

## 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, MARCH 6, 1902.

After virtually confessing that it has no standard of business honor in its charges for advertising, the opinion of the Scranton Times as to circulation need no longer be heeded. Yet at the same time we still stand ready to accept its original proposition, and repeat our request that it name time and place.

## All Eyes Are Upon America.

THAT THE visit of Prince Henry to this country has opened the eyes of Germany to our resources, is indicated daily by the dispatches from Berlin. Leading newspapers of that kingdom have heretofore been satisfied to print news from America two weeks old, as at present publishing columns in the way of cable dispatches concerning the tour of the emperor's representative, as well as telegrams dealing in other topics of interest. It has been intimated that the extra expense in most instances will prevent the payment of dividends to the stockholders of the German papers this year.

But the interest in the United States is not confined to Germany by any means. The London newspapers are receiving more cable intelligence concerning America than at any previous period, even during the most important presidential campaigns. The press of Paris, which has hitherto ignored American topics, has opened its columns to extended columns, and the journals of Madrid and other cities in Spain are also showing interest in American affairs that was not exceeded during the Cuban war.

While Prince Henry's visit may be largely responsible for the interest manifested in Germany, it is probable that the position of the United States on the Chinese question has much to do with attracting the attention of the Old World to us. The recent foresight and diplomatic ability manifested by the representative of this government during the trying times at Pekin, and the disinterested spirit that has pervaded all of our efforts for the betterment of the oppressed peoples of the Orient, have caused Americans to be justly regarded as belonging to the greatest nation upon earth.

The delight with which Miss Roosevelt's telegram was received at Berlin shows that Emperor William appreciates an occasional departure from the stilted phraseology of royal address.

## Our Industries Favored.

THERE can be no doubt says the Commercial Advertiser that the decision of the international conference at Brussels to abolish bounties on European sugar is highly favorable to the American industry. Some doubt seems to have arisen as to the effect upon prices and the volume of shipments from foreign countries such action will have; but the conclusion ought to be easily enough reached that in both respects the conditions of competition will shape themselves more in favor of the United States. Germany, as one of the principal shipping countries of Europe, receives its bounty in the form of a rebate of the domestic tax upon that part of the beet-sugar product which is designed for export. With the removal of this rebate the price of German export sugar will naturally rise, and there will be less inducement both for production and for exportation. In other countries where a bounty, either direct or indirect, is paid, as in France, Russia and Holland, the effect will clearly be the same. So far as our home market is concerned our sugar growers and refiners have always been amply protected by the system of countervailing duties, or, in other words, the system which imposes an extra duty on imports equivalent to the bounty paid abroad. But in the outside markets, wherever the American and the European products come into competition, the abolition of foreign bounties will work in favor of the first named. The agreement of the Brussels conference does not go into force until September, 1902, but its enactment can be looked forward to as having a most important bearing upon some of the pending reciprocity treaties, and particularly upon the controversy which began a year ago with Russia over the question of sugar bounties.

Wilkes-Barre and Pittston may not have been the best governed cities in the state, but they can lay claims to having been the best watered.

The recent success of Paderewski's new opera in New York, which seems to have been a production of genuine merit, prompts comparisons of his career with that of the great Wagner, and furnishes interesting contrast. Notwithstanding his recognized ability as a musician, it was only with the greatest difficulty that Wagner could persuade persons of influence to take

interest in his earlier operas, and he absolutely refused from the first to make any concessions to the public taste. Paderewski, on the other hand, has not only made money freely with his talents as a pianist, but he finds plenty who are willing to assist in the production of his first grand opera and immense audiences willing to attend the inaugural renditions.

The Sultan of Turkey very naturally repudiates any responsibility for the captivity of Miss Stone and the expenses of her release. The royal follower of Mahomet can see no pleasure in bearing the burdens of an enterprise in which he had no "take-off."

## Are Colds Contagious?

WHILE the medical fraternity have for many years devoted much time and research in contemplation of various contagious diseases, until of late but little attention has been paid to some of the prevalent and dangerous of the ills that afflict mankind. In the work of protecting the public against small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other well known diseases, the physicians have in years past ignored many maladies of the kind which are it is now believed, fully as contagious and dangerous as the most violent of infectious disorders. One of the more recent students of these diseases in an article in the Lancet advances the theory that colds are contagious and backs his argument by citing the experience of members of Arctic expeditions who are never troubled with colds while they are in the uninhabited regions of the far north. Nansen and his men, the writer states, never caught a cold during all the three years of his voyage, notwithstanding the utmost exposure, but directly they reached civilization on the coast of Norway, though still within the Arctic circle, they all suffered badly from colds. He also cites the experience of explorers in high uninhabited mountain regions, and voyagers on the sea or travelers in deserts, who enjoy immunity from colds. The physician says: "No doubt it is possible to have an inflammation of the nasal mucous membrane, as of the conjunctiva, from some simple irritant, but such an event is rare, whereas the ordinary infectious cold is by far the commonest of all diseases. Surely, therefore, it is important that its infectiousness should be frankly recognized."

It has long been known that the cold contracted by one member of a family generally affects the entire household to a greater or less extent, and the irritating influenza symptoms in a neighborhood usually become epidemic at certain seasons of the year. Yet no one seems to have heretofore thought that these ailments could possibly be contagious. Now that it has been so many times practically demonstrated that the cold in the head and disagreeable cough are as easily transmitted as are any of the well known infectious diseases, the scientist who can provide a remedy that will have the effect of vaccination in rendering the neighbor of the victim immune, will confer a blessing upon humanity almost as great as that bestowed by the discoverer of bovine virus.

Mr. Schwab's friends no sooner begin to mention his name for political honors than some one appears in print with an article endeavoring to explain how he won at Monte Carlo. The Scotch Students Grateful.

THE intimation that the Scotch students would be too proud to accept the gift of \$10,000,000 tendered by Andrew Carnegie to assist them in obtaining the benefits of university education, seems to have been entirely unfounded. It has been announced that no less than 6,000 students have already made application and 2,414 have been assisted at a cost of over \$100,000. The administration of the fund is conducted in such a manner that self-respecting young men can take advantage of it without any sacrifice of their independence. They are permitted, if they desire, to repay the fees advanced to them and some of them have already done so. One student was the recipient of an unexpected legacy and another won a scholarship, so that they did not require assistance.

Great benefits are certain to come to the Scotch people in consequence of Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift to the cause of Scotch education. The Scotchman in nearly every instance is worth educating. He is the domestic man, brains and endowed with energy and perseverance. Ben Johnson asserted that "much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young." Mr. Carnegie is a Scotchman by birth and he clearly believes that this is true.

The most startling metamorphosis of the hour is revealed in the announcement that Mr. Hogg, of Texas, is a lion in London. The silk industry.

THE silk industry has been an attractive one in various forms for many years, and numerous efforts have been made to establish it on a firm and paying foundation. At one time it was believed that silk worm culture could be successfully carried on in this country and at very little expense by almost anyone. The idea was so captivating that thousands of men, women and even children embarked in what afterwards became known as the morbus mulleus fever. This appellation was derived from the botanical name of the mulberry, on the leaves of which the silk worms feed. The venture proved a complete failure. Later attempts were made to revive this form of industry in Philadelphia, with such indifferent results that they were abandoned.

Endeavors to establish silk manufacturing industry by working up the raw product have met with better results. Indeed, the extent of the process is greater than generally supposed. According to the Census Bureau, there is now a capital of \$5,082,291 invested in the business, and no less than \$43 establishments engaged in the manufacture of silk. This does not include firms that make a specialty of supplying these concerns with the necessary

machinery. The importance of the industry is emphasized by the statement that 65,416 persons, 34,797 women, 6,413 children and 23,206 men, are employed, and that their annual wages amount to \$20,852,194. The yearly consumption of raw silk amounts to 8,760,665 pounds, costing \$40,721,875. From this goods valued at \$107,256,258 are made. There thus remains a balance of \$45,553,183 above the cost of the raw product and the wages of the employees, a very fair result, apparently, for an infant industry.

Ten of the states are largely interested in the silk manufacturing industry, and among these Pennsylvania holds second place, having \$20,894,041 invested, and producing annually \$23,906,962 worth of manufactured silk. The two states, it will be seen, have nearly two-thirds of all the capital invested in this industry in the country. Connecticut ranks third, with \$12,168,777 invested. The somewhat surprising fact is noted that of the ten states most deeply engaged in silk manufacturing, California is the least interested, there being but \$200,854 capital invested. The natural presumption would be that, being on the Pacific coast, and so much nearer the source of the raw product her interest would be much larger. The returns of the Census Bureau concerning this industry are very gratifying, as proving the triumph of American enterprise in the face of many difficulties.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Colombian government has at last hit upon a plan that will undoubtedly put an end to the trouble that has been experienced with the too active revolutionists. American gunners will be hired to man the government vessels and it is expected that they will sustain their reputation behind the peace persuaders by demolishing the revolutionary fleet in short order.

Maud Gonne, the Irish Joan of Arc, is causing uneasiness at the British embassy at Paris, where she has been making revolutionary speeches of unusual warmth. If Maud cannot create a sentiment in her behalf in the vicinity of the campaign of the original Joan, she might as well study another role.

The announcement that a bill is before the Massachusetts legislature providing for the creation of a Greater Boston will be a surprise to those who have always been under the impression that residents of Beantown regarded the remainder of the universe in the light of a suburb of Boston.

The train, going up grade, made a sudden lurch, and Pat and his can of ice cream fell out of the car, as his superior officer had predicted. Frantic with fright, the chef, in his white cap and apron, tore through the train, looking for the conductor.

The conductor pulled the bell and stopped the train, but it had already gone two miles past the spot where Pat had rolled out.

They backed the train, fully expecting to find Pat's mangled body beside the track. Instead, they found him leaning over the ties on a run, carrying on his back the ice cream freezer.

He climbed on the train, looking foolish, but he had never said of his miraculous escape was, "I was saved, I was saved, I was saved!"

Her Intentions Good.

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the street car, for she had ten cents saved from the bargain-day savings, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman, and by paying the fare himself saved her a weary walk to the family residence. She had the ten cents with her when she boarded the car, and she still had the money when the conductor came through on his trip for fares, but she did not pay the conductor. It was all the money she had, and she was so sure that the conductor would not notice the ten-cent piece between her teeth. The motorman turned on the current, the car gave a jerk, and she gave a start.

"Pay, please," said the conductor, and she turned pale.

"I can't pay you," she stammered, going from white to red and from red back to white.

"But I can't carry you for nothing," remonstrated the conductor.

"I know it, but I can't help it. I had the money when I got on the car, but I forgot it."

A rough fellow on the other side of the car snorted a rude laugh, but the conductor was a gentleman, and without another word he pulled the register rope for another fare and passed on.

Where He Got Off.

Detective George Fall, of the city hall force, was riding uptown in a Thirtieth street trolley car last Friday when a colored man of his acquaintance came in and sat down in the next seat. After a brief chat the detective said:

"Are you superstitious, Sam?" "No, sir," said Sam. "Well, it's a good thing you're not," said Fall. "There's a cross-eyed woman sitting opposite."

"Yes, sir, that's right," chuckled Sam. "And up in the corner there is a lurchback."

"Yes, sir, I see him," said the number of the car up there? "It's 313," "Yes, sir,"

PNEUMONIA IN THE AGED.

From the New York Herald.

## OUTLINE STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE

## Defeat of a Paternal Purpose.

He had been hanging around my girl for some time, I saw that unless something was done before long, he would soon become a member of the family. I had frowned upon the matter right from the start, as I didn't think he was good enough for my daughter. But from the beginning I simply constituted a hopeless minority, as my wife thought he was a perfect paragon. I thought I knew better, and when, one Sunday, I saw him with my daughter, I thought I would find a way to bring her over to my side, knowing full well that if I did, his chances of becoming a member of the family were mighty slim. I hadn't the slightest idea that he had seen me there, and I thought I could startle an admission from him that would show him up in his own eyes. But when he called the other night, I said suddenly:

"Young man, where were you last Sunday?" "I was just out two miles ahead of you," he answered easily.

"That three explanations back on me, and left me gasping for breath."

"I'll be right back," he added a moment later, coming to my rescue like the tramp he is.

"Oh, your dear fellow, did you go to church and say nothing to the pastor?" cried my wife. "How lovely! What was the text?"

I was simply incapable of answering, and again the young man filled the breach.

"Nice old man," said he. "The secret wasn't quite as bad as that—almost, though. Say! He's the finest young man that ever drew breath, and he can have anything that belongs to me.—Detroit Free Press.

It Jarred Him.

"Pat" was assistant cook on one of the dining cars on the Great Western road, running into St. Paul. He was obstinate and ill-tempered. The chief was equally so, and, as a result, constant warfare waged between them.

One day last summer Pat was making ice cream, and, in spite of the chef's warnings, insisted upon sitting in the doorway of the pantry while he turned the freezer.

The train, going up grade, made a sudden lurch, and Pat and his can of ice cream fell out of the car, as his superior officer had predicted.

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## The Lawyer Collected His Bill.

This is not a story about cold weather, but it is a good one for cold weather reading. It happened one nice, warm night last summer. A local young lawyer had a bill to collect from a man who had the money to pay it, but refused, and whom it was useless to sue, because his property was all in his wife's name.

The young lawyer belongs to a mandolin club, and is the party of the other club members, all with their instruments, was returning from practice late one night, and, it chanced, passed the house of the man that owed the bill.

"Boys," said the young lawyer, struck with an inspiration and explaining the situation to them, "let's sit on this old duffer's porch and play a couple of tunes. I'll make a bluff, and maybe I'll get that money."

The plan was agreed to, and in a moment the five were strung out along the porch of the man's house, twanging their mandolins and singing that vivid refrain, "You owe me, you owe me, you owe me!"

"Oh, promise me, some day you'll pay that debt. You've promised, but you haven't paid it yet."

It was less than three minutes before a window in the second story went up with a bang, and the man who owed the bill stuck his head out.

"What?" he inquired in that nice, courteous tone ordinarily used by men placed in a similar situation about 1 a. m.

The situation was explained to him, and the young lawyer added: "We've got a few more songs left, and we're going through the whole lot and come back again tomorrow night if you don't pay that bill. If you have us arrested you'll be the laughing stock of the whole town. You've got to pay, and that's all there is to it."

Like David Crockett's squirrel, the man who owed the bill came down and paid the money.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Prince Henry's Decoration.

One evening in the middle eighties, Prince Henry of Prussia, just returned from a long voyage in the Far East, found himself at a ball in the Royal Palace in Berlin. Instead of his usual uniform of command, he had donned the uniform of the First regiment of Foot Guards, in which he was then a lieutenant. A captain belonging to the same regiment, and who, incidentally, was a friend of the prince, noticed the prince's insignia on his arm, said to him gruffly: "Do you not know, sir, that it is against the regulations to wear foreign orders?"

"Yes, sir; but my grandmother conferred this, and—"

"There is also another regulation which says that foreign orders are not hereditary. You will report to your captain tomorrow."

"Yes, captain," humbly replied the prince. "But I said my grandmother 'conferred' this—she did not 'give' it."

"Ah, and what do you call it, young man?" inquired the officer with a slight touch of curiosity.

"The Order of the Garter, captain."

"Never heard of it. Must be some fake decoration. I shall look into this matter myself. Who did you say your grandmother was?"

"I didn't say, captain. But she is called Queen Victoria."—New York Tribune.

Choice Lamb and Fish.

Senator Foster, of Washington, and Mr. Lord, of California, live under the same hotel roof. A few weeks ago when one of his constituents had forwarded him a fine lamb, which was served on the California table, he sent a choice cut over to the senator.

"Give him my compliments," quoth Mr. Lord to the waiter, "and tell the senator that this lamb never tasted anything but milk."

The days of the session flew by, and not long ago a waiter appeared at Mr. Lord's elbow one evening, bearing a cut of magnificent salmon. It was sent by Senator Foster.

Send the waiter returning with the reply: "The senator says it is a Puget Sound salmon, and it has never tasted anything but cream."

This satisfied the legislative epicure from California.—Washington Post.

A Snake Yarn.

The usual travelers were telling the usual snake stories round the usual camp fire. One of them apparently had nothing much to tell, for he declined to take any part in the conversation until the experience of the others had become exhausted. Then he roused himself reluctantly.

"I did once kill a snake," he confessed indifferently. "I saw it lying by the side of the road and I picked up a stick and broke its back."

"Well, there's nothing remarkable about that," said the others, looking disappointed.

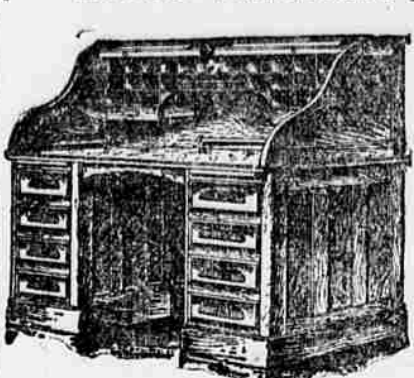
"Nothing whatever," admitted the man who had told the tale, "except that the stick I picked up happened to be a cobra."—London Chronicle.

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