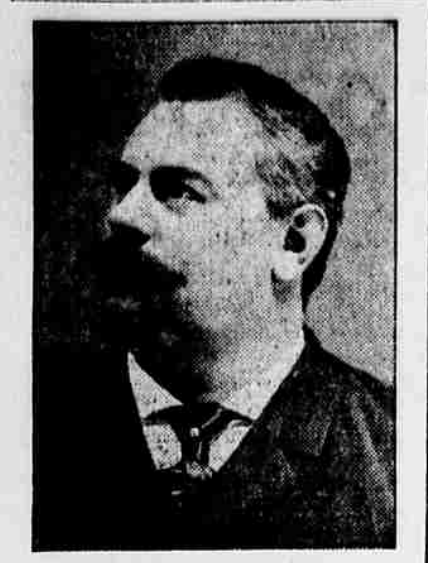


Scranton. In reflects credit on the peace-loving, soul-inspiring sons and daughters of Columbia who have so indelibly left the impress of their talents on this splendid, intellectual community.

The West Scranton party used too many solos, the adjudicator said, in substituting two uprights for one grand.



CHARLES ROBINSON, President of the Night Session.

by a grand aggregation of singers. The big audience went into raptures over it.

Two songs by H. Evan Williams, "Sound An Alarm," and for an encore number an old Welsh song, such as could only come from the inspiration of such a large and sympathetic audience.

Judge Edwards announced the finding of the adjudicator as to the contest for the Scranton Tribune prizes of \$50 and \$10 for the best and second best English poem on "In Memoriam—McKinley."

The winning poems and Judge Edwards' adjudication will be found in another column.

Only two parties appeared to try for the \$300 and \$100 prizes offered for the ladies' choruses. These were:

1. Cecilian Ladies' chorus, of Utica, N. Y., 55 voices; Professor Forwerth T. Daniels, leader; Robert Owens, accompanist.

2. Scranton Ladies' Choral society, 16 voices; Mrs. D. B. Thomas, leader; Miss Norma Williams, accompanist; John T. Watkins, assistant.

The Scranton chorus won first prize. The adjudicator had no hesitancy in declaring the Uticans well worthy of the second prize.

Adjudicator Price said the Uticans had very good voices, but sang too fast to permit of the production of expression.

Adjudicator Price declared the singers to be the possessors of three very good soprano voices. The first was a trifle thin and somewhat lacking in color.

The Arions once more entertained with "Robin Adair," in German, and a dainty little song in low voice.

Then came the closing and chief event of the musical end of the esteddfod, the contest for mixed chorus for prizes of \$100 and \$20.

The adjudication on the mixed chorus competition was given by Walter Damrosch. He said all the four choirs sang with enthusiasm, spirit and in good time.

All seemed to be engaged in a mad rush to get through, and the result was rather marred. There was a rather ready quality of tone in the voices of

the Northampton choir, and the tenors and basses had a tendency of scooping things.

The West Scranton party used too many solos, the adjudicator said, in substituting two uprights for one grand.

THE POEMS THAT WON THE TRIBUNE'S PRIZES

George S. Phelps, of Leadville, Col., won the first prize of \$50, and John A. Foote, of Archbald, the second prize of \$10, offered by the Scranton Tribune for the first and second best English poems, of not more than one hundred and fifty lines, on the subject, "In Memoriam—McKinley."

Appended is the adjudication, made by Judge Edwards and Prof. Howell, and the prize-winning poems:

Twenty competitors have entered the contest for the prizes offered by the Scranton Tribune for the best "In Memoriam" in honor of the late President McKinley. The competition is a formidable one, not only in the number of contestants, but also in the literary and poetic excellence of the productions submitted.

1. M. E. PIEROT. Only forty lines; full of wit and with tender touches here and there.

2. LACKAWANNA. Contains a condensed epitome of the great events of McKinley's life. The rhyme is easy; but the sentiment only ordinary.

3. D. E. GRIFFITHS. A very common-place production and is defective in grammar and orthography.

4. JESSE JONES. Meddlesome as a literary effort, although some of the ideas are appropriate.

5. ADMIRER OF THE MAN. "Hannibal" for "man" or "mankind" is unpardonable. The effort does not arise above mediocrity.

6. TUXER. Very short and incomplete poem, although it has an occasional hint of poetry.

7. AMBER. Gives a good review of McKinley's life, but the rhythm and cadence halt here and there. Some of the expressions are commonplace.

8. SOLOMON. Similar in character to No. 7—Amber; same criticism.

9. CYRUS. Ideas very good, although they might have been clothed in more poetic language.

10. EYFANAWY. Rhythm easy and sentiment appropriate; only occasionally reaching to the high standard of poetic strength.

11. MELANCHTHON. A poem of excellent quality. Why did the author halt at the sixteenth line when he was permitted to continue his good work?

12. BYRON. Rhythm natural and graceful; sentiment tender and poetic; stands well in the competition.

13. LAURENTUM. Too biographical in form; this leads inevitably to prosaic expressions; shows creative power in several of the verses, especially the last three or four.

14. CARITUS. Sixty graceful and poetic lines, showing the touch of an experienced hand.

15. GWENDOLYN. The movement of the rhythm is not always even; but the ideas are poetic and often expressed with vigor and intensity.

good. The general rendition, however, was better than the first two parties named, and they were awarded the second prize.

The first prize was given by the adjudicators to the Utica party for their general beauty of tone and excellent rendition all the way through.

The announcement of the winners was followed by great cheering.

Where kings and princes reign;—and monarch own'd The noble life and purity of thought That marked his upward way, where high he stood On Fame's Eternal Mount, Our Nation's Chief.

And those who lov'd him here, strong hearts and true, Have named him best, in all that serves to make The grandeur of a life well spent,—that gives To human hearts the hope of better years.

And so we come to speak his praises here, To picture as we may, th' true nobility Of one, who rests today want in the love Of trusting hearts, that knew his limine worth.

He was of lowly birth; no herald's voice Proclaimed kind things of the natal hour, That gave to earth, this child of common clay; He rose unaided and alone; by work And toil, he mark'd the way to high achievement; And as the cry for help went up, when wars Grim visage swept the angry sky, he went A stripling to the field where rag'd th' battle's storm.

And in the ranks that fought at Freedom's call, He did his part, and to his country gave Young manhood's years; and then with well earned rank, He bravely sought to reach those grander heights Where Honor waits to crown her daring sons.

In council hall, in State and Nation both, His voice rang out in Freedom's cause,—and his name became the synonym of power. And glory mark'd him for her own, and plac'd Upon his brow her wreath of fame, and put Within his hands th' helm to guide and pilot O'er ocean's way, the grand old "Ship of State."

Full well the work was done, The Nation heard The call of stricken ones,—their hopes destroyed, Their lands despoiled and desolate, beneath The iron heel of dark, despotic power; The cry of famished lips that rose to heaven, From crush'd and bleeding hearts and rain'd homes, That told the tale of Cuba's crimson'd sod, Wet with the red tears of her fallen loved ones, And when the curtain'd shadows of the night Had spread thick darkness o'er Havana's bay,— And th' fair stars had closed their glittering eyes, A blow was struck, that shook the mighty deep, Where lay the "Maline," wrecked by the treachery Of Gastard's band: beneath that star-gazing flag, Which but a few short hours before was hail'd By stalwart tars,—"proud ensign of the brave!"

Were crushed and mangled forms; while th' red wine Of patriot blood flow'd thro' th' great ship's side, Freedom wept,—as th' "Recording Angel" took His pen of fire, and wrote those deathless names Upon the Martyr Roll of Justice, Tears for our dead;—but Liberty drew her sword, And at the call of him who watch'd the scene, In th' high tower of Freedom's hallow'd fame, The nation rose and threw its giant arms On land and sea, 'round its despotic foe, And Spanish power and hate, dead in th' grave.

It fashion'd for the form of Liberty,— Gave birth to freedom's day star in the east, And fix'd th' bow of promise in th' distant west; Peace spread her wings; th' glory of Manila Bay,— The splendor of th' charge up "San Juan Hill," The "Captain's fight," where steel-clad monsters met 'Mid smoke and flame, and battle shot and shell, That laid upon a rock-bound coast the wreck Of mighty battle-ships, marking the hands Of Spain's illustrious deeds and regal fame; Where patriot valor crush'd her tyrant power, Leaving an heritage of peerless deeds, To crown th' dauntless courage of th' North and South.

Fastest snow in the red flame of war; From lake fring'd north, to sunny south-land, rang Glad shouts of victory; from the far east To "Golden Gate" and distant Orient, The voice of Liberty proclaim'd the death Of tyrant rule,—the birth of Freedom's sons.

Agains the nation spoke; and he, whose hand Had steer'd the "Ship of State" thro' treacher'd ways, Once more was call'd to take the helm, and guide To Destiny's high imperial port, Fair Freedom's ship, upon the peaceful waves, Where commerce mark'd the way to high success.

He took the helm, and chief sped that With sail full set, o'er the white waves of Hope; Short day, his voice was heard in lov'd commands; And as he stood, in manhood's strength and power, Where thousands waited for his earnest words; He told of work well done,—of promise'd years; Then, with prophetic voice, declar'd the way To grand achievements and a nation's goal.

Those halls where Science, Art and Commerce sat, Rang with glad shouts, and loud huzzas,— nor told How soon th' night of grief would shroud th' matchless day.

Great throngs,—the high and low, the great and good, Fross'd up to grasp that noble hand and mark What thoughts would fall from lips of eloquence, Smiling he stood, with gracious mien, and gave to all, kind words of hope and love; To do him reverence, who erst while liv'd, Th' statesman of his age; a crowned monarch In patriot hearts and homes, where freedom sheds its benediction o'er a land Where God himself hath wrought, in thought and work, Th' "liberty" of man,—the matchless splendor of a land, to be the "Star of Empire" Leading on to more resplendent glory, "Gives man, and good,—the verities of a world.



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These \$10 Suits Are Doing It.

They are selling, and selling fast. Why shouldn't they? Every one is equal in make, finish and cloth to any \$15 suit you ever bought.

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When you buy shoes it's a question of leather quality as well as style. Most of the shoes sold have a great deal of style but no vitality in the leather.

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SAMTER BROTHERS Complete Outfitters.

Entwird with garlands of immortal We bow our heads to Him who rules on high, And weeping say,—"God's will, not ours, be done."

Took Second Prize. The poem that won second prize was written by John A. Foote of Archbald who signed his poem "Amber." It follows:

IN MEMORIAM—WM. MCKINLEY. The muffled drums thro' out their tale of grief, The sullen, booming guns disturb the biare Of walling bugles, while from every height The widowed flags in rippling motion flare

The nation mourns her chief! Yet these are but the huskings of our waves, Hark to the cry that swells Columbia's breast Like Neptune moaning ere he sinks to rest, When o'er his brow the briny ripples roll, The Lord has willed it, and he lies at rest, The bloom of his great purpose now is o'er, He fill'd the field of life, with tireless hands And with his faith adorned its rugged floor, Nor closed his ears to Duty's hard demand

Which way the service prest?— Whether a bonded nation from afar Cried for the sword, and, by the sword, Or ruthless greed, insulting gentle peace, His cunning purpose masked with scowling war.

And now, O sainted twain, who through the night Of horrid treachery have passed before And stand in glory's pure, eternal nave,— The first, who op'd the white, unsealed door Of blessed freedom to the shackled slave, Supreme in virtue's right; And he who bore himself above the throng Unaided, yet with generous heart to aid— Let come a third whose fame shall never fade While time endure, or poets have power of song!

But not like ye, did he lay down his life; The nation smiled with happiness and peace, The fields were gleaming, rich with golden grain, No fearful feud was rent by War's release.

No litter wrong was mooted on the plain, No spleen of party strife; For like a husbandman at harvest's prime Who, blanking God for all the season's weep, Reeks nothing of the viper in his field, He felt, a mark to blind, insensate crime.

We strive for justice, yet our hearts' despair, The blinded Fury, born in deadliest hate, In ignorance and tyranny's misuse, Still seeks its lawless appetite to sate, Still stalks abroad, half demon and half ghoul From out its foreign lair; We know not where to seek it, though it keeps Its cover in our cities and our towns, And raises up its hydra-head, and frowns To learn our constant vigilance never sleeps.

Turn not thy favor from us, Mighty God, E'en though we seem to raise our minds in wise and bold debate; Against "Thy will, for ever do our plans Cling weakly to the earth, Thy purpose high Abide with awful majesty that blinds Seem but a chastening rod; And so, as aged men, recalling youth, I feel a great loss, the which they cannot speak, Our hearts are heavy, but our tongues are weak To tell the story of our grievous ruth.

We saw our chief an architect of fate, Building the nation's greatness by his art Of nascent speech and trenchant thought, That swayed The minds of other men to bear a part And well protect the corner-stone he laid In wise and bold debate; And those who blindly closed our eyes, Caring against the good we would not see, When "Time, the wizard, set our vision free, Raised up our voices, and declared him wise.

But wis'd still and justly firm, though mild And tender in his justice, did he gain, As ruler of the nation, greater trust And truer praise than any monarch's reign; When manhood stood for bestial battle led, And honor shrunk defied; For far and wide, glad Labor's solemn song Well'd up from whirling wheel and watted green, In every mart Prosperity was seen, On every highway Progress surged along.

And, great of heart, he joyed to see the quest Of plenty for his people not in vain;

He knew the pearly diadem of peace Set on the brow of Virtue could not wane The honor of the nation, nor, would cease Our manhood, though we rest; For he had borne the shock of lurid war When brother fought with brother, hate with hate,— He knew full well the lesson taught by Fate When Carnage drove abroad his gory car.

Eat and drink, though knowing this and more, He counted not the cost when Duty spoke; The dark Virgin of the Caribes Crying aloud for freedom's boon awoke And sped a message o'er the coral'd seas Unto our friendly shore— A trumpet blast, to wake a quivering chord Responsive in each freedom-loving heart,— And in that hour he played the sage's part, Calm in his trust, though ruthless battle roared.

Yet not alone for prowess with the sword, Nor prudent counsel given to the state Will future generations call him wise And sober-mantled History deem him great; Beneath a human acts a motive lies And praise or blame is poured With such impartial hand, that each one's response

His measure in proportion as his heart Was free from selfish pride or narrow art And large with ample dole for human sins

And so, we loved him that he was a man And manhood painted round his every act; The halo which it borrows from afar— O wifely heart! by grief so sorely racked, Break not, that he has crossed the glory bar Which life must span!

For you, who knew the sweet, sustaining breath Of sympathy, which from his nature welled, In the dark hour of sorrow are upheld By the recrescend glory of his death.

He builded well and wisely, for his deeds In life were but as stepping stones that led, Carved with a wealth of beauteous device, To the great radiance of his dying bed; For, like that greater man, who paid the price Of death for human needs, He heathred forgiveness on the coward son Of Freney, who, with treach'rous, smiling face, Filled him to the earth, and, strong in heavenly grace,

Yielding his life, exclaimed: "Thy will be done!"

The muffled drums thro' out their tale of grief, The sullen, booming guns disturb the biare Of walling bugles, while from every height The widowed flags in rippling motion flare

The nation mourns her chief!— Yet placed in endless glory, will his dust Speak in its smallest grain, with clarion tongue To touch the truths that endlessly are sung In realms beyond the taint of mortal dust.

NOTES OF ESTEDDFOD. When the German societies had finished singing at the morning session, it was quite apparent to the Welsh people present that "there are others." This contention was one of the strongest features of the esteddfod.

Dan Protheric, Mus. Bac., of Milwaukee, Wis., the old leader of the famous "Cymrodorion" of 1851, received a hearty welcome when he was introduced as the accompanist of Gwilym Miles, in singing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." Dan's popularity among Scranton people is unlimited.

"The little fellow with the big voice" is the way some referred to Gwilym Miles, the intimitable soloist. He is a typical Welshman and a popular favorite in the esteddfod as well as on the concert stage.

The people who heard Evan Williams sing "Lend Me Your Aid" on Thursday night, are not through talking about it yet. His rendition of this elevating song is certainly an inspiration to all who hear it. Judge Edwards said that at the Danvers esteddfod he was known as the "Master of Ceremonies" which reminded him of being at a ball. He clearly defined the duties of the "president" and "conductor," and spoke of their positions in relation to the esteddfod. He is a typical Welshman and a popular favorite in the esteddfod as well as on the concert stage.

The Misses Gleason and Rock, of Utica, who also competed on the contra alto, sang exceedingly well. Both possess superb voices. Miss Via Jones, of West Scranton, winner of the contra alto, "Hiro O," is a pupil of Professor John T. Watkins. She