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President R. I. Jesse, of Missouri University, made a somewhat unusual discourse on the opening of that institution. He said every student should have a sweetheart if he could get one. He remarked upon the refining influence of feminine society. He believed, he said, that young men are elevated and made better by the companionship of good young women. A large part of President Jesse's discourse was devoted to football. He told the students to pray for the team. "I see no harm in this," he said, "if the football team is a clean, honorable organization it's worthy of your prayers."

The majority of human beings must spend their lives within the bounds which have been drawn by the experience of the past, and must maintain themselves and do their work in the world by conforming to that which has been discovered, tested, and accepted as good for human society, philosophizes the Christian Register. Before any one can have original opinions upon any subject which will be useful, he must commonly have mastered the results of the knowledge which has been accumulating since the world began. If he be a genius, endowed as geniuses are with the gift of insight, he may almost at a glance see how the matter stands, and where the needed improvement must begin.

A criticism of the American woman which one too often hears from the lips of the observant foreigner is that she is too much of a faddist. Perhaps there is too much of poetry in the comment. Nevertheless, a well-known woman physician, the late Mary Woolsey Noxon, was much inclined to encourage all such fancies among her patients, declaring that she would not make half the money she did if they all rode hobbies, says Harper's Bazar. It was at the time when photography was just coming into vogue that Dr. Noxon vowed one of her best patients was cured by the absorbing interest she manifested in that art, it leaving her no time to dwell upon every little ache and magnify every trifling pain.

The Horse's Head.

The size of the head should be in proportion to the rest of the body. Artists and horsemen have agreed that the length of the head from the poll to the extremity of the lips should bear a certain relation to the size of the rest of the body. This proportion is stated as follows: The height of the body from the withers to the ground, or the distance between the points of the shoulder and the hip joint should be two and one-half times the length of the head. If the distances are more than two and one-half times the length of the head, it is too short; if the reverse is the case, it is too long. When the head is the proper length, it is carried with ease, responds easily to the action of the bit, and does not burden the front legs. If too long, it is also too heavy, displaces the center of gravity forwards, bears heavily on the reins, diminishing speed and predisposes to stumbling.

Little to Choose Between Them.

"Dorothy, women act like idiots in a bargain rush."
"Well, Richard, don't forget how men act scuffling for supper on an excursion steamer."—Chicago Record.

Ohio Exposition for the Centennial.
Director General Ryan of the Ohio centennial estimates that \$5,000,000 will be placed in the enterprise. Congress appropriated \$500,000 on the condition that Toledo, where the exposition is to be held, would give a like amount. This has been done, and the city is also preparing a beautiful site on the bay shore which will cost \$200,000 more. The legal title of the centennial is "The Ohio Centennial and Northwest Territory Exposition," and it will be held in 1902. Ohio was the first of the six important states to be carved out of the Northwest territory, the others being Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. All of these states have appointed commissioners to see that they are represented in the exposition, and they will have their state buildings and exhibits. Ohio was really admitted to the union in 1802.

In Mexico children who have their lessons well prepared are allowed to smoke.

A MASQUERADER.

Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?
Down he dropt his radiant eyes,
Velled his pinions gay,
'Neath a mantle gray,
Hid his bow and arrows, too,
What was a poor maid to do—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?

Softly knocked he at the door,
So I looked to see;
Love I knew had knocked before,
But this was not he—
Pray, who might it be?
"Pity is my name!" he cried;
So the door I opened wide—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?

In my empty heart he came,
Filled each corner, too,
Till one day, with look of flame,
Off his coat he threw,
And Love's self I knew,
With a laugh of cruel gloe
"I am master here," quoth he—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?

Love that comes in Pity's guise,
Who can say him nay,
Maidens, an' ye would be wise,
Turn the rogue away,
Lest ye find, some day
Crust Love your tyrant grown,
And, like me, ye make your moan—
Love that comes in Pity's guise,
Must as master stay.

—Lippincott's.

SOUTHARD'S PROTEGE.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.



SOUTHARD was a man of letters. That was not the way Southard would have described himself, for he was a modest man, but that is the way he was spoken of in the city in the Middle West where he spent his boyhood. They were in a way proud of Southard there. He had not been much thought of in his youth, as he had been regarded as at once erratic and impracticable. But he had been away from there many years now, and even in the metropolis had made considerable of a name for himself as an author and story teller. In his old home they saw his name in magazines side by side with men of established fame, and they took much local pride in concluding that he belonged to such company on equal terms. And in this they were not far from right, for Southard was really a personage in the literary world. To be sure he had had his failures, his heart burnings, his disappointments, his discouragements; but that was long ago, and of these those at home knew nothing anyhow, as he did not cry out when he was hurt and did not know how to whine. So he worked on until he reached a position which was recognized by the public and by the publishers catering to the public taste. In his old home there was a disposition to make use of Southard. No aspirant for literary, artistic or theatrical fame ever left that neighborhood without bringing letters of introduction to him. He was expected to give counsel and assistance. As Southard was an amiable man he did what he could and never failed to try to honor the drafts upon his time, acquaintance, experience and position. Sometimes these encounters were amusing. For instance, a long, lean and lanky lawyer called on him with an introduction and announced that he had moved to the metropolis to lead a literary life. He asked Southard what his method of work was. Southard did not have any method.

"What is your favorite style, what are your predilections?" the visitor asked.
"I am sure I have none. I only try to write little pieces that the editors will like, and so keep the pot boiling."

The visitor was evidently disappointed; so Southard asked him about his predilections. The bearded face brightened and the literary lawyer said through his nose, with a composure and a conviction that were most comical but entirely serious:

"Well, I believe, my predilection is for the descriptive and the didactic, with a slight vein of humor."

"This was delicious, and Southard had to use all his self-command to preserve a straight face. It was not always like this, however. Often these interviews were pathetic enough. Unending failure was the portion of most of those who came to Southard for assistance. And few to Southard for assistance. They worked on and on as a rule, always hopeful that the next effort would bring some sort of recognition, if not complete success. Now and again one did have some success, so Southard, who was friendly and optimistic by nature, was usually sympathetic and encouraging. There came to him one day a man getting towards forty years, a man who had seen much of the world in a narrow sense, as he had taught school in its four quarters. He was Scotch-Irish by birth, but was born in one of the British Colonies and, therefore, was more British, more narrowly British than the voracious Cockney. Grant was also a man of learning, and as such, was recommended to Southard by a kinsman in the old home. Southard soon saw that Grant's pretensions were genuine and took pleasure in helping him as best he could.

But Grant, though very industrious, was hard to help. He knew everything knowable and wrote with ease. He could not, however, sell his product. Southard hawked his things about and now and then effected a sale. It was discouraging business, however, discouraging both for Southard and for Grant. And it was tiresome, too, when Grant appropriated the role of protege, a role to which he had not in the least been invited. The editors told Southard that Grant's work was not just up to the mark, that it lacked vitality and, therefore, interest. Whether they were right or not is another matter, but their views stood in the way of the protege prospects. Grant got poorer and poorer.

but he managed in some way to keep body and soul together. In a confidential moment Grant confessed that he was writing for a syndicate at one dollar for a thousand words.

"See here," he said, producing a postal card, "here is an order for a work of fiction."

This was written on the card: "Have you a story of about 15,000 words? We would be glad to read same with view to publication. The shop girl who works up to be a millionaire's wife is popular. Also many other plots."

"Well, I be blamed!" exclaimed Southard. After a pause he asked, "What did you do?"
"Oh, I struck out for cash, and here is the reply I received." This letter was produced:

Dear Mr. Grant:
We want a story of 15,000 words, and your rate of \$15 is moderate. In fact, we should feel justified in paying cash, while at a higher price we should reserve payment until publication.

But we have never read your long stories, and, as you know, many brilliant short story writers have failed in the long story. You see, therefore, that as a matter of business, we could not possibly guarantee to take such a story without reading it. By and by, when we are more firmly established in the long story field we might undertake to do so, but in starting the serial we must reserve the right to read before accepting. Very sincerely yours,
ANNA LOWELL RILEY.

"What then?" asked Southard, as he handed back the letter.

"I wrote the story and got the \$15."
"How the deuce did you make the shop girl work up to be a millionaire's wife?"

"Oh, that was easy enough, and I put in 'also many other plots.' I gave Miss Anna her fifteen dollars' worth. This is very funny to you, no doubt, but I have lived six months by working for Miss Anna. She pays spot cash for my short stories. After a while she will do the same for my long ones. I don't think I shall ever wait for higher pay on publication. One dollar in hand is better than five in any man's printing office."

Grant was almost gay and Southard was sure that a part of that fifteen dollars still lurked in his protege's waistcoat pocket. But Southard was not gay. The idea of a man such as Grant writing for such compensation saddened him terribly. He thought it a shame, and he determined to rebuke his efforts to get Grant a chance where he could do worthy work and receive decent pay. He did not see Grant again for a week, then when his protege appeared he was more woe-begone than ever. He was pale and distressed; he was wan and tired. No questions were necessary. When Grant had flung himself into a chair, he said:

"The bottom has dropped out of everything. Even Miss Anna Lowell Riley has turned me down. She has sent back a 30,000-word story that it took me a week to write. She says it is not breezy enough. What the deuce is a breezy story? And what can she expect for \$30?"

"The Lord knows, Grant! But, seriously, I should think a 30,000-word story turned out in a week would be worth a cent, let alone \$30. Why, man, \$30 is a lot of money."

"That is why I am so cut up about not getting it."

Further conversation developed the fact that Grant was penniless. Southard relieved his immediate wants, modestly relieved them, for Southard was not a prodigal in his benefactions, and when he went out in the afternoon he had Grant on his mind. One of his errands was to a magazine office where he had been pressed to call as soon as possible. He learned that the editor had gone away for a month for his health, and left word for Southard to write at once an article they had discussed together a week or so before. This article was needed for a number that was presently to go to press, and the editor had gone away confident that Southard would do it. But Southard had made other engagements. In this he saw an opportunity for Grant. He therefore engaged to do the article or have it done. He sent for Grant, and talking the matter over learned that Grant knew the subject thoroughly. Together they planned the article and determined on arrangement and treatment. Grant was delighted and went off relieved, even buoyant.

The next evening but one Grant appeared with the manuscript. Southard read it.

"Do you mind my changing it a bit?" he asked.
"No," said Grant, dubiously, but evidently he did mind.

"Very good. Then leave it with me and come to luncheon with me tomorrow. In the afternoon we will take it to the magazine."

Grant did not like to be dismissed in this fashion, but there was nothing else for him, so he went away. Southard was in a dreadful quandary. Here was the article containing everything

that had been agreed upon, and also very well written; but it was as dead as a mummy. Could he put life into it? He could but try. He gave the whole night to it, working harder than he had done for years. But when he had finished he was satisfied there was life in it; there was more than life in it—there was go, there was sparkle.

At one o'clock Grant turned up and Southard handed him a type-written copy.

"Oh, you had it type-written?"
"Yes, I rather spoiled the neatness of your manuscript. See if you like it."

Grant read and smiled and frowned by turns. He was not entirely pleased, but did not say so. His thanks even did not have a true ring. But Southard was pleased and rather confident that he had done Grant a good turn.

In a few weeks the article appeared. It was timely in subject, and as it was rarely well done it attracted attention. It was the leading article of the month. It was Grant's.

"That is a bright chap you introduced here," the publisher said to Southard. "What do you know of him?"

Southard said pleasant things of Grant, extolling his ability, learning and industry. So the publisher, whose editor had resigned, sent for the successful Grant and offered him the post. He took it as quick as a wink and at once rushed off to tell the news to Southard. Southard was unfeignedly glad, but he was also very much surprised.

"Well," he said to himself when Grant had gone, "I always stood well in that office, but now it is mine—there I will have a free field to express myself."

Grant and Southard did not meet now, as the new editor was busy with unaccustomed duties. In a month or so the pressure of work on Southard having let up he wrote an article expressly for Grant's magazine. A few days after sending it he received this letter written by dictation:

Dear Mr. Southard:
I regret very much to say that your article is not quite what we want at this time. To be candid with you, I think it lacks vitality, and then again, I am sure it is quite too long for such a subject. But I am exceedingly obliged for the privilege of reading it. I trust that this will not discourage you, but that you will try again. I am, very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM GRANT, Editor.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Southard, "my protege has turned patron."—The Criterion.

WISE WORDS.

Time is the great teacher.
He only gets who gives.
Love alone interprets all life.
Weal and woe are the web and woof of life.

Only he can truly teach who is himself teachable.

Suppression of honest investigation means retrogression.
Courage without conscience is little better than cowardice.

"The truly-refined man is he who has been purged from the dross of self."

The saloon is labor's greatest foe, because it steals the laboring man's capital.
Originality blazes a new track while eccentricity runs on one wheel in an old rut.

You cannot afford to purchase your pleasures at the price of another's perdition.
True love would rather wound itself by the loss of pleasure than hurt others by indulgence therein.

If some folk spent as much time in knowing men as they do in finding out things about them, they would make a better business of life.—Rau's Horn.

Whiskers and Deadly Germs.

A German scientist has recently obtained what seem to be conclusive proofs of the presence of pathogenic germs in the whiskers that appertain to physicians. He declares that the beards of doctors, who are constantly being brought into contact with all kinds of diseases, literally swarm with these germs, and shows that contagion is often spread by the very man whose business should be to check it.

In Breslau, where the tests and examinations of the whiskers have been made, the people have developed a strong opposition to beards, and those practitioners who object to being shorn of their hirsute adornments may be seen going through the streets with their whiskers safely stowed away in rubber pouches made especially for the purpose. In some other places the war on germs has been carried to a point where women who act as nurses in hospitals or private families are compelled to have their hair cut short and to wear rubber caps over their heads while performing their duties at the sick beds. Doctors who refuse to give up their whiskers and nurses who cling to their luxuriant locks are avoided as the plague, and, altogether, the outlook for the barbers is very encouraging.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Drove Trains Three Million Miles.

George Pearson, a well-known express driver on the London and Northwestern Railway, has just retired from service. He has been on the Northwestern fifty-one years, and for forty-five years was a passenger train driver, principally of the Irish mail between Euston and Holyhead. He has driven over three million miles, and it is his pride that he has never been the cause of injury to a passenger.—London Correspondence in New York Herald.

The Reason of It.

Married men are more unselfish than single men; they have to be.—Life.

MONEY OF THE MASSES

SILVER DOLLARS TOKENS OF GENUINE PROSPERITY.

When They Circulate Freely Among the People Business Conditions Change for Better—Hard Job to Get Them Back Into the Banks.

More than three-fourths of the people of this country use silver coin for their daily and weekly business transactions, and it is attested by those who have made the observations that the same is the case in England, Germany, France and other countries. Moreover, we know positively that there is not a gold coin that is not incumbered with a view upon it for some public or private debt in the shape of principal or interest and that all gold coin is under the dominion or control of the creditors. True, we make a showing of free gold, and we read in the newspapers of its being here and there, sometimes a man may receive a gold coin or a small quantity of gold coins, but he must quickly change them into silver to satisfy his necessities, and the gold drifts back again to the source whence it came, to wit, the coffers of the banks, to be by them distributed to certain, well-known central locations, to be again sent out and manipulated when a profit can be made upon it. This is the natural effect of the gold standard—the centralization and control of gold money, to be used as an export or import and for speculative purposes. Not so with silver, which, being debased by demonetization, can have no free egress and ingress because it is a base metal and is confined to the uses of the people in their daily and weekly transactions. We have in the United States in actual circulation in silver dollars and subsidiary silver only about 130 millions of dollars, and with this all our commercial transactions, both great and small, must be carried on. Of course, we have silver certificates of paper exceeding 400 millions of dollars, but they are not money because they are redeemable in silver dollars, which latter must be retained in the treasury for their redemption. There is no paper certificates representing our subsidiary silver, that is actual coin which is used in thousands upon thousands of transactions, and it is the only money that millions of people ever see or know anything about. In spite of its great necessity we have in circulation less than 60 millions of dollars of subsidiary silver, although the country now requires an amount exceeding 225 millions in the authority of the treasurer of the United States. This is a curious reason for the ill-will of certain statesmen who delight to repeat over and over again that the silver question is dead. Instead of being dead it is very much alive.

"But," says the average citizen, "I can take five silver dollars to the store and buy just as much goods, wares and merchandise as I can for a five-dollar gold piece." That is quite true so far as certain things are concerned, but when it comes to imported or "protected" goods, wares and merchandise, the difference between gold and debased silver lurks in the price that must be paid. The situation is the same as in the republic of Mexico, whose medium of exchange is entirely silver. Mexican money is all taken money coined in private account according to a standard fixed by the government, practically a silver standard. Yet we can buy as much in Mexico with a Mexican silver dollar as we can buy in the United States with a United States silver dollar, notwithstanding the actual fact that two Mexican dollars can be had in exchange for one United States silver dollar.—C. H. Robinson, in "Living Issues."

HORTICULTURE



Cherries For Profit and Shade.

The same people who still continue to set out wild cherry trees along the roadside in front of their residences, instead of good, cultivated fruit, will aid in keeping up the demand for good cherries in future and will continue to buy what they might have much better at home. While cherries now pay as well or better than any other fruit, these people grow for shade only, and leave it to others to grow for profit, while shade and profit might be so advantageously combined.

The English Black Currant.

A good many people like the peculiar flavor of the English black currant when eaten raw. But many more like it when cooked with plenty of sugar. It makes an extremely rich preserve. If merely canned the peculiar flavor is nearly as decided as when the fruit is eaten raw. The currant worm does not attack the leaves or black currants. Before the use of hellebore to destroy the worm, it was planted much more extensively than it has been of late years. There is little demand for this fruit now.

Fall Setting of Trees.

Unless fruits of any kind can be got into the ground very early in the spring it is better to set in the fall. In spite of this fact a large part of the setting of fruits is done in the spring.

When fruits are set in the fall they have the winter in which to get settled in the soil. It is hardly possible to pack the soil about the finer roots of a plant and get that close contact that is necessary to growth without injuring them to some extent. If the setting is done in the fall, after growth has practically ceased, there is no necessity for extraordinary pains about getting the soil packed around the finer roots. This will be accomplished by natural agencies during the winter, and when the growing season of spring comes the plants will be ready to grow at once and grow vigorously.

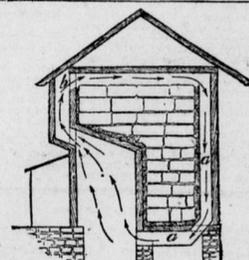
There is more leisure in the fall and more pains can be taken in preparing the soil for the trees or plants. The soil is dry and may be worked without danger of making it hard when it settles and dries, and is often the case when the soil is worked in the spring.

This is particularly true of tree fruits of all kinds. They should be set in holes that are both wide and deep to begin with, being filled to the proper depth for the tree before it is set in. This gives the feeder roots a deep and well pulverized soil in which to hunt for plant food, and the future growth of the tree will be much more rapid than it would have been if set in a shallow hole when the soil is wet or at best very damp.

Grapes and berries set in the fall are in the best condition to come into bearing at an early age, as they have the whole growing season of the first year in which to prepare for fruit the second or third year. After considerable experience in this line we are convinced that the weight of argument is in favor of fall setting.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

To Prevent Deposition of Moisture.

The cool room that is needless because of the condensation of moisture on the walls and ceiling needs a circulation of air sufficient in volume and current to carry off the moisture. If the ceiling and walls of cool room are water tight, so no waste or leakage from ice can seep through, it can be secured by means of flues arranged as shown in the illustration herewith. The cool air shaft comes down through ice on right, and enters near floor of cool room. The warm air shaft b opens into cool room near ceiling and into a space over ice and below a loft floor at top of ice chamber. The air current falling through cold air shaft a gathers up moisture



A GOOD COOL ROOM.

of cool room as it is warmed up, carries it up warm air shaft and deposits the moisture on the ice as it passes over it on its way to cold air shaft a. Dampers should be set in shafts a and b and also in floor of loft to regulate circulation and to carry off any vapor which accumulates above ice in the ice chamber.

The number of shafts and size will depend upon the size of cool room, quantity of ice and amount of produce put into the cool room. It is a good plan to have them large enough and shut off the area, as required, by the dampers. Flue a should be water tight and flue b if built outside should have double walls to insulate from outside heat.—American Agriculturist.

What a Man Can Lift.

An average healthy man in the prime of life can lift with both hands 236 pounds and support on his shoulders 330 pounds.

Bryan at Chicago.

From W. J. Bryan's Chicago speech: "When we come to the Philippine question again they say, 'What can the administration do?' There were two months between the signing of the treaty and the breaking out of hostilities, two months lacking six days, and when we ask them what they were going to do they said they hadn't time to decide what to do—not time to decide what to do. Why, there are but two sources of government, force and consent. Monarchies are founded upon force, republics upon consent. Our Declaration of Independence declares that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Is that doctrine true or is it false? If it is false, how long ought it to take us to decide what to do in the Philippines? We recognize the truth of that declaration when we went to war with Spain. We said the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free. Why? Because they live near us? No. Because they are part Spanish? No. They were and of right ought to be free because they wanted to be free, and governments come up from the people. If they were and of right ought to be free, who can draw a line between them and the people of the Philippines? Where is the philosophy that entitles one to liberty and another to vassalage? You say you don't know what to do? If you find a pocketbook, and in it the name of the owner, do you have to count the money in the pocketbook before you know what to do with the pocketbook? If the doctrine set forth in the Declaration of Independence is sound then we can not rightfully acquire title by conquest. If the doctrine set forth in the Declaration of Independence is sound we can not rightfully purchase \$,000,000 of people at \$2 apiece from an alien monarch, whose rebellion subjects we ourselves armed to fight against their monarch."

A Guide for Voters.

Henry Allen Bell, author of the "Voters' Guide," that little work that made so many Democratic votes in 1896, has issued the 1900 edition. It is brought up to date. It is safe to say that no more information can be found in any volume, however large, with regard to coinage, the uses of money, what "free coinage" is, what "16 to 1" is, what "free silver" is, what constitutes "sound" and "honest" money, and all other matters connected with the issue and use of money, than is contained in the ninety-odd pages of the "Voters' Guide." It contains in a condensed and easily understood form all the information that is necessary to thoroughly enlighten the voters of the country on the all-important question of their medium of exchange; and this information is so arranged as to meet the requirements of busy men. The "Voters' Guide" was a power for good in the cause of the people of 1896. It made converts by the thousands to the cause of bimetalism, and was valued highly by candidates and campaign committees as one of their most efficient campaign documents. The new edition, being better than the one then used, will doubtless exceed it in usefulness and popularity. Already Mr. Bell has received orders from states where campaigns are being conducted for use this fall, and orders from committees and individuals for educational purposes for the battle of 1900. Too many of this very valuable little book cannot be circulated.

Dewey's Affections for Schley.

From the Washington Times: Admiral Dewey will be all the nearer to the hearts of the people for the defiance he hurled at Long and his contemptible Sampson conspiracy. In taking his old comrade around the neck at the city hall and letting all the world know that he was a true and fearless friend of Rear Admiral Schley. The latter must have felt repaid for much he has suffered by this noble act and by the raging enthusiasm with which he was received and covered with flowers all along the line of march.

Things Getting Badly Mixed.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer: The administration has bribed the sultan of Sulu to "be good," and has permitted him to retain all of his many wives. The government of the United States practically pays the running expenses of the sultan's harem. Still, we hear something occasionally about ousting Congressman-elect Roberts of Utah, who has only three wives and asks no assistance in supporting them. This blessed country is getting mixed up in incongruities and inconsistencies.