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The man who is classed as a crank, may console himself with the knowledge that, in the absence of the crank, the mighty power that moves the industries of the world would suffer paralysis.

Success in naval war depends in a very great measure upon owning points here and there in the ocean on which your ship commanders and companies may securely depend as bases for coal and provision supplies and for repairs, writes Professor E. Benjamin Andrus in the New York Independent. Without such, a strong navy may be easily beaten by a weak one, your war be lost, and your coast left to the mercy of your foes. Some such bases of supplies in the Pacific we must have and we cannot have too many.

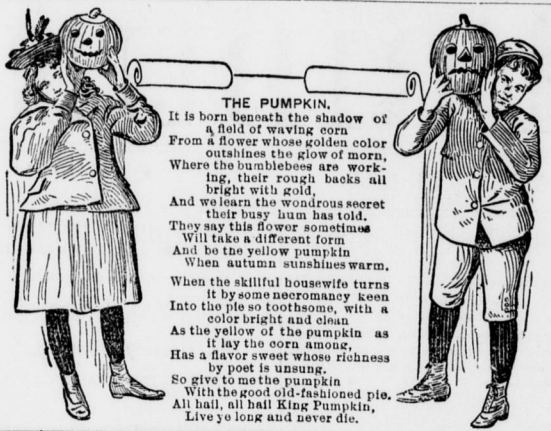
The influence of present social conditions in the United States upon the birth rate is beginning to attract attention, for the reason that the size of the average American family is steadily decreasing. This is especially true in New England, where the average family has been reduced from 5.16 in 1850 to 4.57 at the present time, but the same thing is true in a reduced degree of the whole nation. In 1850 the size of the average American family was 5.55 and it has now been reduced to 4.93. We are still maintaining a healthy birth rate, but conditions that tend to restrict the raising of families and to reduce the number of births cannot be said to be desirable.

The middleman is on the defensive; he is having a severer struggle for existence than the men either side of him, observes the New York Journal of Commerce. The contest is sharp enough everywhere, but the middleman is at the focus. He has served a useful purpose; he can never be exterminated, because within a certain area he is a necessity, but that area being circumscribed on both sides. If the manufacturers combine they concentrate their selling agencies; if they remain apart the competition between them becomes so sharp that they get into direct relations with the retailer. In either case the producer and the consumer are pushed up nearer to each other, and the man who is between the two finds his position getting tighter and tighter.

A Colt's Jump From a Moving Train.
There recently occurred in Kansas an accident which is remarkable from the fact that the outcome was not serious. Dr. Morris has a blooded colt, which he had loaded upon a Frisco freight train to ship to Joplin, Mo. The animal was tied in a furniture car and the doors left partly open. About five miles north of Arkansas City, while the keeper was on another part of the train, the animal became untied and jumped out of the door. The train was going at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour when the horse jumped, but the animal was uninjured. A section man caught the horse and led it back to the city.

The Kind Kaiser and His Sermon.
In a recent story about the kaiser, William is made to size up his own ability as a preacher. It is well known that the kaiser on his annual trip to board the Hohenzollern to the Norwegian fjords is in the habit of conducting divine service every Sunday morning. He usually reads a short liturgy and follows the prayers with a sermon. In his recent trip the captain of the Hohenzollern noticed that a sailor during divine service had fallen fast asleep. After service the captain called the sailor before him, gave him a sound rating and sentenced him to two days' arrest. The captain afterward reported the incident of the sleeping sailor, and the punishment inflicted on him. "Was he on watch the night before?" asked the kaiser. "He was, your majesty." "Then, let the poor devil off. Besides, it wasn't much of a sermon, anyhow."

The Power of Habit.
"How are you getting on with your automobile?" asked Miss Cayenne. "Well," answered Willie Washington. "I can run the machine all right, but it will be a long time before I can get over saying 'geddup' and 'whoa' to it." —Washington Star.



THE PUMPKIN.

It is born beneath the shadow of a field of waving corn From a flower whose golden color outshines the glow of morn. Where the humbees are working, their rough backs all bright with gold, And we learn the wondrous secret their busy hum has told. They say this flower sometimes Will take a different form And be the yellow pumpkin When autumn sunshines warm.

When the skillful housewife turns it by some necromancy keen Into the pie so toothsome, with a color bright and clean As the yellow of the pumpkin as it lay the corn among, Has a flavor sweet whose richness by poet is unsung. So give to me the pumpkin With the good old-fashioned pie. All hail, all hail King Pumpkin, Live ye long and never die.

THE BOER AS A FIGHTER.

The Boers are born fighters, a nation of sharpshooters, they never waste a bullet; each Boer selects his man and kills him and keeps on doing the same thing all day and every day until the war is over. It is a common boast with them which they have made good in more than one clash with the British, that one Boer is equal to ten Englishmen. They do not come out and fight in the open, but swarm all over a mountain side, hiding behind trees and rocks, and use to the thin red line or hollow square that comes within range of their snoring Martini and Mausers. In fact, the Boer victories over the British soldiers are largely accountable for the British feeling against them, and in the bitter warfare against the nation the success of the Boers has been extraordinary.

Fewer than 450 Boers resisted 12,000 of the fiercest Zulu warriors on December 16, 1838, and 3000 natives were left dead on the field, and this with old flint locks. President Kruger, as a boy, helped the forty Dutchmen hold off 2000 of the men of Moseilikane, then the most renowned native captain in South Africa. The bravery of the men is shown by the attack that 135 of them made on 10,000 Zulus on the Marico River, driving them out of the Transvaal.

These are simply better-known instances of the fighting abilities of the Boers. Every man has handled a gun from infancy. In the old days, when a Boer was not fighting the fierce natives he was defending himself from savage beasts. Every Boer has been trained in warfare. They discovered the method of laagering their wagons, placing them in a hollow square, which the British generals have adopted as the most successful way of fighting the natives. The Boers have shown themselves masters of strategy, the result of constant warfare with a cruel and treacherous foe.



The Government of the South African Republic is empowered to call at any time the burghers for armed service. The Field Cornet of each district goes round and serves a notice on the conscripts, who, mounted and fortified against hunger for ten days by a supply of buck or beef engagement. He chose his eyrie in the mountain gorges, and from that vantage point he picked off the foe at his will. Even when he assaulted Majuba Hill he came up rock by rock, squirming like a snake, twisting in and out and not firing until he had a mark to hit.

An English correspondent who went through the 1881 campaign wrote at that time of the fighting qualities of the Boers: "We never are able to see the enemy. Except before the fight at Majuba Hill, I never saw but a handful of them at any time. And when they thought we noticed them they and their horses disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. I think we all feel that they can shoot. Our losses at Hatley and Laing's Nek showed that. We were very much in the open, but not a blessed Boer was to be seen. But every once in a while there was the crack of a rifle, and then one of our poor boys would go over, the line would close up and we would begin chasing again for the enemy we could never find. I was taken prisoner just after General Colley was killed, and I can say that I could not have been treated better by any people. They were kind to our wounded, did not molest the dead nor insult us of the living. I think they are a very brave people, and, as for fighting, they seem to know just as much about it as we do."

The Boer loves his country with a passionate patriotism. He is not a miner, or an engineer, or a railroad constructor. He is pre-eminently an

agriculturist. In Cape Colony nearly the whole of the wheat growing is done by the Dutch farmers of the Western province. In the interior the bulk of the grain used is supplied by the Dutch farmer of the Transvaal. The whole of the fruit crop is produced by Boers. Even far up in Bechuanaland you will find Boer wagons from the Republic loaded up with fruit, oat forage and other products.

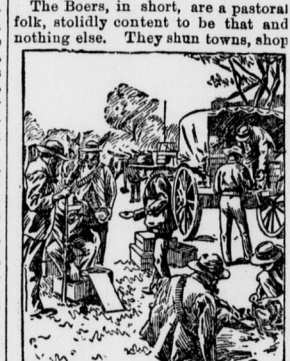


INSPECTION OF A "COMMANDO" OF BOERS IN THE MARKET PLACE OF A TOWN.

to those who are without them; and as for forage, the velt is trusted to supply it at need. The commandant, who is the Dutch equivalent of the English colonel, drills his forces as best he may; and a certain amount of military discipline is easily acquired, despite the rather slouchy appearance, due in part to the absence of uniforms, except in the case of the commandants, the other officers, and the "State Artillery."

The Boer much resembles our American Apache in his ability to live on the shadow of things when in the field. A writer of South Africa, in a contribution to a London paper, calls attention to the ability of the Boer to live on rations which an ordinary trooper would not endure and his capacity to travel great distances with horse in incredibly short time. The Boer knows every road and trail of the Transvaal; as a hunter he knows the devious ways of the wastes beyond. He is an agriculturist and a hunter. By the law of self-preservation he has learned the wily ways of the savage whom he displaced in the Transvaal. The secret recesses of the mountains are at his command. As a horseman he much resembles our American cowboy. He can ride on top of the saddle, or over his horse's neck, or Cossack fashion, with one foot in the stirrup, one leg on the saddle and his hand and shoulders on the ground. His horse is part of his family life. The beasts are very hardy, sure-footed and affectionate. Then, too, the Boer is inured to the hardships of the mountains, to long horseback journeys, scant allowances of food, tracks on which the water supply is scarce.

In the campaign of 1881 against the English the Boer took good care that his forces never faced the enemy in the open field. He never offered open



BOERS RECEIVING AMMUNITION.

keeping and gold mining. They ask only to live in a moderate degree of comfort, in a rude plenty; to provide for their children as they grow up and to be let alone.

German Viceroy in the Carolines.
A correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt calls attention to the fact that a German was Viceroy of the Caroline Islands thirty-five years ago. His name was Tetous, and he was captain of a ship which exported snails to China. In 1865 he married one of the daughters of the "King" of the Carolines and bought of him one of the islands.

Male Goats Among Sheep.
A correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier sends the following information, based on personal experience, to the farmers of South Carolina: "If you put among a flock of sheep from three to four male goats the dogs will rarely attack them. Sheep always run to the goats for protection."

Novel Sport in the Far East.
The effete Parisian has just taken up the sport of fish contests. Oriental sporting men in Siam, Cochinchina and some parts of Japan have long taken great delight in the lively con-



tests of the little fighting fish which are bred in the East for this particular purpose. The little finny belligerents are prettily colored red and blue fish, and when it comes to a matter of fighting always stick to it to the death.

WHEN JOHN BULL LEFT US.

A Monument in Boston Will Commemorate the Historical Event.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I inform you that on Sunday last, the 17th inst. (1776), about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the ministerial army evacuated the town of Boston, and that the forces of the United Colonies are now in actual possession thereof. I beg leave to congratulate you, sir, and the



DORCHESTER HEIGHTS MONUMENT.

honor of Congress on this happy event, and particularly as it was effected without endangering the lives and property of the remaining unhappy inhabitants. I have great reason to imagine their flight was precipitated by the appearance of a work, which I had ordered to be thrown up last Saturday night on an eminence at Dorchester, which lies nearest to Boston Neck, called Nook's Hill." Thus wrote General George Washington to the President of Congress March 19, 1776. The City Council of Boston has approved plans for the Dorchester Heights monument which marks the spot where General Washington stood and watched the British sail away. The plans show a type of tower common in colonial times, with fountain and memorial tablet on the most conspicuous side. It will be built of old-fashioned brick with dark headers. The trimmings will be of Indiana stone or white terra cotta. The height of the monument to the base of the steeple will be about seventy-five feet. The original appropriation for the monument was \$25,000.

Liked Them in Groups.
Albeit an attractive young miss in most ways, like many other young animals it was her habit to wolf her food. Of this her mither tried to break her, and on this particular occasion was remonstrating because of the number of peas Alice seemed to think it necessary to consume at a mouthful.

"Take fewer peas on your fork, Alice. Why should you want to take so many at one time?"
"They taste so much better when eaten in groups," was Alice's unexpected explanation.

A Remarkable Girl.
Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, whose achievements have attracted the attention of all students of educational methods, spent last summer at Wrentham, Mass., as the guest of Mrs. J. E. Chamberlain. She keeps up her study of Greek and Arabic, and writes her exercises on a typewriting machine especially designed for these languages, with interchangeable cylinders. By way of exercise she delights in climbing trees, and she is an excellent swimmer.



HELEN KELLER.

which she vastly enjoys. Helen puzzles new visitors by telling the color of the flowers they bring. She can even distinguish a white and yellow pansy from a purple one, and a red from a white rose. Her explanation is that the petals of the darker colored flowers are thicker than those of the lighter ones.

She Caught Him.
Patrice—"You know, Will said he'd like to be caught playing golf."
Patience—"Yes."
"Well, I caught him on the links this very afternoon. We're engaged." —Yonkers Statesman.

HANDY WITH A SHOTGUN.

So They Thought Him, Though It Was the First Time He Had Ever Fired One.

"I've often wondered," said a jolly-looking man, "if anybody ever got the credit of being a good shot as easily as I did. I was visiting at a house in the country, and one day the host says: 'Let's go out and try the shooting.' There were two or three other guests there besides myself. The host led the way into the hall, where there were standing three or four shotguns. He handed a gun to me, though really I didn't want it, supplied one or two others of the guests, who did shoot, with guns, and took the remaining gun himself, and we started out.

"It was a delightful tramp, and a novel experience for me, going gunning, for I had never fired a shotgun in my life. I enjoyed it all very much, but I sort of strolled along in the rear, a little behind the rest, to give the others a chance at the game, with the hope that I would not be called upon to shoot. I thought I should only make a ridiculous exhibition of myself; but, as it happened, I fired the only shot fired that day, and it was a bullseye.

WISERWORDS.
They can conquer who believe they can.—Dryden.
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.
The less men think the more they talk.—Montesquieu.
Every man is the architect of his own character.—Boardman.
Constancy is the complement of all other human virtues.—Mazzini.
A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.—Home.
Nothing costs less nor is cheaper than the compliments of civility.—Cervantes.
One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which is very unpleasant to find depreciated.—George Eliot.
Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time; the former grows upon it.—Bichter.
If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.—F. Johnson.
Open your mouth and purse cautiously and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—Zimmerman.
The true source of cheerfulness is benevolence. The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.—Goodwin.
Advice For Engaged Girls.
"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. "In fact I have him right under my thumb."
"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl.
"You mistake me, my dear. It's a mental, not a physical objection."
"Would you mind telling me just how?"
"Not a bit! Always glad to help any one steer clear of the rocks. First of all you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears 'em in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now whenever my husband gets a little bit overbearing I just turn out a record or so. Heavens, how he does rave, but he can't deny it! They always will though if you don't have proof positive."
"Thanks!" gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a phonograph this very day."

Dogs of War.
For the last five years a society founded under the auspices of Herz Bungartz, the animal painter, has been training Scotch shepherd dogs to assist the relief parties in discovering the whereabouts of wounded in battle, and last week the general in command of the ambulance manoeuvres in connection with the Eighth German army corps near Coblenz allowed four of these sagacious creatures to take part in the exercises. Their value was abundantly proved, for they tracked down in a few minutes a score of men so concealed that the bearers could never have discovered them in daylight, much less at night. Herr Bungartz gave a lecture at the close of the proceedings on the breeding and education of these dogs of war, and several regiments are keeping small packs of them on their own account.—London Chronicle.

Various Kinds of Storms.
Meteorologists complain that there is great confusion in the popular mind as to the proper names to apply to different kinds of storms. The terms "cyclone," "tornado," "hurricane," "typhoon," etc., are employed indiscriminately, and yet they each have their proper use, in weather parlance. A cyclone is in general any kind of atmospheric disturbance in which the barometric pressure decreases toward a central "low" region, and in which there is a spiral upward movement of the air. These cyclones are not therefore necessarily destructive. A destructive cyclone, moving along a narrow path, is properly called a tornado. In the Orient these destructive cyclones are called typhoons, and in the West Indies they are hurricanes. In the United States the direction of the cyclones is usually eastward; in the West Indies it is northward, veering to north-eastward.

Champion Road Builder.
David C. Shepard, now living in retirement at St. Paul, Minn., built during his active business career more miles of railroad than any other man, living or dead. In total it equals the length of the great Russian transasian line, now in process of construction, with a thousand miles added. Mr. Shepard has built railroads in thirteen States and Territories and in Canada. In 1852 he began work as a railroad contractor, building part of what is now the Erie road, between New York and Chicago. Then he came West and built 236 miles of road in Wisconsin. His greatest mileage for any one State is 1452 miles in Minnesota. The total number of miles laid by Mr. Shepard is 7026.—Chicago Tribune.

Squirrel Park in Memphis.
In the heart of the city of Memphis, Tenn., is a square containing a thick grove of venerable trees, with a great, cool fountain playing. In the trees and over the grounds scamper hundreds of squirrels so tame that they will eat from any one's hand.

CUPID AND THE NURSES.

So neat,
So sweet,
So light of feet,
'Tis quite a pleasure to be ill,
So gentle and so kind,
So soft of hand,
Preparing plaster, powder, pill.

So slim,
So trim,
So lithe of limb,
It reconciles me to be sick.
I must contrive,
Such girlish grace
(I fear I'll convalesce too quick.)

Such wit,
Such grit;
I'll moan a bit,
'Twill make her think that I'm in pain.
I must contrive,
As I'm alive,
To have my forehead bathed again.

The dear,
So near;
I'll gain her ear,
I'll vow I won't be lured to life,
Unless she's sure
That when the cure
Becomes complete she'll be my wife,
—What to Eat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I always enjoy the minstrel jokes."
"Why?" "Cause I've got such a poor memory." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Dorothy (greatly surprised to see a horseless carriage go by)—"My! there's a carriage walking in its sleep." —Youth's Companion.
"Do you know anything that will make me stout, doctor?" "Why, certainly I do." "What is it?" "Flesh." —Yonkers Statesman.
"He's honest as the day is long—"
But some one impolitely
Spoke up in accents rude and strong
With, "How about the night?"
—Washington Star.

Friend—"There ought to have been money in that invention." The Mechanic—"Oh, yes! Half a dozen patent lawyers got rich on it!" —Puck.
Stranger—"Mr. Conductor, will I have time to bid my wife good-by?" Conductor—"I don't know. How long have you been married?" —Town Topics.

Mr. Penn—"One physician says that the tramp instinct is a disease." Mr. Pitt—"Does he recommend a change of scene as the remedy?" —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.
"Don't leave the table," said the landlady, as her new boarder rose from his scanty breakfast. "I must, madam; it's hard wood, and my teeth are not what they used to be." —Tit-Bits.

Relative (from beyond the suburbs) —"Mandy, who's that young fellow snoopin' around in the kitchen?" City Niece—"Never mind him, Aunt Ann. He's the hired girl." —Chicago Tribune.

Lady—"I wish to get a hat for my husband." Hatter—"What kind, ma'am?" Lady—"A telephone hat, if you please." Hatter—"I never heard of a telephone hat." Lady—"Oh, yes; they are the kind you can talk through."

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.—Tit-Bits.
The Doctor—"Everything goes by favoritism these days. Even the dog can't get into a respectable family without influence." The Professor—"That explains the appearance of the daeshhund. He's the dog that has had the strongest pull."
"Why is she only in half mourning?" Of course she married old Skiplint for his money, but she ought to respect his memory now that he is dead." "Oh, she thinks she's doing all that is required under the circumstances. He only left her half his fortune." —Chicago Evening Post.

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