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.

SCRANTON, MARCH 4, 1902.

The Times is quite willing to compare contracts with The Tribune for all arrangements entered into within the past two years and if the Times prices do not run from 100 to 300 per cent. higher than the prices secured by The Tribune, as the arrangements may be for transient or long term advertising, the Times will say so in its editorial columns.—Last Night's Times.

The Tribune accepts this invitation. Its flat rate went into full effect on April 1 last and the comparison, to be wholly fair to us, ought to be limited to the ten months since. But the period mentioned by the Times is satisfactory. When Mr. Lynett shall have indicated a time and place, our contracts will be produced and a representative designated to aid him in making the comparison in detail, which detail, as mutually attested, we agree to publish.

The Fourth of March.

LITTLE reason had anybody for thinking, one year ago today, amid the brilliant pageantry of the second inauguration of President McKinley, that ere the year should close his administration would have ended in martyrdom and another be in power. Seldom have the uncertainties of life received so striking an exemplification. Compared with this higher ordaining of things, call it fate, blind chance or omniscient Providence, as you will, the plannings of men seem puny, indeed!

Yet it must fill with pride every American of a thoughtful turn of mind that an interruption so sudden in the orderly current of our government has produced no harmful consequence upon the public interest. The interruption was but temporary, and, so far as the processes of government were concerned, imperceptible to the great mass of citizens. Nor has there been any change in the policies of administration which the people by their vote a year ago last autumn had emphatically approved. The prosperity which had characterized in such wonderful measure the administration of Mr. McKinley continues unabated; the prestige of our government among the other powers has not diminished; and toward the settlement of problems arising during that administration such progress has been made as not only to vindicate the wisdom with which those new responsibilities were accepted in the first instance but also to inspire hopefulness that the worst difficulties connected with them have been already overcome.

Something of the ease with which this unforeseen emergency has been met and mastered is, of course, inherent in our free institutions, whose justified boast is that for every crisis they have the right man in waiting. Yet it would be unfair not to take this appropriate occasion to call grateful attention to the masterly manner in which Theodore Roosevelt has conducted himself since his summons to the highest of offices. He was not looking forward to such a summons nor preparing for it. It came upon him like a thunderbolt. Its duties were unfamiliar; its responsibilities, under the circumstances, more than ordinarily oppressive; and a standard of comparison had been set which might well give pause to a man coming to the office by the regular pathway of election from fields of wide experience in the large affairs of state. That this youngest of presidents, reputedly impetuous and by many deemed unsafe, should under these trying conditions dispel apprehension, win public confidence, gain and hold the loyal support of his elders in congress and, while fearless and swift in the performance of his duties, yet be so plainly conscientious and unswervingly honest that foe as well as friend is compelled to show respect, cannot wholly be accounted for by the hypothesis of accident. It bespeaks too much strong and substantial merit in the man.

President Roosevelt has grown daily in the confidence of the people. He begins the second quarter of the present quadrennium firm in command of himself, of his party and of the whole situation. Never has a vice-president called as he was to the chief post so quickly impressed his character and power on the conduct of national affairs.

If the millions lost every spring and fall through flood damages could be invested in reforesting it would not take many years for the balance sheet to show a profit.

Eliciting the Facts.

THE attempt to create a speculative scare because President Roosevelt ordered a judicial inquiry into the legality of the Northern Securities company merger has evidently been abandoned. It would have made no difference with him had it gone through. The law of the United States is supreme over Wall street and the combinations formed there. Into those great moves of the captains of industry and finance the law has a right to peer and an administration which should admit by its conduct that it feared to apply the law to any group of citizens, whether rich or poor, would not long retain the respect of the American people.

The president is no wrecker of vested interests. He is no demagogue with hand uplifted against those who have money. His wish is to encourage capital as well as labor and to aid both to an honest prosperity. But that does not mean that capital is to consider itself above the law and immune in all its acts from judicial investigation. If the Northern Securities company is a lawful institution for a wise purpose the fact will be brought out in the inquiry and it will gain greatly in public confidence through that publicity. If it is not lawful or wise the public interest would clearly suffer if an investigation should be shirked.

The keynote to this whole question of trusts and combinations is publicity. The public needs to know the facts. It cannot always depend upon what the promoters say. Neither is it fair to believe all that the demagogues say. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is demanded in the name of the public welfare. The trust which fears the disclosure of that may reasonably be viewed with suspicion.

Peace, happiness, progress and plenty of revenue are characteristics of Porto Rico under American rule. With Porto Rico's example before them, it will not be long before the more intelligent inhabitants of Cuba will want to go and do likewise.

Up to Congress.

IF IT were true that a treaty of reciprocity with Cuba as asked for by the administration meant the destruction of the beet sugar industry in this country, then we should never favor it. An industry in the United States is worth more to the American people than one in Cuba or any other foreign country. If it were true that such an arrangement would seriously injure or unsettle a home industry, those Republican members of congress who have been conscientious and consistent protectionists would be perfectly justified in declining to participate in its enactment.

Not one of these things is true. Not one is even plausible in theory. We use enough sugar in this country to take up all of Cuba's output and all the possible domestic beet sugar product combined; and with both eaten we should still have to import millions of pounds from Europe. If every square foot of suitable land in Cuba were in high pressure cultivation with the most improved machinery known to the sugar grinding trade, the growth in sugar consumption in the United States would be sufficient with the growth in population to use up the output, the local beet output and a large amount of the output of the highly subsidized sugar factories of continental Europe. This is not wild talk. It is asserted upon the authority of the leader of the present movement against Cuban reciprocity, the president of the Beet Sugar trust, Henry Oxnard. When he said as much in effect he did not foresee that his words would be used in this connection. But he spoke the truth.

The proposition now before congress is not a charitable one. It is strictly business-like. When we had reciprocity with Cuba before, our trade with that island reached the most prosperous proportions in its history. A like method today will produce a like result. This is Cuba's natural market. Cuba should be our natural market. To interrupt this trade by mutual barriers not needed except for revenue would under any circumstances be short-sighted and unwise. But the circumstances today are that we have pledged ourselves before the world to set Cuba up in independent statehood and are sponsors before mankind for her good behavior. In order to redeem this pledge it is necessary that the internal affairs of Cuba shall be prosperous. This cannot be if the one market that Cuba has for the chief product of her plantations, which are just recovering from the ravages of war, shall be for all practical purposes closed against her.

Humanity, self-interest and a keen sense of honor combine to urge upon the Republican party in congress redemption of William McKinley's word in this matter. Failure to obey would invite deserved defeat and contempt.

The fact that a lot more of professedly loyal Filipinos have been discovered to be secretly "agin the government" need occasion no surprise. They have simply followed American examples.

Marconi Making Progress.

FROM Marconi's wireless telegraph station at Poldhu, in Cornwall, England, a four-word message was last week conveyed to the steamship Philadelphia, more than 1500 miles distant. This is affirmed by Marconi, who received the message; and it is confirmed by the officers of the ship, who were at Marconi's side when the message came; and also by the recording tape on the ship. Signals less distinct were identified at a distance of 2100 miles. It is further asserted that the messages were exclusive; that is, that the transmitter and receiver were so attuned as to prevent the possibility of any other receiver capturing and purloining the communication.

No doubt there are skeptics yet; but the burden of proof seems to rest on Marconi's side. Known transmissions without wires through shorter distances under circumstances fatal to deception make it credible that what has been done in a small way can be done in a large. The problem of developing this system to the point of commercial expediency and usefulness will now be attacked with increased enthusiasm and probably with ample financial support. Enough men of means and character are interested to insure further results.

What this will mean in multiplying the intercourse of geographically separated peoples can scarcely be imagined. What it will mean to journalism is in itself a topic of almost limitless conjecture. In a news sense it will make the world more than ever one community, with interests tending more and more to coincide. That it may bring to pass Edward Bellamy's scheme of an universal newspaper issued simultaneously with identical contents in every large city is hardly supposable; but it will unquestionably augment the scope and quantity and freshness of civilization's current records.

If the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy can reduce the cost of cable messages to ten cents a word it ought to cut the price of ordinary domestic messages down to a cent a word or less. A ten-word telegram for a dime would be a welcome innovation.

The Public's Dividend.

THE action of the New York grand jury in returning an indictment for manslaughter against John M. Wisker, the engineer of the train which ran into another train recently in the Park avenue tunnel, causing many deaths, and in not returning an indictment of the New York Central Railroad company or any of its officials for contributory negligence has excited adverse comment. The negligence of the company in maintaining the tunnel for years in a condition notoriously bad was clearly shown in the investigation before the coroner's jury and it seemed from what was there brought out that censure of the company, at least, was to be expected of the grand jury.

District Attorney Jerome has issued a statement calculated to exonerate his office from blame for this apparent miscarriage of justice. After quoting the law under which the grand jury acted, and stating that it was fully explained to the grand jury by both himself and his assistant directly in charge of the case, Mr. Jerome continues:

"The conclusion which I had individually arrived at was that the system of signals employed by the New York Central Railroad company, under the conditions existing in the tunnel, was radically defective, and that the operation of the Harlem line with such a system of signals, under the conditions prevailing in the tunnel, constitutes the maintenance of a public nuisance, and that the corporation maintaining such a system should be indicted for maintaining a public nuisance, to the end that the court might make an order requiring the sheriff to abate such a nuisance. I personally also reached the conclusion that it was a question of fact whether or not the death of the persons killed in the tunnel was proximately caused by the defect in the signal system, and if the deaths were caused by the defects in the signal system and the maintenance of this signal system constituted a public nuisance, that then at least certain officers of the corporation were guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. But before the grand jury could find this to be the case, it was necessary to satisfy them beyond all reasonable doubt that the defects in the signal system were the proximate cause of death. It was not enough that the New York Central Railroad company had been maintaining for many years a defective signal and that any day a serious accident might happen as the result of the maintenance of such system, but it must have been found affirmatively and beyond reasonable doubt that this particular accident, with the ensuing deaths, occurred as the direct result of their defective system." Mr. Jerome does not say but we infer that he believes that the grand jury would have been justified in so finding.

The refusal of the engineer to testify before the grand jury doubtless weakened the case against the company; and if he should be convicted, sentenced and later pardoned or substantially recompensed there would not be wanting hints of a set-up or fix-up such as have been known to occur in other communities where great corporations were in jeopardy. That there was one in this case cannot, however, be proved and if suspected the suspicion cannot be voiced. There is some consolation, however, in the fact that steps are now being taken to make this particular stretch of railroad as safe as the best skill with unlimited capital can make it. That will be the public's dividend on the frightful tunnel disaster.

Jones, the former valet of William M. Rice, the New York millionaire, whom Lawyer Patrick is accused of having killed for his money, says he did the killing at Patrick's instigation. Yet for nine months Jones has been enjoying the theatres and after-theatre suppers at the expense of the prosecution. The ways of metropolitan justice are truly wonderful.

Professor Loeb, of the Chicago university, is experimenting to produce life artificially. It is said he has already succeeded in hatching the unfertilized eggs of sea urchins, starfish and worms; but say so is poor proof.

The suspicion is that Turkish officials had a hand in the abduction of Miss Stone. Suspicion is not proof. But if detective skill can discover proof our government out to invest a million or two in an exhaustive inquiry.

Already 6,000 Scottish boys have indicated their wish to take advantage of Andrew Carnegie's $10,000,000 fund in aid of poor lads seeking a university education. Evidently the hunger for learning is universal.

The German dialect comedian has at last been vindicated. A young woman in Indiana the other night actually split her side laughing at one of the funny men, and was obliged to take to her bed in order to allow a rent in her diaphragm to heal.

From the present democratic attitude of the Empress Dowage we may soon expect information to the effect that golf has been taken up in the first circles at Pekin.

The liars are again at work upon Queen Wilhelmina's health. This is a topic that is growing stale.

Between fire and flood Paterson seems to have been pretty well purged.

OUTLINE STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE

New Dufferin Stories.

Lord Dufferin, writes the New York Tribune's Ottawa correspondent, was a universal favorite, and had a welcome for the humblest, and his warm Irish heart loved to make all with whom he came in contact happy. Shortly before he left Canada, on a windy day, as he was crossing Lapper's bridge over the Rideau canal, he noticed an old Hibernian day laborer mending the roadway, and as was his wont, stopped to have a chat with him. The old man, recognizing his excellency, stood bareheaded, the wind blowing his scant white locks roughly about. "Put on your hat," said Lord Dufferin. "Not before your excellency," replied the old man. "Then," said his lordship, taking off his own hat, "if you will expose your gray hairs to this wind out of deference for my position I must expose mine to it out of respect for your gray hairs." The old Irishman blushed awkwardly and resumed his hat.

Early rising was a habit with Lord Dufferin. One fine morning, when the wood pigeons were in season, his lordship rose and proceeded to take a walk in the grounds, which were then celebrated for the number of wood pigeons which bred there. It so happened that an old French-Canadian named Garriepy, who was in the habit of shooting over the government house grounds when, as he thought, all the family were sound asleep, also rose early and betook himself, gun on shoulder, to the same woods. He had just succeeded in breaking a picket in the fence and getting into the woods when he saw a man approaching.

"Hello!" said the newcomer; "what are you doing here?"

"Oh," replied the Frenchman, "there are some good wood pigeons in this bush; but make no noise or the people will hear us."

"Who is there to hear?" asked Lord Dufferin.

"The police," answered Garriepy.

"They will say nothing," said the governor, "particularly while I am here."

Garriepy asked who he was, and was told that he had some interest in the place, and offered to show the old man where he could get the best birds. Accordingly, the two started, and after the old man had had a shot or two and got some birds, Lord Dufferin took a shot.

Presently he suggested that they might get something in the house, silencing the old man's objections by saying that he thought he had interest enough. Accordingly, the strangely matched pair repaired to the house, where they went into a small room, the furniture of which made the old man open his eyes. On some pretence, Lord Dufferin left the room and cautioned the servant not to let Garriepy know who he was. Returning, he suggested that the old fellow light his pipe, and proposed a drink.

"I am very thirsty," said the stranger, "and would like a glass of beer, if your interest goes so far."

"Oh, I think it does," replied the host, and, ringing the bell, a man servant in the gorgeous drab and scarlet vice-regal uniform entered to know what was wanted. The servant and the visitor stared at each other as the order for beer was given. The cork having been drawn, the two sat down to discuss the beer, the Frenchman being lost in wonder at his strange companion and his wonderful surroundings. With the untrammelled freedom of an untutored mind, the old man criticised what he saw and speculated on what the governor general must be, until at last he rose to go.

"Who do you think I am?" queried Dufferin finally. The old man fairly collapsed when he found that he had been hobnobbing and shooting with Lord Dufferin.

How Siler Got His Check Cashed.

As a means of proving his identity for the cashing of a check, George Siler, the pugilistic referee, was asked by the paying teller at the Fort Dearborn National bank yesterday to "count out" an imaginary fighter.

When Siler presented a check to secure his money the teller said:

"You'll have to be identified, Mr. Siler."

The referee searched through his pockets and offered as evidence several letters, some of which were on boxing club stationery.

"Oh, you are the referee?" asked the teller.

"Yes, I'm the fellow," replied Siler.

"Well, I guess it's all right, but I need personal identification. Don't you know some one here?"

The possessor of the check said he did not, but perhaps some one among the force knew him. Thereupon the teller summoned one of the younger clerks who is known to have a liking for boxing, and to him the situation was stated.

The latter looked doubtful when he confronted Siler. "You look to me to be a bigger man in the ring," said the newcomer, looking suspiciously at Siler's nose glasses.

"That's true, figuratively," said Siler. "I am a bigger man in the ring," at the same time removing his glasses.

Still the clerk was not absolutely sure. Suddenly the teller in the midst of the discussion interrupted with a jerky command of "Let me hear you count, Mr. Siler."

The latter instinctively bent half forward, began swinging upward and downward his right arm to a measured "One-two-three."

Before he had reached "four" the teller said:

"That's enough. You're Mr. Siler, and here's your money. Any one but a referee would say: 'Count what?' or would count right along."—Chicago Tribune.

His Excuse Seemed Insufficient.

Not long ago Captain George Blakely, of the United States Army, professor of mathematics at West Point, came to this, his native city. Desiring to renew old friendships, he telegraphed to Prof. Robert Hart Bradbury, of the Manual Training school, requesting him to call at his hotel at his earliest convenience. Prof. Bradbury wrote a reply, instructing the maid to have it telegraphed to the captain at once.

The message reached Captain Blakely, who, after reading it, sent Prof. Bradbury, the following dispatch:

"Why don't you buy some?"

When this reply reached Prof. Bradbury he was nonplussed. He hastened to the hotel and found the captain.

"Jack, what the deuce do you mean by such a reply as this?" he asked.

"What do you mean by this?" said the captain, handing the professor his message. It read: "I'm out of socks and can't come!" Prof. Bradbury had written: "I'm out of sorts and can't come!" The error was the operator's.—Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Tilden's 6,000 Letters.

It was Mr. Tilden's faith in the power of the people to form a correct judgment on any question submitted to them that led to his final triumph. "I have spent over $2,000 for postage in this campaign," he said to a young man after 1874. "Do you mean to say that you sent out 60,000 letters?" asked his astonished visitor.

"That's about the number," answered Mr. Tilden.

"But where did you get their names?"

"My long connection with the Democratic state committee had familiarized me with the chairman of the county committee in almost every county in New York. To him I therefore sent for a list of names of men in every village in his county."

"And did you send printed letters to them?"

"Better than that," Mr. Tilden said, while his grey eyes twinkled: "I sent each of my correspondents a lithographed facsimile of my own handwriting."

"And how did it work?"

"Splendidly," he answered in conclusion.

"After I was elected and had gone to Albany occasionally I'd have a call from a citizen who would introduce himself to me by means of one of my letters to him, and who would say: 'I didn't think you knew me, Mr. Tilden, until I got this.'"—Utica Observer.

On the Other Side.

"The pension debate in the house a few days ago was very interesting to us Southern Democrats," said Representative Kluttz, in the Democratic cloak room, when he had touched on some reminiscences. "It recalls an incident of a Fourth of July celebration in my younger days."

The crowd gathered around, for Mr. Kluttz is a prince of story tellers. "You know, many Hessians settled in North Carolina after the revolutionary war," continued the warm-hearted Tar Heel. "Their descendants are among our very best citizens today. Those soldiers marched down through that country with Cornwallis; many of them fell out of the ranks, took up farms, married our girls, and, in fact, were very glad to become American citizens.

"Well, in my boyhood days no Fourth of July celebration was complete without a soldier of the Revolution. By the year I have in mind these patriots had become scattering, and the county was scoured to secure such a soldier. The jubilant citizens placed the hoary veteran in the same carriage with the orator of the day. He rode through the streets of the town in triumph and occupied a seat on the platform. The enthusiasm over the recital of Revolutionary achievements waxed great, and the celebration was nearly over, when some inquisitive person asked the veteran what battles he had been in.

"'I was at Trenton, sir,' came the reply in the deep-throated voice of the Dutchman, for such he was.

"'Ah, then, you must have crossed the Delaware with Washington.'

"'No; oh, no,' answered the subject of so much popular adoration, in a feebler voice. 'I was on the other side.'"—Washington Post.

Minister's "Call" Was a "Raise."

The Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage tells the following story, of which he claims not to see the point, to illustrate the guilelessness of members of his profession. A clergyman and a prosperous layman were one day discussing the various aspects of the minister's occupation. Finally the layman said, a little bit scornfully:

"The trouble with you parsons is that you are not practical."

"But I insist that that is exactly what we are," replied the clergyman, warmly.

"No, you're not," said the layman, firmly.

"Well, how do you make that out?" inquired the indignant parson.

"Well, I'll tell you. You had an offer to go to Boston at a salary of $5,000, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you're getting $3,000 here?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—except you said you had a call didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that wasn't a call at all. It was a raise."—New York Tribune.

No Teaching About Her "Stumick."

The disadvantages the social worker has to overcome in diffusing scientific knowledge among the less enlightened are well illustrated in one of the East Side settlements. After much difficulty and considerable explanation a class in physiology had been started. The parents of the children who attended the settlement classes regarded the new class with considerable suspicion and doubt. But for some time, by skillful avoidance of dangerous ground, the class work was carried on successfully. At last the functions of the stomach were considered.

The day after the first lesson on the stomach one of the little girls brought a letter to the teacher. This letter, which bore he marks of labored and strenuous composition, was as follows:

"Dear Teacher:—Please don't teach Lizer eny more about the stuffins of her stumick, it ain't necessary, besides it's rude."—New York Tribune.

Settling an Interesting Question.

"Say, Jim," inquired an old darkey out in Chelsea, of his son, who is a much-learned school youth, "which travels de fastes', heat or col'ness?"

"I hadn't give de subjec' much ov ma attention," was the reply, "but I'd nacherly think thet col' 'ud travel de fastest on de count ov it bein' so pen'tratin,."

"Yo' school l'arnin' didn't do you' no good dere, Jim," said the old man, with a patronizing air; "Heat, it travels er heap faster den col' do. You jest tak' dat fer a fac'."

"How yo' reckon dat out?"

"Jes diserway: Yo' didn't never hear ov nobody ketching heat, did yo'? But, shore's yo' bo'n, chile, dey ken ketch col' mitey easy."—Memphis Scimitar.

Could Afford an Overcoat.

A few days ago, when it was cold for Washington, Senator Clark, of Montana, walked over from the Maltby building to the capitol without his overcoat. When he came up the terrace steps he was shivering. A party of D. A. R. delegates were seeing the sights. One sympathetic lady noticed the shivering Montanan and said:

"Oh, see that poor man! How cold he looks! I wonder why he doesn't wear an overcoat."

"Perhaps he can't afford one," chirped a young woman in the party.

"I guess he could if he would economize for a while," put in the guide. "He's worth only a hundred million or so. That's Senator Clark, the copper king."—Washington Cor. New York World.

A Story of Bishop Whipple.

When called to take up the new mission of the Holy Communion, Chicago, he found busy railway yards close to his chapel. He asked the chief engineer how to reach railway operatives. "Read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and he not think you a fool." So instructed, he dropped in, one day, on a group cleaning an engine, and ventured a question: "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" A torrent of discussion followed on connections, steam-heaters, exhausts; and at the end of a half-hour he remarked in leaving: "Boys, I have a free church in Metropolitan hall, where I should be glad to see you." The next Sunday every man was there.—Century.

A Double Team.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."—Youth's Companion.

Bagley's Revenge.

On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson dismissed his property man, Bagley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joey." Bagley got drunk right away and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson orescnt "Rip Van Winkle." The angry frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned and, with a world of pathos, asked, "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded, "Only 80 per cent., Joey—only 80 per cent."