The Scranton Tribune

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

LIVY S. RICHARD, Editor.
O. F. BYXBEE, Business Manager.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second Class Mail Matter.

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 FLAT RATE FOR ADVERTISING.

The following table shows the price per inch each insertion, space to be used within one year:

DISPLAY.	Run of Paper	Sidings on Reading	Full Position
Less than 500 inches	.25	.275	.30
500 inches	.23	.23	.24
1000 "	.16	.175	.19
2000 "	.155	.17	.185
6000 "	.15	.165	.18

For cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and similar contributions in the nature of advertising The Tribune makes a charge of 5 cents a line.

Rates for Classified Advertising furnished on application.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, PA., AUGUST 24, 1901.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

State.

Supreme Court—WILLIAM P. POTTER.
Treasurer—FRANK G. HARRIS.

Election Nov. 5.

It does not come as a frightful surprise that the Philadelphia yellows don't like the Republican state platform's reference to Uncle John's page ad.

A Lesson from Pittston.

WE LEARN from a dispatch in the Scranton Times that an excited mob of strikers formerly employed in the Sterling silk mill at Pittston, marched upon that industry before daylight yesterday morning, armed with stones; and when the nonunion girls tried to go to their regular work in the mill they were compelled to run a gauntlet of missiles. Later the mob surrounded the mill and threatened to enter it by force and drag the "scabs" from the looms.

Incidents of this kind are numerous these days; we have had plenty of them in Scranton. They have become so common that a good many people appear to accept them as matter of course and some, who know better, have even fallen into the habit of applauding and abetting them through obsequious attentions which they pay to the labor agitators who foment them. Most of the persons who take part in these riots mean to be lawabiding; but owing to the undiscriminating deference of prominent people paid to everything claiming to be done in the interest of labor, and the timidity of public opinion in condemning lawlessness when committed under a union label, they have fallen into the delusion that laws don't count when there's a strike on.

Yet the highest law in the land says that the "scab" has just as good a right to work and to be protected while at that work as the striker has to strike; and the moral law goes farther—it gives to the worker a preference over the person who deliberately chooses idleness when there is work to be done. Neither human nor divine law makes any distinction between the member of a labor union and the nonunionist.

Whose, then, is the blame for these continually recurring breaches of the peace? Let it rest where it belongs—not upon the poor dupes of the professional labor agitators, who err and sin through ignorance and passion; but upon the well-to-do men and women of influence and reputed high character who take no steps to prevent organized labor from being tricked and fleeced; upon the editors who ride the waves of labor prejudice and play unconscionably to the galleries; upon the business men who swallow principle and conviction rather than face a threat or lose a sale; in short, upon the whole brood of dodgers and trimmers, whether of high degree or low.

The Pittston case is a sample of a kind of anarchy that must be sternly discountenanced in this country. The cause of honest labor cannot be permanently promoted by such means; those who applaud or acquiesce in them do to labor the worst possible injury. Those who essay to lead labor must learn to lead it within the law, else the law should put them where their power for mischief is gone.

Although the herb flavor of the city water may be healthy, most people will prefer theirs in root beer.

Beet Sugar Possibilities.

THE AGRICULTURAL department at Washington is not alone in its belief that the American demand for sugar may one day be supplied from sugar beets grown on the American mainland. The British consul at Chicago, a Mr. Wyndham, in a report to his government made available through the treasury bureau of statistics, sustains this theory, besides presenting much information that is new to most of us.

After noting that two-thirds of the world's 8,250,00-ton annual output of sugar is from beets rather than sugar cane, and that the United States consumes one-quarter of the whole sugar product, Mr. Wyndham proceeds to canvass the chances for a growth of the American beet sugar industry. In his district, which includes Illinois, Nebraska and Colorado, there are now ten beet sugar factories, and the conditions of soil and climate in those states he pronounces as good as are to be found anywhere. As an illustration of how these factories operate he selects the new $1,000,000 plant of the American Beet Sugar company at Rocky Ford, Col., and he writes:

"To supply it the farmers in the vicinity have contracted to grow 8,000 acres of beets a year for 18 per cent. of sugar. The factory, when running at its full capacity, will consume daily 1,000 tons of beets, which it will convert into about 100 tons of refined sugar of the highest purity. The beets reach maturity with a high percentage, and seldom go below 15 per cent.; 12 per cent is taken as the basis of buying beets at the factory.

"The beets are grown by the farmers under contract with the factory, and paid for according to the saccharine contents determined by chemical tests made of samples taken from the wagons at the time of delivery. In addition, the factory controls about 5,000 acres of land. Most of the land will be farmed by tenants, but only a portion of each farm is devoted to beets each year. Growers sell their beets based upon the sugar contents. The tests somewhat resemble the assaying of ore from the mines. Selling upon this basis encourages better farming and the raising of better beets. It is the only fair way, both to the raiser and the manufacturer.

"At Sugar City, a farm of 12,000 acres has been cultivated for raising sugar beets, and a sugar factory has been built with a capacity of 500 tons every 24 hours. On the farm 1,000 men and women have been employed during the summer, and this season's crop will be converted into sugar. The establishment of the sugar factory at this point built the town, which a few years ago consisted of a hut or two and thousands of prairie dogs. Next year fully 4,000 acres of beets will be in cultivation. The output will be increased as rapidly as possible, and every day the demand for workmen is increasing."

Some interesting politics may be expected when the beet sugar interests are confronted with the menace of free sugar importations from the cane-growing insular possessions of the United States.

There is undoubtedly much significance in President Shaffer's suggestion that the Amalgamated association should open its arms to negro labor. This is doubtless prompted by his desire to checkmate the use of Southern negroes as strike-breakers. But the inviting field presented in the South for professional white organizers to levy upon the earnings of colored laborers will certainly be occupied ere long; and then the South's troubles will multiply.

The Young Man Absalom.

MR. BRYAN'S stagey alarm, a short time ago, at the thought that "the young man Absalom," to use his figure of speech, might have no opportunities for advancement in a state of society largely dominated by money-making enterprise, was generally recognized at the time as a bit of acting not meant seriously. Yet if there be those who really feel the apprehension that he then affected to feel, they may read with profit a bit of biography reprinted from the Rochester Post-Express—something that had its start very close to Mr. Bryan's home:

"Charles G. Dawes, who recently resigned his position as comptroller of the national currency to try for a seat in the United States senate, has had a remarkable career—one notable even in this country. Only fourteen years ago he was a bookkeeper getting a salary of $25 a month. He had then just come to Lincoln, Neb., a poor young lawyer. Lawyers were numerous, and, clients proving hard to get, Dawes was glad—in 1887—of a job as bookkeeper in a paper mill, for a salary of only $25 a month. The job took so little of his time, however, that he still called himself a lawyer and secured as his first client an old negro, who collected paper in the street to sell at the mill. The negro did not pay Dawes, but, having various legal difficulties, always asked Dawes to defend him, so that the latter came finally to have a standing in the profession. About 1890 the tide of fortune turned. Dawes married, and his wife's father was well to do, and presented a $5,000 house to the couple. Then Dawes interested an Ohio capitalist in Lincoln property, and this investment turned out so well that he was soon managing a good deal of money. He had also, through the recommendation of a friend, been appointed local attorney for a prominent Chicago lumberman. After that progress was easy. He became well off and in 1896 turned to politics, entering into the national campaign with great spirit." His subsequent activities and achievements are well known.

Our Rochester contemporary calls Mr. Dawes' career a notable one, in which adjective it is quite accurate. Nevertheless it is by no means an uncommon career. Every community has numerous counterparts of Mr. Dawes: men who have risen from small beginnings and with no special dispensations of good luck to positions of large influence in their chosen fields of activity. The men of substance everywhere are self-made; exceptions, like J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, who had wealth to begin with, are exceedingly rare. In this lies American society's greatest safeguard, for it insures against a tyranny of accumulated wealth, passed along from generation to generation. We have wealthy families of two and three generations, but they are families whose quality has not deteriorated in its descent. The living representatives are men who would make their way from a beginning of poverty if they had to. Where the quality deteriorates the wealth that is transmitted speedily passes into the ownership of some shrewd outsider, who exemplifies the superiority of mind over matter.

Never was the outlook for young men brighter than today. Never was merit surer of a job and of a pay envelope growing fatter year by year. There isn't another thing that capital finds as scarce or needs as badly as good brains.

The average Southern citizen is willing that the negro should be uplifted if at the end of a rope.

Our eloquent friend, Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, talking before the American Bar association, created a hubbub by questioning the wisdom of the United State Supreme court's decision in the insular cases. There can be no doubt that when the court decided those cases it ignored a fine opportunity to agree with Mr. Littlefield.

Professor Parsons, of the Boston law school, favors giving all American cities the right to make their own charters within broad limitations. This accords with the home rule sentiment, but it would result in numerous charters fearfully and wonderfully made.

Mob Law for Agitators.

CITIZENS of Tampa, Fla., a place inhabited by many hundreds of easily excitable, Spanish-speaking cigarmakers, who have long been known as soft marks for all kinds of professional agitators, have adopted heroic measures against the leaders of the disastrous strike now in progress there. They have formed a vigilance committee, kidnapped the more incendiary of the walking delegates, and notified the others that they had better leave town.

This solution of the problem is high-handed, illegal and not to be sanctioned. Yet it illustrates a weakness in the existing legal machinery. Before the agitators invaded Tampa, the Spanish-speaking cigarmakers were earning steady wages and in the main were contented and prosperous. But the moment the agitators came they grew restless, went on strike and have since been a continual anxiety and menace to the substantial, property-owning residents. They are apparently incapable of the calm reasoning and ripe philosophy characteristic of the maturer American workingmen; they are more like wayward children who need the oversight of a benevolent yet firm-willed guardian. But the law, which knows no distinctions, guarantees to the traveling mischief-maker freedom of speech among them and out of this misused liberty great harm often results.

If, when they are thus misled, the ill consequences fell upon themselves alone, it might be tolerable to let them learn better through dint of oft-repeated experience. Unfortunately, when they suffer the whole city suffers and hundreds of reputable and worthy people in no way interested in their quarrels are put to danger and loss. That under these circumstances recourse should have been taken to an extra-legal remedy is not surprising; but none the less is it deplorable that the law itself provides no cure.

Notwithstanding the high prices of early varieties, the coming crop of potatoes promises to be of a magnitude that will frighten the speculator ambitions to corner the output.

In the matter between France and the Sultan of Turkey it seems rather difficult to determine who has been snubbed.

The French war dog is probably more noisy now than he will be when his collar and muzzle are removed.

News from Pittsburg indicates that those who predict peace continue to provoke war.

The styles in fall overcoats still fall to excite interest.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer.

Astrolabe cast: 1:00 a. m., for Saturday, Aug. 24, 1901.

A child born on this day will notice that it is easy to get an interview with a big man. It is usually the apprentices of greatness who put on airs.

Not one woman in a thousand marries the man she wants, but if she can secure the main some other woman wants she is generally contented.

There is room on the earth for everybody. It is the allotment of space that causes dissatisfaction.

The fad of the hour is face reading. Even the Scranton water has an automobile taste.

Persons who rely entirely upon luck generally receive a goodly share of the ill variety.

Some people prefer a literary career to a full stomach.

An outward frown often conceals an inward smile.

The actress handsomer than her lithographs has yet to be discovered.

Sights and Scenes in Historic Boston

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Boston, Aug. 10. A certain writer has said of the historical features of Boston, "its institutions date back to that period which is rich in the history of the earliest habitations of our country, and connected with the memories of the days of the Revolution, when the first efforts for republican government were made by men of Boston," and every sight-seeker will find this to be true. If one wishes to spend days and weeks in Boston carefully seeing the historic places and examining every detail of historic interest, he can go to and find it's time constantly occupied with the sight of new things of interest. We met the other day a gentleman from the Keystone state viewing the many historic relics. He said: "I do not find much to interest me in going about old buildings and seeing what people used, how they were dressed, etc., a hundred years ago and more. It is not in the past I am living, but in the present, and I am looking ahead into the future." This is very proper, we will admit, but the past always gives us profitable lessons for the present and for the future. The past is the foundation of the future. Today is the bud of the beautiful flower of tomorrow. We are indebted to the past for what we are and possess today. If there were not in Boston and elsewhere these historic places there would be no American republic, no starry flag, no "land of the free and home of the brave," stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. We must not forget the past, we must appreciate it, the noble men and valiant deeds of that time. We were asked the other day: "Do you think the present age produces as great men in military and executive ability as the past did?" Yes, we believe it does. Every age has its men adapted to meet its own peculiar demands. Just as great problems, and perhaps more of them, are presenting themselves now for solution as did in the past, and they are being gloriously solved. No one can travel in this land without being amazed at the wonderful achievements of man in all avenues of life. Our forefathers never dreamed of them; they would have laughed at the absurdity of accomplishing what man skilled in science and in art and in commerce are now achieving daily. This is a great nation we live in and a great people we are. Things thought incredible have been brought into reality, and what shall be seen in the future days by sight-seers may place us as equally antiquated.

When one enters Boston one of the first things that attracts his attention is a golden colored dome appearing upon a high prominence in the city, and which in the night time is beautifully illuminated by many incandescent lights. This is the dome of the state capitol building, and is located directly over the old portion of this mammoth structure. Upon our entering the main door of this building we met Henry Grant Weston, the genial and courteous state house guide. Mr. Weston has been a visitor in Scranton several times, and when he learned we were from that vicinity and eager to know the interesting facts of this building, he most kindly showed us about and related to us some highly interesting facts. The state house stands upon the summit of Beacon Hill, which derives its name from the fact that over one hundred years ago this hill, then some thirty-six feet higher than it is now, was used to display beacon lights to vessels coming into Boston harbor. At the rear of the state house building stands a granite shaft surmounted with a large bronze eagle, commemorating this former use of the grounds. The old portion of the state house is constructed of brick, while the new part, built eight years ago, is erected from Italian marble with magnificent architectural design at a cost of $5,000,000, and is one of the most imposing state buildings in the United States. The cornerstone of the old building was laid July 4, 1795, by Paul Revere, who was Grand Master of Masons at that time. The stone was drawn to the summit of the hill by sixteen white horses, attached to a dray, in honor of the sixteen states then constituting the Union, and the event was a gala day for Bostonians. The copper which shows so conspicuously upon the dome of the building, and which has been there ever since the completion of the old state house, was manufactured by Paul Revere, who was an engraver by trade. The architect of the capitol of Washington, Bulfinch, also drew the plans and specifications for this building. In cases located in the main hall of the first floor of the building are two very historical flags among other state flags used in wars in which Massachusetts regiments have participated. The first to be noted is the shattered flag of the Sixth regiment, which was carried by that regiment through Baltimore on that memorable day, April 19, 1861, when, while marching through the streets of that city, they were attacked by a mob in streets armed with stones and pistols, and when the first blood of the Civil war was shed. The historical flag of all to be seen is the flag of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, which was carried in the battle of Fredericksburg. Seven color bearers had their lives in attempting to keep this flag afloat. Upon the flag can be seen the blood stains of the fifth color bearer who, having his head severed from his body, left upon the flag, and the last color bearer died from having both arms shot from his body.

The new part of the capitol is trimmed and furnished throughout with white mahogany. The house of representatives is in the new building, and is a magnificent display of architectural skill. It can seat on the main floor 701 persons, and a gallery runs two-thirds of the way around. Underneath the gallery and directly opposite the speaker's stand is suspended the historic codfish carved from wood, and John Rex, who was a port owner at the vessel which transported the tea across the Atlantic into Boston harbor, was instrumental in having this fish carved, and was therefore in part responsible for originating the phrase, "Codfish aristocracy." The senate chamber is still in the old building and is situated directly under the dome. This is the historic room of the capitol, for here is where all the great dignitaries of the earth have been welcomed who have been the official guest of the state for the past century and more. Here King Edward VII was received when he visited Massachusetts as the Prince of Wales. Other objects of historic interest which might be seen here are the first firearm captured in the Revolution and war drums captured from British forces at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The state library, located in the capitol building, contains over one hundred thousand bound volumes. One of the most interesting books to be seen here is called the Bradford manuscript, which is open in a closed case. This was thought to be the log book of the Pilgrim voyagers, but it is not, for it contains a history of the Pilgrims in other lands before coming to America. During the Revolution this book was captured by an English soldier and was taken to England and was kept among the archives of the English church until four years ago, when England returned it to Massachusetts, where it rightly belonged.

We now wend our way to the old state house, at the head of State street, which is the oldest government building in the United States. In this building such men as Everett, Bradstreet, Governor Andros, Dudley, Endicott, Burnett and Shirley presided over the proceedings for the government of the colony and province by the consent of royalty, and here was made the first opposition to royal authority on the continent by such patriots as John Adams, Hancock, Cushing, Warren, Quincy and James Otis. Here, also, the constitution of Massachusetts was planned and the early legislation of the commonwealth established. The rooms of this building abound with cases of many curios of Revolutionary days and more recent times. Here may be seen the original printing press of Benjamin Franklin and type cases presented to the Boston Society by William W. Warren. The former is a crude structure, and upon its handle are the stains of many marks and printer's ink made, perchance, by the very hands of Franklin himself. Its appearance is more like that of a hand cider press than of a printing press. But this was the invention of a philosopher, the germ of the great free printing presses of today, which publish our great newspapers and periodicals for the thousands at least.

From here we journey past many spots where historic events occurred, such as the site of Stamp Act riot, where James Otis was brutally attacked by one of King George III's officers and severely wounded; where stood the British coffee house and headquarters of the Tory army, and again where the first church in Boston was built with thatched roof in fact. Upon all these spots are standing now modern buildings, where the hum of business and industry can be heard. Faneuil Hall is located in a busy section of the city, having the same architectural design as all the other old buildings. The lower part of this building is occupied by commission merchants. As we ascend the steps we recall to mind that we are entering within those walls which are known all over this world as "the birthplace of liberty." The main hall contains on the walls the portraits of prominent men of historic days. As we take a seat in one of the chairs in this hall, in our imagination we can hear the eloquence of the greatest American orators, such as Everett, Otis, Channing, Webster, Garrison and Phillips and men of more recent times who have made the hall famous because of their speeches from its rostrum on the questions of American liberty. We must pay a visit to the "Old South Meeting House," originally constructed as a church by the Third Congregational society, but it is not only one of the world famous edifices, but here the Boston Tea Party made their arrangements for throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor. This edifice is now used as a place of public meetings, and many articles of historic interest are now on exhibition. We will leave the remainder of interesting places visited for later description.

—B. R. F.

CARD FROM CHAS. W. DAWSON.

Editor of The Tribune:—

Sir: My attention has been called to an article in the Times, which contains a copy of a petition asking for the appointment of C. H. Gardner, esq., as Orphans' court judge, and as my name is attached to that petition, I feel that I should publicly correct a false impression which may be created by the publication of this petition at this time.

As every lawyer who signed this petition knows, it was circulated many months ago, at a time when Mr. Vosburg's name had not been mentioned in connection with the orphan's court judgeship at all, and consequently does not fairly represent the sentiment of the bar under the present changed conditions.

The printing of this petition at this time may lead some people to believe that it had been recently signed as a sort of protest against Mr. Vosburg's appointment, but the facts last stated by me show most conclusively that such is not the case.

Very truly yours,
Chas. W. Dawson.

Scranton, August 22.

TWO NEWS NUGGETS.

American cottonseed is responsible for a tremendous increase in the production of cotton in Russia, middle Asia, Bokhara and Khiva. The year 1900 shows an increase of 41 per cent. over 1899 in the Asiatic lands, and the increase in the Russian district is 28 per cent. Most of the former cornfields are now being planted with cotton.

Professor Dexter, of the University of Illinois, who has studied the effect of weather on morals, finds that the desire to fight rises with the thermometer, but stops at 85; wilts after that as the mercury rises. Assault cases are therefore commoner in summer than in winter. Drunkenness, however, lessens with summer and increases with the coming of cold. Suicides are at a maximum on bright days with a high barometer, and increase as the wind rises.

Outline Studies of Human Nature

Told of An Absent-Minded Professor

The absent-mindedness of Dr. Alfred Emerson, the archaeologist, formerly of the Johns Hopkins university, and who is now abroad making a collection of antiques for the museum of the university of California, is well known among his Baltimore friends.

The memorable occasion when booked for a public lecture at the Hopkins he let his audience wait in ghastly suspense while he, all unconscious of the engagement, was found busily employed unpacking a box of casts, will long be remembered. His carefully adjusting a fresh collar over one already on, his going to the station and forgetting to take his train are historic in university lore, but it remains for his friend and co-laborer, Joseph Thatcher Clark, of the British Museum, to tell the following story:

The pair were en route to make some important excavations, and had reached Southern Europe when Dr. Emerson appeared with an indignant face and a letter from America in his hand. He explained that the letter was from one of his several brothers, accusing him of having absent-mindedly carried off several shirts belonging to the brother when starting abroad.

"To prove how basely false and unjust his suspicions are," said the troubled doctor, "I will get all my shirts and spread them out before you, and see if you can find a single one bearing any initial other than my own."

The shirts, eleven in number, were produced, and consternation followed when the were found to be variously labelled Arthur Hale, G. Emerson, H. Emerson, I. Z., N. E. P. In fact, all except two, those bearing no label at all and presumably Dr. Emerson's bore initials other than his own.—Baltimore Sun.

Too Good.

"No sir," said the old gentleman, bringing his fist down hard on the desk in front of him. "I will never consent to my daughter's becoming the wife of a man who uses strong drink!"

"B-b-but," the trembling young man who stood twirling his hat and ever and anon stealing a glance at the door as if calculating the number of jumps he would have to make in reaching it hastily, "I never tasted liquor in my life."

Daniel Gettenhold looked up with suddenly awakening interest.

"Oh," he said, "never drank a drop, eh?"

"No, sir," Clarence Darlington replied. "I do not know the taste of the nasty stuff."

"Well, but I s'pose you smoke and chew tobacco. There's more habits I don't like specially chewin'. A man that chews tobacco is—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have never used tobacco in any form. I never have even smoked a cigarette."

"Hm!" her father answered, "but you swear like a trooper sometimes, I'll bet. Now, if there's anything I hate to have around the house it's a man that swears. Swearin' is a habit that no—"

"But I have never uttered an oath in all my life; I have never told a lie, nor said a word that I would be ashamed to have any lady hear. I—"

"Oh, confound it!" the old man explained, as he reached in his pocket, "here's a penny. Run out and buy yourself a stick of candy and don't bother me any more today. I'm busy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Out and Happy.

A. L. Fox, after struggling sixteen years to separate himself from a postoffice that paid him 16 cents a day, has at last succeeded. He was appointed a postmaster of Mier, Ind., in March, 1885. It was an honor thrust upon him.

"I have sent in 150 resignations," said he today. "Finally I stayed away from the postoffice for a month, and told my headsmen I would make good any loss. But only five letters, ten circulars and four postal cards came, and there was no trouble.

"A few weeks ago the inspector came. He found the office there, but the postmaster absent. At last he found me in a wet goods place across the way telling my sorrows to the clerk. He assumed an air of authority and suggested that I was out of my sphere, and that the contents of the office might be stolen. I informed him there was nothing to steal. He grew indignant at my flippancy, and demanded to know whether I appreciated the importance and dignity of my position. He said he would suspend me, but when I begged him to recommend my removal and stated that I had been trying for years to quit he begged me to forget his rash words and continue. He begged so hard I relented.

"Lately my son was deputized, and tried to run the office while I went back to the farm to support my family. On Tuesday he sent for me to come up and show him how to cash a $2 money order. I lost a dollar making the trip. I am out now and happy."—New York World.

Copper Button a Bond of Union.

There were four men in the rear seat of an open car bound downtown on Eighth avenue one morning last week. A poorly-dressed old man climbed aboard and tried to crowd into a place alongside another old man, whose finely woven Panama hat told of his wealth.

"Here, what are you trying to do?" growled the man with the expensive hat, glancing up from his paper. "There's no room here."

"I thought I could find room," said the poor man, in a tone of apology.

He turned toward the rich man, and in so doing showed him a copper button on the lapel of his coat. The rich man stared for a moment, then held out his hand.

"I say, comrade, we'll make room you," he said, as he crowded over. "I didn't know you were a Grand Army man."

The poor man, in turn, saw the copper badge in the other man's coat.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Gettysburg," answered the rich man. "And you?"

"I was at Missionary Ridge."

At 23rd street they got off the car, the old soldier who was poor and the one who was rich, and arm in arm they headed for the nearest drinking place to finish talking it over. The button of copper and the memories it called up had removed the differences which existed between their stations in life.—New York Tribune.

Loading Cannon with Corn.

Congressman "Joe" Cannon of Illinois is a man of strong likes and dislikes, and never does anything by halves. In the list of his likings, so far as culinary matters are concerned, his fondness for green corn takes first rank, and on this score he tells a good story at his own expense.

After a long sojourn in Washington he returned home and started out to look after his political fences in his district. At a small village hotel, where he stopped for dinner, a scanty plate of fine roasting ears was placed before him as a side dish. Immediately he abandoned the main bill-of-fare and applied himself exclusively to the green corn. When the plate was depleted he called for more roasting ears, and continued his feast until he had made his entire meal from the staple product of the Illinois prairies. The hotel-keeper noticed the array of cobs stacked upon the plate of the tall politician, whose identity was unknown to him, and said:

"Say, stranger, what in thunder do you want to board at a hotel for? The place for you to put up at is a livery stable. Don't you know green fodder is a dum sight cheaper in a barn than in a house?"

During the remainder of the campaign Congressman Cannon retailed this story to his constituents—and turned it to good account among the corn growers.—Philadelphia Post.

He Is a Hustler.

Tom Johnson had an opportunity to attend school until he was sixteen years of age, then family reverses compelled his giving up efforts to obtain an education to assistin in keeping the wolf from the door. He began work in a Louisville rolling mill office as an errand boy. His alertness soon attracted the attention of one of the officials of the Louisville Street Railway company, and he was given a clerical position at $7 a week. Two years later he was superintendent of the road.

He was married when about twenty years of age. "What have you with which to support a wife?" his prospective father-in-law asked. "These two hands," was the reply. It was characteristic, and it won him his wife.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

And So It Did.

"Henry is a brute," said Mrs. Justwed to her mother, to whom she had gone for sympathy. "Why, what has he done, my poor child?" "Why, he—he says that my new bonnet—the one that is trimmed with those lovely cherries and things—boo-hoo—he says—he says it looks like a boiled dinner."—Baltimore American.

CALLENDER REUNION.

The Annual Question.

What means this bustle wild?
These jolly loads of folks
That come with baskets piled,
Themselves brimful of jokes?
What can to gayest measure tune one?
A Callender reunion.

We borrow this heading from the somewhat striking invitations issued to the Callender family this year, and surely no one can think it inappropriate who has seen them arriving on an August morning from Clifford, Blakely, Waverly, Jackson, Scott, Jermyn, Scranton, Carbondale and intermediate points.

The Callender reunion differs from others in not being the assemblage of one family in the common use of the term, with no more distant relative than a first cousin included, but in reckoning from the ancestor, Samuel Callender, a Revolutionary soldier whose monument stands in Scott, five generations are counted, with branches innumerable and bewildering.

In every gathering there is the charm of new and piquant discovery in the line of desirable second and third cousins from all points of the compass. All exclusiveness is laid aside. As a poem read in a recent reunion discusses it:

Do second cousins count?
The question's quite absurd.
Yes; fourth and sixth and eighth,
And even twenty-third!
If she's a pretty girl and pleasant,
Why, claim it. No time like the present.

The reunion of Wednesday, Aug. 21 was no exception to the rule, and as a great variety of vehicles deposited some eighty-five basket-laden individuals on the breezy shores of Lake Chapman, hearty greetings were universal. Immediate preparations for the picnic dinner were made, and soon the long rustic tables provided by the hospital Philander Lee were groaning with goodies, while laughter and cheery conversation rose from either side. Soon after the youth of the crowd had taken possession of the boats and were disporting themselves upon the lake. Shortly, however, they were called in by the president of the association, Alderman John T. Howe, and, all being seated in the commodious pavilion, the programme began.

The first number was the singing of the Callender reunion hymn, written by a member of the family to the tune of "America." It is as follows, and might be equally appropriate for any other family gathering at this time of the year:

In lingering August days
Our grateful thanks we raise
To God above,
Who grants this kindred band,
Scattered throughout the land,
May grasp the friendly hand
Of those we love.

For truth and purity
That make and keep men free
In every age,
For courage, faith and love
Of those now now gone above,
We bless thee; may they prove
Our heritage.

Oh bless us, Lord, we pray,
As this glad summer day
We gather here!
Thou wert our fathers' guide,
Their Helper, true and tried,
Do Thou with us abide
From year to year.

This singing was followed by a fervent invocation by Rev. Newell Callender, of Clark's Green.

The president's address came next, a brief, witty and breezy introduction to an interesting programme. He spoke of the clean record of the family, characterizing his mode of entering it as a "glorious squeeze," and exhorted others to make the experiment. He announced as the next number "Vacant Chairs," or an obituary article by Miss O. M. Williams. It briefly reviewed the deaths since the first reunion in 1897, when ten grandchildren of the man who had been a contemporary and acquaintance of George Washington was present. So many of the good and true had been taken that the words of Longfellow quoted in closing were appropriate:

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

The assembly next joined in singing "Only Remembered by What We Have Done."

An address by Melvin W. Callender, secretary of the Railroad Young Men's Christian association of Pittsburg, was the event of the day, relating in a frank and humorous manner researches into family history he had made during the year. He told of a discouraging reception in Virginia, Samuel Callender's birthplace, where he was told in answer to inquiries that there were plenty of Callenders in the region yet, but they were "all niggers."

As this only proved that Callenders had owned slaves there, who took their name, he was not discouraged, but began a new line of investigation. He wrote to the war department at Washington, requesting the facts concerning Samuel Callender's enlistment and discharge from the army, also his rank. He received prompt replies, stating that he enlisted in 1776, served successively as private, corporal and sergeant, and, when discharged, was given in reward for his services a grant of two hundred acres of land in Virginia, which, however, he never claimed. Later on Mr. Callender met Hon. E. B. Callender, member of the Boston branch, descended from John Callender, who is mentioned in a certain antique history of the Revolution as brave in battle. From him he gleaned many interesting facts, and obtained a photograph of the Callender coat of arms, which he had printed on the back of this year's invitations, arousing great interest. Mr. Callender stated that his grandfather, George Callender, obtained it from the College of Heraldry in London.

Having told all this in a pleasing manner, the speaker stated that an expert in historical research in Washington had offered for the sum of $5 to trace Samuel Callender's ancestry back as far as possible and to put written proofs of all facts in the hands of his descendants. The society unanimously voted the appropriation of the sum mentioned from the treasury for that purpose. A duet, "Far Away," by the Misses Williams, of Peckville, was a sweet old-time song in harmony with the occasion.

An able paper on the subject of "Heraldry" was then read by Miss Carrie C. Kenyon, of Blakely, the recording secretary of the society. After a general discussion of emblems of the kind and their significance in early days, she explained clearly the meaning of the inscription and many curious details of the coat of arms.

Brief reminiscences of Samuel Callender by Rev. Newell Callender, of Clark's Green, and J. M. Callender, of Clifford, the only two remaining grandchildren, next claimed attention.

The meeting now changed to a business session and the reading of minutes and reports followed. The election of officers left matters unchanged, J. T. Howe still holding the office of president; S. J. Callender, vice-president; C. A. Kenyon, recording secretary; A. L. Callender, treasurer, and Miss O. M. Williams, corresponding secretary. The regular time of the reunion was fixed on the fourth Wednesday of August, with Lake Chapman as the meeting place. One thousand copies of the Callender reunion hymn were ordered printed, and, after a collection of over $30 was taken, the formal meeting was adjourned. Another pleasant hour of two was passed, then cordial "good-byes" were accompanied by hearty promises to meet on the same pleasant spot in 1902.

—O. M. W.

"Always Busy."

2 Always Busy Events

First—Our Fall styles of Celebrated Korrect Shoes at $4.00. They are displayed in our men's window. They are for the smart dresser who wants to be just a little ahead of the other fellow.

Second—The placing on sale of every man's Russet Shoe in our store, low and high cut, $3 and $4 grades. They are displayed in our men's window. You can get a pair of them; perhaps the best shoe you ever wore, for $2.

Lewis & Reilly,
Wholesale and Retail.
114-116 Wyoming Ave

Meldrum, Scott & Co.

To close our balance of stock we offer

Real Swiss Grenadines

46 inches wide in a good range of colors exclusive designs at

$1.00 per yard

reduced from $1.75.

Only one dress pattern to a style.

See our handsome new line of Waistings in Persian and other new designs, many of which we show exclusively, also a complete new line of materials for suits and separate skirts.

126 Wyoming Ave

THIRD NATIONAL BANK
OF SCRANTON.
Capital $200,000. Surplus $525,000

United States Depositary.

Special attention given to BUSINESS, PERSONAL and SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, whether large or small.

Open Saturday evenings from 8 to 9 o'clock.

WM. CONNELL, President.
HENRY BELIN, JR., Vice Pres.
WM. H. PECK, Cashier.

Refrigerators,
Oil Stoves,
Screen Doors,
Gas Stoves,
Window Screens,
Hammocks.

Gunster & Forsyth,
325-327 Penn Avenue.

A Second-Class City with a First-Class Stock of

Cut Glass, Sterling Silverware Clocks, Etc.

Suitable for Wedding Gifts.

Mercereau & Connell,
132 Wyoming Avenue.

Allis-Chalmers Co

Successors to Machine Business of Dickson Manufacturing Co., Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Stationary Engines, Boilers, Mining Machinery, Pumps.

ATLANTIC CITY HOTELS.

GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL AND ANNEX

Virginia Ave. and Beach, Atlantic City, N. J. Sixth year. 350 beautiful rooms ensuite, single and with bath; hot and cold sea-water baths in hotel and annex. Location select and central, within few yards of the Steel Pier. Orchestra. Offers special spring rates, $12 to $15 by week; $2.50 up by day. Special rates to families. Coaches meet all trains. Write for booklet.

CHARLES E. COPE.