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Eighty automobile companies, with a capital of \$430,000,000, have already been formed. This ought to give the public cheap horseless vehicles.

The French minister of public works has issued a circular to the railway companies of France, informing them that unless their trains shall keep better time the government will enforce the full penalties ordained by law for mismanagement.

The amiable gentleman who abandons the practice of the law because he does not believe in coercion and that the efficiency of the law rests upon the power of executing it does not assume even a novel position. Lots of men before him have been in favor of a law, but against its enforcement.

A radish three feet in circumference (normal size) is a vegetable which has been imported into this country from Japan through the courtesy of the secretary of the Japanese legation. The agricultural department is taking an interest in growing the seeds of this radish at its various experiment stations in the South, and believes that eventually it will become a popular crop for the farmers and a favorite article of food.

Near Philadelphia, a lady, the widow of a clergyman, has fitted up the sunniest and best rooms in her house as workrooms for invalids and delicate women. Every convenience is supplied for comfort. Here the workers are taught to make all sorts of useful and beautiful articles for sale. They are engaged at a regular weekly salary, and a free lunch is served daily. Those who cannot leave their rooms are visited and supplied with materials for knitting, sewing, etc.

There are heroines as well as heroes in war times. This was shown during our tilt with Spain and is being exemplified at the present time in the Philippines and South Africa. These heroines are the brave-souled and kind-hearted women who, like Florence Nightingale in the Crimean war, sacrificed not only every comfort that home can give them, but their very lives to work as nurses among the sick and the wounded on the battlefields. They are heroines indeed.

A novel mining enterprise is that at Cook Inlet, Alaska, where some experienced operators are developing the bed of Indian river for two miles. This river is one of the principal tributaries of Turnagain Arm. Three thousand feet from the mouth of the river a dam 380 feet has been built. This dam has two gates, one sixteen feet wide, and the other ten feet, which can be operated to allow of the rush of the accumulated water. A great force is thus set free. At an experimental opening of the larger gate, the water tore through the dry river bed below the dam, hurling trees, stumps, and boulders two miles out into Turnagain Arm. In thirty days' work next season the operators hope to wash the three-fifths of a mile of river bottom to bedrock, when will begin the interesting operation of taking out the gold. Pannings of dirt showed from twenty-five cents to \$4 worth of gold per cubic yard, and even at the lower figure it is estimated that there are several fortunes in the two miles of river bed which constitutes the claim of the enterprising operators.

Paid for His Admission.

One night not long ago, a New York man reached the apartment house in which he lived, about 2 o'clock. A search of all his pockets failed to bring forth his keys. He rang the bell repeatedly for the janitor, but could get no response. There were family reasons why it was inadvisable for him to spend the rest of the night away from home, says the Washington "Times." The sight of a physician's night bell gave him an idea. He pushed the button hard for 30 seconds or more. In due season the physician came to the door and opened it. "What is your fee for night calls?" asked the locked-out individual. "Four dollars," was the surprised reply. "All right, here you are. I was locked out and couldn't get in. Sorry to trouble you," and the man of expedients began his weary march upstairs.

LITTLE WILLIE.

"How I do wish we could have a ripple of incident in our daily life!" said Millicent More, closing her book with a sigh.

"Nothing ever happens to us," said her cousin Catherine, with a smile, as she bent forward to pick up a dead cat off her pet geranium.

Millicent and Catherine More were girls of 22 and 25—old maids—the 17-year-older called them—who taught school and supported themselves comfortably by their own unaided efforts. Millicent was pretty, with red lips, a clear, bright complexion and hair touched with the warm auburn gold that artists copy and poets rave of, and Millicent had not quite given up her little dream of love and matrimony, but Catherine never spoke of such things. Catherine was not absolutely a fright, but Catherine was small and plain, with ordinary gray eyes, hair like everybody else's, and not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

But the two cousins were very happy together after their own unpretentious fashion, Millicent supplying the sentimental and poetical element and Catherine contentedly devoting herself out of school hours to the house-keeping.

And upon this particular December afternoon, just as the girls were deploring the monotony of their daily life, the postman tapped at the door with a letter.

"A letter!" cried Millicent.

"For me?" echoed Catherine.

And the cousins read it, with their arms twined about one another and their heads very close together.

"Uncle George is dead in Australia," gasped Millicent.

"Oh, Milly—and he has left an orphan boy!" added Catherine, the tears brimming into her eyes. "We must adopt him, Milly—we must bring him up."

Millicent drew back a little.

"I don't see why," she said, somewhat coldly. "Uncle George never did anything for us."

"We never asked him to, Milly."

"But he knew we were forced to support ourselves!"

"Perhaps, dear, he was even poorer than we." At all events, he is dead now—and this child is left alone in the world. I'll sit down and write to the lawyer this minute.

"Stop!" said Millicent, compressing her lips. "Do you mean that you really intend taking a great, rough, half-civilized boy into this house?"

"Certainly I do," said Catherine, earnestly. "Oh, Milly—a motherless child!"

"In that case," said Millicent, "I shall not remain here. If you choose to open a gratis orphan asylum it is no reason that my slender income should be squandered to feed your fancies!"

"But, Milly, your salary is larger than mine!"

"And I do not mean to scatter it for a mere chimera. This child has no

It was a lovely June day, with the sky blue and clear as a baby's eyes and the air full of scents from the blossoming buckwheat fields, Catherine More, having, not without difficulty, obtained a temporary substitute in her school, went to New York to meet her new charge in the steamer Harvest Lass, which had been telegraphed from Sandy Hook the day before.

"Little Willie will know me," she said to herself, "because I sent my photograph by the last mail. I wanted my face to seem familiar to him, poor lone lamb."

She stood on the pier eagerly scanning the countenance of every child that landed, her face brightened once or twice as she saw a boy whom she thought might be Willie, when all of a sudden a hand was laid lightly on her arm and she found herself looking up into a handsome, bronzed face far above her.

"Sir!" she cried, starting back.

"I beg your pardon," said a frank, pleasant voice, "I did not mean to alarm you. But is this Miss More?"

She inclined her head.

"I am your cousin William."

And this time Catherine started back in more surprise than ever.

"Sir," she said, "you are mistaken. William is a little boy."

"Hardly," returned the tall stranger, "unless you would call me a little boy. Dear Cousin Kitty, no one ever told you I was a child or poor. It was your own inference. Thank heaven, I am independent and wealthy, and, as I have come to man's estate, I think it is rather my duty to take care of you than to allow you to take care of me."

Catherine looked at her handsome cousin in mute amazement. This grand upsetting of all her theories and ideas was more than she could comprehend just at once.

"But, Wil—"

"But, Catherine, my dear little gray-eyed cousin, the lawyers have told me how willing you were to adopt and care for the homeless orphan, and how my Cousin Millicent shrank from the task. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you are ready to do."

How Dorcas started when she saw what sort of a fellow "Little Willie" had proved to be. How Mrs. Hopper giggled behind her bonnet frames when she thought of the little child's crib and the picture books up-stairs.

"Of course, such an elegant young gentleman as that will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Hopper. But he did not. He stayed at the cottage, sleeping on the back parlor sofa until other accommodations could be provided for him. And when Millicent came over with her prettiest smile and outstretched hand the young Australian received her with an odd, coldness that made her feel excessively uncomfortable.

"You see, Cousin Milly," said he, "you didn't want to be bothered with me; you thought the Australian authorities ought to be compelled to provide for me."

And when Mrs. Hopper heard that little Catherine More was to marry her rich cousin she wasn't at all surprised.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," said she, "only it's a pity that Cathie isn't a little prettier."

But Catherine More was satisfied with her lover's declaration that to him her plain face was the sweetest in all the world.

The Pendulum.

By a curious coincidence I had read Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum" that morning out under a tree in Sussex, says Kenneth Herford in the Detroit Free Press. "Get you hat," said my host after luncheon, "and we'll drive over to Rye." In that quaint little old-world town, one of the cinque ports of England, you remember, stands a moss and ivy covered church, tucked away between the houses, and surrounded by the yard filled with tipping, tilting tombstones, from whose faces time has erased the written words. It was inside this church I saw the pendulum. I had never thought Poe's affair could have been genuine, but the Rye church pendulum is its counterpart. The clock to which it is attached hangs against a beam away up in the arch. The face is no larger than the bottom of a pail, but the arm of the pendulum stretches down to within two feet of the spectators' heads. It must be twenty-eight feet in length. As it swings it marks an arc of the width of the nave by one great swoop, like that of a huge bird. The ticks of the clock are forty seconds apart and loud enough to break up a political meeting. Tourists are constantly visiting the old church just to see the pendulum, and the caretaker told me that not one out of ten of them had been drawn there to confirm the story of Poe's pendulum.

The Schoolboy's Postscript.

When Dr. Temple (now Archbishop of Canterbury) was the headmaster of Rugby, a boy came up before him for some breach of discipline, and the facts seemed so against the lad that he was in imminent danger of being expelled. He had a defence, but being neither clear headed nor fluent in the presence of the head-master, he could not make it clear. He therefore wrote home to his father, detailing at length his position and his explanation. His father very wisely thought the best thing he could do was to send the boy's letter as it stood to Dr. Temple, merely asking him to overlook any familiarity of expression. Apparently the father had not turned over the page and seen his son's postscript, for there Dr. Temple found the following words: "If I could explain it would be all right, for though Temple is a beast, he is a just beast." The bishop, in telling this story, is accustomed to say that it was one of the greatest compliments he has received in his life.

Why So Many British Officers Get Killed in War.



The extraordinary fatality among the leaders of the British soldiers in actions at Smith Hill, Elandslaagte and Belmont is clearly explained in this picture. While the men in the rushes up the Kopjes took advantage of every cover, the officers esteemed it their duty to stand erect. In this position they became conspicuous quarry for the Boer marksmen.

The Plans For the Twelfth Census.

All through the past six months preparations have been going busily on in Washington for a great publishing enterprise, which will be launched promptly on the first day of the coming June. The results of the undertaking will begin to appear in finished form two years from that date, and will continue to be brought out at intervals for three or four years thereafter. The publisher is the government; the publication will be designated as the Twelfth Census of the United States.

The twelfth census will differ in several particulars from any of the preceding ones. It will be conducted on



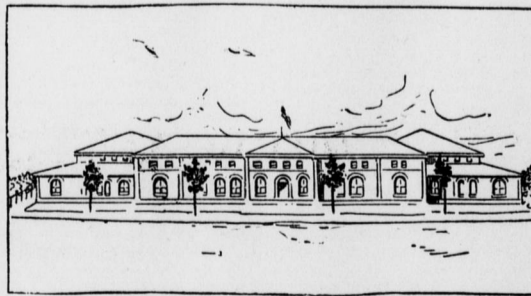
WILLIAM B. MERRIAM,
(Director of the Twelfth Census.)

a larger scale, as there are of course more people to be enumerated. It will embrace a greater area; for the first time the inhabitants of Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico are to be included in the count. Moreover, the coming census will be the first in which all the work of recording and computing statistics is to be done by mechanical means. Electric tabulating machines were introduced for this purpose toward the close of the eleventh census, but in the coming enumeration they will be relied upon entirely.

The thorough organization necessary in order successfully to carry through such an undertaking as this will be appreciated when one reflects upon the labor involved in counting seventy-five millions of anything—a task that would require one man's undivided energies for twelve hours a day during more than a year and a half. In the case of the census the labor is multiplied by the consideration that the seventy-five million units are human beings, concerning each of whom a dozen facts must be recorded, and that they are scattered over some four million square miles of the earth's surface.

The task of taking the census will require altogether the services of more than forty thousand persons. They will be separated into two main divisions—the field forces, and the headquarters staff in Washington.

The former will include by far the greater number—nearly forty thousand, all told. These will be the enumerators, who will gather the required information from all parts of the country, and the superintendents in charge of this branch of the work. The data thus collected will be compiled and prepared for publication by



FRONT VIEW OF NEW CENSUS BUILDING.

a staff of three thousand clerks in the central office.

Roughly speaking, there will be one enumerator for each township throughout the country, or, in the cities, one for each ward. The enumerators will be local residents appointed by the Director of the Census, on the recommendation of some influential person, usually the Congressman from the district. The superintendents

will have charge of divisions generally the same in limits as the Congressional districts. In the case of the larger cities, however, there will be but one superintendent to each city, although his territory may include several Congressional districts. In Massachusetts, where an efficient census bureau exists under the direction of the State authorities, there will be a single superintendent.

The enumerators are expected to start on their rounds on June 1, 1900. They will be supplied beforehand with portfolios containing blank schedules

The punched record cards are counted, or tabulated in the electrical tabulating machines. These machines are provided with a circuit closing device, into which the cards are rapidly fed one by one. The holes in the card control the electric circuits through a number of counters, which will as desired count the number of males, females, etc., or the most complicated combination which the statistician may ask for.



TABULATING RECORDS.

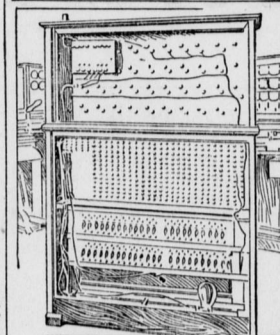
on which to enter the name of each person in their districts, together with the information provided for by law. Most of them can complete their tasks within a few days, and will receive from \$50 to \$150 for their services, according to the amount of work involved. As soon as the schedules are completed and revised, under the direction of the district superintendents, they will be forwarded to Washington.

Here is where the work of putting the census data into intelligible and valuable form will be done, and here is where the tabulating machinery will come into play. These machines, by the way, are the invention of a former census employe, Mr. Herman Hollerith. They were designed with a special view to use in the census, although they have proved valuable for other statistical work.

By this system the statistics concerning each person will appear on a separate punched card. About seventy-five millions of these cards will be required, therefore, to contain all the data collected for the census.

The cards are numbered to correspond with the numbers opposite the names in the schedules. They contain two hundred and eighty-eight symbols, each of which is an abbreviation representing some fact within the range of the census enumeration. They are punched by means of an electric machine.

dred per day. It is the intention of the Census Bureau to put one thousand clerks at work with these machines as soon as the returns are in, so that this branch of the work should



ELECTRICAL TABULATING-MACHINE.

be completed in about a hundred days.

From the punching-machine the record cards go to the electric tabulating-machine, which is even more ingenious. In form it is something like an upright piano. In the face of the upper part of the box are set a number of indicator dials, each one devoted to some one set of facts comprehended in the census. Inside the machine is a complicated system of electric wiring connecting these indicators with the operating apparatus. It is the mission of this machine to total the various facts recorded on



THE PUNCHING MACHINE.

The transcript of the original returns of the enumerator to the punched card will be done with small machines, something like a typewriter, called keyboard punches. About one thousand of these keyboard punches will be used, and the entire work of transcribing the 75,000,000 or more individual records will be done in about 100 working days, or nearly four months after the first reports are in.

upon the card. Wherever there are punch-holes the needles pass through and dip into a cup of mercury placed beneath. An electric circuit is thus completed, which moves up the indicators on the connected dials one point and records the particular fact indicated by each punch-hole. The totals are always in view on the indicators, and are copied off on slips at the end of each run. Each machine is capable of disposing of five thousand cards per day.

The statistics computed by the machines will be copied on record slips and turned over to another force of one thousand clerks, whose business it will be to make up tables and prepare copy for the printers.

By the act of Congress providing for the coming enumeration it was stipulated that the four principal reports—on population, mortality, agriculture and manufactures—must be ready for publication on July 1, 1902.

The Director of the twelfth census is William B. Merriam, ex-Governor of Minnesota. The actual work of preparing the statistical information of the census for publication will be in charge of Assistant Director Frederick H. Wines. Mr. Wines has had long experience in this sort of work. He was in charge of one department of the eleventh census, and was employed also in the census of 1880. As assistant to Mr. Wines there are five chief statisticians, all experts in their lines, to each of whom will be assigned one department.—Harper's Weekly.

THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

Fourteen hundred pounds of turtle, alive and kicking, were included in the cargo of the German steamship Erna, which reached this port on Wednesday. It wasn't all one turtle, to be sure, but that made it twelve times as interesting for the crew. An even dozen of the big fellows, each weighing more than a hundred pounds, were unloaded from the Erna, and some of them are undoubtedly in the soup by this time. They came from Hayti and San Domingo, where they are plentiful. The crews of tramp steamers catch them at night, when they are asleep, turn them over on their backs, and the rest is comparatively easy. Tanks filled with sea water are arranged on the vessels, and the turtles are thus carried to the Northern ports alive. As they are not subject to duty they constitute a considerable source of revenue as a side issue.—Philadelphia Record.

Lord Rosebery Almost a Hermit. It is said in London that Lord Rosebery has become almost a hermit. He spends practically all his time at one of his country houses, and rarely visits London save on Sunday, when the great town is quiet. He seems to dread the roar and bustle of the city, and avoids it whenever possible. Mentmore, where he spends the greater part of his time, is one of the most splendid and stately country houses in Great Britain.

FRESH TRADE DEVELOPMENTS.

Such success has attended the plan of selling sewing machines at hardware stores in some parts of the West that the practice is strongly recommended by a contributor of Hardware who has had extensive experience in the business.

Within twelve years, it is said, the number of sheep in this country has increased from 5,000,000 to 50,000,000, while in Germany it has diminished from 40,000,000 to 10,000,000. Thus a market for wool has been created across the Atlantic which ought to be supplied from America.

Owing to a drought and the deprecations of a bug the hop crop of Russia is only thirty-five per cent, as large as usual. In consequence the price has jumped to \$15 and \$17 a pound (thirty-six pounds). Commission men who were shrewd enough to discover the situation early bought a large portion of the old stock at prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$10.

A process for purifying beet sugar has recently come into notice in Germany, quite as much on account of the secrecy practised in regard to it as for its inherent merits. The "sawing out" from first grade sugars are treated in a special mixing vat, and fifty-three pounds of sulphate of alumina are there added to 800 gallons of syrup. After being heated afresh to 176 degrees Fahrenheit, twenty pounds of oxide of calcium are put into the vat; and finally fifty-five pounds of chloride of barium.

In most industries it has been found that the larger the scale on which business is done the more economical does production become. But in North Carolina, the banner cotton manufacturing State of Dixie, a marked preference is felt for small mills. Capitalists who could afford to erect big mills would rather have two or three little ones. Judging from recent dividends alone, the size which is the most remunerative in that part of the country is one that has 10,000 spindles.

Something novel in the way of tiling for the roofs of large buildings is reported from Chicago. The tiles are laid on the steel skeleton of the roof. The rafters are crossed by angle irons measuring 1 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches, and set with an interval of 13 inches between centres. The angle irons, of course, are horizontal, and extend the long way of the roof. To these are secured the tiles, which are about nine inches wide and sixteen inches long. They are made to interlock, and form a water tight joint. What is called a "square" contains 135 tiles. Every fourth tile is fastened with a bit of copper wire to the steel frame.

Mended While She Waited.

"Whenever I see one of those little signs that say repairing will be done 'While you wait,' I think of the first and only time I ever yielded to such a promise," said the woman who was talking. "I had started for the train, but I knew I had at least thirty minutes to spare besides the time it would take to reach the station, and when I saw that one of my gloves had started to rip I thought of a sign I'd so often noticed at the place where I bought them. 'All gloves kept in repair; mended while you wait,' was the way it read. But to make assurance more sure I said to the amiable young person behind the counter, could I get this mended very quickly? 'O, yes,' she said, 'while you wait.' So I passed over the glove, and to make the time seem less long I opened a little book I had thought to read in the train and lost myself in its pages. After awhile it seemed to me that I'd been reading quite rapidly or else the young woman was taking her time about bringing me my glove. I picked her out and walked up to her. 'Isn't my glove ready yet?' I said. 'Your glove?' she said. 'I don't know anything about it.' 'Yes, my glove, I reiterated with great stress. 'I gave it you a moment ago.' A moment ago—it had been forty-five minutes ago, I found, and my train had gone. I also found out later that my glove had been mended, that the girl I had given it to was away for her luncheon, and that I was accusing the wrong person. Those signs may be true; they may do mending in the stores while you wait, but one thing is certain—you wait all right."

Importing Turtles.

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