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.

THE FLAT RATE FOR ADVERTISING.

The following table shows the price per inch each insertion, space to be used within one year:

DISPLAY.	Run of Paper	Sliding on Reading	Full Position
Less than 500 inches	.25	.275	.30
500 inches	.20	.22	.24
1000 "	.16	.175	.19
3000 "	.155	.17	.185
6000 "	.15	.165	.18

For cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and similar contributions in the nature of advertising The Tribune makes a charge of 5 cents a line.

Rates for Classified Advertising furnished on application.

SCRANTON, JULY 12, 1901.

Wanted—By the Scranton Times, a new lot of penny dreadful epithets to replace some gone to seed. Sense or fitness no object. Deliver to the office boy.

Sunday Observance.

RECORDER BROWN, of Pittsburg, who recently began a vigorous enforcement of the so-called Blue laws, is having troubles of his own. He is credited in the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette with saying that he is disappointed at the manner in which his Sunday observance order has been received and that if he had given the matter second thought he would never have undertaken to enforce the ancient statutes literally.

Whether this is a correct voicing of his opinon or not we have no means of knowing. But it is altogether likely that the attempt to close refreshment booths, soda water fountains and cigar stands on Sunday in Pittsburg will not succeed. Whether these institutions are works of necessity is a fairly debatable proposition. No doubt most persons would be better off if they partook more sparingly of physical refreshments on Sunday and devoted their energies to a better cultivation of the spiritual graces.

But the fact remains that large numbers of people, perhaps a majority, have the opinon that there is no harm in eating ice cream, drinking soda water or smoking cigars on Sunday; and so long as this is true, the attempt to suspend this traffic will simply excite their prejudices and provoke their opposition. Administration of law must take into account the limitations of public sentiment. To ignore them is to invite rebuke at the polls.

There can, however, be no doubt that majority sentiment will uphold the authorites of Pittsburg in stopping the illegal sale of intoxicants on Sunday and suppressing Sunday gambling. Those practices breed public disorder, which annoys not only those who favor the puritanical Sabbath, but also those whose consciences do not revolt at the minor indulgences of the public.

It is gratifying to note that the sultan not only paid up, but also looked pleasant.

Postal Reform.

WITHIN a few days the postmaster general will issue his promised order disbarring from privilege of second-class rates in the mails publications which cannot show satisfactory claim to it. The exact language of this order is yet unknown; but its intent will be to rule out periodicals which have only a nominal subscription price and which are in reality advertising dodges. It is not stated whether the use of premiums will be frowned upon; and it is this uncertainty which makes it impossible to say how strongly the order will be resisted.

That the attempt of the post office department to outlaw premiums will precipitate a fight is assured. On this subject Robert E. Bonner, who acted as chairman of the leading New York publishers who have been trying to impress their views upon the postmaster general, writes: "It seems to me that the present law of 1879 is all sufficient for the protection of both the postoffice and the interests of publishers. The fact that the deficit in the postoffice has decreased year after year, and is now reduced to about $4,000,000, where it was formerly over $15,000,000, is sufficient evidence that the law of 1879 is a good law. The wide dissemination of information of a public character and of good literature is of such inestimable benefit to a country depending upon universal suffrage for its guidance that a deficit of $4,000,000 is not to be cnosidered for one instant, and even if a cheese-paring policy should regard this deficit as something alarming it must not be forgotten that the deficit itself is steadily shrinking from year to year under the law of 1879. If the postoffice department should put into effect a ruling such as was proposed in the circular letter of the third assistant postmaster-general, dated April 13, it would undoubtedly be an assumption of legislative power. Whatever ruling is made should be a logical sequence of the law of 1879. If it is not, all publishers should unite to defeat it."

The law of 1879 thus referred to provides that a publication "must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry and having a legitimate list of subscribers; provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to admit to the second class rate regular publications, designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates."

After the new order has been issued, the postmasters of the various cities will be called upon to decide whether all the publications now passing through their offices are entitled to a continuance of the second-class rates. If the decision is against the publication, the latter will receive notice of proposed restriction, and opportunity will then be afforded to make good its claim for a continuance of the privilege. This hearing is a legal right, and as it will undoubtedly be insisted upon in each case, the officials of the department are expecting an immense amount of work.

In any event, stoppage of premiums under penalty of loss of second class mail privilege cannot be sustained on the basis of existing law and congress is not likely to make the law harsher in this respect. The best publications in the country use premiums as a means of increasing their circulation; and because some publishers give nothing else than premiums or so use the premiums as to effect "circulation at nominal rates" is not a valid reason for outlawing all premiums. We have little expectation that the post office department will attempt what is unfair and impossible.

Colonel Wint expects in a few weeks to produce a scarcity of insurgents that will put the Philippines war correspondents entirely out of business.

Japan's Tribute to Perry.

SUNDAY, July 14, will see the memorable ceremony of dedication of the monument at Kurihama, Japan, to commemorate the landing of Commodore Perry. The monument has been erected by a Japanese association calling itself the American Friends' society. It consists of a huge slab of native stone upon which has been carved the words: "This monument commemorates the first arrival of Commodore Perry, envoy from the United States of America, who landed at this place July 14, 1853.

"Erected July 14, 1901."

Ships of the American and of the Japanese navy are to be present and take part in the ceremonies of the occasion. Yokohama letters say that intense interest has been and is shown in the event, and add that every possible honor will be given to the memory of the commodore, whose name is a household word throughout the empire.

Mr. Bryan is beginning to realize that there is a combined effort upon the part of the Democratic leaders to strangle the dulcet vox populi.

Forestry and City Trees.

IT IS A VERY desirable, a very necessary step forward, that Secretary Hitchcock made announcement, after a recent cabinet meeting, is about to be taken by the federal government in a matter vital to the future welfare of the entire country. That announcement is that he is now preparing to organize a forestry bureau in the interior department, to carry out an extensive system of reforestation, somewhat on the successful plan carried on by the government in Germany. It is yet too early to go into details, the secretary said, but he remarked that the president and every member of the cabinet "are satisfied with the practicability of the scheme, and impressed with the results that could be achieved by it in restoring the rapidly disappearing woodlands."

That the general government, as well as those of some states of this Union, should be at last aroused to recognition of the vital necessity existing for restoration and proper conservation of the forests, is a hopeful sign for the future prosperity of the land that has arrived none too early. The old saying, "Better late than never," is thoroughly applicable in this.

The organization of three university forestry schools, in different states, within the last few years is another step forward, of immense importance. Cornell's, first organized, was speedily followed by that of the University of Southern California, and Yale came in a good third. California has now a fourth, either at Berkeley or Stanford. While the University of Pennsylvania has not yet organized such a school—we wish it had—it has the proud distinction of having as one of its faculty the most indefatigable and successful awakener and educator of the public with regard to forestry in all its relations that the country possesses—Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania.

The general question of forest restoration, proper use, and conservation, has begun to attract a wider interest in trees elsewhere than in the forests—trees on the farm, along the roadways, in the cities and towns. Some of our cities make chiefly haphazard or sporadic endeavors towards the setting out and care of trees. It is well worth the while of American citizens of every municipality that boasts itself of being "no mean city"—every one of them makes that boast—to study what is told in Harper's Magazine for the current month of how the city of Paris cares for its trees.

"It is by means of such management," says the writer of the article on France's beautiful capital, that the city has made herself, with her many thousand lanterns, "the ville lumiere," and in the inhospitable side of her boulevards and avenues has planted nearly ninety thousand trees. For the provision of these and the flowers in her parks and gardens she has established municipal nurseries and hothouses, the chief gardener reporting for the year 1897 an output of more than a million plants. The city has learned also the art of transplanting large trees successfully, so that at the earliest signs of decay a street tree may be removed and the symmetry of the vista not spoiled by its successor. For these trees alone the expenses of Paris amounts to about $60,000 a year. The municipal nurseries include a 'hospital' or 'cure' for the tired trees, where they are restored, if possible, to health and strength in soil that is richer than the city's. In spring and fall these trees on their way to or from the hospital are no uncommon feature in the street scenes of Paris.

Some day, one, it may be hoped, in no distant future, the large portion of the American public that dotes on "utilitarianism" will arrive at the knowledge that in disregarding or destroying the beauty of nature, in whatever direction, it serves its "utilitarian" idol or fetich the very worst kind of final injury.

This day, July 12, 1901, is the double millenary of the birth of Julius Caesar, who remodelled the map of Europe, added an immense empire to Roman dominion, and whose victories, opening the way for the preaching of a world-religion of which he never dreamed, have had an abiding influence on the whole world's history and development. Some time ago it was proposed in Rome to give this two-thousandth anniversary of his birth a significant celebration. Whether the Roman municipality has carried out that intention or not the day is well worthy of remembrance throughout Christendom—for which he was, so unconsciously, a preparer of the way.

Among the many notices of the lately deceased, long famous lecturer, Joseph Cook, of Boston, we find one mention of his creed in regard to the franchise. It is worth quoting as the tersely spoken yet most comprehensive view of a strong and philosophic mind: "No sex, no shirks, no simpletons in suffrage." That touches clearly every one of the "problems" and "vexed questions" of popular government.

A visit to Nay Aug park will convince anyone that heretofore not enough attention has been paid to the most important feature in park improvement, tree planting. While well shaded in some portions, Nay Aug park yet needs many more trees. The new management should bear this in mind when the tree-planting season again arrives.

Nervous people who have perused the last list of bills signed by Governor Stone are probably now on the lookout for the Normal school octopus.

Ancient Bones at the Pan-American

DO YOU SUPPOSE many people visit the Ethnology building? There weren't nearly as many as on the Midway the other day. "What does ethnology mean, mother?" demanded a small boy who was dragging after a weary-looking woman with cinders and determination in both eyes. "Why, why, it means bones, I guess," she answered vaguely. "Anyway, we've got to see what's here. We don't want to miss anything," and she hurried her son energetically in one door and as hastily out the other, glancing casually right and left in her flight. They were headed toward the Horticultural building, to see the big apples labeled, "Yield not to temptation."

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This seems to be the way in which most people visit the building of Ethnology. In the first place, it is a long name and the majority do not appear to be violently interested, even after they get over the name. As one little bride was heard remarking, "I don't care for stuffed snakes and I never did like mummies. They smell so funny." Now there are no stuffed snakes, and, as a young college man with no bump of reverence expressed it, "Not a blooming mum." But if you want to see nice, clean bones of folks who really might lay claim to belonging to the first families, here's your chance. Of course, having nothing but bones and no blue blood, they don't arouse much jealousy, even in the breasts of the Daughters of the Revolution, a group of whom "viewed the remains" with proper veneration that day. The worst of it was, not a single blessed Daughter had the nerve to do any boasting in that presence about the grandfather who had "fit and bled and died" for his country. Here was somebody indisputably older than all their grandfathers on this and the other side of the sea. He was here when the world was young and happy, before the trusts and the labor unions owned the place.

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He was rather a pleasant old fellow, this patrician first owner of the land where McKinley and Mark Hanna, and statesmen and politicians galore now claim right of eminent domain. He was only discovered last year, out in a mound tomb in Ohio, but he had been there some time, they don't pretend to assert how many thousand years. They have endeavored to arrange him according to the geographical, or whatever you may call it, relative position his bones occupied when they were found. He is a little the worse for wear, but what can you expect? I wonder how much of our anatomy will be left to discover when thirty or forty centuries have passed after our tussles with osteopathy, rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, Christian Science and other things? In some of us the backbone will be conspicuous for its absence, at least.

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This gentleman had a considerable backbone. It is straight for an old person, and apparently strong. His ribs aren't in a condition to be of much service in another incarnation, but they have been painstakingly located according to the most approved anatomical knowledge of today. It would be difficult, however, to determine whether he is minus one of them in order to have the pleasure of the society of the lady, lying a little removed, who is rather more intact as to her ribs. The savants say she never wore a corset in her life and that she was probably one hundred and fifty years old when she died. They also say that the patriarch head of the family had no corns and no base ball finger joints. He certainly has a fine set of teeth, and my! such a lot of them! Probably he cracked nuts with them, too.

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Did it ever occur to you why it is that there is nothing particularly revolting or pathetic about a skeleton? There really isn't, you know. It is only a nervous sentiment which sees in it anything grewsome. Why, it's all because of the smile it wears. One cannot feel depressed about an object which seems so inordinately gratified with the situation. A dead body is different, very. So is a mummy; although, to be sure, a mummy is a dead body, too, isn't it? I shall never forget those awful Peruvian mummies at the World's Fair, sitting up there like folks, with their withered cheeks, and those horrible clawey hands, and that tangle of black hair. I was afraid of the dark for weeks afterward.

The "relics" in the Building of Ethnology are different. There are any number of skulls of mound builders, Aztecs and other primitive dwellers in our land. Looking at one laid on a shelf in the Canadian department, one couldn't see so very much difference between its shape and that of the skull of a Princeton young man, standing near. Divested of a pompadour, which was vainly coaxed to be parted flat at the side, according to the latest mode, the latter would be quite similar. Yet it isn't at all probable that the individual on the shelf had ever been to college.

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The spiral staircase leading to the galleries in the dome of this building is a stumbling block in the way of some people's edification. They do hate to climb stairs. But you'll find something worth climbing to see, if once you undertake the task. There are cabinets and cabinets full of Indian relics, vases reproduced in water colors from those found in Mexico. Then there are gorgeous Navajo blankets, some exquisite in hue, loaned by Mr. Seligman, and any number of Eric Pape's drawings hung on the walls of the rotunda. The inner gallery is really fascinating, with its wonderful paintings by Childe Hassam and others. These include portraits of famous Indian chiefs, studies of Cabaneros, J. W. D. Foster's "The Vison of Hiawatha," etc.

On the first floor is a fine group, mounted by the taxidermist's art, and representing the animals of the Northwest. The building is full of interest even for those who do not feel drawn toward the aborigines and who like living amusements instead of the dead. —H. C. P.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

What Interested the Boy.

This is a story which Representative Eddy, of Minnesota, tells on himself. Mr. Eddy not only enjoys the situation when the laugh is turned against him, but has a sense of humor which leads him to start the laugh sometimes himself.

"In making the campaign in my district one year," said Mr. Eddy, "I took along as an attraction a veteran of the war of 1812 and of the civil war, who was a famous hand at beating the drum. He was a drummer from away back, and could arouse a whole township. Drum music is an incendiary kind of thing, anyhow, and the old captain's drumming was particularly stirring.

"Well, one night after the captain's drum had given the usual overture, I commenced my speech to the populace, which had been lured to the scene by his drum. I noticed at the foot of the rostrum, the same being a dry goods box, a bright-eyed little fellow about 12 years old, who sat through the speech, following me with great attention. It pleased me very much. Any fool can interest an audience of adults, but it takes a genius to hold a child.

"So, after speaking, I went down and spoke to the little fellow and after shaking hands with him asked him how he liked my speech.

"'Oh, it will do,' he said, 'if I was you I would keep the captain a-drummin' all the time.'"—Washington Star.

Qualified His Comparison

Governor Shaw, of Iowa, had amusing experiences with newspaper men during a recent visit down East, relates the Omaha Bee. "One reporter," he said, "referred to me as 'a dapper little old man;' another said my clothes didn't fit me and that I was 'no orator, according to classical standards,' but the funniest compliment I ever received was during the campaign last fall in my own state. After I had made a speech before a crowd that had gathered to hear a dbeate between Jim Weaver and myself, an old farmer pushed his way through to where I stood, grasped my hand and said, with every indication of sincere admiration:

"'Governor, that was a fine speech—an excellent speech! Do you know, you remind me very strongly of Abraham Lincoln in your powers of illustration? Of course, you are a better looking man than Lincoln was.' Then, stepping back, and, taking another look at me from head to feet, and evidently intending to emphasize the compliment, he added: 'But not much, either!'"

Sam Jones' Good Points.

Rev. Dr. Frank Bristol, pastor of the Metropolitan church in Washington, which is attended by President McKinley, tells a story which he heard one evening while dining at the White House with the president and Bishop Chandler of the Methodist church South. The party was talking about revivalists and revivals, and the case of the well known exhorter, "Sam" Jones, was brought up.

"The best characterization of Sam Jones' preaching, I ever heard," said the bishop, "was that of a good colored brother in Virginia. He had just heard Jones preach, and was describing it to one of his fellows.

"'Jist as long as Bro'r Jones sticks to de scripters,' said the colored man, 'he ain't no better preacher than eny uv de rest of us. But when he cuts loose from the scripters and jist lets her sail de he's de doggondest preacher dat ever pounded a pulpit.'"—Pittsburg Post.

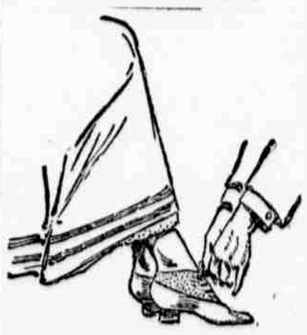
The making of an apology when one has been in the wrong is not an agreeable thing. A gentleman was to make one to a woman friend, and in order to render the job as light as possible she directed the very, very Irish servant as follows: "Now, if anyone comes Kate, say I am not at home, and then ask the name; if it is Blank you must invite him in for I am expecting him, but if it is anyone else excuse me."

That night the bell rang and the hostess leaned over the bannister to her the confab. It was not Mr. Blank, for she recognized the voice.

"Is Miss B. in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, sorr; she's in," said the Irish lady. And the gentleman started to take off his hat. "Excuse me, sorr," said the girl, "but are you Mr. Blank, because if you are not you must go away." He wasn't Mr. Blank and he went away in a gale, and the lady has never been able to set matters straight since. And the Irish lady, she has departed. She was too much of a comedy of errors to have for keeps.—Louisville Times.

ALWAYS BUSY.



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Suitable for Wedding Gifts.

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$1,000 Scholarships

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The Special Rewards:

Scholarship in Lafayette College	$1,000
Scholarship in Swarthmore College	1,000
Scholarship in Stroudsburg Normal School	675
Three Scholarships in Scranton Business College, $60 Each	180
Two Scholarships in Scranton Conservatory of Music, $75 Each	150
	$3,005

Each contestant failing to secure one of these special rewards will be given ten (10) per cent. of all the money he or she turns in.

N. B.—The first two scholarships do not include meals, but the contestants securing these will be given ten (10) per cent. of all the money he or she turns in to The Tribune, to assist in paying this expense.

Here is an opportunity for some ambitious young people to earn the best college education without a great amount of effort, and it is an opportunity that may never be repeated. The Tribune may find the returns much less than the expense and would then be unable to again make such generous offers. Such a condition will be The Tribune's loss and the contestants' gain.

There are many young men, and young women, too, who would be glad of an opportunity to "work their way through college," in fact, the presidents of these institutions are deluged with applications for chances of this kind. Here the work for an entire course of four years can all be accomplished in three short months, and an education that would cost in cash $1,000 is assured without further outlay. Parents should urge their boys and girls to enter the contest and work for one of the special rewards. One of the eight is within the reach of everyone who really tries.

Send a letter to The Tribune for full particulars, including handsomely illustrated booklet. Address,

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We make a specialty of fine bread stuffs. Orders for Salads, Oysters, Croquettes, etc., promptly filled.
A full line of Ice Cream and Ices.

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ROOM 25 COAL EXCHANGE, SCRANTON, PA.

Gold Medal Photographer
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BUGGIES and WAGONS of all kinds; also Houses and Building Lots at bargains. HORSES CLIPPED and GROOMED at
M. T. KELLER'S
Lackawanna Carriage Works.

BROTHERHOOD WINE CO.'S
Fine Old Ports, Burgundies, and Sauternes. Family Trade Only.
P. H. FRENCH, 408 CONNELL BLDG.

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Electric Wiring and Fixtures.
Electric Bell and Telephone Work.
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128 and 126 Washington avenue, Scranton Pa. Office hours—8.30 to 12 m.; 1.30 to 5.30 p. m. Only practicing lady osteopath in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

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