

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.

THE PLAT RATE FOR ADVERTISING. The following table shows the price per inch each insertion, space to be used within one year:

Table with columns: DISPLAY, Run of (Singles), Position, Full Year. Rows include 100 inch, 100, 2000, 6000.

For cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and similar contributions, in the nature of advertising, the Tribune makes a charge of 3 cents a line.

SCRANTON, JULY 4, 1901.

We learn from the Wilkes-Barre Record that "the vilest frauds are possible under the Crawford county rules."

Naturally, "changes in rules do not mean changes in human nature. The solace of the defeated is always a howl of "fraud."

Toy Pistols and Lockjaw. REMEMBERING the many accidents each Fourth of July resulting from the murderous "toy" pistol and from the "dynamite" and elaborate of potshotted missiles of destruction recklessly sold for that day, physicians are in many cities giving notice in advance that no case of lockjaw following such accidents that has been treated with "strychnine" antitoxin has proved fatal.

We fully agree with various contemporary periodicals that it is better for parents and caretakers to prevent their boys from having toy pistols and dangerous explosives, on the Fourth of July or any other day, than to trust to antitoxin to save their lives afterwards. But as there are people who prefer "the pound of cure" to "the ounce of prevention" which is recommended by wisdom, it is well to pass along the information of where the pound of cure in such cases is to be sought.

It is characteristic of the "reformers" who failed to buy the organization of the recent legislature that they are now defaming it for alleged venality.

Keeping Cool. IT IS INDICATIVE of a better state of feeling than formerly prevailed that the Canadian customs official at Skagway, whose recent raising of the Canadian dog on soil of the United States caused something of a stir, has been admonished by his government not to repeat the action. He meant no offense. The flag he raised was a customs ensign and its purpose was to inform the people as to the location of the Canadian customs house.

Pending a delimitation of the disputed Alaskan boundary, both American and Canadian customs houses are operated in the region in question under friendly agreement. If this flag incident had happened a few years ago there would have been breathings and snortings most furious among the jingoes on both sides; but today, under the better temper generally prevalent among both the officials and the people of the two countries, it excites only passing notice and generates no bad blood whatever.

While the people of the United States are fully as determined now as ever to preserve all that belongs to them in the Northwest, they recognize that the best way to arrive at an understanding of the boundary issue is by maintaining their equisense and not by giving way to exhibitions of poor self-control. The government here and the government in Canada are in the hands of broad-minded men, thoroughly capable of negotiating to a peaceful conclusion whatever differences now exist or may arise.

This fact being well known, doubtless accounts for the public's reluctance to become fiercely excited over the episode of the Skagway flag.

On this day probably every orator and prominent citizen who appears in public can truthfully say that he received a warm welcome.

As to Handwriting Experts. LETTERS TO THE NEW YORK papers from lawyers and others show the strong feeling, aroused by the Kennedy and Molineux trials, that if the "opinions" of "handwriting experts" as to the identity of the writer of a disputed signature or letter, are to be accepted as conclusive evidence in courts of law, then the life of no person is safe for any one may be accused. That an "expert" comparing an admitted signature with a disputed one may possibly be able to tell whether or not the disputed one is genuine, is the utmost point the public does accept—or ought to.

A correspondent, signing himself "Lex," under date of June 27, reviewing the whole "expert" testimony in the two trials mentioned, closes his long letter to the New York Sun by saying: "It is to be hoped that the 'court of appeals' will by their decision in the Molineux case prevent in the future speculations of the character that were permitted in the Molineux and Kennedy cases and thereby insure citizens against unjust conviction. For," he continues, "the very so-called 'characteristic' in the Molineux case (the break between the i and the e in which, and the i and g in oblige) exists in my own handwriting and in the handwritings of various of my acquaintances resident in the city of New York, although Mr. Kinsley stated on the stand that it was a characteristic that could not be found once in a million different handwritings."

Before "clenching" what he had al-

ready shown of the utter untrustworthiness of "handwriting expert" testimony by that closing statement, "Lex" had adverted to "the widest speculation of all" made by these experts, and "admitted by a court in a capital case," to wit: That the person to be charged is the only one of hundreds of millions who can write the English language who has those characteristics.

We do not know whether Molineux is guilty as charged or not. We do know that convicting him, or any one else, of handwriting is a menace to the entire community any member of which may, under plausibility of circumstances, be charged with crime.

In the Philippines today the national holiday is marked by an event that will make it forever historic for the Filipinos. Governor Taft, the newly-appointed civil executive of the islands, will be formally inaugurated at the Malacan Palace in Manila, and General Chaffee will take command of the army in the islands—succeeding General MacArthur.

Don't Get Frightened at Shadows. WE DO NOT see the necessity for becoming excited because the officials of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company have been considering the advisability of locating car repair shops at Englehampton. It is possible to exaggerate the importance of what they have done and what they may do in this matter.

Scranton is a city whose future is not to be made or marred by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company. This fact should be understood frankly in order to correct misapprehensions. We do not believe it is the policy of the management of that company to try to injure Scranton. On the contrary every reason which has existed in the past for it to try to help in the upbuilding of this city and valley exists with increased force today and will grow in force each year. The railroad gets as well as gives business and cannot get without giving. An enlightened selfishness will, therefore, prompt it to continue to help forward this city's development and if this is questioned now, which we doubt, the subsidence of existing temporary frictions, which are incidental to business wherever transacted, will once more impress it upon the keen business intelligence of the railroad's management.

But leaving out of consideration whatever may be the present or the ultimate view concerning Scranton entertained by the gentlemen now administering the affairs of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company—and we think we are justified in saying that they are as anxious to see Scranton prosperous as are the citizens of Scranton—the point to be kept in mind by those who are somewhat inclined to get scared at passing rumors is that Scranton is too big and broad to be hurt seriously by incidental industrial changes. Her people have made of a straggling mining hamlet a metropolitan city second in enterprise, thrift and public spirit to none in the land and this spirit is not dead by a long shot. They have among them the money and the will to carry forward becomingly the intrepid work of their fathers and they will do it—with the aid of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company, we sincerely trust and believe; but without it if necessary.

We are again reminded that the thunder of the Fourth of July orator has been monopolized in advance at the high school and college commencement.

Agriculturally Independent. THE SECRETARY of agriculture predicts that within a year the United States, in connection with its new possessions, will be raising practically every agricultural product it uses. Then it will be virtually independent commercially of the remainder of the world, and while not desirous of a trade war nor willing to provoke any form of European retaliation will be in condition to resist one should one come—a circumstance not probable.

Heretofore the United States has relied chiefly upon foreign countries for its supply of sugar. By next fall more than forty beet sugar factories will be in successful operation in various parts of the country and within a few years, if Secretary Wilson is correct, we shall be supplying our own demand for sugar. The possibilities of cane sugar raising in Porto Rico and the Philippines, taken in supplement of the beet sugar production at home, are sufficient to bring independence on short notice.

Next to sugar, tea has been our chief food import. Says Secretary Wilson on this score: "We are now succeeding admirably in the production of tea in the United States. It is only a question of a short time when we will be able to raise all the tea demanded for use in this country. The two tons of tea grown at Summerville, S. C., last year so well satisfied the New York investors interested in the industry that they immediately formed a syndicate and bought 6,000 acres of land in the state, upon which tea will be grown. This department last year sent tea plants to every golf state in the Union, from the Carolinas to California, for experimental raising. We have just heard from South Carolina that imported machinery in use there is able to make green tea from the black product in one hour. We don't yet manufacture such machinery in this country, but we will get to that later. We are now importing plants from China, Ceylon and Japan, and we

purpose raising the highest grade of the product in this country."

Of rice we import 75 per cent. of the amount used, but plans are being developed for a large increase in the home supply. Coffee can be grown of good grade in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, and so can the plants from which rubber is made. We are sending out of the country \$30,000,000 a year for rubber. It is a possibility that most of this can be kept within American territory. The wheat from which macaroni is made is now grown in Italy, but the agricultural department expects to produce a grade of home wheat equal for the purpose. Our new possessions can supply all the spices required and experiments being made in the cross-breeding of cottons are expected soon to produce a high grade product that will obviate the present necessity of importing certain cotton supplies from Egypt.

To use Secretary Wilson's words, the situation may be summarized by saying that "there is no doubt that this country, within a few months, will be in a position to ignore every other nation on the globe in the matter of food products. We will produce within our own domain everything that goes upon our table and upon our backs. We will then be, commercially and industrially, almost independent of the other nations of the world. Hence any trade combination which may be effected against us will count for nothing. Whenever we get ready we can come pretty near starving any other nation. Therefore, an effective combination against us will be an impossibility."

No other nation is thus favored. We hope the word will not come with too great a shock to any one that the scientific men of the Smithsonian Institution and those of the Peabody museum at Harvard, to which Professor Whitney presented it, now doubt that the famous "Calaveras skull" really represents prehistoric man. This knowledge may be particularly sad to those who have enjoyed full often Bret Harte's touching poetical account of the rock upon the Stanislaus caused by just such geological doubts started in a meeting of "pioneers" scientists in those still unsettled California days. Even "evolutionary" science, which of its own early evolution was enmeshed in all its own conclusions, is, it seems, beginning to show occasional symptoms of evolving into modesty in its claims.

It seems that M. Hurivaux, the great French glass maker and inventor of "stone glass," has been making a pronouncement that his new material will, after a little time, supersede brick for building. Accordingly, the London Spectator has been amusing itself with detailed suggestions to "some of the millionaires now so common among us, for building a home of many colored glass, with translucent lig— everywhere within, altogether impervious to the eye gazing from without." Probably no one will be in haste to dwell in rainbow-tinted apartments all day and every day, but as the material is practically indestructible any such dweller could afford to "throw stones," and a new proverb will be needed.

With this season's torrid climate, with the mercury in the thermometer fairly bubbling in the effort to get to the top of the tube and blow it off for further excursions upward, it is a satisfying thing to read that there is no ice to melt in New York city this year, now will be. The poor, and the people in very moderate circumstances, are not to be deprived, by an evil omen, of so great a necessity of life as ice during this season's heated term. The New York papers say they never will be again, after the collapse of last year's heartless endeavor. It is to be hoped that prophecy will come true.

Notice is being widely given that Saratoga Springs, long the leading summer resort for all the country, but of late years considerably eclipsed by newer fashionable recreation places, is "coming to its own again," and is already beginning this year to hold sway as in the days when Nathaniel Parker Willis and George William Curtis made its name known as the queen of summer resorts to European as well as American readers.

From reading reports of the proceedings of the recent Prohibition convention at Harrisburg, one not acquainted with the situation would be apt to gain the impression that the United States government was an immense distillery.

A recently returned soldier declares that Pennsylvania is warmer than the Philippines. There's no disposition to dispute this war yarn.

Mr. Bryan shows a disposition to fight on just for the excitement that's in it.

The ice man continues to be the hero of the hour.

"DOWN BY THE BANKS OF THE POOL."

For The Tribune—

There is a pool where the pottogwa thrive, Where a gander himself is king And an old gray goose goes hatching frogs In the early days of spring. The peepers peep and the green frogs croak, And the tadpole parts with his tail With little concern as the days go by In this shady ancient vale.

Not far away sat a great bull-frog With a wonderful go-oo-oo eye. That looked across at the Mistress Goose When the gander went by. His heart beat hard and his pulse beat high, As he viewed her downy breast. And he only ceased his love-look when When she went down in the west.

It happened, so the pool folks say, One day on a moonbeam long. Still breathing forth his loving sighs There snickered this ally frog— Flirting at times with Mistress Goose, That sniggered on the other shore, When Mister Gander cut it short, And the bull-frog was no more.

When Mr. Frog of the fine green coat Had passed to the pool to be And Mr. Gander had sought his home, The goose, "Ah, where was she?" "Tis said she flew to a temple grand, Where the hatching peep united. For she learned to love the great bull-frog That make those 'go-oo-oo' eyes." —C. H. Soper. Scranton, July 3.

American Art at the Pan-American

IT IS SURPRISING what a number of very intelligent and cultured Americans know little about the artists of their own country. They may be pretty well "up" in Italian art, can tell a Raphael Madonna from one of Murillo's, are familiar with the Sistine fresco, and know the sphinx apart, and can give a rib description of masterpieces in the Louvre and in the Dresden gallery, yet are very uncertain regarding most of the noted names among American artists. They know when a Botticelli is bought by some of our collectors and can single out a Jean Francois Millet or a Landseer, but they can scarcely name five great landscape artists who are known as Americans. They are the ones who consider the Art Gallery in the Pan-American exposition to be a very trivial thing and are always quoting the Salon or the World's Fair.

The exhibits of American artists do not make up such a collection as were shown at Chicago. That is not to be expected. Visitors who are familiar with art in a great sense will miss some of the gems in that wonderful loan exhibition, the Corota, the Jules Bretons, the works of Diaz and others whose names are never forgotten, but they will be able to gain more real knowledge of painting from the smaller Pan-American collection than from those miles of galleries where the visitor was weary unto death with sight-seeing and by the time he reached the Art building viewed it with about as much intelligence and discrimination as the brides and grooms look upon objects of interest in the exposition of 1901.

Oh, those brides and grooms—how they do throng the Pan-American, and why on earth they are there only to be a witness to the ceremony. Surely they would be happier in a lodge in some vast wilderness, or like Omar, with "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou," than in the midst of this ceaseless, tired and unsympathetic multitude. They go about things, either holding hands and you know they've come from the interior of Canada somewhere or New York state—or else trying vaguely to seem as strangers, when the rice is still trickling visibly down their unhappy necks. They don't talk a solitary thing but each other and they bump against you tirelessly because of their self pre-occupation. They wear suspiciously and painfully new shoes and collars, and never get careless and look just any old way only so a comfortable, like people who have been married six months or more. They would have a beautiful time, and so would everybody else, if only they would take themselves off to some quiet spot, where they could look into each other's eyes uninterruptedly and not be wakened from their dream by having people almost pull the chairs out from under them at the American Inn, because of the stress of hunger, or necessitating the sending of a detachment of soldiery to chase them off the drill ground, where they've inadvertently wandered just as the sunset drifts to take place.

They moon in the Art Gallery in the same fashion and occupy seats in which people who are there for education would rest. These are a few of the things which brides and grooms (except those who come from Scranton) repeat in a listless, doing. I can't begin to tell you how they act at Niagara Falls. It's a wonder there aren't more drowning accidents at that resort.

What I started out to say was that vestibule Room A in the Art Gallery is worth a visit aside from the St. Gaudens' relief and medallions. It is there, on the eastern wall, that Plashfield's "Angel with the Flaming Sword" stands, with the wonderful light from the beautiful brow falling down upon the breast and the hands, folded above the mighty weapon which kept our first parents out of Eden. You will want to see this picture, for the drooping eyes, the sad, passionate mouth and the strange pose will fascinate you.

Room B is called the "Star Chamber" by some, for in it are some of the greatest pictures in the exhibition, indeed the very greatest, you will often hear it declared. Here is the group containing six of Sargent's, illustrating the charming subject to a marvellous degree. Here are the F. D. Millet—our own Frank, not the Jean Francois, of "The Angelus" and kindred fame. Here, too, is the celebrated picture by Edwin A. Abbey, the picture around which crowd more people than around any other. I have several words to say about it another day—and I am reminded of that other American picture which at the World's Fair and at Atlanta, held the multitudes fast before it, and alas, the mutability of human interest is felt when we realize that not one canvas by Thomas Hovenden, the Pennsylvania artist who painted "Breaking Home Ties," is to be seen at the Pan-American, although close in the homes all over the land engravings and prints of the picture, which made men and women weep at its pathos, may be found. Perhaps some day some other painter will take up the sacrifice of this brother who gave his life for a little child, and make of it a great picture.

OUTLINE STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE. Had the Dead Drop On Them.

Private Epps, of the Thirty-third Infantry Company B, is to have a medal of honor, and thereby hangs the tale of one of the most remarkable recent incidents in the Philippines, relates the Saturday Evening Post. It was in the great city of Manila, in the night of the 23d of the month, that the sergeant was led by Colonel "Jim" Parker. Out there this battle is on record as one of the hardest fought engagements of the war. The Tagalogs, who were fighting, sought shelter in houses and in all sorts of old places where a rifle could be fired at the detested Americans. It was Colonel Parker's business to clear them out, and the job was a hot one while it lasted.

The Thirty-third regiment is composed chiefly of Texans—rough and tough frontiersmen—every one of them a practiced marksman. What with their appetite for high and their shooting ability, they are probably the most formidable regiment in the army. Private Epps is merely a sample.

On the occasion of this big fight Private Epps suggested that a certain house which sheltered insurgents, so he went to investigate it. The dwelling was in the middle of an enclosure surrounded by a stone wall. He jumped upon the men, who were high and their shooting down, saw no fewer than seventeen Filipino crouching with rifles ready.

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"No," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "simply see that ye can have no fresh air in this house on the Sabbath."—Youth's Companion.

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