

The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

THE SCRANTON OF TODAY.

Come and inspect our city. Elevation above the tide, 740 feet. Extremely healthy. Estimated population, 1884, 103,000. Registered voters, 20,599. Value of school property, \$750,000. Number of school children, 12,000. Average amount of bank deposits, \$10,000,000. It is the metropolis of northeastern Pennsylvania. Can produce electric power cheaper than Niagara. No better point in the United States to establish new industries. See how we grow: Population in 1850, 5,223. Population in 1855, 10,000. Population in 1860, 15,500. Population in 1865, 22,515. Population in 1870, 30,000. Population in 1884 (estimated), 103,000. And the end is not yet.

In the death of Myron B. Wright Pennsylvania loses a staunch and sturdy representative; and the Republican party a distinguished advocate. His career is well-rounded and well-filled with honestly achieved successes. The mourning because of his death will be general and genuine.

Protection and Reciprocity.

Senator Sherman, upon reflection, has seen fit somewhat to modify, in a second communication, the opinion ascribed to him in yesterday's Tribune, upon the authority of a New York interview. He now declares that he regards the McKinley act as the best expression of the general protective policy of the Republican party that this country has ever known, which is an eminently safe proposition and likewise an eminently true one. The second Sherman interview, however, is mainly important as shedding light upon what the senator from Ohio meant to say in his original deliverance. The text upon which it is based may be regarded as settled, for at least a score of years to come.

The present generation of voters may differ as to particular percentages of duty, but they will never consent to abandon the protective principle. That principle has become rooted in the very foundations of our government. Few if any men now alive will live to see America make the costly mistake of surrendering the peerless American home market to pursue the phantom trade of the world along the low-grade pathways of European free trade. We dare say that after its recent drubbing, the Democracy will put on a holdier front and manfully acknowledge the fact that it is against tariff protection in all its phases. We are sure that the Cleveland wing of the Democracy will do this; for it can no longer deceive the public by posing as "conservative protectionists" and might just as well have credit for boldness and courage. But whether it shall or shall not throw off disguise, the Democratic party, if Republicans are wise, is already beaten for two decades. The people will not again trust it, be its pretensions good or bad. They have had enough, and like burnt children, will dread the fire that scorched them.

To retain the confidence of the people, however, Republicanism must content itself to move cautiously along conservative lines. Theoretically, McKinleyism was right; practically, by its very radicalism it alienated popular sympathy and opened loopholes of attack. But for Mr. Blaine, McKinleyism would have gone before the country without provision for a dollar's worth of new trading in any foreign market. It was such extreme steps as this that cost the Republican party its control of congress in 1890 and that, two years later, lost it the presidency. Moderate protection with reciprocity comprises a slogan which is absolutely inviolable. But tariff agitation, in any form, needs to be left alone until the business of the country will have recuperated so as not to be liable to be thrown into a relapse.

In this era of Democratic national debt-making, it is consoling to think that a party will soon take hold which can pay these debts off.

What is its Future?

However their own belief may diverge from that of Henry Watterson, there is left to honest men nothing but admiration for the clear-out fashion he has of speaking his mind. A new instance of this habit lies before us in a learned leader entitled "Have We a Democratic Party?" In this article Colonel Watterson traces with much detail the progress of rival political opinion in this country since the days of Jefferson and Hamilton, and laments that during the last thirty years of its existence Democracy has represented nothing more definite than mere opportunism, "beating about from one reef to another." From the fact that despite a leadership "essentially unprincipled and insincere," the party has held together through all its vicissitudes and in the teeth of all its absurd contradictions, Colonel Watterson fancies he perceives the working out of a law of destiny which he hopes, but with hesitant faith, will yet point the way to Democratic reorganization, regeneration and rehabilitation.

One reference of his to Cleveland possesses curious interest. Alluding particularly to the moment of Cleveland's first inauguration, Colonel Watterson says: He imagined the United States a larger state of New York. He fancied Washington a quarto edition of Albany; bound in

half-calf. It took him three years groping about in the dark to find a policy, and when he had found it, he became frightened at his discovery and attempted to run away from it. It took him four years to learn the trade of being president, and having learned it pretty well, he lost his job. He came in again, however, upon just such a tidal wave as has floated back the Republicans; and, being once more in the saddle, he proceeded to run things his own way, asking for and hindrance of no one. The result has been disastrous in the last degree. To begin with, he put the cart before the horse in sending the tariff to the rear, and pushing the money question to the front; and to end with—after winning a precarious victory on the money question—he pressed a measure of tariff reform, which not only disappointed public expectation and stifled the party pledge, but which—by its continuance of the perplexities and complications of the old misleading system of schedules and classifications—opened a way for towards to dodge and for traitors to conspire, playing into the hand of the protectionists and making havoc with every Democratic interest.

The tenor and burden of Colonel Watterson's complaint is directed less against Mr. Cleveland personally, however, than it is against the chaotic condition of Democracy in general. He hopes, but does not appear to be very confident, that one central principle will again exhibit itself as a beacon light to enlighten Democratic footsteps, and in this we have the whole secret of Democracy's present gloom. The party as a whole is simply an enlarged edition of the party as it is known today in Lackawanna county—a party of clashing interests, discordant elements and warring leaders, without the suggestion of a bond of union stronger than a more frequently hopeless than successful appetite for spoils. It has been suggested that the party in Lackawanna county would do well to take a rest of five years before again attempting to govern; and we are not prepared to say that the same experiment would not be equally beneficial to the party at large.

Senator Peffer declares that the Democratic party is dead, and that upon its ruins will spring up a new political organization having for its cardinal principle the free and unlimited exchange of silver and gold, at the ratio of sixteen to one. This new corner may not win in 1896, but he is confident that it will capture the presidency in the year 1900. Before this prediction can be fulfilled the new party will have to take in a new outfit of leaders. This nation is not likely ever to commit its destinies to the keeping of men like Senator Peffer.

Growing Cost of Elections.

Ex-Vice President Morton is to be commended on the ground of honesty for his candid statement that to be elected governor of New York cost him \$19,790. The expenses he enumerates are natural enough; and no doubt legitimate. They include \$15,000 to the state committee, \$2,500 to a printer who supplied his literary bureau, and several scattering items. If Senator Hill spent less, it was because he had less expectation of getting it back. Hill is not a man who spares money when an end is to be gained; and whether he has wealth in his own name or knows how to draw on friendly purses, the result is identically the same, in morals as well as in fact. Hence there is no room for invidious comparisons.

But why should it cost any man wishing to be elected governor nearly one-half his entire total salary for the official term of four years, not saying anything about the chances of defeat? This is the difficult and portentous question in this connection. No one can impeach Mr. Morton's honesty and purity of intention. He is rich and he is truthful. He could afford \$19,790, he spent \$19,790 and he was manly enough to say so. Thus far, all well and good. But is the honor of running for governor in New York state hereafter to be restricted to wealthy men who can afford to ignore the cost of their campaigns? We trust that we are not of those visionary few who apparently imagine that the necessary machinery of politics can easily be operated by northeast wind. At the same time, it is pertinent to inquire if the gradual movement in both parties toward the gilding of our politics has not gone beyond the limit of reason and prudence. When partisans get excited it is natural that they should be generous of their resources in their furious effort to win. The feeling is much the same as that which prompts modest privates in an army to deeds of extraordinary rashness while under the intoxication of battle. But it is time to have a limit fixed to this large and damaging expenditure; time at least to preach the doctrine of early republican simplicity, albeit the practice of it is beset with many difficulties.

We are inclined to believe that within three years Hawaii will be a part of these United States.

What the South needs most of all is political competition. The section that holds away to one political belief is bound to get narrow and stagnant. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the growing tendency of Southern people to think for themselves, rather than to blindly inherit the political affiliations of their fathers.

Senator Allison correctly intimates that business interests want a rest. If they had wanted further agitation they would have commissioned Wilson and Cleveland to "carry on the war."

As to Senator Quay.

We learn by way of Washington that the Chicago Tribune, a Republican paper which ought to have better sense, "calls on Senator Quay to step into the background." It is unlikely that the Chicago Tribune's advice will be heeded, any more than would similar advice from Democratic sources. One of the results of Senator Quay's remaining in the foreground was a Republican plurality in Pennsylvania, in 1894, which fairly brushes the quarter-of-a-million mark. Among the results of his stepping into the background would be the loss of the most successful party tactician and victory-winning leader that the Republican party has ever had.

Senator Quay stepped into the background two years ago. Democratic restoration and a \$4,000,000 panic speedily followed. It would please England, the mugwumps, the free trade Democrats and the soured Republican office seekers to have Senator Quay again retired; but we are not so sure about honest Republicans. Our sus-

plion is that the most of them will find Senator Quay a very useful citizen along about 1896.

Senator Cameron denies that he has had any part in an effort to establish a national silver party. "I am a Republican," he says, "who believes thoroughly in silver." The probability is that Senator Cameron will some day have many more companions in this belief than he has today.

The Fourth Estate.

The prominence of the name of Colonel J. H. Lambert, of the Philadelphia Press, in all state cabinet forecasts, while it may not be prophetic of his appointment, is a striking tribute to his prominence and excellence as a representative journalist.

Newspaper men, by the way, have fared exceptionally well this month. To be sure, Amos Cummings got entangled in the falling Tammany debris in Gotham, and Major Van Horne out at Kansas City was also unsuccessful. But to compensate for these things we have Eli Quigg returned from New York city by a monster plurality; Editor Southwick, of the Albany Express, knocking out Congressman Tracey, the chief of the badly used tribe of Grover Cleveland cuckoos; Representative Seranton overturning the precedent which, every alternate election, had heretofore beached him among the wreckages; and several other examples that just now escape recollection. If Colonel Lambert should become secretary of the commonwealth, the appointment would undoubtedly be a popular one; but in any event it is a pleasant compliment to the fourth estate that he should be so generally considered available.

Then there's Charles Emory Smith, too, with an eye on Don Cameron's seat. Of a certainty, Journalism is looking up.

Dr. Parkhurst is a striking illustration of the one who laughs last. Under all circumstances the doctor may be excused for the indulgence in excessive hilarity over election results in Gotham.

CHATS BY THE WAY.

One doesn't need in order to admire Colonel Ingersoll's rhetoric, to be a believer in Colonel Ingersoll's philosophy. His new lecture, "The Bible," ends in a burst of eloquence which, as a specimen of word architecture, is certainly wonderful. "For thousands of years men have been writing the real Bible, and it is being written from day to day, and it will never be finished while man has life. All the facts that we know, all the truly recorded events, all the discoveries and inventions, all the wonderful machines whose wheels and levers seem to think, all the poems, crystals from the brain, flowers from the heart, all the songs of love and joy, of smiles and tears, the great dramas of imagination's world, the wondrous paintings, miracles of form and color, of light and shade, the marvelous marbles that seem to live and breathe, the secrets told by rock and star, by dust and flower, by rain and snow, by frost and flame, by wind and lightning, by sand, by mountain range and billow and sea, all the wisdom that lengthens and ennobles life—all that avoids or cures disease, or comforts the mind, and perfects fact and law and rules that guide and govern our lives, the music that transfigures, enraptures and enralls, the victories of heart and brain, the miracles that hands wrought, the debt and cunning hand, the words that worked for wife and child, the histories of noble deeds, of brave and useful men, of faithful loving wives of quenchless mother-love, of conflicts for the right, of sufferings for the truth, of all the best that all men and women of the world have said and thought and done through all the years—these are the heart and brain—these are the Sacred Scriptures of the human race."

An interesting lecture was delivered by Dr. M. V. Bell at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, the other day, in elucidation of bacteriology. Dr. Bell told how Pasteur came to believe that water and air were inhabited by animal micro-organisms; and then, by aid of a microscope, showed how these bacilli move about. "The movement," he said, "was once thought to be due to hair-like appendages, but it has been found that some move which do not have the appendages. The motion is now believed to be due to a contraction of protoplasm. Some have a molecular motion, each revolving in a circle around its own axis. Heat, movement of the water and chemical action will also cause the organism to move." It is a pity that Dr. Bell has not had an opportunity to gaze through Professor Cole's "Electric Eye" at the bacilli inhabiting the human epidermis. He would then discover that the cause of their movement is nothing less than legs, plain legs and legs like a centipede. To our friends, the gentlemen, we salute and no war of races, of dynasties, of religious systems. The people are the masters; and things are not likely to go to the dogs—even out here in Kentucky. To our friends, the ladies, we salute, and we have but this to say: "Gentlemen, yesterday it was our day; today it is your day; tomorrow, who shall tell whose day it may be? Because Hill is beaten in New York, shall we rend Cleveland limb from limb? Because the Dutch have captured Holland, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Occasional clean strokes we salute you, and wish you well and cry you mercy, and may all of us be here to see this time come the first Tuesday of November, 1887. And thus may it be, forever and aye; applaud us if we win; console us if we fail; but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on!"

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Colonel Henry Watterson, he of starry renown, accepts the recent political verdict amably and in philosophic mood. "Politics," he declares, "is not battle. Parties are not armies. There is in the world no war of races, of dynasties, of religious systems. The people are the masters; and things are not likely to go to the dogs—even out here in Kentucky. To our friends, the gentlemen, we salute and no war of races, of dynasties, of religious systems. The people are the masters; and things are not likely to go to the dogs—even out here in Kentucky. To our friends, the ladies, we salute, and we have but this to say: "Gentlemen, yesterday it was our day; today it is your day; tomorrow, who shall tell whose day it may be? Because Hill is beaten in New York, shall we rend Cleveland limb from limb? Because the Dutch have captured Holland, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Occasional clean strokes we salute you, and wish you well and cry you mercy, and may all of us be here to see this time come the first Tuesday of November, 1887. And thus may it be, forever and aye; applaud us if we win; console us if we fail; but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on!"

now thought by many to stand a better chance for the attorney generalship than for the secretaryship of state.

Major Willauer, of Chester county, with "Jack" Robinson's endorsement, will be a competitor against Captain John C. Delaney for the appointment of state factory inspector.

Deputy Attorney General Stranahan, who so ably piloted Commodore Singery to defeat, is so well pleased with Harrisburg that he will locate there permanently, practicing law.

Bourke Cockran says that if Tammany is ever to be revived, it will have to be along the line of principle and not as any man's personal property. This is a direct slap at Croker, who recently turned Cockran down.

This is the guess of Colonel William Hayes Greer: For secretary of the commonwealth, Colonel James H. Lambert, associate editor of the Philadelphia Press; for attorney general, ex-Governor James A. Beaver, and for adjutant general, Colonel Tom Stewart.

This is all Senator Quay would say for publication Tuesday: "I have not declared for Senator Penrose nor anyone else for mayor. I think the people of Philadelphia are capable of selecting their own candidate, and they are not likely to come to Beaver county for any advice upon that question."

When Governor-elect Hatfield goes into office he will, says the Patriot, find sixty-five Democrats filling places at his disposal. He will also find fifteen Republicans holding office who were retained by a Democratic administration and by women and two minors whose appointments are charged to the Democracy. Of all these positions only three pay less than \$800 a year, while their average salary is about \$1,500.

Although Representatives Kunkel, of Dauphin; Pocht, of Union; and Niles, of Tioga, are candidates for the speakership, says the Philadelphia Record, there seems to be no prospect of such a combination of "country" members as that which existed at this time two years ago, when Mr. Walton, with the endorsement of his Philadelphia colleagues, was a candidate for the speakership, and was defeated by Caleb C. Thompson. Mr. Walton already received assurances of support from many country members, and politicians who traveled through the state in the late campaign report that all the indications point to his election, which will be entirely satisfactory to Senator Quay. Philadelphia Republicans think that the Allegheny delegation will soon endorse Mr. Walton.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

You can't have roses all the year, Though summer does her best; You're kinder got to give the land A livin' chance to rest.

Then cheer up An' bear up, When snow is on the ground; Spring or fall, We're here for all; The world must turn around!

The bee makes honey in the spring An' stores it for the cold; When winter comes he gives the b 'Till springtime to unfold.

Then cheer up An' bear up, When winter strews the ground; Rain or shine, We're in the show; The world must turn around; —Atlanta Constitution.

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ELECTION ECHOES.

Quay will go to Florida within a fortnight. Governor Waite, of Colorado, includes a vigorous growl in his official Thanksgiving proclamation. Senator Quay was unkind enough Tuesday to call on Editor Singery and remark: "I told you so."

Lawrence E. McGinn, Democrat, is elected to congress from the Third Illinois district, by 70 majority. Friends of Secretary Carlisle deny that he will resign. When he has served out his term they say he will practice law in Washington.

Chicago claims the next United States senatorship; but it is safe to guess that Senator Shelby M. Cullom will be re-elected, all right.

The election expenses of Governor-elect Morton, of New York, were \$19,790, and those of Amos J. Cummings, as candidate for congress, \$1,700.

Ex-Department Commander of the Grand Army Thomas G. Sample, of Albany, is also a candidate for appointment as state public printer.

Congressional Candidate Balknap, of Chicago, Republican, claims that the Democratic election commissioners counted him out. He will contest.

General Frank Reeder, of Easton, is

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