

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

THE PLAT RATE FOR ADVERTISING.
Table with columns: DISPLAY, Length, Rate per line per week.

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

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.
Controller—EVAN R. MORRIS.
Election February 18.

The fact that the fanatics are not satisfied with the Low administration in New York is a pretty good sign that it is moving along wisely.

Gas Leakage and Fires.

WHAT LOOKS like a promising lead to at least one of the fruitful causes of the large recent increase in fire losses has been opened by the author of a paper in Insurance Engineering for January. This writer, Dr. James C. Bayles, who is not an insurance man, but a mechanical engineer, claims that leakage of gas from city mains is the cause of thousands of fires which are usually called mysterious, and he gives enough personal testimony to prove that there must be a good deal in his theory.

Dr. Bayles shows, at the outset, that there is much more gas leakage under the best conditions of piping than the average man realizes. Having studied gas distribution in every part of the United States and Europe, he gives it as his belief that in good gas practice a leakage of 225,000 cubic feet per mile per annum for mains of six inches diameter is normal. Often, he says, it is twice that amount; rarely much less.

Not all of this leaking gas can be detected by its smell. When it has filtered through a layer of earth, it ceases to have an odor, but loses none of its explosive or calorific force. In his opinion from twelve to twenty per cent. of all the gas distributed in New York city is lost through leakage; and of this enormous amount in the aggregate much is lost in cellars, crevices in walls, under floors and in other places, where it lurks until the time comes for a flame to appear, when, puff! the place goes up in smoke.

That the appalling Windsor Hotel fire was a typical gas fire was known to every gas man in New York," says Dr. Bayles, "but the tortures of the Inquisition would probably not induce one of them to admit it. On this subject I speak with the confidence of personal knowledge. Scarcely more than two months before the fire I had occasion to make an especially critical survey of the house, which took me into every room, passage-way, closet and pantry, and occupied my own time and that of a number of assistants for several days. It was a strictly professional service; its object is of no interest to the reader. Suffice it to say that I examined every part of the building, from the sub-cellar to the roof. During this examination, I became aware that the house was full of gas, and had reason to believe that the walls and floor spaces were full of it. I mentioned the fact to the proprietor, although it was only incidentally a concern of mine, and perhaps not even that. Mr. Leland admitted that he knew it and was rendered anxious by it. The trouble had begun during or shortly after the laying of the large water main in Fifth avenue, which had necessarily disturbed the gas mains, more or less, and had been increased by the Madison avenue water main. He said he would give the subject attention. I may say truthfully that I did not at the time appreciate the significance of my discovery, or I might have made better use of my knowledge. The phenomena of the fire which destroyed the house would be inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that the building was saturated with inflammable gas. Anyone who will read the account of that historic fire, as published during the days succeeding it in the files of any sane and unsensational newspaper, will have no difficulty in discovering that something more inflammable than dry woodwork, furniture and carpets burned first and converted the building into a furnace with frightful rapidity. It was gas."

Dr. Bayles has collected the records of more than a hundred fires in New York city in which there were mysterious circumstances, and he finds what to his mind are indisputable evidences of the presence of gas in inflammable quantities, proving to his satisfaction that careless or imperfect installation of gas mains, frequent interference with mains when laid, or interference to signs of gas leakage in any place or from any cause, have much more than has been generally supposed to do with the statistics of fire losses, as well as with many of the diseases prevalent in cities which affect disastrously the mortality calculations of life insurance actuary. His paper, therefore, is both timely and valuable. We trust that the line of investigation which it marks out will be pursued.

Twelve years ago W. W. Bowers was a member of congress from California,

and Theodore Roosevelt was civil service commissioner. They got into a difference. Bowers called Roosevelt a fakir. The other day, Bowers was recommended to the president for reappointment as collector of the port of San Diego. An opponent reminded Mr. Roosevelt of what Bowers had said. His reply was characteristic: "I shall reappoint Mr. Bowers. He is a good official. His personal opinion of the twelve years ago has nothing to do with the case." Large men are not influenced by small spites.

There must be a cable to the Philippines. That much is clear. It must also be primarily a government cable; in other words, one over which government business will, in an emergency, have precedence over ordinary commercial business. It must be a cable that no enemy can ever acquire. It ought to be one that no financial clique could manipulate. To fulfill these requirements will take an out and out government cable. And why not?

A Danger Signal.

A GREAT deal of balderdash has been introduced into this city campaign for the purpose of getting Republicans to help pull Democratic chestnuts out of the fire. That worked last fall and saved the Democrats control of the county bench. Unable to originate a new dodge, our friends, the enemy, have tried to play the same trick over again. They are counting upon Republican apathy to give them what they want. They are relying upon the belief that the Republican party in this city and county has concluded to go out of business and to let them have the offices by default.

The returns last fall gave them some encouragement. Their victory then certainly was a gift. Republicans gave it to them. They gave it without getting anything in return, not even thanks. Should they be so foolish as to repeat the gift today they would again get nothing in return, not even thanks. It, therefore, becomes a pertinent question for Republicans to consider whether it is worth their while to go on giving offices and encouragement to Democrats when the latter do not even feel grateful. What political sense is there in such a policy? Suppose it is true that some Republicans are disaffected over state affairs. Suppose it is true that the last legislature behaved badly and deserved scolding. Is it conducive to political health to take this out on Evan Morris? Did he have anything to do with passing the "ripper"? Is he responsible for the sins of the late and unlamented legislature? Would the election of Costello, a Democrat, hang a red lantern in front of the Republican party leaders and scare them into an amendment of their criticized ways?

Let us look at today's election in the light of horse sense. The Republican nominee is a good, clean, capable man, thoroughly qualified by long experience in city matters to give a first-rate administration of the office of city controller. He knows every duty of that office and there isn't a man who knows him who can say that Evan Morris will not prove absolutely honest. Now, what if his Democratic opponent be likewise a competent man; does that offer a sufficient reason for Republicans to desert their own and to let the Democrat advance into office through their default? Nonsense! Party success is not built up in that way. Republican principles are not carried forward to triumph by throwing away the details of party supremacy.

It is time for the Republicans of Scranton to awaken from the lethargy into which they have permitted themselves to fall. Nothing but harm can come of it. If persisted in it will lead straight into the jaws of party death. No better time exists for the awakening than this very day. The Democrats have based their whole campaign on the belief that the Republicans of Scranton will not come out to vote today. If that belief is disproved, they are gone up and there isn't time for them to form a new line of battle. The Republican, therefore, who has any regard for his party's future can protect it very effectually this bright morning by going early to the polls and voting. Then, to clinch matters, let him turn in and pull his neighbors out and see that they vote. Votes are what count. They're here. This city is Republican.

Rosebery and Home Rule.

LORE ROSEBERY'S unequivocal planting of his foot on the proposition of home rule for Ireland, whatever may be thought of it from the standpoint of American sympathizers with home rule, has an obviously important bearing on the near future of English politics. It presages a new alignment of the English people.

The Conservative party was tottering to its fall when Kruger's ultimatum introduced a war issue. In the excitement of an appeal to arms, party division was forgotten and the Conservative administration was saved. Had the first anticipations of a British walk-over been realized in South Africa, the momentum of a successful war might have been counted upon to continue to the Conservatives in power indefinitely. They were not. British pride received the worst set-back in generations. Blunder worst on blunder.

There have also been scandals, some smelling to heaven in spite of the efforts, patriotically aided by many Liberals, to postpone their consideration to a more appropriate season. But for the necessity of sustaining the government at home in order that it might give party would see this have gone down under the accumulating weight of complaints and disappointments growing out of this amazing war. As it is, it is hanging by the eyelids. It will hang until the Boer is subdued or until the spectre of foreign interference is laid in sight of all men; but the moment that the British voter can get back at the ruling agents without laying himself open to the charge of a lack of patriotism, then look out!

There are but two men in England at this time who measure up to the dimensions of unchallengeable leadership, who will necessarily occupy the forefront in the coming battles of political reorganization. Of these Joe Chamberlain is the braver and the nerver; and in the United States he would run away from his finer grained opponent. But England is by no means as democratic as she pretends. Her voters bawl loudly their applause of democratic sentiments and bow low to the first good-looking lord that comes along. They are democrats in the abstract but worshippers of caste in the concrete; and no man in their empire is genuinely better liked by them, whether by mild or in the circle of Tom, Dick or Francis, or the hearty than the present reappearing colleague of Gladstone, Archibald Philip Primrose, Lord Dalmeiy and earl of Rosebery.

Heretofore, however, the accomplished earl has lifted no flag for his own. Always credited with the ability to do great things, he has kept people waiting for a sign and a token of performance. While Gladstone was alive Rosebery necessarily suffered by unfair comparisons. He comes back into the hurlyburly with nobody big enough on his own side to dispute his pre-eminence and with the principal figure on the other side tarred with all the unpopularity of a disappointing and humiliating war; and he very shrewdly utters as his first rallying signal, an opposition to his country in arms, but no more conquering with home rule for irreconcilable Ireland. That is a popular cry in England. For every vote that it loses it will gain three. It will present to dissatisfied Conservatives, of whom there are not a few, the opportunity, which they have been seeking, to withdraw from under the load of the South African war without a sense of faltering in imperial loyalty.

Rosebery's speech is England's answer to the election of Colonel Lynch. Unless we misjudge, it spells a new epoch in British politics.

The courts have at last vindicated the man with the slippery nickel. At St. Louis not long ago a street car conductor refused to accept as fare a five cent piece that had been worn smooth in active service. The passenger declined to substitute other coin, and after heated argument found himself in the station house. He brought suit against the street car company and received a verdict of \$2,000. The court in its decision declared that there is no such thing as a nickel at less than full face value even when the face is somewhat indistinct. This ruling will be of interest to those who are suspicious of the smooth nickel. It must no longer be classed with the dimes and quarters that have lost weight by the sweating process invented in New York some years ago.

The New York papers almost without exception have condemned the recent walking match at Madison Square Garden as a "brutal and disgusting contest," and one journal intimates that the legislature should pass laws forbidding such exhibitions. A real refined, four-ounce glove fight to the finish is about the only amusement that the delicate nerves of Manhattan pleasure seekers can tolerate.

While there has been so much talk about the North pole expeditions, an antarctic explorer, Charles E. Borah, greivink, and a modest party of scientists have sailed within eight hundred miles of the Southern needle without making any fuss about it. In these days it is often the activity of the press agent rather than man's achievements that brings fame.

In six years the United States has imported \$200,000,000 worth of gold, the cash balance of trade. Had we had a concentrated merchant marine, this would have been nearer \$120,000,000.

GROWING OLD.

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it to be faintly to forget his wealth—
Yes, but not his love!

Yes, this, and more; but not,
Altho' 'tis not what in youth we deemed
'would be!'
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and adorned as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline.

Jonas Long's Sons SCRANTON'S BIG STORE JONAS LONG'S SONS
The Big Store's Annual Sale of Housefurnishings
At A Third Less Than Regular Prices.
Good Enameled Ware is a necessity in every kitchen. Every stock in this interesting department is now at its best, and with these low prices it will afford you an opportunity that has never been equaled in this city.
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China and Glassware
Kitchen Helps and Household Wants
Gray Enameled Steel Ware
At A Third Less Than Regular Prices

Jonas Long's Sons

Eventful Career of Galusha A. Grow
THE HON. GALUSHA AARON GROW, one of the most prominent congressmen of large, has declared his intention of retiring from congress and public life at the end of his term in 1903. To most of the generation he was scarcely even a memory when he reappeared in congress in 1894 after an absence of more than thirty years. Something of the monumental past of ages, something of the dignity and solemnity of history, clings to him. To the visitor of any imagination who scrutinizes the present house of representatives this Pennsylvania is the most interesting member there. In his ears the passionate debates of the ten years before the war must still be ringing, and his mind's eye must see the many and many a scene of those great stormy days that is but a name in the histories to most of us.

Always Busy
Gum Boots that are good for Men and very good for Woman, size 4 to 8, at \$1.25. We do not call them Men's we are Honest. Look to it—put our Shoes on thy feet, they are better than Putting Money in thy purse, they cure thy ills and save Doctor Bills.

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Toilet Ware, Manicure Pieces and Desk Furnishings....
These goods are all good heavy weight, such as we always carry in stock.

EDUCATIONAL.
Free Tuition
By a recent act of the legislature, free tuition is now granted at the
Literary Institute and State Normal School Bloomsburg, Pa.
to all those preparing to teach. This school maintains courses of study for teachers, for those preparing for college, and for those studying music.

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THE NEW DISCOVERY
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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.

UPHAM DIDN'T RE-ENLIST.
Ex-Governor Upham, of Wisconsin, who was at the capital yesterday, is one of the few men in the world who have had the pleasure of reading their own obituaries. When the Civil war began, Mr. Upham, then a mere boy, enlisted at Racine, and before long was facing the enemy at Bull Run. As he did not answer the roll call of his regiment after the battle, he was presumed to be dead. All the churches of Racine united in a memorial service in his honor—for he was the first dead hero of that section—and the newspapers printed long and eloquent accounts of his brave career. A young lady who was then Mr. Upham's sweetheart, and who is now his wife, gathered these tributes together and preserved them in a scrap book tied with black ribbon. But the young soldier was not dead. He had been carried from the field of battle to a Confederate prison. It was a year later, when upon his release, he returned to Washington and sought one of the Wisconsin senators. He was astonished when he learned that he was supposed to be dead. It took him some time to convince the senator of his identity. Then the two went to re-enlist in his regiment," said Upham. "My boy, said Lincoln, "you are officially dead, and a man who has fought, bled and died for his country has done enough."

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