

The Scranton Tribune

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by The Tribune Publishing Company, at Fifty Cent a Month. L. V. S. RICHARD, Editor. G. F. BYRBER, Business Manager. New York Office: 130 Nassau St., N. Y. S. V. L. L. L. L. Sole Agent for Foreign Advertising. Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second Class Mail Matter.

When space will permit, The Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics, but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name; and the condition precedent to acceptance is that all contributions shall be subject to editorial revision.

THE RATE FOR ADVERTISING.

Table with columns: DISPLAY, Low Rate, 200 inches, 300 inches, 400 inches, 500 inches, 600 inches. Rows: Paper, Reading, Position.

For cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence, and similar contributions, the manager of The Tribune makes a charge of 5 cents a line. Rates of Classified Advertising furnished on application.

SCRANTON, MARCH 12, 1902.

Prince Henry takes home with him the personal good will and esteem of every thinking and reading American. It is too bad that the whole Hohenzollern family could not have been here to see with their own eyes what he will find it hard to tell them when he gets back.

Speaking of Trusts.

IT SEEMS to us that the trust question is being rapidly cleared up. On Monday the United States Supreme court, in a case coming to it from Illinois, decided that a state could not outlaw certain groups of combinations for the control of prices without outlawing all combinations whose effect is to control prices; in other words, there could be no jughandled anti-trust legislation. With one stroke of the pen this wipes out of existence the anti-trust enactments in thirteen states, wherein "combinations" in agricultural products and live stock had been specially exempted, for obvious political reasons. The meaning of the Supreme court decision is that combinations which affect prices, which "restrain trade," can all be outlawed if legislatures will put all on a common level. This would include labor unions, which regulate wages, hours of work, and to some extent the employment of men not in their membership. When the labor agitators discover that they cannot get laws passed which will stop one kind of trust without stopping all kinds, their own included, there will be less hasty anti-trust legislation, demagogued in character and often vicious in motive.

Another happening of Monday which goes far to clear up the fact that has developed this general subject in the minds of many was the filing at St. Paul of the bill in equity prepared by the United States department of justice calling upon the federal court to dissolve the Hill-Morgan northern railways merger, technically known as the Northern Securities company. This bill sets forth that the merger is a conspiracy in restraint of the competition called for in the act of congress known as the Sherman anti-trust act; and therefore an infringement upon the public interest. If the facts cited in the bill are true facts—and it is unlikely that the government would put its signature to a false representation—then the dissolution of this ambitious enterprise is as sure to follow as sunrise after night. But however the court may rule finally on this bound-to-be celebrated case, the significant fact in the whole matter is that the government is alert to protect the public welfare, and that no combination of citizens, however wealthy or supposedly influential in their relations with politics and public men, can with impunity execute an operation in finance which has a well-defined appearance of violating a matured law of the United States.

The hauling of Hill and Morgan into court to answer as any common citizen for their acts takes place, by an interesting coincidence, at about the same time that two other wealthy citizens, concerning whom it has been untruthfully said that they were smarter than the law and immune from its operation—the fellow conspirators with Captain Carter, Messrs. Greene and Gaynor—became fugitives from justice, with the fate before them of having either to come back, stand trial and disgorge, or to pass the remainder of their days as outlaws, fleeing from the hand of the government they have robbed. While we do not intend any comparison between their acts and the acts of Hill and Morgan, who proceeded upon advice or eminent counsel that what they did in the formation of the Northern Securities company was entirely legal, and who doubtless are sincere in their belief that the act of merger thus committed represents a policy of corporate management of ultimate benefit and gain to the people of the United States, there is one reflection common to both cases; and that is that the law is supreme.

Not less important than the foregoing circumstances in forwarding a sane view of this question of large corporate rights was an address delivered on the same day before the Economic Society at Harvard university by James B. Dill, etc., the pre-eminence authority in this country on corporate law and the legal side of great business undertakings. Mr. Dill's subject was "National Incorporation Laws for Trusts" and the tenor of his remarks may be fairly said to favor the enactment of a national law permitting corporations to receive national charters, not unlike those upon which national banks are conducted, with requirement of government inspection, full publicity of essential business conditions and a basis of taxation which will make the corporation pay what it fairly owes, yet protect it in some degree from frequent hold-ups at the hands of tricky state legislatures. The address of Mr. Dill in its entirety is a remarkable illustration of the sense of fairness and

candor of dealing which, though not usually associated with corporations or men interested in their promotion, is in fact coming more and more to be the attitude of the real leaders in America's business development and expansion. From study of these three simultaneous happenings we think intelligent men will draw the conclusion that good progress is being made toward a proper adjustment of the relations of corporations and individuals. The American people at heart are all right on this question. They will see it through to an equitable conclusion.

Republicans at Washington who now incline to be "Agin the government" should study the lessons which history offers as to the fate of predecessors in that attitude.

Our Consular Service.

SOME very practical suggestions as to the improvement of the consular service of the United States were offered before the house foreign affairs committee recently by Hon. James T. Du Bois, for four years consul-general of the United States at St. Gall, Switzerland. At the committee's request, these have since been printed in pamphlet form and are now available for all who take an interest in this important subject.

Mr. Du Bois agrees with most other students of this question that the very first step necessary to the highest development of our consular service is to do away with the present fee system of paying American consular agents and put all responsibilities consular representatives of our government upon an adequate salary basis. There are now 288 principal consular offices and the salaries paid would not, without fees added, maintain 70 per cent. of their occupants without recourse to their private means. Even with fees added there are few of them that really pay. What is worse, if possible, is the fact that there are 567 vice consuls, consular agencies and clerkships now held by foreigners, who naturally are not going far out of their way to advance American commercial interests at the expense of the commercial interests of their own countries. Mr. Du Bois contends, very properly, that if this service, which these foreigners do so necessary at all it should be done by American citizens.

Then, of course, the next thing to do is to provide that the American consular officer who shows ability, adaptability and good results shall be retained in the service and promoted as rapidly as possible. At present the custom is to remove him like an outcast at the first change in an administration. On this subject Mr. Du Bois, who is not a civil service idealist by any means, but a man of practical experience, says: "These men render the state a real service. The state knows it and the state ought not to forget it. If there be an unworthy 'in' who ought to be out, and a worthy 'out' who ought to be in, frame a law which will help to dispose of the incapables and take care of the capables. It is easy to separate the consular dross from the consular bees. The records of the consulates, the files of the department, and the inspections of the courageous and able consuls-general will readily determine these facts. When once determined, make it imperative that they be promptly acted upon for the good of the service."

The argument used by Mr. Du Bois to prove that higher pay with insistence upon good service would be economical for the government in the end is somewhat personal but certainly unanswerable. After showing that the total expense of the consular service as late as 1899 was only a little over \$1,000,000, he calls attention to the fact that in one consular district in that year a certain official by his vigilance saved for his government, by reducing undervaluations, more than \$1,000,000. We do not think it detracts from the force of this illustration, and it certainly adds a spice of local interest, to know that the official here referred to was Mr. Du Bois himself.

The statement of Mr. Du Bois is by all odds the most detailed and lucid that we have seen. It goes to the heart of every problem raised in the proposition to reorganize and improve the consular service. It is to be hoped that congress will not longer delay taking forward steps in this direction; though we grieve to say that the present outlook is not favorable.

What We Read.

AN INTERESTING compilation of the number of readers in the United States and what they read has been made by John C. Dana, librarian of the Newark free public library, who contributes to the March number of the World's Work. About four billion separate copies of periodicals of all kinds are printed in this country every year and read by probably 20,000,000 of our 75,000,000 population, an average of 200 copies a year for each reader. How is this mass of literary rubbish made up? Measured in percentage of space occupied, Mr. Dana analyzes it as follows: Commercial and financial, including market and manufacturing reports, real estate, etc., 14 per cent.; health and pleasure resorts, general gossip, trivial town news, 8 per cent.; ordinary commercial advertisements, 8 per cent.; political information or misinformation of various kinds, 8 per cent.; sports, athletics, etc., 7 per cent.; relating to legal proceedings, 6 per cent.; relating to crimes, 4 per cent.; personal news not trivial, 3 1/2 per cent.; all kinds of advertising other than ordinary commercial, 29 2/3 per cent.; literature, 2 1/2 per cent.; social science, statistics, unions, social reform work, etc., 2 1/2 per cent.; religion, 2 1/2 per cent.; foreign politics, including wars, 4 per cent.; fiction, 2 per cent.; society, 2 per cent.; science, 2 per cent.; educational, 1 per cent.; theatrical, 1/2 of 1 per cent.; musical, 1/2 of 1 per cent.; and historical, 1-5 of 1 per cent. Analyzed in another way, Mr. Dana finds that this annual output of the American periodical press equals in

quantity 2,000,000,000 copies of a book the size of "David Harum," of which number 252,200,000 copies would relate to political and governmental matters; 287,000,000 to criminal, sensational and trivial matters; 248,200,000 to intellectual, scientific and religious matters; 572,000,000 to personal and social matters; and 429,000,000 to business matters. Twenty-eight per cent., or the equivalent of 560,000,000 volumes, is matter of an advertising character, which has been paid for or contracted for. It would be interesting to know how many volumes of advertising matter not paid for and not appreciated by those who benefit from its appearance in print are embodied in one year's output of the American periodical press; but, of course, that fell outside the scope of Mr. Dana's interesting compilation.

L. B. Hilles, author of that "replete with pathetic and dramatic scenes" book called "Chickenne Come Home to Roost," is now in jail at Washington, confronted with the return of his poultry. Hilles, in addition to fame as an author, was known as a "feathered king." In purchasing the material used in the manufacture of the Gwynny couch from farmers' wives in that vicinity, it is alleged that he induced several of them to cash worthless checks. The deal in feathers perhaps may have some astounding features, but any who have contemplated the "feathered king's" alleged picture of Southern life must admit that a long term in jail would be mild punishment.

It generally takes a half page head to announce a strike in one of the yellow journals, but when the matter is settled; mischief is averted and there is cause for general rejoicing, the same paper is content to make known the fact in two or three lines.

On the firing line of the American army generals are stationed who have proved their capacity for effective command by good service under trying conditions. The sooner Great Britain adopts that rule the sooner will her present humiliation cease.

It is intimated in certain correspondence from Washington that Pierpont Morgan, J. J. Hill and their associates in the northwestern railway deal are preparing to take President Roosevelt's scalp. They will have to get their hands on it first.

John D. Long will take with him into private life when he retires from the secretaryship of the navy the absolute esteem and confidence of every fellow American who is not biased by the miserable Schley myth.

At the present time the editor of the Commoner seems to think that Hon. David B. Hill is the only obstacle liable to interrupt his continuous performance.

There is some doubt as to whether the isthmian canal documents have been consigned to the pigeon-hole or the waste basket.

New York Sundays are not exactly dry these days, but it is necessary to avoid publicity in the act of painting the town red.

Prince Henry's Visit to Philadelphia

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Philadelphia, March 11. THE WAY they raised Prince Henry about this country of ours was enough to send him back to the Fatherland, like poor Robinson, with nothing left of him but a little voice to chirp at morning and evening. It was caused to do so, not by any place as he did through Philadelphia; he must have had a lovely and satisfying impression of the city and state, surely nothing ever happened to the Quaker City like this. At the time of writing it is about two hours after the instantaneous view has faded past and the people are yet standing round in large solid squads trying to remember where they are at and what they are there for and what it is all about anyway. They are not used to the lightning process in Philadelphia and don't believe they like it. There is a dignity and gravity about the town which gives a most inconspicuous effect to a flashlight procession. Some of the stout and sober citizens were almost run down by the mounted police and the outsiders who crowd about the street with their customary deliberation and the crowds gaped stupidly at the apparition which was here one minute and gone the next. The prince's carriages were quick enough to rush down toward Independence hall for a completion of the glimpse.

A cinematograph was holding to the rapidly with which the Prince's transit through the streets was made. There was a gleam of blue as the police galloped madly ahead; a blaze of red as a detachment of the 6th Troop with its splendid uniforms tore past, a swift team of open carriage with four gentlemen, one of whom, blonde and smiling, raised a white-gloved hand to the prince; a flash of a blue and white striped coat and a gleam of red as the prince's carriage with four gentlemen, one of whom, blonde and smiling, raised a white-gloved hand to the prince; a flash of a blue and white striped coat and a gleam of red as the prince's carriage with four gentlemen, one of whom, blonde and smiling, raised a white-gloved hand to the prince.

We had an excellent view of him as he stood on the hotel balcony at the second floor corner looking up Chestnut street. The prince was so glibly on time that we only had a chance to gasp "there he is!" when he wasn't there at all. It was a fleeting impression of a happy face, not the handsome prince as he fell from the Prince's balcony in Philadelphia. The prince has been here for a long time and he has been the pride of the town of the hoteliers—the king of the street from the multitude and the vision was gone like a magic lantern effect, but it gave us the personal sense of reality that sometimes is difficult to catch without the aid of our own eyes, and it was a satisfaction.

Imagine the stop of two minutes at Independence hall! Somehow I don't like that part of the programme. We Pennsylvanians have a great heritage and the treasure house where it is locked is in the old diary red brick building on the corner of Chestnut and Fifth. It seems to me that even with two hours' stop in Philadelphia, our distinguished foreign guest could have been more entertained and interested by an opportunity to see our cradle of liberty than in the longer stay at even as important a spot as the "Orange shipyard."

The soul of the house is made out at this time. The old Liberty Bell is in one of the iron-lattice towers which hangs just now to be Charleston. I don't think we should allow it to be rolled about the country in this fashion. Imagine the strain, the danger, the expense, the loss of time, the loss of the country's faith. We have no crown diamonds but that bell is a jewel such as no other had can claim. It should be kept in its original setting. Much of the dignity and the deeper meaning is lost when it is out of its place, just as in Emerson's "Each and All," we "could not bring home the ocean's roar" with the sealab. It will do the people of our land good to make a pilgrimage to old Independence hall and seeing the bell catch a thrill from the personal contact with the beginnings of our greatness heralded by that first voice.

I fancy that the Prince with his reverence for liberty and for the people of the power of nations would have been best pleased by the sight of a solitary of our best past. The throne was

down there today after he had been rolled in one door and out another without even time to register his name in the big book, and they rolled in one door and out another because of the curious interest in the royal visitor. The pages of history there unrolled probably meant less to the masses than the show hills across on the opposite corner, but there were some who stood silent with uncovered heads or hearts in the presence of such a majesty as their eyes had never seen. Somehow the sentiment of the place and the far reaching meaning of the scene just witnessed, rushed over them as they saw the empty chairs whose one time occupants looked down peacefully from the walls in contemplation of the work they had wrought when they risked their lives to sign the Magna Charta of our liberty. There was a swift glimpse of sight in the eyes of those more thoughtful visitors this morning and suddenly a patriotic feeling was born such as no waving of bonnie flags, no exclamations in honor of a popular hero of the hour, no statesman's speech, no thrill of the war-spell could have brought into life.

Popular heroes are an unsteady on their pedestals and we are so fickle in our worship of them, and we trail our flag in such nonsensical places, and we lose interest in war and in statesmen if they are not of our own party. But here from their fair proud eminence look down always these calm faces upon our little bickerings and our great advancement, and they are our patient teachers, the founders of a mighty race to whom the kings of the earth are bowing and to whose doors they come with gifts and graces woven. I think the portraits on the wall seemed to smile more softly and paternal—the great men with their gray locks and their firm lips and that one Virginian with the beauty of eternal youth on his face and his eyes in his eyes which were with a smile repeated on the full curving lips. I wish the Russians had not been so vain of their new suit and had allowed the fair haired Prince from across the seas to listen to the whispering of a living past which could reveal to him why he is here today, a guest of the great republic.

—Harriet Clay Penman.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Speaking of snow storms, it should not be assumed that the recent heavy fall will not be followed by others. The weather has the snow habit this season and the sources of supply are inexhaustible. Probably the year 1877 holds the record for late heavy snow storms. In the spring of that year I was living in Franklin, Delaware county, New York, and during the early part of the winter there were four or five falls of snow together, the two aggregating a depth of six feet, according to the files of a local paper of that date. Franklin at that time was thirty miles from a railroad and as the roads were impassable, the village was cut off from the outside world for nearly a week. The principal damage was caused by the crushing of roofs of barns and outbuildings. The melting of the snow did not cause any disastrous freshets.

The pin boys in a local bowling alley who struck twice the other evening were promptly declared out by the umpire.

The Kaiser seems to have chosen the right man to come over here and help cement the bonds, etc. He has the right brand of cement and is committed by his nature to a mighty race to work at the rate of a mile a minute, as it were.

Weather indications (unofficial)—The disturbance which was central in the eastern portion of the country has passed across New Jersey and thence out to sea. Mariners should keep their weather eyes open for it. This disturbance being disposed of, the local indications are that the weather for a few days will be from fair to mild, with the wind (if there is any) veering from one point of the compass to another, or vice versa. Possibly there may be rain or snow, accompanied by hail and lightning. But the indications on the whole are that it will be safe to hang out the wash as usual. Temperature normal.

The viaduct advocates seem to have the bridge on the bridge men at present. It is a long haul that has no turning, etc.

By Wireless Telegraph—"To the Citizens of Scranton: It is with great regret that I am compelled by my duties to leave the country without visiting your attractive city. I have heard of your imposing public status, your fine system of public transportation, the magnificent stream which flows through theylvan Lackawanna valley, and of your novel beer gardens—what you call them?—oh, speakeasies, and would be glad to carry in my memory a picture of all this. Perhaps in the future I may return and then shall certainly visit you. Hello!" At this point the signals became indistinct. Sojourner.

BANK ACCOUNT WAS SHORT.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Here is a story of two well-known young Baltimore "whites" who will call Tom Blank and Dick Smith and So. Each prides himself on being absolutely up to date and up to snuff in all particulars. Tom called around to see Dick one morning a few days ago, and had scarcely passed through the door before Dick exclaimed: "By George! The very man. Say, Tom, I want to go to Boston this afternoon and I need about a first-class job. It is a pity he has to be so late. I really wouldn't ask you, but see my position." "Yes," replied Tom, "a sort of touch-going or moon-longing position. You are better off at home than you are in Boston." "Somehow frosty here, too, it seems," said Dick. "But it's all a job, old man. Come in and sit down." "I don't think," said Tom, "I'd stepped around to see if you wouldn't let me have that \$100 you already owe me—it's perfectly convenient." Dick seemed to make a hurried mental calculation, and then told his friend that he didn't think he had quite that much in bank. "But you can go down and see," he added. So Tom took the elevator to the fifth floor and went to the theatre with him that evening, and hurried down to bank. The paying teller took the check, stuffed bank, looked at Dick's account and returned to the window, shaking his head. "How much does it take to make it good?" asked Tom. "Not allowed to tell," replied the teller. Tom went to the receiving teller and deposited \$10 to Dick's credit, but that didn't make the check good. Another \$10 and still others were put up, with the same result, until Tom began to grow angry and the bank people to laugh. Finally Tom deposited his tenth \$10, with the remark that it was a tough game to be up against, and he again presented the check, only to be told that the receiving teller had taken the information: "Very sorry, Mr. Blank, but that account was somewhat overdrawn." Tom gave up and dashed out of the bank. He had no money gone, but Dick's account was in, and asking how much he had to his credit, was told \$100.

"Just cash me this check for \$100," he said, "and you see Tom Blank today tell me how actually sorry I cannot be able to see him this evening, as I have decided to take that little Boston trip we were talking about this morning."

ALWAYS BUSY. Imagine the stop of two minutes at Independence hall! Somehow I don't like that part of the programme. We Pennsylvanians have a great heritage and the treasure house where it is locked is in the old diary red brick building on the corner of Chestnut and Fifth. It seems to me that even with two hours' stop in Philadelphia, our distinguished foreign guest could have been more entertained and interested by an opportunity to see our cradle of liberty than in the longer stay at even as important a spot as the "Orange shipyard."

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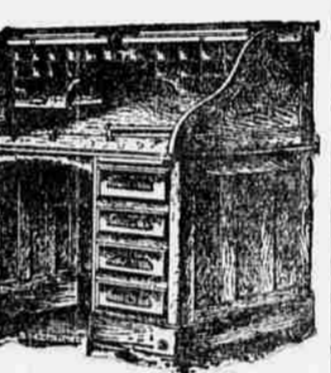
Lace Embroidered Hose Fancy Embroidered Lace Hosiery, in plain black and color novelty effects, at 75c., 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75.

Ladies Black Silk Hose In plain, drop stitch and openwork, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

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