

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.

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SCRANTON, JANUARY 21, 1902.

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

Contender—EVAN R. MORRIS. Election February 18.

If Quay is against Elkin, and Elkin is no show, why in the world are the "Antis" worrying so?

Parkhurst et Al.

BECAUSE in a fortnight the administration of Seth Low has not revolutionized four years' accumulation of disorganization in the New York police force and sealed up tightly every site of law-breaking in a community a large proportion of whose population are law-breakers by heredity, instinct or vocation, the Reverend Doctor Parkhurst of leap frog fame is gunning for Mayor Low's scalp and trying to weaken his influence and power.

In a letter which, for monumental gall, has had few parallels in political literature, he lays down the assumption that Mr. Low is a perjurer, who, after taking a solemn oath to enforce the laws, has proceeded to single out laws which he does not intend to enforce, directly accuses him of having made it "entirely indefinite as to what civic righteousness in New York city is and what it is not," and intimates that if Low doesn't look out Parkhurst will present charges before the governor calling for somebody's removal. All this from a man who was one of Low's loudest supporters.

This is not surprising, however, for it is what is always to be expected from men of Parkhurst's type everywhere. When Parkhurst first came into general view his courage made a strong bid for public admiration; but as time went on, and congenial predispositions impelled him to act after act of mischievous eccentricity apparently calculated more to advertise Parkhurst than to perform any useful purpose, the conclusion has been reluctantly accepted by many that he is a nuisance. That conclusion will be strengthened by his latest performance.

Philosophy teaches that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it is a soothing belief that each kind has some value in connection with the general scheme. The function of Parkhurst is apparently akin to that of red pepper in the vegetable world—not good for diet, but sometimes useful in causing people to sneeze. As a chronic irritant he doubtless counteracts some tendencies to inertia or sluggishness in the administration of public affairs, and for that we suppose we should be grateful.

But it is not to be wondered at that men of quality often shun responsible public office, fearing the stabs of professed friends even more than they dread the general deluge of billings-gate and hysterical criticism which is the conventional penalty of prominence. We are continually surprised that in the face of the small credit given by public opinion to public servants for honesty of intention and genuine dedication to duty there is so high an average of fidelity in public administration and so little calculated betrayal of public trusts.

As the situation stands in many of our cities there is today actually no incentive whatever proceeding from contemporary public appreciation for honesty in office. The honest official is abused and maligned even more bitterly in most cases than, and sustained quite as little by the men upon whose support he has the best right to call as, the deliberate crook or trickster, able to combine deft corruption with finesse in fooling the people. Those who dog the honest man in office and try their level best to becloud him with suspicion and ignorant nagging are almost always the very ones who are most easily taken in by clever scoundrels.

Such is life.

Admiral Schley's success as a deer hunter shows that it is not necessary for prominent Democrats to confine their efforts entirely to duck shooting.

Pierpont Morgan's Latest.

REMOR for some time has been busy with alleged details of a grand coup about to be executed by that marvelous man, John Pierpont Morgan, in conjunction with a number of wealthy colleagues sighing for new worlds to conquer. It is asserted with every show of confidence that Mr. Morgan has brought near to culmination a merging of the more important English steamship lines plying between American and European ports, the practical effect of which will be to put under American control a large share of the world's carrying trade.

Those mentioned as being interested with Mr. Morgan in this truly Napoleonic enterprise have steadily refused to be quoted or have entered diplomatically, denials; and of course Mr.

Morgan himself has kept his mouth shut. But signs are numerous that something big is "doing" in the steamship world. Representatives of the foremost Atlantic lines are on their way to this side, where a meeting is to be held; and it seems a fair inference that such a journey would not be taken for amusement merely.

The talk now is of an alliance of "community of interest" arrangement, but from remarks made by the New York agent of the White Star line it is evident that the ultimate object in view is the bringing of the main steamship lines in the world, with the possible exception of the German lines, into American control and eventually under American registry. The philosophy of the project is that inasmuch as the United States is rapidly becoming the workshop of the world as well as the center of the world's finances it is high time to arrange for American control of the means of transporting American goods to the markets of the world.

Let us hope the plan will succeed.

If the Daughters of the Confederacy keep up the good work of censure, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will soon become as interesting in the South as were Olga Netherole's forbidden performances of "Sappho" in the North some time ago.

Hunting an Issue.

THE DECISION of the Democrats of the house to advocate letting go the Philippines comes too late to be impressive. The time to have reached that decision, if it was their intent and objective, was when the treaty of peace with Spain, accepting and sealing American jurisdiction over the Philippines, was before the senate for ratification. If the Democrats had wanted the Philippines relinquished, then, of all times, was the proper time to put forward their doctrines and make it effective. They had the votes to do it. But for Mr. Bryan's personal canvass of senators, made with the declared purpose of putting the Republican administration in a hole, the peace treaty would not have been ratified, the Philippine problem would have assumed some other form and there would not today be a chance for the display at Washington of the Democracy's characteristic grumbling over things accomplished and irrevocable.

The proposition which the Democracy now puts before the county, the Philippine government shall inherit the Philippines whomever that as soon as they shall have set up a stable government, capable of taking over the obligations accepted by the United States in the treaty of Paris, and agreed to give us our pick of coaling stations, we will move out and let them proceed along the lines of Malay destiny as best they may, is not statesmanship; it is merely grotesque humor. Those who make it have heard from colleagues of their own party faith who have made personal investigation of Philippine conditions that there is no probability whatever of such fitness for independent statehood within the life-time of this generation, if at all. Democratic members who have but recently returned from Manila say this, and do not mince their words. What good, then, in passing a blank cartridge resolution or bill pretending to deal with a situation at least a generation off? Even if we wished, we could not in such a matter tie the hands of our grandchildren; and no Democrat of intelligence at Washington would really wish to do so. The present intent is merely to manufacture a little second-class campaign powder.

"The Democratic prayer continues to be: 'Give, O give us an issue. Anything for an issue!'"

Andrew Lang characterizes Rudyard Kipling's efforts as "Rubbish written against the games." Verily Mr. Kipling is in danger of being discovered.

Horse Sense in Education.

HAVER our schools become institutions for the preparation of invalids; our school boards corporations for the preparation of life failures; our teachers experts for bleaching cheeks, stunting growths, curving spines, hollowing chests and impairing eyes; and is the diploma at graduation increasingly often an initiation certificate for the cemetery? If these things are true, to realize them is certainly important; and even if they are only metaphorically true, or true to a degree, it will not be time wasted to give heed to them.

In a sermon delivered in a Jewish synagogue in Philadelphia the other day the assertions which we have put in the interrogative form were put by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf in the declarative form; and he said much else beside. "Nature," said he, "has destined boyhood and girlhood to be that period of life in which the foundation stones are to be laid to subsequent vigorous manhood and womanhood. It wants man to be healthy before it wants him to be smart. But it is only in her own workshop, in the free and open, where she can best attain this great and blessed end. Thither she draws the boy and girl by a thousand allurements and there she displays the educator's highest art, and trains while she entertains.

"A threefold mission has God assigned to man on earth: to feel, to do, to know, and with three means has God endowed him for a proper discharge of them—with heart, with hand, with head. Real education, therefore, comprises the training of the heart and hand and head, and in the order named. The head receives all your attention, the heart and hand little or none. You not only reverse the order, but to a large extent you also eliminate the other two. You begin with the head in early childhood, often before yet there is a brain, or before yet it ought to be made to carry weights, and with the head you end. And then you wonder why there is so little heart in the world, why so little service—and why so much sharp practice, clever tricking, trained scoundrelism, brainy heartlessness, hungry intelligence! And then you wonder why life with so many is either a farce or a melodrama or a tragedy, why your years of life are so short, why your days of happiness so few!"

The conclusion of the learned rabbi

was that we need to get more play into our school-work; more outdoor running about; more training of the hand and eye and lung and muscle, even though, as an offset, we may have to surrender a little cube root, algebra or antiluvian geography. He may have drawn his conclusions with a free hand, but there is a world of timely truth and plain horse sense in them.

The man who writes "reliable news" of Miss Stone has broken out again.

Outline Studies of Human Nature.

Advice from an Unexpected Source. "I had just come back to the store from my lunch one day," said a merchant, as burglar-proof safes were under discussion, "when a middle-aged man with a hard-boiled look entered my private office after me. The object of his call was to strike me dead, but I am surprised yet that I didn't at once turn him down. I guess it was because he had the look of a first-class mechanic out of a job, and his trade was making with me. To receive to his request I had to open my big safe, and as I handed him two quarters he thanked me and added: 'Excuse me, sir, but isn't that safe of yours too?' 'That's again, and good day.' 'How do you mean?' I asked. 'Why, it's a four-number combination, but you have it set only in two. I think I could open it in a couple of minutes.' 'If you can I'll give you \$5,' I said, feeling a little nettled at his disparagement. I sized and locked the door and stood back for him, and in less than forty seconds he had opened it up. 'I told you it was dead easy,' he said, without a smile. 'But how did you get on to the combination?' 'Oh, it's intuition, I guess. Better call in a man and have the lock set in four numbers. It could be opened then, but it might take an hour or two. There's again, and good day.' 'I didn't let the grass grow under my feet,' continued the merchant, "and from that day on I carried a heap less money in the safe. The man might have been a mechanic, but somehow I've always had the idea that he was a safe-cracker and that I made a good investment when I handed over that \$5.50. He might have got \$2000 that night as easy as rolling off a log."—Detroit Free Press.

Collector Pat Garrett.

Everybody out west knows him as "Pat" Garrett. When President Roosevelt nominated him to be collector of customs at El Paso, Tex., the name was written out in full—Patrick F. Garrett.

Garrett would be conspicuous anywhere, for he is six feet five inches high and as muscular and shrewd as a man can be, but he is especially famous because he killed "Billy, the Kid," in New Mexico, and along the Mexican border "Billy, the Kid" was a terror. He was known to have murdered eighteen men, but he had twenty-six notes on his revolver, and this, too, when he was only twenty-one. From the time when he killed his first man in a gambling den when he was about sixteen years old until he finally fell with a bullet in his forehead, he held human life in absolute contempt. Once he shot two men just to "see them jump." Garrett finally caught him where he entered a house for food. He had a big battle-knife in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other. The room was dark, except when the moon light filtered through the clouds, and the "Kid" saw two forms sitting on the bed. He recognized one as the owner of the place. The other he did not know. "Who is it?" he asked. The answer was a bullet from Garrett's revolver, and the desperado fell to the floor, dead.

Governor Lew Wallace was then governor of New Mexico, and was on the murderer's black list for having military to do with it.

A little while before "Billy, the Kid" was finally shot he was sentenced by a judge of the New Mexico court to "hang by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead." "And you can go to—," he said, and he replied the desperado, laughing in his dupery.

Billy was not hanged. He shot the two deputy sheriffs sent to escort him to jail, and was still murdering people when Pat Garrett ended his bloody career.—Washington Post.

Thought Well of in Brooklyn.

The Rev. C. C. C. of Brooklyn tells us today the sanctity of the vows for about Dr. Bethune, who had a successful pastorate reaching over many years in one of the Dutch Reformed churches of Brooklyn.

Let his life a flattering offer was made him to take a New York church. After mature reflection, Dr. Bethune decided to remain in Brooklyn, and declined the offer, to the great satisfaction of his own parishioners.

Some weeks later Dr. Bethune had occasion to cross the East river ferry. It was during the early morning rush hours. There was a great crowd on the boat, and he was obliged to stand up.

Presently one of the passengers got up and began to signal to the doctor by a remarkable set of gratuitous gestures which he was about to do. Dr. Bethune, who had a successful pastorate reaching over many years in one of the Dutch Reformed churches of Brooklyn, declined the offer, to the great satisfaction of his own parishioners.

"Give, O give us an issue. Anything for an issue!"

Good Form in Naval Arrests.

Rear Admiral Terry, commandant at the Washington navy yard, who arranged the room for the meetings of the Sibley court of inquiry, tells the story about the many times the many times illustrates the severity of naval regulations and the strictness of the late Rear Admiral Sibley.

Admiral Sibley was then a captain, and an officer who had been charged with the duty of being arrested under himself to be arrested. The regulations provide that on such an occasion the officer shall be in full dress and wear a sword. The officer wore his uniform, but had no sword.

"I can't arrest you," said Captain Sibley, looking for the missing sword, "unless you come prepared to submit your sword to me."

The officer explained that he had not received his sword from home, although it had been expressed to him.

"Well, you will have to get one," was the reply.

So the officer skimped about in the navy yard for some one who had a sword to lend. Finding one, the officer returned to Captain Sibley, and was promptly and regularly put under arrest, according to regulations.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Harum-Like Story.

"From the mountains of New Hampshire," says the Boston Transcript, "comes a Harum-like story of the advent of the first automobile, which made its appearance last summer, having climbed one of the steep slopes near Wonalago with disastrous results to the running gear. The accident happened near a hayfield, where a farmer was endeavoring to repair a broken mowing machine. Attracted by the appearance of the strange looking homestead, the farmer left his occupation and came out to inspect the remarkable object with open mouthed astonishment. After a few moments of silent scrutiny he said to the chauffeur, who was residing in the hay as well as he could, 'What'd y'et call that 'ere machine?' 'That is an automobile,' was the reply; 'what do you call yours?' pointing vaguely to the disabled apparatus by the field. 'Wal,' was the dry response, 'with a name for a shift of 'char.' 'It cut-a-me 'bay, but it don't!'"

A Flank Movement and a Rout.

SMALL-POX PREVENTED BY VACCINATION

Editor of The Tribune—

Small-pox in its day has been the worst scourge the world has ever known. Once, like a bird of evil omen, it hovered over cities and villages of all the lands, attacking at least one-fourth of all the earth's inhabitants; showing no respect for persons, ages or localities; killing millions, and leaving those who escaped death from its ravages blind or terribly disfigured, and sometimes crippled and even insane.

It pounced down like a hawk unannounced, causing the inhabitants to flee terror-stricken to places of imaginary safety, blotting out thousands of happy homes and leaving the dead in heaps of decay and desecration.

Its first entrance into Mexico resulted in the death of 3,500,000 people. Iceland yielded up one-fourth of its population, and simultaneously, almost the entire population of Greenland was extinguished by this loathsome disease. Thus it has spread over all lands from time to time, even crossing the seas in incredible time.

In former times the earth was powerless to combat it and those inhabitants who had escaped death from the disease were either marked and maimed from it, or living in dread of becoming victims. Such was for ages the hopeless condition of affairs. The writer has actively practiced medicine for thirty-four years and during that time beside passing through two epidemics, and beside treating from 400 to 500 cases in each instance, has treated a number of cases at different other times during that period. During the present winter, in this threatened district, he has frequently met with opposition among old patients to being vaccinated, because of the dread of lockjaw, as has been agitated by thoughtless journalists and some unscrupulous commercial institutions. United effort on the part of the doctors and the people is essential to the welfare of all mankind in counteracting this influence.

In the cases of lockjaw reported from Camden, N. J., and vicinity during the present winter, the actual number of afflicted persons is believed to be less than five or six, though by repetitions from sensational reports the public is given the impression that there were dozens of cases. But no evidence has been afforded by the profession, or the authorities, of lockjaw having been caused by vaccination exclusively.

Even so, more people are killed by meteors than by vaccination. Millions are vaccinated; how many are claimed to be afflicted with lockjaw? More people choke to death while eating beefsteak than die of vaccination, 20 to 1.

Medical statistics furnish the following interesting facts: In the German army of 75,000 to 80,000 men, where vaccination is rigidly and carefully enforced, only four died from small-pox in one year; while in the French army, where the rules are less rigid, 600 died from the disease in the same year. In these days the intelligence of the masses is too great to be seriously affected permanently to a resistance of vaccination.

The question arises, "What is vaccine and whence derived?" In Berkeley, England, in the year 1796, lived a then obscure country doctor whose name, now well known to the civilized world, was Edward Jenner. From the dairy people he learned that the milkmaids who, through a scratch or wound on the hands, contracted cow-pox (in reality small-pox in the cow) or in other words were vaccinated, were positively immune from the disease. The disease of cow-pox was not serious to either the maids or cattle, so Jenner concluded that the lesser disease was the lesser evil. Hence the discovery of vaccine.

Experiments prove that a blanket taken from the bed of a small-pox patient and put on a cow will cause the cow to contract cow-pox. Reversing the case, nothing more than vaccination can be contracted from the cow; then, not by contagion, but only by some of the serum being introduced in an abrasion or scratch of the person.

Because of the cleanliness of a cow's food of food, the resultant purity of her blood, and the life-sustaining nature of her milk, she is able to furnish a pure, safe vaccine and at the same time is able to withstand what to other animals would be a certain death. Hence she is universally used for the propagation of the milder small-pox contagion, or vaccine, which is the destroyer of humanity's terror, small-pox.

Mankind's greatest benefactor was Edward Jenner. He mastered small-pox. Commercial influences, covetous and thoughtlessness cannot entirely reverse, even temporarily, the result of years of the practice in that direction, which has saved millions on millions of lives, and conserved the health, prosperity and commerce of the universe.

But the disease itself has not been entirely stamped out. From time to time it reappears here and there and is only combated and driven out by vaccination, thereby only gaining a short life in each locality, setting up a vicious circle, which is better than nothing, but it is universally used for the propagation of the milder small-pox contagion, or vaccine, which is the destroyer of humanity's terror, small-pox.

Today it is again with us and proportionally is equally formidable where it flits no Jennerism to oppose it. Arriving at the various localities of being stamped it out are made ineffectual by lack of co-operation by the people, influenced by an absurd and superstitious reluctance to vaccination, because of the resultant lockjaw. Carelessness in the after treatment of the result of vaccination is always responsible for bad effects, now attributed to the remedy unjustly.

Cleanliness and disinfection are chief among the preventives of the small-pox foothold, and co-operation with the health authorities is better than fault-finding. Thorough disinfection of the building in which a case occurs and all adjoining buildings, also schools and churches which have in any way been exposed to the infection, should be made. These two preventives aid in checking the spread of the disease and are factors in effectually aiding vaccination.

But the real cause of lockjaw, which some foolishly attribute to vaccination, is a germ found in ordinary garden earth or in barnyards, and very often in the dust of the street and in old houses. Thoughtless newspapers are responsible for the impression that these germs contaminated some of the vaccine now used, particularly in the localities mentioned above.

Two facts render this impression not only improbable but absurd: First, only reliable firms are engaged in producing vaccine and they use the most careful scientific methods; stringent laws governing the handling and shipment of the vaccine to and in the market. And second, the authorities at Camden pur-

chased from different points in open market quantities of vaccine which, after exhaustive tests, were found perfectly pure and incapable of producing lockjaw in either person or animals.

Then when we remember that the germs of lockjaw get into the body through sores and wounds which are carefully exposed to dust, soiled clothing and unclean fingers it seems fair to assume that the reported cases of lockjaw were, if indirectly due to vaccination, the result of carelessly treating the resultant sore. And as to why Camden should furnish a majority of these regrettable cases, it might be reasonably accounted for by the fact that certain conditions of the soil in some localities are more favorable to the occurrence of lockjaw than in others. Long Island for years has had a reputation as such, the victims being chiefly among ditch-diggers and other workers in the soil.

But this is a fact plain to every one: The total number of deaths for all past years due to vaccination is not one to a million caused by small-pox, and not one death from vaccination to 10,000,000 vaccinated. During my thirty-four years of practice I have yet to find one single case of lockjaw, erysipelas, blood-poisoning or other complication as the result of vaccination. I am positive that medical records contain few, if any, cases where it has been proved that lockjaw was caused by vaccination. Even though a few lives must be sacrificed through carelessness in efforts to afford protection to the millions of the earth, is it a just reason why vaccination should be denounced as harmful and dangerous? We might as well endeavor to suspend railroad traffic because of the number of fatalities.

Vaccination must not even in the slightest measure be allowed to fall into disrepute. It is absolutely free from danger when performed with the degree of care common with the use of any treatment observed by any legitimate physician, and when due care is afterwards taken by the patient to protect the sore from contamination. Furthermore, it is our only safeguard against the appalling ravages of small-pox; and were it to be discontinued for even the period of ten years there is every reason to believe that small-pox would ravage the earth with its increased and congested population, paralyze all business and progress, and leave us worse than the people of former ages.

Any reasonable person can compare this loathsome disease with any of the earth's plagues and then but dimly estimate the horrors of it, if not fought as it now is and has been, the past hundred years. Unlike the cholera, the plague of India or our much-dreaded yellow fever, which in any climate, occurs in localities divergently, perhaps on the opposite sides of the globe simultaneously, or perhaps may exist in Maine and California and Michigan and Florida at the same time without the least reasonable evidence of contagion between the localities.

No climate or country is safe from it. It is the duty of every member of the medical profession diligently to present such facts and reasoning, and clearly more so the duty of every citizen to most heartily co-operate. It mishaps in its earnest effort must be reported, let it be done honestly, without prejudice and with a disposition to assist in the unselfish work, rather than to exaggerate and create distrust.

Small-pox is the earth's greatest menace. Vaccination is the earth's greatest ally and material friend. —D. E. Hand, M. D., Scranton, January 20.

Tales Out of School.

Suitor—Your sister and I were just talking business out here on the veranda. Her little brother—Oh, no, you weren't. When fellow begins to talk business sister always takes him into the conservatory.—Smart Set.

At a Woman's Club.

Miss Homely—As for myself, I should prefer to be kissed to death. An Unkind Member—But where could you get an executioner?—Smart Set.

MELDRUM, SCOTT & CO.,

126 Wyoming Ave.

The keynote of the coming season's trimmings was struck when our crisp new stock of sheer white embroideries arrived at the store. They will be utilized during the coming weeks on Gingham Shirt Waist Suits, afternoon gowns and the new Shirt Waists; in fact, everything will be made up with a lavish display of insertions and embroideries. The "all over" embroideries have never been so popular nor the designs so beautiful.

A new insertion comes to us this season, with a strong beaded edge, making it especially adaptable to outside trimming. Prices, 25c. to 55c. a yard.

Swiss Edgings, one inch embroidery to three inch embroidery; on two-inch cambric to five and one-quarter inches cambric. Prices, 15c. a yard up.

Narrow Edgings from 5c. a yard on.

Insertions to match all patterns.

Many of the most popular patterns in the windows this week.

A hint of the June "bride to be." Several designs of lace bridal dresses shown near the linen department.

Are You a Lover of the Beautiful?

Do you wish to have pretty rings? We will be pleased to show you Solitaire Diamond Rings, Diamond and Emerald Rings, Diamond and Ruby Rings, Diamond and Opal Rings, Diamond and Sapphire Rings, Diamond and Turquoise Rings. We will mount any desired combination to order.

E. Schimpff, 317 Lackawanna ave.

ALWAYS BUSY. 1902 Money Saving Sale. Is now on. With every pair of our Feet and Health Saving Shoes you get a shoe shiner free.

200 pairs of Men's Double Soled, Vici Kid and Box Calf Shoes, worth \$2.00. Our 1902 Cash Price \$1.40.

200 pairs of Youths' Vici Kid patent tips, worth \$1.00. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.50.

100 pairs of Youths' and Boys' Leggings, mixed lots, not all sizes in every lot, but the size you need in some of the lots, worth \$1.25. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.75c.

100 pairs of Men's Solid Tapped Soled Shoes, lace and Blucher, worth \$1.25. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.75c.

100 pairs Ladies' Vici Kid button and lace Shoes worth \$1.00 to \$1.25. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.75c.

200 pairs Misses and Children's Vici Kid School Shoes, worth 75c to \$1.00. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.50c.

Mixed lot of Ladies' Dress and Fancy Slippers, toe a little bit narrow, worth \$1.00 to \$1.50. Our 1902 Cash Price \$0.50c.

You can see by the above list that very little cash is required to purchase good reliable and honest footwear.

Lewis & Reilly, 114-116 Wyoming Avenue.

Office Desks and Office Furniture

New and Complete Assortment



Being the LARGEST FURNITURE DEALERS IN SCRANTON. We carry the greatest assortment of up-to-date Office Furniture. You are invited to examine our new line before purchasing.

Hill & Connell, 121 Washington 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.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF SCRANTON.

Capital, \$200,000 Surplus, \$550,000

Pays 3% interest on savings accounts whether large or small.

Open Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 8.30.

Are You a Lover of the Beautiful?

Do you wish to have pretty rings? We will be pleased to show you Solitaire Diamond Rings, Diamond and Emerald Rings, Diamond and Ruby Rings, Diamond and Opal Rings, Diamond and Sapphire Rings, Diamond and Turquoise Rings. We will mount any desired combination to order.

E. Schimpff, 317 Lackawanna ave.

FINLEY'S

Black Silks For Spring 1902

Are of unusual merit—guaranteed to give satisfactory silkwear, will not break, crock or slip.

Our Silks have established a splendid reputation for excellence of quality, finish and wear, we can recommend them to your consideration with great confidence.

Black Dress Silks are shown here in all the new and popular weaves:

Peau de Cygne, Armures, Bengalines, Gros Grains, Peau de Soie, Habutais, Taffetas, Surahs, Satin Duchess, Satin Liberty, Moire Antique, Moire Velour

Foulard Silks of new designs and colorings in light and dark shades, a good quality of silk at the attractive price of 75c per yard.

Our Window Display of Challies in new spring designs is creating many favorable comments, see them at

510-512 Lackawanna Ave.

Headquarters for Incandescent Gas Mantles, Portable Lamps.

THE NEW DISCOVERY Kern Incandescent Gas Lamp.

Gunster & Forsyth, 253-327 Penn Avenue.

E. Robinson's Sons Lager Beer Brewery

Manufacturers of OLD STOCK PILSNER

485 to 455 N. Ninth Street, SCRANTON, PA. Telephone Call. 2333.

Allis-Chalmers Co

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