

Freeland Tribune

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Incidentally the automobile will prove a potent ally in the good-roads movement.

Early marriages are less common than they used to be, and they will probably be rarer still in the future.

A German inventor is said to have discovered a smokeless, noiseless and odorless powder. If this be true, its use should be made compulsory on the glorious Fourth.

The difference between women who belong to clubs and men who belong to clubs is that the first are supposed to have views on every subject and the second are not supposed to have views on any subject.

The cities and towns which used voting machines at the recent election knew the results long before the poll clerks in other places were well under way with counting the ballots. And there were no marked and defective tickets to fight over.

California promises to become one of the leading manufacturing States in the Union. Its backbone, the Sierra Mountains, is the home of innumerable streams, which are being harnessed to generate electrical power thirty to forty miles for light and power purposes.

Derby, Conn., steps to the head in the list of novel causes of strikes. Thirty girls in a factory there stopped work because one of the employes persisted in eating limburger cheese with her luncheon—and as the factory happened to be rushed with orders, the strikers won, and the limburger cheese luncheon was banished.

"The schools in the majority of our cities have so far overcome the habit of resorting to corporal punishment that the school room now assumes the atmosphere of a pleasant and urbane assemblage of a well-mannered family in the home. The air of freedom and polite behavior takes the place of the suppressed and sullen mien of old times. The significance of this upon the formation of the future citizen in a democracy is obvious," observes United States Commissioner of Education Harris.

The New York Press merrily says: "Chlighte, Choince, Choga, Chreace, Cigaigo, Czikaog, Dsicago, Gaceco, Gigaiga, Hicigo, Kikago, Schikka, Schogio, Schichaco, Shkago, Sjicago, Stikago, Sugargo, Tschicigo, Tzhigo, Tezhigo, Zhtjigo. The postal authorities dumped these various orthographic curiosities on as many letters into the Chicago bag and found they all fitted." This is a graceful acknowledgment of the fact that Chicago is practically the whole thing, and the postal authorities know it, adds the Chicago Times-Herald.

Too many young men are educated to do the things that they are not fitted to do. Boys should rather be taught to use the tools that they will be most likely to need in their life-work in order to support themselves and those who will be dependent upon them for their living, and largely for their happiness, thinks Collis P. Huntington. This is an age of specialties, and those who confine themselves to one kind of work and become as nearly perfect in their particular line as it is possible for a man to become, are the ones who will succeed best.

Long Range Rifle Shooting. In the current number of the Nineteenth Century Mr. Badille-Grohman says British rifle shooting suffers by the Britons' preference for long range shooting. He points to the defeat of the English team at the recent international rifle match in Holland. Out of eight competing teams Britain was fourth in the prone position, fourth in the kneeling position, and had eighth in shoulder shooting, thus receiving the seventh place in the aggregate. This is due, he thinks, to the British neglect of shoulder shooting and shooting at short ranges. He contends that the British long distance shooting orders perilously near upon "fancy work." He advocates the formation of rifle clubs on the analogy of local football and cricket clubs.

THE RETURN TO THE OLD TOWN.

The little old town that I left one day, Because it was quiet, still, Has the name that it had when I went away, And stands on the same old hill; But the ones that were dear in the little old town, With its one wide street running up and down, Have ceased to sit on the porches where The roses were trained to climb; They have ceased to sew and to whittle there, As they did in the dear old time.

THE FORKS OF THE ROAD.

An Episode in the Business Life of a Young Man.

O s'ceeded, hunt for the finger-board when you come to the forks of the road. Find it. Study it. Then choose your way. A wise man said that to his son, and he remembered it one troubled day long afterwards. Phil Everett was to have been a doctor, like all the Everetts men, but after the accident that made his father a helpless cripple, he gave that up and went into the great house of Byrd & Hull, there to learn business and make a living for the family, for it was found that there was little money to the fore.

He faced a new life there; he did not even know the language of the strange world that he had set out to conquer. But no matter, Mark Appleton made friends with him at once, and wisdom and Mark Appleton traveled together. Mark knew it all, he had the whole system of business straight and clear in his mind. And he was so bright and friendly and altogether captivating! Such a friend must be the safest of all guides—if he were not the most perilous.

Instruction began at once. In his enthusiasm for work, Phil did something that another was expected to do. Mark disapproved of that. "Do the work you're paid for doing, and let the rest alone, Philip. Oh, yes, I know, you weren't thinking about the pay; but that's the only thing to think about. You don't want to earn money for some other fellow; that isn't business."

Phil's ardor for doing the best he could was a little chilled. Another day he modestly let an older man have an excellent assignment that he might have had himself. He was laughed at by the rest, and Mark lectured him again. "Here's the first principle of business, my friend: Get close up to the band! Never lose a chance to get to the front!"

That was the substance of Mark Appleton's business creed; and day by day Phil heard the details of it. "Somebody has to march behind; see that you're not the one!" "It's just as fair for you to push the rest back, as it would be for the rest to push you back."

"If you take the prize, the rest are no worse off than you'd be if some other fellow took it." "You'll be shouldered out of your place if you don't shoulder somebody else out. Never mind about the other fellows. The place ahead of you is yours, if you can get it."

"You can't stop for questions. Success—That's what you want. And after you get that, there won't be any questions asked." Phil listened, fascinated; soon he called the talk inspiring; next he found it convincing. The talk he used to hear from that other comrade, his father, was very different, but then—well, these were new times, and old nations were out of date. So the loving son of an honored father took counsel with the teacher of new notions, and said nothing about them at home.

At last one day, after the new recruit had followed Mark Appleton's flag pretty far into the swamp, he came to the forks of the road. This was the day for the Frew assignment, the best one of the year. The Frew contract was hard to get, and to be chosen to go after it was in itself a promotion. The one so trusted was understood to be well started on his business career. Generally the assignment came in rotation, but that rule was subject to exceptions. This time it was expected to go to John Warner; Phil was glad of that, for he liked John, and there were hard times in the Warner house.

Phil was working alone, when an order came for him to go into the private office of Mr. Black, the manager of the department. He went, wondering. Mr. Black began on him with his usual abruptness. "You haven't been very long, Everett, but you've had plenty of instruction since you came; and"—he smiled here, a queer little smile—"you appear to be a rather willing learner. "Your father and I have always been friends, and I am willing to give your father's son the best chance a cap can put in his way. He stopped again, and looked on into space, while Phil began to turn hot and cold. "It is a little irregular, but the Frew

that assignment and I've decided not to keep it." "Just as you please," Mr. Black said, indifferently. "But what's the matter? Why won't you keep it?" He glanced suspiciously at Mark. "Well, I can't make out that it belongs to me. I can make it sound all right, but somehow I can't make it feel right." "This time Mr. Black smiled, the same queer smile. Mark opened his mouth to speak, but Phil gave him no chance. "You gave the chance to me, Mr. Black, and I give it back to"—he paused the fraction of a second. It was Mark that smiled this time; Mr. Black was scowling—"to John Warner. It really belongs to him."

Mr. Black unconsciously drew a long breath. "Warner shall have it," he said, in his usual business tone. Then he surprised Phil by suddenly shaking hands with him. "You've come through it well," he said cordially. "Hasn't he, Appleton?" "But Appleton had not waited to answer any questions. "It will do your father a lot of good when he knows about it," said Mr. Black, still holding the young fellow's hand.

"Father? Oh, he won't know anything about it," Phil said in a half-wistful, half-shamed tone. "Won't he?" Mr. Black laughed out. "Well, perhaps. He was willing that I should make the test, but he told me just how it would turn out. He was sure that his boy would come to no real harm—yet. Now go back to your work, and after this—well, such a father as yours is just about the best adviser a young fellow can have."

LYDDITE IS A FEARSOME THING. The Destructive Explosive Which Great Britain is Using in Africa. General Joubert has protested to General White against the use of lyddite, on the ground that its use is a barbarism, intolerable in "civilized" warfare. Lyddite is made by treating carbolic with nitric acid. It is therefore picric acid. But picric acid is so enormous explosive in its impulses as to be incapable of use or even of safe handling. In the manufacture of lyddite picric acid is subjected to a secret process which renders it as safe to handle as ordinary gunpowder without in the least impairing its terrific explosive force.

Lyddite is the most destructive explosive that can be handled with safety by its user. Once for once it is from five to seven times more destructive than nitro-glycerine and from forty to fifty-six times more powerful than the best gunpowder. It is safe to handle, and no other high explosive is. It gives off no sickening fumes. It can be fired from ordinary guns without danger of explosion from concussion. A shell full of lyddite thrown into a regiment produces the same effect as dynamite exploded in a stream full of fish—spins blood and mangling and the sounds of creatures in anguish.—New York World.

Ten Dollars for a "Strad." English connoisseurs of violins are just now discussing the reality of a "Strad" which, it is alleged, has been rescued from the shop in the Midlands of a pawnbroker who did not know its value. According to the story, says the London Daily Telegraph, an itinerant musician was unable to pay his bill at an inn in Wolverhampton and left his violin instead. The landlord took it to a pawnbroker and raised a little money on it, and gave the owner the ticket, so that he might redeem it when his services were financially more appreciated than up to then they apparently had been. That consummation never arrived, and as Boniface could play a little he purchased the unredeemed fiddle from the temporary holder for \$10 and played on it for his own amusement. Everybody was struck with its peculiarly rich tone, and at last, acting on advice, he submitted it to experts, who declared it to be a real "Strad." Inside was found the inscription, "Antonius Stradivarius, 1716." This remarkable fiddle will no doubt form the subject of many more discussions.

Had the Ticket in His Mouth. The spectacle of the absent-minded man frantically going through his pockets in a vain search for his transfer ticket while that valuable sky-blue document drooped gracefully beneath his mustache was hugely enjoyed by the passengers of an uptown car the other evening. Even the stolid conductor caught the joke and betrayed an amount of patience which should have aroused suspicion on the part of the victim. Finally, when the transfer threatened to be entirely demolished, the conductor mildly indicated its locality to the embarrassment of its owner and the delight of his fellow travelers. Presently the absent-minded man reached his corner, and as he got to the rear he stuck his head back into the door and fired a parting shot at the conductor: "Ta ta, old boy. That's all right. The transfer was a week old, and I was just cueing off the date."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Automobile Artillery. It passes comprehension that we should at this age be using horses to draw cannon when there was steam artillery over 130 years ago. The obstreperous, balky, stampeding mule is used by Great Britain in the Transvaal war. Instead of sending hospital ships, Lady Randolph Churchill would end the war sooner by providing the conservative South African "Brits" with a few automobiles capable of climbing mountains and drawing loads of 5000 pounds. We can make them.—New York Press.

MAXIMS OF A MAGNATE. WHILE COMPILING THEM HIS CONSCIENCE HAS AN AWAKENING.

He Didn't Want to Inspire Any Other Farmer Lad to Follow His Devout Path to Wealth, So He Declined to Write His Autobiography. The millionaire sat at the writing table in his library and reflectively chewed the end of a pen. He was about to undertake the first literary labor of his life—an autobiographical sketch which the editor of a magazine devoted to the edification of American youth had asked him to contribute to its pages. "Your notable achievements in the field of commercial endeavor," wrote the editor, "have made your name a synonym of success. An account of the steps by which you have reached your present eminence cannot fail to be of once interesting, instructive and inspiring."

When you talk that way to a millionaire, as a general thing, you have got him. There seemed no reason why there should have been any difficulty about the matter. Yet he had been sitting there for three-quarters of an hour and the only word he had written was "I."

As a matter of fact, this shining example who had probably "made" more dollars than any other man of his age in the United States, had never taken time to look back and consider the stages of his progress. Apparently the process was not a pleasing one, for he was frowning darkly at the heavy oriental window hangings. At last he took the splintered pen from his mouth, dipped it in the inkstand and wrote:

"I have always been guided by these maxims. "Get up early and keep busy. "Don't let a good thing get away from you. "Let the other fellow put up. "Never get gay with the boss. "Hold on to your coin and keep holding on. "You can't be a good fellow and do business both. "Friends are all right, but look out for them."

He leaned back in his leather-upholstered chair and read over what he had written, then frowned again. "They're all right, as far as I can see," he said, "but somehow they ain't going to look well in print." He rose and went over to where a large unabridged dictionary was open on its stand and made a number of references. Then he returned to the table and wrote:

"Rise early and let no part of the day be without its profitable employment. "Be alert to recognize opportunity and quick to take advantage of it. "Exercise a prudent reserve in business transactions. "If employed, let your employer find you polite, diligent and cheerful. "Practice frugality—deny yourself all forms of expensive entertainment and indulgence. "Pursue sentimental considerations can not be allowed to influence or govern business matters."

"That sounds a little better, though it's about the same thing," said the millionaire. "If any young man follows those precepts he can get rich if he doesn't have bad luck." He began to bite his pen again, for the autobiography was beginning to simmer intangibly in his brain. He was fighting the battle over. A boy on a farm at the beck and call of everybody, debarred from even ordinary comforts and all advantages, shrewd by nature, shifty by necessity, with the parsimony of a miserly father always before his eyes. The tardy escape from the farm by the un-mourned death of that father, his employment in the village store. Then years of persistent effort, crawling, squirming, elbowing, saving, starving, cheating, lying, passing from petty fraud to bolder swindle, with ever-increasing gains, stifling every generous impulse, every noble emotion, sacrificing love as well as he had long since sacrificed honor, striving with the fear of the law for the fear of the Lord and finding his reward for it all in what?

He looked around the room, and the luxury that he saw seemed on the whole a fairly satisfactory answer to the question. Yet there must have been some doubt about the matter, for he began to think of other reasons why it had been worth while. Among them were some highly complimentary references to his generosity from certain well-known divines. There was the memory of foes overborne and trodden down; of competitors remorselessly crushed; of the adulation, the unfeigned reverence of men; of this letter, for instance.

He took up the letter and read it over again. It was certainly flattering. The mere fact that he had been asked to tell the public the story of his life was flattering. And it showed that the public wanted—its great and feverish desire—its ideal. It wanted success and its fruition—dollars and cents. "Your notable achievements!" They were certainly notable; the cornering of staple products, the watering of stocks, the manipulation of markets, ruin to others, but each "achievement" a step to "present eminence."

"They can talk about their poets and philosophers and their writers and painters and inventors," said the millionaire to himself, smiling at the frayed end of his pen. "They don't amount to that compared to the man who has got the stuff." He snapped his fingers to illustrate his comparison. "They may amount to something about fifty years after they are dead, but I can buy them all living," he resumed. Then he dipped the pen in the ink again and wrote "I" and stopped.

"This ought to be easy," he said, "but I'm blamed if I know where to start or what to say when I get started—what the other fellows say, I suppose, then chuck in the maxims and

Studying Esop in Central Africa. Probably Esop is not so much read in our own country as he used to be, but there is a chance for him yet in Central Africa. The report of the London Missionary Society relates that at Kawimbe an "Esop class" is conducted by the native teachers on Sunday afternoons. "Sometimes," says the report, "the lessons they draw are very good and helpful, and contain more Christian teaching than the fables themselves would warrant."—Birmingham (England) Post.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Getting Down to Business—An Assertion Refuted—His Suggestion—Tit For Tat—Progress—Practical Advice—Pat's Example—An Anecdote, Etc., Etc.

Her eyes were red, her nose was black, She hung her arms in air; She wildly waved her loved ones back, And hurried here and there. The smoke and steam curled round her head, She rushed that way and this, As if her senses all had fled, And things were all amiss! Anon across her nose she drew Her sleeve and licked her thumbs, And then, with little more ado, Began preserving plums. —Chicago Times-Herald.

An Assertion Refuted. "Wadsleigh says he never makes mistakes." "Hm—! That's one of 'em."

His Suggestion. She—"Very few people know how to shake hands properly." He—"Well, there are other forms of greeting, you know."

Tit For Tat. Cyclist—"I'm 'run down,' doctor." Facetious Doctor—"Well, you've run down a good many people in your time, so it's only tit for tat."—Fun.

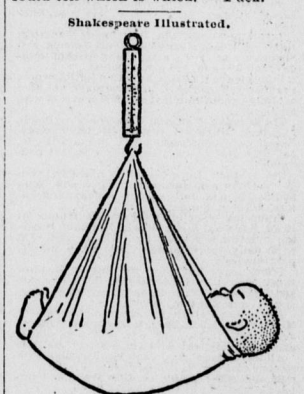
Progress. Mamma—"The baby is learning to pronounce the names of things quite distinctly." Papa—"Yes;—and in a commanding tone."—Puck.

Practical Advice. The Singer—"When I get encored I shall bow like this." The Pianist—"Oh, never mind that. Do practice something you will have need to do."—Pick-Me-Up.

Pat's Example. "What is a fraction?" "A part of anything, sorr." "Give an example." "The seventeenth of November."—Melbourne (Australia) Weekly Times.

An Anecdote. "William," said the schoolmaster, "you should always dot your i's and cross your t's." "An so I would, in sooth," replied the youthful Shakespeare, gazing doubtfully at his manuscript, "if I could tell which is which."—Puck.

Shakespeare Illustrated.



SOME ARE BORN GREAT;



SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS;



AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM.

—Life.

The Youngster's Consent. Little Charley—"Papa, will you buy me a drum for a present?" Pater—"Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Little Charlie—"Oh, no, papa! I won't drum only when you are asleep."

Good International Law. Jabbers—"I tell you, old man, it's a terrible thing when your wife quarrels with her mother and the old lady lives with you. Which side do you take?"

Havers—"Neither. I preserve an alarmed neutrality."—Harper's Bazar.

His Last and Convincing Argument. Canvasser—"I have here a work—"

Master of the House—"I can't read." Canvasser—"But your children—"

Master of the House (triumphantly)—"I have no children; nothing but a cat." Canvasser—"Well, you want something to throw at the cat." He took the book.