sought the acquaintance of the crew. His advances, however, did not meet with a cordial response, and one day he spoke to the captain about it.

"Is it true," he asked, "that a clergyman is unpopular on board a ship because he is supposed to bring storms?"

"Yes," replied the master of the steamer, "a sky pilot always brings bad luck."

"That's strange," continued Mr. Snively. "I've traveled a good deal on the water and have never been through a severe storm, though I have often wanted to see on. How do you account for that?"

The captain looked the clergyman in the face for a moment, slapped his thighs heartily, and then laughed.

"By Jove," he cried out, "that explains it. I never thought you were much of a minister, anyhow, and now I'm sure you are not."

Why They Spared Him.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL POTTER, of General Merritt's staff, took a brave part in the capture of Manila, relates the Saturday Evening Post. From the place of landing near the bay to the inner city the soldiers were obliged to march through, the Spanish and native lines, and although hostilities had not yet broken out between the natives and the Americans, battle was expected every moment. But Potter marched through the lines about 100 yards ahead of the general and his men and entered the city alone to deliver his message. Every one expected him to be assassinated, but when his comrades reached the headquarters arranged for them they found him safe and very much amused.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"I met some native officers," he said, "whom I expected to challenge me or shoot me, and I met some Spaniards and half-breeds, and they all asked me the same questions. What do you think they were?"

"What?"

"How tall I was, and I told them '6ix feet seven odd inches,' although I think I am a bit taller. Then they asked if all my people were as tall, and I said 'Yes,' and then they asked, 'Why are you so tall?' I replied: 'Because we can't grow any taller.'"

How He Knew His "White Folks."

ONE of the old-time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune.

After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless, and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house:

"Ef you please, suh," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a po' cullud man work ter do, or somepin' ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister,—very sorry, but have nothing for you."

Everyone who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him.

Finally, he rang the bell at a brown-stone front.

A gentleman appeared and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin.' Can't you gimme some vittles?"

"You darned, black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back-yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something—you black——."

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em.—I foun' 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Desire Was Mutual.

THE ONLY marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, according to Mrs. Herbert, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic relates the Saturday Evening Post. It was brought about by seasickness. The composer was sick, and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity.

At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said:

"Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I will throw myself overboard."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you; I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."

Riley's Story of the Twins.

OLIVER HERFORD repeats with great delight a story James Whitcomb Riley tells about twins, relates the Washington Post. These particular twins live near Mr. Riley out in Indianapolis. Once not very long ago one of them was naughty, and to punish her the mother made her stay indoors all day. To add a keener edge to her disgrace, favors were showered on her sister. Sister was dressed up in her very best. Sister was given a new parasol, and went prancing proudly up and down the front walk in the greatest glee. Presently one of the neighbors came by, and paused at the gate to speak to the child.

"You're one of the Brown twins, aren't you?" asked the neighbor.

"Yes'm," answered the little girl.

"Which twin are you?" the neighbor inquired.

The child gave her skirts a proud toss.

"Oh," said she, complacently, "I'm the good little twin that's out walking."

Would Enjoy the Opportunity.

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Mississippi, has deservedly acquired and brilliantly sustained the reputation of being the wit of the House, says the St. Louis Republic. While on especially good terms with himself some nights ago he told this little tale in a very sad tone of voice:

"When you speak about your dead members," he said, "it reminds me of a speech I made once against the extravagance of congressional funerals. That speech went down to Mississippi and when I got back there an old friend of mine came up to me and said: 'John, old fellow, we read what you had to say about them congressional funerals, and your constituents indorse every word of it. By gad, you just tell them up there in Washington that if you die you don't ask them to bury you; you've got lots of friends down here who'll take pleasure in doing it.'"

Turned the Tables.

WHEN Otis Skinner, the actor, played an engagement in this city recently, says the Nashville Banner, his matinee performance of "The Liars" was graced by the patronage of a bevy of the season's most attractive debutantes, who enjoyed the stage business immensely, and pronounced Mr. Skinner too lovely for anything. After the curtain went down the manager escorted the debutantes back on the stage, where they met and conversed with the actor.

"We enjoyed everything very much," said one fair lady, "but, do you know, Mr. Skinner, we could scarcely hear a word you said?"

"Now, that's certainly strange," responded the actor. "I could hear everything you ladies said."

One on the House.

AN EAST END clergyman tells a moving tale of innocence, says the London Globe. A frail little girl came into a public house with a jug to fetch her parents half a pint. When the jug was filled she nervously put down two halfpennies on the counter and made for the door. The barman, though he hardly liked to frighten the poor little thing, called after her in a gentle voice:

"You're a halfpenny short."

"No, you're a halfpenny short," she answered and disappeared.

Had a Kindred Feeling.

IN CONNECTION with the late General Wauchope's devotion to his profession—he had been wounded four times, thrice severely, before going to South Africa—a story is told by the Westminster Gazette. Shortly before he started for the Soudan last year he was met on a country road near Niddrie an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant: "Eh, laird, I hear ye're gaun aff tae wars ance mair. Whan will ye e'er get yer fill o' fetchin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on: "I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no fechtin', it's whisky." The laird took the hint.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer.

Astrolabe cast: 1.01 a. m., for Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1900.

A child born on this day will notice that a traitor always hates himself on the morning after election.

The sincerity of the wag of the dog's tail can seldom be questioned except at feeding time.

The man who accuses himself generally desires you to frame an excuse for his bad conduct.

That paramount issue has a very tired feeling.

The G. O. P. elephant is able to take his baled hay today.

And the weather also fulfilled its promises.

Ajacchus' Advice.

Do not judge everything by the opinion of the professional critic. His liver in usually out of order.

RIFTS FROM THE CLOUDS.

A Miss and Kiss.

Though a kiss be a-miss
She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss
May miss being a Mrs.
And he who a-miss
Thinks both misses and kisses
Will miss Miss and kiss
And the kisses of Mrs.

—Puck.

Her Startling Remark.

"I wish I were yon star." "So do I," she returned promptly, heroically swallowing a yawn. "And why, dear one?" he asked impulsively. "Why do you wish I were yon brilliant orb?" "Because," she replied, in cold, matter-of-fact tones, "because yon brilliant orb is just 11,760,971 miles away."

And he faded silently out like a mist before a summer sun.—London Answers.

Katie and the Telephone.

"Anyone call or ask for me by telephone while I was out, Katie?" asked the mistress.

"Indade they did, mum. The box jingled and a lady wid a voice like a coffee mill says 'Hello!' and I says: 'Hello yourself,' and she says, 'Who is this?' and I says, 'None of yer business.' And she says, 'Is Aunt Mary there?' And I told her she'd better ask a policeman, and she foired sumthin' in my ear, and I dared her to show the ugly mug of her back of our barn and she said nutin.' I'll talk in that machine no more, mum."—Detroit Free Press.

Current History.

Johnny's current history: The teacher asked the scholars to write a sentence in which the word "chaste" was used. Johnny Wise, who keeps posted on current events, wrote: "Aguinaldo is the most chaste man there is."—Baltimore American.

From Babyhood to Boyhood.

I saw a sweet young mother stand
Where snow had drifted o'er the land.
A babe was lying on her breast.
Its fragile form
Against herself she fondly pressed
To keep it warm.

In later years I passed once more
And saw her at the cottage door;
A boy was lying on her knee,
Her look was grim,
And, suffering Joshua! how she
Was warming him!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Defined.

One day before the late Lord Russell was elevated to the bench, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered: "Russell, what is the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

A Question.

W. S. Gilbert, meeting the editor of Punch one day, remarked as he was leaving him: "By the by, Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnard, "thousands." "Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert, as he put out his hand to say good-bye.

He Had Been Caught.

Willie (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a "man-trap?"

Pa—Well, my son, th emost effective man-trap I know of is an old-fashioned rocking chair in a dark room.—Philadelphia Press.

Who Could It Have Been?

Angry Politician—See here! I've a good notion to have you arrested for libel. What do you mean by picturing me as you have?

Cartonist—But the picture looks like you.

Angry Politician—I know it does! I know it does! But do I look like a man who likes to look like himself?—Baltimore American.

One Way of Looking at It.

"It is said that the Czar of Russia dislikes more than anything to speak in public."

"That a nice tribute to his wife."

"How so?"

"He probably gets a chance to say all he wants to at home."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Deserved Tribute.

"You have a wonderfully quick eye for the detection of weakness in an opponent's logic."

"A quick I," answered the campaign orator who was thinking of other things. "Oh yes. I guess I can crowd more first person singulars into one sentence than any other man in the business."—Washington Star.

The Grocer's Way.

Cotager—I ordered two dozen eggs yesterday, Mr. Crackers, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty.

Mr. Crackers—Wa-al, you see, for of 'em was bad, and I knowed you wouldn't keer for 'em.—Exchange.

LIVING AND DYING NATIONS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Lord Salisbury made a very acute remark when he was discussing the European situation during the Spanish-American War, in saying that the Powers had to recognize that certain nations were "living" and others "dying" nations. As he indicated his belief that the United States was very much alive and Spain moribund he angered the Iberians to an unusual degree.

The latest population figures bear this out in a very telling way. In 1800 the great Powers of the Western world were grouped as follows:

	1800.
Russia	58,140,000
France	27,720,000
Germany	22,330,000
Austria	21,230,000
United Kingdom	15,570,000
Italy	13,580,000
Spain	10,440,000
United States	5,310,000

Ignoring the smaller nations and taking what are the four great Powers of Europe, Russia, Germany, France and the United Kingdom, in 1800 the United States was a very poor fifth, while today it ranks second, the present populations running as follows:

	1900.
Russia	130,856,625
United States	76,295,220
Germany	53,000,000
Austria-Hungary	52,660,906
Great Britain	40,559,954
France	38,517,975
Italy	31,000,000
Spain	18,250,000

Though these statistics represent Great Britain as below Austria-Hungary, its place is really fourth, since its citizens who are living in the colonies run up the Anglo-Saxon total nearly 14,000,000 more, so that the four great Powers, not only of Europe but of the world, are, in order of their numbers, Russia, United States, Germany and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. As this Anglo-Saxon and Celtic Kingdom with the United States only totaled up a little over 20,000,000 in 1800, while they now together, according to Sir Robert Giffen, number 130,000,000, equaling Russia's hordes and representing in wealth, education and civilization an incomparably higher level, it is easy to see how the so-called Anglo-American alliance of blood and race, if not of politics, leads the world in the way of resources as world powers.

NUBS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Abyssinia has a telephone line 300 miles long connecting the capital and the important city. It was constructed by a Franco-Russian company.

Queen Victoria never reads any documents or letters, except from her immediate family, until they have first been looked over by her secretary, who has charge of the royal correspondence.

Maize is the principal crop grown in Queensland, and also forms one of the most important products of New South Wales, but the climate of the other southern colonies is not suited to its growth.

Government house, Cape Town, the official residence of Sir Alfred Milner, is a very unpretentious looking old structure, strongly contrasting with the parliament house and several other fine public buildings in the capital of Cape Colony.

The regalia worn by Washington as a Mason is owned in Goodland, Kan. It consists of an apron and baldric and is the property of J. T. Smith. He inherited it from an ancestor, to whom it was given by John Robin MacDonald.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000 has 213 centenarians.

Minnesota is the greatest of all the wheat states. Last year her wheat fields covered nearly 5,000,000 acres, and she grew upward of 78,000,000 bushels—more than twice the entire production of the continent of Australia, and more than that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The latest available statistics of the operation of the postal savings system in France was 1895, when 2,500,000 accounts were handled, and 3 per cent. was paid on $143,000,000, beside leaving a profit of $170,000. The management cost 0.45 per cent. of the mean amount of deposit.

Paris has the largest library in the world. It contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 100,000 manuscripts. The British Museum contains about 1,500,000 volumes, and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg about the same number. These are the largest libraries in the world.

A proposal to hold an international exhibition in Sydney, New South W., in 1901 was made recently by the premier, in order to give members of the lower chamber an opportunity of discussing the matter. After a good deal of discussion the motion to hold such an exhibition in that year was defeated by a vote of 41 to 11.

ALWAYS BUSY.

Man wants but little here below,
And soon he'll want no more.
But while he's here he wants the best;
That's why he likes our store.

Shoes for all the walks of life.
Shoes for all seasons of the year for every member of the family.
Ladies, in our Glove-fitting Melba $3 Shoes wish to live forever, they are so delightful.

Lewis & Reilly

Established 1888.

Shoes for all the walks of life.

Mercereau & Connell

Now open for business at our new store, 132 Wyoming avenue.

We are proud of our store now, and feel justified in doing a little talking, but we prefer to have our friends do the talking for us,

A cordial invitation is extended to all to call and see us.

MERCEREAU & CONNELL

Jewelers and Silversmiths.

FINLEY'S

Laces, Lace Jackets, and Trimmings

Laces today occupy a more important part in Dress Trimmings than ever before—needless to say that our stock was never so complete as now—comprising the very newest and choicest things in Laces by the yard as well as all-overs.

Jackets, Boleros, Collars, Fichus Ties, etc., in real hand made Irish, Russian, Arabian Cluny, Point Venice and Duchess Lace—in fact all the latest and most fashionable things that are now aud will be in demand for the season's use.

A few Extra Choice Marie-Antoinette's in Applique Renaissance; entirely new and exclusive.

Beautiful assortment of lace gauntlets and gauntlet materials.

Elegant line of all-overs, in Gold Effects and Gold Cloth.

510-512

LACKAWANNA AVENUE

"Don't Swear"

If you haven't the proper office supplies. Come in and give us a trial. We have the largest and most complete line of office supplies in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

If it's a good thing, we have it. We make a specialty of visiting cards and monogram stationery.

Reynolds Bros

Stationers and Engravers,
Hotel Jermyn Building.

GRACE. I think there must be something in those Ripans Tabules we see advertised so much. They must be good for something.

MARY. What makes you think so?

GRACE. You know they have a black, yellow and red poster on all the stations of the Brooklyn Elevated R. R. representing a white-haired old gentleman who in the first place is tying on a red necktie—that represents morning: In the next place he is eating a piece of mince pie at a lunch counter—that's noon: and, finally, he appears with a night-cap on—evidently bed-time. It is the most conspicuous poster on the stations, and last night two well-dressed gentlemen stood looking at one of them and I overheard what they said.

MARY. At what station was this?

GRACE. At Lexington and Sumner Avenues. One of them said that poster makes me laugh! The other one said why? Then the first one said the absurdity of a medicine making an old man such as that poster depicts look so happy at all times of the day and night. Then the other man, tapping him on the shoulder, said, why, bless your heart, I have taken Ripans Tabules for two years and I can verify the old man's silent testimony. Then he took a little vial out of his pocket and said to the other man, if you will use these according to directions, you will be more smiling than this old man when you come to be his age.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (12 tabulas) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (nine TABULES) will be sent for five cents.