

SCRANTON TRIBUNE  
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General Manager.

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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.  
SCRANTON, APRIL 23, 1894.

AN INTERESTING point in libel will be decided when it is learned how much Editor Orr of the Harrisburg Patriot will be mulcted in law for calling an opponent a "political tramp." No doubt Philanthropic Coxy views the progress of this case with feelings of warm personal concern.

Strike of Soft Coal Miners.

Patrick McBryde, the secretary and treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, a labor organization at whose command 130,000 men engaged in the bituminous coal mining industry in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, parts of Illinois and West Virginia on Saturday went on strike, announces the purpose of this vast movement to be "to improve trade conditions which have been destroyed by the unbusiness-like methods and recklessness of the coal operators." Least this explanation might be regarded as too brief, he elaborates it by saying that the coal trade has developed more rapidly than the necessities of the country require, causing a relentless competition in which unscrupulous operators have sought to secure trade, regardless of the welfare of their employees; whereupon the honest operators, in self defense, had to meet these aggressions by aggressions of a similar kind. Wages, says Mr. McBryde, came down until men were in starvation, while having the name of being at work. It was useless to strike in one locality, as those bargained in the trade were to be found everywhere. The miners reduced their wages to give the fair operator a chance to exist, but they have been patiently preparing for the present movement. They seek first, a general association to remove the surplus coal from the market. They will ask the operators to meet them and establish a scale of mining on a fair and equitable basis that will not secure a share of the trade. If they succeed in this movement, then their suspension will come to an end and everybody, including the general public, will be benefited. If we fail to secure such a meeting, then the fight will go on until there is victory or defeat. I trust, however, that the sense of fair play among the coal operators of the country is such that before long a scale will be made and peace and harmony restored to the miners of the country.

Officials of the strikers have, it is said, made careful preparation to avoid incidents of violence; and so far as a majority of the mine owners are concerned it is probable that they will, at present, make little effort to continue the operation of mines that, financially, have been for several months scarcely better than self-sustaining. Nevertheless, the forcing of 130,000 hungry men into idleness at a time when the monetary stringency was already extraordinary is a deed so entirely opposed to all probabilities of success that it is difficult to see how great distress can be averted; or how, when defeat or desperation shall lead these unfortunate strikers on, it will be possible to avert bloody collisions with the law. While the public very generally sympathizes deeply with the men who compose this great organization, and hopes to see them get better wages and steadier work, it cannot forget that an inter-state strike of these proportions, incalculably harmful at any time, involves under the peculiar conditions in vogue at this period a blow to the already depressed business interests of the whole country, and to hundreds of thousands of wage earners in other branches of industry, worse than any which could be dealt by the employers of the land, and so inconceivably unwise as to suggest madness rather than lucid design.

We are indebted to the esteemed Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph for the interesting information that "while the anthracite diggers will not be called out at present, it is announced that in case hard coal is used to raise steam where bituminous fuel is now employed, that region will be rendered unproductive by the strike." The silly season of 1894 has evidently become unusually severe in the vicinity of the confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny.

MR. DEWEY, upon his return to New York, elaborately defends the right of a railroad employe to seek any elective office "unfettered by prejudices and unpunished by ignorance." We take great pleasure, therefore, in nominating Mr. Dewey for an elective office, the presidency itself, of the New York Central railroad.

The New Normal School.

Although they made a spirited battle to have the new state normal school located in their own city, exhausting fair weapons in an honorable, open rivalry, Scrantonians accepted defeat good naturedly and bore no malice. The almost phenomenal success of the Stronburg institution since its opening, last September, has been a fact of which our own citizens have been appropriately proud, and to which they have contributed not a little in point both of attendance and of public indorsement.

The work of the principal, George P. Bible, since his inception last autumn, has amply sustained the high reputation which Professor Bible had previously sustained during his ten years' career as a public institute conductor and instructor. Together with his twelve enthusiastic assistants in the faculty, he has justified the confidence of the people of this educational district, and they have, in their turn, evinced recognition of the fact by placing 400 of their sons and daughters under his tuition, an attendance almost without parallel in the first year of a new institution.

With a start so advantageous, it is fair to expect great good to result from this thirteenth addition to the list of our state normal schools. While there are some features of the state normal school system in general which all observers do not endorse, it would be im-

possible to deny the widespread usefulness to this district of the college for teachers at East Stronburg; and it will be the general hope that it may receive such additional support, from legislature and people, as may be needed to further equip and sustain it.

IN CELEBRATING its tenth anniversary on Saturday our esteemed neighbor, the Truth, dispensed itself in sixteen well-filled pages, enclosed in a beautiful lithographic cover. Included in the admirable table of contents were special contributions from each member of the Truth staff, one from ex-Governor Beaver, an entertaining feuilleton from the pen of Edward A. Niven of Wilkes-Barre and several other features of equal timeliness and quality. Taken as a whole the issue was one of the most creditable newspaper productions ever issued in this city, and it affords THE TRIBUNE unqualified satisfaction to compliment Publishers Barrett and Jordan upon the substantial prosperity which attends their labors in this field.

THE PHILADELPHIA Press charges "one candidate for lieutenant governor" with having telegraphed an offer of \$2,000 for the votes of the delegates of a certain county. Who is the candidate and who is the proxy? The man who would do a thing like that would render himself liable not only to ignominious defeat but also to confinement in an asylum for the insane.

That Carnival of the Cranks.

The theory upon which our government is founded accords ample chance for the proper expression of public opinion with reference to national legislation, passed, pending or proposed, without recourse to mob intrigues, populist sedition or crack-brained crusades on the part of an irresponsible rabble. It is competent for any citizen or number of citizens to avail themselves of the right of petition, to send delegates to Washington, to confer by mail or personally with their representatives in congress, and, finally, to resort to that sovereign remedy, the ballot. In times of peace, no condition can be imagined which would, after these methods of recourse had been exhausted, necessitate additional action. The processes of orderly argument and amicable request are adequate to cover any and all emergencies not belonging to war, riot, sedition or rebellion.

In point of usefulness, the present congress has won uncommon notoriety. It has violated sacred pledges, trampled upon popular rights and persisted in an economic agitation which, it could plainly see, was precipitating business stringency, industrial stagnation and general suffering. Under the lash of rebel brigadiers it has rushed through a program of sectional revenge, and has deliberately chosen a policy whose practical effect upon the great mass of our citizens has been destructive to industry, subversive to prosperity and ruinous to all those hopes which develop upon a basis of widespread tranquility. But it is not to be overlooked that the people themselves deliberately chose such legislative servants, replacing, when they did so, servants who had accorded to the nation, so far as legislation could influence it, a measure of popular prosperity beyond precedent in the annals of the republic. In such a situation, it becomes disaffected voters to restrain their indignation until it can take practical and legal expression at the polls; and not, through tramp gatherings or disorderly assemblies, to seek to visit upon the Democratic majority in congress a vengeance which belongs primarily to the people who selected that majority and who ought to have known at the time that they were playing with fire.

In the crisis which confronts the residents of Washington, whose streets are about to be invaded by the roving vagrants, enthusiasts and outcasts that, together with a modicum of sincere pilgrims unblinded by the gravity of the present business epidemic, form what is known as Coxy's army, there is but one sentiment among the people, and that is the sentiment of pity. There must be firmness on the part of the district officials else will this invasion have most disastrous results. But greater, even, than this responsibility is that which rests upon the administration itself, which, by its course in truckling to the ill-balanced minds that form the froth and foam of our electorate, has invited this invasion, and cannot, either with consistency or with self-respect, repudiate it. The episode of its very inception has been the most potent of all possible arguments against the further supremacy of a party which owes its power to agitators of the Coxy stamp, and yet it is an argument that is in itself a humiliation and, in some sense, a national disgrace.

THE NEWSPAPER enemies of Mr. Powderly are hot on the trail of his "threatened conviction for official irregularity and expulsion from the knights." Meanwhile Mr. Powderly eats three hearty meals per day, sleeps well at night, progresses placidly toward a familiarity with Blackstone and enjoys the undiminished esteem of all his neighbors and friends. He has been under fire before.

An Artful Dodge.

The concerted cry of the Cameron clique is that Pennsylvania's senior senator is not now a candidate for reelection; that other questions of greater importance than his re-election demand the country's attention and that an expression at this time with reference to Cameron will tend to complicate matters and ought not to be made. There was a time in the history of Pennsylvania Republicanism when such a travesty on argument might have been efficacious. That time has passed. The people today recognize nothing sacred in the personality of a disobedient and unfit servant; nor do they concede the impropriety of bringing this servant to an accounting, whether now or upon any other occasion. They are about to choose more than a score of state senators who will participate in the election of Mr. Cameron's successor; and they are not prepared to admit that they have no right to know how these senatorial candidates would act.

It is possible that the "raising of the Cameron issue" will "complicate matters." That is principally what it is raised for. It will "complicate" the schemes of those who misrepresent

their constituents and ignore their party platforms, and we somehow enjoy the prospect. But it will simplify the processes of representative government and add to the respect in which this commonwealth is generally held.

HIS INEFFABLE grace, the Duke of Six-Coburg Gotha, being also by virtue of his marriage into the Gu-ly family Duke of Edinburgh in the Scotch peerage, and recipient of a British annuity of \$50,000, has reason to thank his lucky stars that the English people, like their Yankee cousins, be light to be humbugged. Otherwise castle Laboucher's little scheme to cut off this useless pension would not have been defeated the other day in the Liberal commons, and the jealous Liberal chancellor of the exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, would not have had occasion to stab his official chief by remarking with a horrified gesture that "he had never felt more keenly the absence of the great leader whose personal influence in such matters had been so great. Altogether, the combinations of sycophancy, soubriety and solemn imbecility that sometimes exhibit themselves in the politics of Mother Britain are highly calculated to make Americans tired.

IF THE esteemed Philadelphia Press would drop innuendo and come right out into the open in its fight against the president of the State League of Republican clubs, it would gratify many admirers, here and elsewhere. Its attempt to stab the Robinson candidacy in the back by the weapons of the political assassin would seem to invite distrust rather than credence.

LOST ART  
Of Thinking.

DEAR SIR:—Your recent editorial for the Young who "tell" bears the mark of sincerity and is therefore worthy of the attention of the few thinking mortals who have given the social problems of the present, in this locality, some serious thought. I say a few, for it is even strange to hear an editor utter himself seriously now-a-days. He too, like the rest of us, must look to the circulation of his paper and flavor his oil of flattery to suit the taste of his patrons. But this is not personal, Mr. Editor. The practical Christianity of our time, of course, a very old theme. How many times have we not heard it—how many thousands of times! It is a poor, little selfish affect, too. And yet the theme is ever new to us from the lips or pen of a sincere mortal—or, as I should say, from the heart. Albeit I could only take even the poor, little makeshift of a Christianity of ours to work with us on Monday morning and stop baying about it. It is a poor, little selfish affect, too. And yet the theme is ever new to us from the lips or pen of a sincere mortal—or, as I should say, from the heart. Albeit I could only take even the poor, little makeshift of a Christianity of ours to work with us on Monday morning and stop baying about it.

The plan outlined by Rev. Mr. Nice will commend itself to many who are interested in the "hundreds of boys and girls under the necessity of working for a livelihood," but what of these hard-faced children and youths who trot these streets every day and are not under the necessity of working for a livelihood? There are your big school castles on every hilltop, laughing at your American imprudence, and here on these streets are hundreds of hard-faced children pining for the breaker or the mill rather than go to school, like the youth of English sports pining for the navy. Even worse than this, for the navy gives the English youth some hard lessons in discipline, while these same young lions of ours sit each at home, in the arms of a wife before he is scarcely out of his small clothes; and he is the stuff that shall make your law makers, your judges, your juries and your "holes in the wall," and by and by, as indeed his bigger brothers are making them now to no very small extent.

What noise about university extension, lecturing in the parks, etc., I used to hear from this valley away out in the country, and how I used to envy the lot of this enlightened people with all its facilities for education and wisdom. There are, no doubt, a few, far above my humble station, whose lectures about Byron and Shakespeare attributes are not affected, but for one of these there are a thousand spectacled men, young and old, who would go into real raptures if some good professor would grow eloquent for them over the science of ball playing or the price of corn. I have a public library in this city to be proud of. The librarian's reports show, if I mistake not, that we are reading public and that we read the best books. I myself have watched many a time with much interest the large number of people, young and old, who patronize this fountain of learning, and yet, in my daily intercourse with people of the working class, like myself, people with whom I associate, and of whom I must be allowed to have an enlightened knowledge as the next, I must confess that I see very little traces of this alleged thirst for wisdom. Truly we all read something, but it is only one in several hundred among us that knows what to read,—a sufficient task enough, indeed, today,—one in several hundred that knows how to read an author, and the object of all reading, one in a thousand who has learned to think.

While I was looking over the publications in a Scranton book store recently, an intelligent looking man entered and said to the clerk: "I want to buy a book for my girl." "What book do you want, sir," asked the clerk. "Don't know yet; a good large one if you can suggest." "Well, here is a good book," showing him Gulliver. "Have that—the biggest lie out of school." "Here is another popular book," showing him Stevenson's celebrated allegory. "Have that, too, bigger lie still." "Then, here is a very popular book called 'The Prairie Schooner' (I think that was the title). "Guess I'll take that," and off he walked with his "Prairie Schooner."

I asked a friend one day what he was reading. The Act of Extemporaneous Speaking" was the answer. Albeit that is the art that most of us cultivate with a vengeance. Now if some such project as that of Mr. Mill's will only teach the youth not only how to read and what to read but also the art of "extemporaneous" thinking, we may discover something about this labor and capital question that few of us have yet dreamt of. We might indeed reach the root of the matter. We are not prepared for learned lectures on the poets yet. Far from it, friend. The most of us are still in a very crude state; and these affected raptures shall deceive no man with his eyes open. ERASTUS FREEMAN.

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