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FREELAND, PA., MAY 21, 1900.

ADVERTISING.

Nothing, except the mint, can make money without advertising.—Gladstone.
I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising.—John Wanamaker.

When you pay more for the rent of your business-house than for advertising your business, you are pursuing a false policy. If you can do business, let it be known.—Benjamin Franklin.

The Wanamaker Episode.

The threat by a high official of Philadelphia, to disgrace John Wanamaker unless the attacks of his son's paper, the *North American*, upon the corrupt elements of the city were silenced, has brought forth columns of protest and indignation from the press and even the pulpit of the nation. Mr. Wanamaker's stand is so novel and unexpected for a Philadelphian to take that it causes more wonder than appears on the surface.

The custom for many years past in that city, on the part of press and private citizen, has been to obey without question every demand upon honor, conscience and duty made by the thieves and pirates who masquerade as politicians, consequently the unexpected refusal of the ex-postmaster general to submit to orders has shocked those on the inside of the rottenness of Philadelphia politics as much as the statement of facts shocked those who believed that a goody-good Republican city like our state's metropolis could not produce public officials who would degrade their office and manhood to the level of the blackmailer.

It is safe to say that nowhere has the calling of the bluff of the leeches been more joyfully received than in the offices of the Philadelphia newspapers, for they have suffered at the hands of politicians with pulls to an extent their readers never dreamed of, and if the streak of exultation they evince over the Wanamaker episode should result in stiffening their backbone and making them also proof against the influence of the thugs who run the city, the reader will in future find many an interesting tale of corruption and dishonesty in the columns of his favorite Philadelphia paper.

Light Breaking on the East.

From Philadelphia and State.
A paragraph among the editorial notes of the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, in its issue of last week, though very brief, must be esteemed significant. It calls attention, without distinct disapproval, to a sentiment which no one, even a very short time ago, could have expected as at all likely to appear in its columns—a sentiment which, both in expression or form and in purport, has apparently seemed to a few excellent people as at least dangerous; that is, incendiary or revolutionary. It quotes thus:

The real issue that men of the future have got to meet is the struggle between plutocracy and democracy.
Of course it is important to know who says this. That seems always a first consideration with certain ones—not so much the truth of what is said, and its force on that ground, but the authority with which it comes. The statement is commented upon by the *Congregationalist* as follows:

These are not the words of W. J. Debs or John P. Algard or Eugene Debs or any other supposed dangerous character from the inflammable and covetous West, although much like their utterances in tenor. They were spoken to the New England Free Trade League last week by Professor William G. Sumner, professor of political and social science in Yale university since 1872. He supplemented the remark with the other statement that in every land with parliamentary institutions organized capital was trying to control legislatures for corporate profit and industrial exploitation.

The singularly ungracious reference to the West—not to characterize it as it more fully deserves—only renders more signal the significance of this editorial note. It is simply being forced upon the attention of the people of this country—what the West has long known and been ready, exposed to much obloquy, to speak of plainly, though assumed leaders of the people and editors of the East have tried their utmost to keep it out of sight—what a contest is going on in our land. What Professor Sumner, of Yale, says is true, but is not a particle more acceptable on that account than as said for years by men who have been persistently and malignantly discredited just for saying that.

Representative government among us has come to be a thing of name only. It is so in our cities, in our states, and

swiftly it is getting to be that in the nation. The representatives, legislative and executive, represent, not the people, but, so far as effective action is concerned, they represent a power more masterful than votes, dominant over and not subject to the people.
"Parliamentary institutions" are but a stalking-horse to cunning schemers.
"Organized capital"—no matter who says it, providing it be true—is not only "trying to control," as the Yale professor states, but has often succeeded in controlling, as is widely known, "legislatures for corporate profit and industrial exploitation." This is one of those things that so thoroughly ought to be said that he verily is guilty who keeps his tongue from saying it.

IS THERE A GOD OR NO GOD

Col. Ingersoll Says There is Not While Rev. Lambert Proves That There is.

Who is that man? Is he not a stranger in town?
Yes; that's Doyle from Schuylkill County. What does he do?
Dot! Why, sir, that man is doing a wonderful work for Christianity. He is bringing back to the various Christian churches numerous lost sheep that have strayed from the fold by the misleading pictures painted by Bob Ingersoll.

Does he do he accomplish that?
By circulating a great book, "Rev. Lambert's Famous Answers to Col. Ingersoll." He goes into the highways and the byways into the mansions and the cottages, among the well-to-do and the lowly—everywhere spreading the truth, the shining indelicacy and bringing conviction to the hearts of those who had turned their backs on the Christian churches. The results of his work will go down the ages till earth is no more.

Can any theologian successfully answer Bob Ingersoll?
No; for Bob will not confine himself to religion. A man must be an all-around scientist to crush Ingersoll.
Does Rev. Lambert crush him?
Completely so. That is the opinion of all the readers who look from the supreme court of the United States down to the ordinary citizen. Besides Ingersoll was afraid to meet Rev. Lambert in debate for a prize of \$20,000, offered by the Nineteenth Century Literary club of New York city. He should have read this book of Rev. Lambert's before he tried to do it.

It should be a non-sectarian, is a great literary treat, and is the ablest defense of Christianity produced since the Bible was written. The leading intellects of the age are on the news stands; the young folks read them secretly, and seeing nothing to contradict him—that's how he works so much harm in every community.
Does the book give both sides of the case?
Certainly. The arguments of both Ingersoll and Lambert.
What is the price of the book?
Only 25 cents. Buy one, put it in your home, and you will perform perhaps the greatest Christian act of your lifetime. It may be the means of leading your children true to Christianity when your bones are mouldering in the grave. It may be the safeguard of the Christian home, or it might be out when the agent calls, so tell your wife or clerk to buy it for you. It costs but a trifle, and may mean the saving of a soul.

Some Facts About Cement.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Major, the famous cement man, of New York, in which he sets forth some very interesting facts about Major's cement. The multitude who use this standard article know that it is many hundred per cent better than other cements, for which similar claims are made, but a great many do not know why. The simple reason is that Mr. Major uses the best materials ever discovered and other manufacturers do not use them, because they are too expensive and do not allow large profits. Mr. Major tells us that one of the elements of his cement costs \$3.75 a pound, and another costs \$2.65 a gallon, while a large share of the so-called cements and liquid glue upon the market are nothing more than sixteen-cent glue, dissolved in water or citric acid, and, in some cases, altered slightly in color and odor by the addition of cheap and useless materials.

Major's cement retails at fifteen cents and twenty-five cents a barrel, and when a dealer tries to sell a substitute you can depend upon it that his only object is to make larger profit.
The profit on Major's cement is as much as any dealer ought to make on any cement. And this is doubly true in view of the fact that each dealer gets his share of the benefit of Mr. Major's advertising, which now amounts to over \$5,000 a month throughout the country. Insist on having Major's. Don't accept any off-hand advice from a druggist.
If your druggist can't supply you, it will be forwarded by mail; either the rubber or leather kind.

Pawnee Bill's Great Shows.

We are advised that Pawnee Bill's Combined Railroad Show, Historical Wild West, Indian Museum, Grand Hippodrome and Congress of noted Chiefs and Cow Boys, Vaqueros and a limitless number of special features, will pay a visit within a short space of time. It is under a management which has, in the past fifteen years, gained a most enviable reputation for dealing honestly and liberally with the public, and of presenting many features new and startling and many feats which delight, amaze and amuse. Our exchanges speak in the highest terms of both the exceptional merit and high character of this combination.

Low Fare Excursion to Wilkesbarre

Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, May 21 and 22. On account of the Knights Templar parade at Wilkesbarre, May 22, the Lehigh Valley Railroad will sell tickets from all stations in Pennsylvania to Wilkesbarre and return at one fare for the round trip (with stop-over privilege in either direction at Mauch Chunk). Tickets on sale May 21 and 22, limited for return passage to May 23, inclusive, and will be honored on any train except the Black Diamond express. Consult Lehigh Valley ticket agents for further particulars.

One Fare to Washington, D. C.

And return via Lehigh Valley Railroad, account Imperial Council, Order of Mystic Shrine, May 22 to 24, 1900. Tickets will be on sale May 19, 20 and 21, from all stations, Phillipsburg to Buffalo, including branch line points, limited for return passage to May 25 inclusive, thus affording one week's stay in this beautiful city, a trip to which at this season of the year is particularly delightful. Tickets will be honored on any train except the Black Diamond express. For additional information, consult Lehigh Valley agents.

To Niagara Falls and Return

Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad for \$5, May 23, 1900. Tickets on sale from stations, Phillipsburg to Tunkhannock, inclusive, including branches, limited for return passage to May 25, 1900, and will be honored on any train except the Black Diamond express. Consult Lehigh Valley Railroad agents for further information.

ENGLAND'S CRIME.

THE ALLOWS MILLIONS OF HER SUBJECTS TO STARVE,
While She Spends the Money That Would Save Them in Destroying the Boers in South Africa.

In view of England's course in allowing millions of her subjects to starve while she is carrying on a war of "criminal aggression," the religious people of the world should send in a protest that would compel her to listen. The Christian Herald makes an impassioned appeal for aid to save India's starving millions. It gives horrible pictures, showing the effects of the starvation, and says: "Two cents a day will support one life; one dollar a day will save a life for two months; two dollars will save a life until harvest; ten dollars will save a whole family from death; fifty dollars would save five families; one hundred dollars would save a small community."
The Philadelphia North American, ever ready to see the wrongs and inconsistencies in such matters, very pertinently says:

"God forbid that we should do anything to check for one instant the flow of American benevolence toward a tormented people betrayed in their desperate need by their rightful protectors. But it is impossible to raise this appeal without reflecting on the responsibilities of those who have made it necessary."

"India is a part of the British empire. The British government is spending \$500,000,000 to subjugate a little group of farmers just outside of its dominions while its own subjects are dying by millions for lack of the assistance which it is amply able to furnish. Turning 'The Christian Herald's' table into another shape, we may say: "Two rifle cartridges a day will support one life."

"One six pounder shell will save a life for two months.
"One twelve pounder shell will save a life until harvest."
"One pair of cavalry boots will save a man, wife and child until the next crop is gathered."
"One minute's discharge of a Maxim gun would save a whole family from death."

"The cost of the war for one month will save ten lives for four months.
"Two rifles will save them and afford them the comfort of blankets during the rainy and cold season."
"The cost of firing one shot from a six inch gun would save five families.
"One scrub baggage train horse would save a small community."
"One-fifth of the cost of attempting to conquer the Boers would save the entire fifty millions of England's starving subjects in India."

"The rescue of these lives is simply a matter of money. There is food enough in India. All that is necessary is the means of buying it. 'The cable operates quickly,' says 'The Christian Herald,' 'and your contribution today may save scores, hundreds, yes, thousands of lives tomorrow.' The cable would operate just as quickly at the command of the British government as at that of benevolent Americans. If it be true that every one of us who contributes two dollars saves the life of some wretched Indian, who would die but for that sum, then every man being in India who perishes for lack of such assistance is murdered by the government that is abundantly able to supply it, but prefers to devote the price of ten Hindoo lives per second to the extinction of republicanism in South Africa. That is 'the price that staggers humanity.'"

A Shock From Iowa.

Nowhere will the conduct of the Iowa house of representatives produce so great a shock as in Pennsylvania. We actually see a branch of a state legislature overwhelmingly Republican pronouncing against a policy which the party in congress has committed itself. Every member of congress from Iowa voted for the Porto Rico tariff bill and the speaker of the house, an Iowan, did all he could for the measure. Yet the Republicans of a branch of the Iowa legislature by unanimous vote adopt a resolution declaring for free trade with the island.

Fancy such independence in the legislature of Pennsylvania, if you can. Or supposing the impossible to happen, and the house at Harrisburg arrogating to itself the right to think and express its thought in such fashion—picture to yourself the horror of the machine. We should think through Mr. Quay that the world was about to come to an end, and that every follower of Mr. Quay, after recovering his breath, would rend the skies with loyal shouts in denunciation of treason and insurgency so hideous.

Iowa takes up manifestation of its house's tenuousness with an eagerness. As yet we have seen no intimations from that state that the house has covered itself with everlasting infamy by daring to speak its honest mind. It even seems to be taken for granted out there that it is not revolutionary and indecent for a legislature to own itself capable of being owned by a boss.—Philadelphia North American.

"If to think as I do in regard to the interpretation of the constitution; in regard to the mandates of the moral law or the law of nations, to which all men and all nations must render obedience; in regard to the policies which are wisest for the conduct of the state, or in regard to those facts of recent history in the light of which we have acted or are to act hereafter, be treason, then Washington was a traitor; then Jefferson was a traitor; then Jackson was a traitor; then Franklin was a traitor; then Sumner was a traitor; then Lincoln was a traitor; then Webster was a traitor; then Clay was a traitor; then Corwin was a traitor; then Kent was a traitor; then Seward was a traitor; then McKinley, within two years, was a traitor; then the supreme court of the United States has been in the past a nest and hotbed of treason; then the people of the United States, for more than a century, have been traitors to their flag and their constitution."—U. S. Senator George F. Hoar.

If Mr. McKinley can't come out like a man, talk directly to the country and say what he wants and why he wants it, he deserves neither consideration nor confidence.—Chicago Journal.

BIG BILL'S SCHEME.

How He Made a Fortune With His Own Board of Trade.

"As a rule," said a detective at New York headquarters, "crooked people never save their money. I don't care how wise or smart they are, they generally get rid of it faster than they get it. But what I was going to tell you about was one of the gang that had more brains than any of the hand-shakers I ever knew. I am not going to tell you what his name is, and he is on the level now. He was closely with his family and stands well with the business community. So, for story-telling purposes, I will tell you about 'Big Bill' and the fortune he made. 'Big Bill' when a lad served the ladies with soda water in a drug store in this city. He was a good-looking lad and was a favorite with every one among the patrons of the drug store was a well-known confidence man, who took a fancy to the white-haired lad behind the soda water fountain. The boy and the 'con' man became fast friends, and one day the boy failed to report work. He was not at home and no trace of him could be found. Three years later I ran across him in New York, and he was the clerk in a 'green goods' store, and the gang told me he was the greatest kid in his line that they had ever seen. But he was only getting a very small part of the coin that was being taken off, and one day he declared that he was going to get himself. He quit the job and I did not hear from him for several years. By this time he was a giant in build and looked to be 30. He was now the brains of a confidence gang, and although those connected with him were very old in experience, what he said was law. The gang operated through the south and west, and were in no way identified with any of the Red Austins, Tom O'Brien and Lou Ludlums, whose names are familiar to the public. Consequently, they had very little trouble with the law."

"The gang made plenty of money. But it was the same old story—wine, woman and song—except as far as 'Big Bill' was concerned. While he had a good time and held up his end, yet he was not a 'drunken sailor' with his money. All the time the gang was at work 'Big Bill' was looking for some business to get into. While in a small town in Colorado he dropped into a bucket shop and at once became interested in the workings. The operator explained the operations and told him how all quotations were sent from the Board of Trade in Chicago. 'Big Bill' at once grasped the situation, and decided upon a scheme of his own. He had a bank roll of about \$50,000, so he incorporated a stock exchange just the same as the big Board of Trade in Chicago. Then he opened up his own stock exchange, with all the side issues. He had his elevator clearing house, grain pit, and everything was just the same as the big market in Chicago. Then he opened offices or bucket shops in 40 small towns throughout the west, south and southwest. The result was he was doing business just the same as the Chicago Board of Trade, except on a small scale. But it was not so small as you would think, for in 14 months he had cleared \$700,000. He continued to do business, and the last time I heard of him he had retired from business with over \$2,000,000. The business is now operated by a stock company, and 'Big Bill' sits by and gets his take off just as regularly as he takes his coffee."

DEADLY POISONS.

Just a Whiff From some of Them Will Kill

The discoverer of prussic acid was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handiwork.
Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 98 parts water to 2 parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.
Atropine, though it has no harmful odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death.

A canicle of potassium has a pleasant smell, which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once. Pure ammonia, if inhaled, would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carboy of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory. Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed, and hundreds of people thrown out of doors, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out feeling all right. Five hours later they were all dead.

A striking case of the X-rays is to be made the case of two sisters who are joined together in the same manner as the celebrated Siamese twins. These girls were recently discovered in Brazil, and have reached the age of 10 years. The examination of the X-rays is to be made with a view to determining whether the bond joining the two bodies can be severed by a surgical operation.

A Glasgow surgeon says that appendicitis is common because of the habit of sitting with one leg crossed over the other. The surgeon argues that by crossing the legs, and it is generally the right leg that is put upon the stretch, for passes into the vermiform appendix, and sets up an inflammation.

Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, says that she "washes her hands of the American working man." It is considered a departure for an Anarchist to wash anything, even metaphorically speaking.—Kansas City Star.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

When a girl has a new engagement ring she finds many occasions for feeling if her back hair is in good order.

SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO

Lucky Numbers and Some Strange Fatalities

CANDIDATES FOR SUICIDE

Systems Founded on Reasons Which Even the Casino Company Cannot Find Out—The Various Degrees of Damnation of the Place.

I did not stop in Monte Carlo long, but while waiting for a train I went to the gambling house or casino door, gave my name and address, according to custom, received a card of admission and entered the room.

I wandered over to one of the tables which was crowded with players. Just what game was being played I never knew and never asked, for I knew very little about gambling. Probably those who have been there, or are familiar with the "gentle art," will know what the game was when I describe it. The table was covered with green and red cloth, if I am not mistaken which was marked off into spaces, where the players threw their gold. The dealer threw a certain number of cards, face upward, and upon them depended the winnings or losses. One large space seemed to be specially unfortunate for the players. It lost again and again, the croupier raking in the big piles. By and by I threw a twenty-franc gold piece upon the space, thinking it had lost so many times it was now in the law of chance time for it to win. But I was unfamiliar with gambling house methods. The crowd gathered about me, and a retired Monte Carlo officer, and he has told me the following, speaking of the roulette wheel:

"Although it is impossible to direct the wheel according to one's wishes, that doesn't exclude 'system.' There are good and bad systems, but the majority of those I have seen advanced have in them a kernel of verisimilitude. It's perfectly true that seven times out of ten either '27' or '9' follow upon 'zero.' Ten years of observation taught me that '4' and '7' are lucky numbers, and that '32' is invariably followed by '31,' '33,' '34,' '35' or '36,' but the why and wherefore is as much a puzzle to all concerned as the real state of things on Mars. I saw the bank tremble a hundred times under the continuous onslaught of the figures named; time and again I attended deliberations of the directors and the croupiers trying to get at the bottom of the mystery. All theories and combinations, all changes in arrangements of the tables failed. The only remarkable thing repeated examinations by experts yielded was that every wheel has a little idiosyncrasy of its own, some trifling imperfection or superstition exerting certain tendencies.
"Of course, suicide candidates profited by this uncontrollable inclination of the wheel as well as the next person, but in most cases the gain was temporary only. When myself and the croupiers of the suicide table saw a man or woman succumb to the gambling fever, we were struck with horror, anticipating danger whether the party won or lost, for the respite involved by good luck was hardly of much account, seeing that the amateur who wins never knows when his stroke of good luck is exhausted and jeopardizes his gains as quickly as they are made.
"I am not superstitious by any means, but can't bring myself to doubt that a strange fatality attaches to the so-called suicide table. Its an octopus that sucks in victims from all parts of the globe. Our croupiers are hardened men to be sure—its their business to be sure—but to be machine-like but the suicide table has, to my knowledge, given three or four of them heart disease.
"Whether any of the suicide candidates have a foreboding of evil when they come to our table, I don't know; certain it is that few try hard to escape their fate. They come flanked by hunchbacks, loaded down with amulets, primed with prayers, or holding pieces of hangman's rope between their fingers. Others try to insure their fortune by paying the croupier 10 francs before the day's work begins. Of course, he accepts the bribe. Why shouldn't he? He isn't tampering with his employer's profits.
"Nothing daunts these suicide candidates, though. There is a tradition in Monte Carlo combinations and systems 'don't go' between the hours of 5:30 and 7:30 p. m., and I am quite sure that there are more exceptions to that rule than to the other inexplicable wheel laws already mentioned. Yet the suicide table is crowded with wheel cranks during these fatal periods, while all other wheels run low.
"One day five seasons ago my neighbor at the table was a young Parisian. He sat in one of the one-death chairs, and won and won. When the doors closed he carried off 200,000 francs. Imagine my dreadful anticipation when, next morning, I found him sitting to the left of the croupier. I felt like tearing him away or slipping a card into his hand warning him against the awful significance of the chair he had chosen, but my official character forbade me to interfere, and, besides, my advice would have been scorned in all probability, for the fellow gambled like one mad. He lost and lost. He lost the winnings of the day before and 200,000 francs of his own money. I saw the cold sweat stand on his face. I saw the goose skin on his head. When his last thousand franc note was gone he rose, and swaying to and fro like a drunkard, stumbled out of the hall, laughing immoderately. The next day he was found dead in his hotel."

Monte Carlo has an irresistible fascination for those who win, but in the long run nine out of every ten are losers. It is a pretty good place for the average person to avoid.

E. J. INGERSOLL.

A capital joke—J O K E.

Starlight—the blonde leading lady.

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An Advertisement

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