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If they have no flirtations in China, what dull holidays they must have!

If Nikola Tesla could only find somebody who would actually do the things he announces from time to time as feasible he would rank high as an inventor.

With the universal use of electric light instead of oil, gas and candles, an English statistician calculates that the United Kingdom would have 40,000 less deaths annually.

The reappearance of brigands near Rome ought to have the effect of stimulating interest in foreign travel. A spice of danger is always very much appreciated by the globe-trotter.

The Mexican census, recently completed, shows a total population of 12,491,573, over two-thirds of whom are illiterate. Over eighty per cent. of the population is of mixed or Indian blood.

Light is thrown on the source of China's war supplies by the Berlin report that Germany's exports of war materials to China last year aggregated 8,150,000 marks, as against 3,400,000 marks for 1908.

War is the great modern teacher of geography, remarks the Montreal Gazette. Two years ago we learned all about the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. Then followed a thorough course in South Africa. China is apparently next upon the list.

The Omaha World-Herald approves a course of culinary instruction in Eastern vacation schools, and remarks: "Young women who are forced by present economic conditions in wages to earn their own livelihood could not prepare themselves for a more useful womanly calling than that of a thorough housekeeper and cook."

English is henceforth the official court language in Hawaii. Judge Humphreys, of Honolulu, recently ruled out as inadequate a court notice printed in a Portuguese paper, and promulgated a rule that thereafter all proceedings of any and every kind whatsoever, and all advertisements, notices, etc., should be in the English language.

The sudden death of Collis P. Huntington, in his Adirondack camp, removes one of the most conspicuous, masterful and picturesque figures of his time. Mr. Huntington was almost the last of the great railroad builders of the country who, during the preceding generation, carried westward the lines of trans-continental communication that converted the plains, the mountains and the Pacific slope into thriving and populous States.

No child was ever hurt by being taught to obey and by occasionally "coming up against" rules and laws and learning that they must be respected. He is best served by being allowed to come up naturally and simply and healthfully; not too much controlled or guided, but gaining continually by contact with the unfamiliar, which arouses independent thought. In these days of "machine-made" children a little wholesome individuality is as rare as it is charming. Above all we ought not to develop a lot of weak-minded, selfish, self-indulgent children to grow up into incapable men and women.

**Evolution of the Tomato.**  
It was once thought that the tomato was a rank poison, a disturber of the mind and a sure route to the insane hospital. It was originally called a "love apple" and was grown in pots and in gardens as a pretty plant, to satisfy the eye, but to be denied the tongue on a peril of life. The evolution in public taste and opinion has been wonderful, and now the tomato, while it has been degraded by being taken from the flower garden to the back lot, has become an item of great agricultural value.—Chicago News.

## HOW AUNT FAITH FOUND OUT.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

IT'S only a cold," Aunt Faith said, cheerily, bustling into the sitting-room with a bowl of something that steamed and was good to smell. "I've made her some moss tea, with plenty of lemon in it. She'll come out all right. I've put her to bed. But, Richard—"

Aunt Faith paused and waved her spoon toward her brother. Her pleasant face was as stern as it could be. "I think it was time for me to come, the way you've been letting that child go round without rubbers all night long, and eat chocolates on rainy days!"

In moments of mild excitement Aunt Faith's modifying clauses were apt to be annexed to the wrong words. "I found one under her pillow this morning!" she added, severely.

"Oh? Oh, chocolates—is it worse to eat 'em rainy days?" Richard Pyle asked, with meek humor. "You see, Faith, the child is fond of chocolates, and she isn't of rubbers. What are you going to do?"

"I know what I'm going to do," Aunt Faith said, briskly. She crossed the room and prodded the big man in the rocker affectionately with her teaspoon. "You're a man—that's your only fault, Richard. A man can't bring up a girl—it was time for me to come!"

Aunt Faith had sighed a little unobtrusively whenever she thought of her trim garden-girdled home, which she had left for this big city house, set in the midst of noises and dust and confusion. But now, with something to do, she hurried cheerfully away to Faith II's room.

"Yes, dear, here I come!" she called. "And I'm going to steep you and toast you and cure you in the blink of an eye! Drink this nice hot tea—don't tell me it isn't delicious!"

"Why, it is!" murmured little Faith in surprise—Faith II, they called her when Aunt Faith was about. The girl was flushed and feverish and her voice choked hoarsely. It was good to be tucked up and mothered, and she submitted readily. In a little while she was asleep.

"Richard," Aunt Faith said, abruptly, when she was in the sitting room again, with her work, "what do you know about Barry Lincoln?"

"Oh? Barry Lincoln?" "Yes, Barry, not Abraham. As far as I can make out, he's a boy. But I want to know something more than that."

The big rocker stopped creaking. "What in the world?" the man cried, gazing across the table at Aunt Faith's placid face.

"I want to know all about him, that's what. Faith is a good deal exercised because she won't be able to go to the next lecture with him. I'm exercised, too. She says he's certain to invite her. She's been to all the rest with him, Richard."

"Has she? Yes, I guess it was Barry—I'd forgotten. The little witch has so many strings to her bow! She queens it over the whole school down there at Number Eleven."

"But you didn't introduce me to Barry Lincoln," Aunt Faith persisted. "Tell me all about him. Who's his father. Who's he? Is he a gentleman, Richard?"

"Barry? Why, I suppose so—of course! He's Ned Lincoln's boy—ought to be a gentleman. Ned's up to the mark. I never spoke half a dozen words to the youngster herself."

"You mean you never really knew whether or not he was the right boy to take Faith to lectures? And yet you let him do it! Well, it was time for me to come!" Aunt Faith said.

The fourth lecture in the art course downtown was to be delivered on Wednesday evening. On Tuesday Aunt Faith answered the postman's whistle on her way up to Faith II's room with her gruel. There was one letter among the papers.

"Miss Faith Margaret Pyle," Aunt Faith read aloud. It was her own name, and although she did not recognize the handwriting, she opened the letter in all honesty. "Why, bless me!"

She read the carefully-penned, elaborately-quoted little note through before she fully understood that it must have been intended for her niece.

"Bless me!" she cried, softly. Then she set down her gruel bowl and put on her thinking cap.

Twice, three times Aunt Faith nodded over her thoughts, and a queer little pair of twin twinkles crept into her eyes.

"I think I'll—do it!" she announced to herself presently. "I think—I will. I'm Miss Faith Margaret Pyle; why should not I?"

She started back to the kitchen to heat the cooled gruel. Half-way down the basement stairway she spoke again, as if in self-justification.

"It won't make a mite of difference to Faith—not a mite. She's too sick, anyway. And it's time somebody found out things."

On Wednesday evening Aunt Faith went to Faith II's room to bid her good-by. She was shaved and bonneted, and she held out one hand to have its black kid glove buttoned.

"You feel better to-night, don't you, dear? Some people are good doctors!" she smiled.

Faith II, twisted her face into a plaintive smile: "I might just as well be sick in bed for all the good it does to-night. If I was as well as the Queen of Sheba I couldn't go to the lecture."

Aunt Faith's conscience pricked her, but she rose above the pain splendidly.

"I'll come in when I get home and re-lecture it—you wait," she laughed, cheerfully. "You've never heard your Aunt Faith Margaret lecture! Now, good night—give me one more kiss. Be a good girl."

"Good night, auntie. I'm glad you're going, anyway. It's next best—why, it's going myself!" Faith cried, more brightly. "We're both Faith Margarets, you know! Is father going to take you?"

"Your father? No, but I shall have good company. I will tell you all about it when I get home."

"I hope it will be good company," she amended, out in the hall. She went on down the stairs, trembling a little—Aunt Faith was a shy woman—but strong in her determination to "find out things."

Barry was waiting in the big, dim parlor. He came forward eagerly at the sound of steps. The vision of old-fashioned Aunt Faith in the doorway occasioned a hasty retreat to his chair again.

"I—thought it was Miss Faith," he stammered, apologetically.

"Well, it is!" smiled Aunt Faith. "I'm Miss Faith. Have I kept you waiting long? I didn't mean to, but it takes old people a good while to move, you know—or you don't know, but you will when it's your turn."

She had followed up his retreat and was holding out her hand to him. There was no possible chance for him to ignore it.

"How kind it was in you to come for me!" she cried. "If you hadn't I should have missed the lecture, for my brother Richard is no good at all as an escort. Dear me, I should say not! When he gets buried in his three dailies, that's the end of him! Ought we to be starting? Then I'll have to ask you to button my glove, Faith II, buttoned the other. If she wasn't sick, I should ask you if you would be willing for her to go with us."

Naughty Aunt Faith! If her conscience pricked, it did not keep her gray eyes from twinkling. She watched the boy covertly as he fumbled with her glove.

"Poor boy!" she thought. "I'm sorry for you!"

Barry Lincoln was sorry for himself. Little by little, as Aunt Faith's bright voice ran on, the puzzle of things had untangled itself. Now he understood. He remembered Faith's speaking of her namesake aunt. There were two Miss Faith Margaret Pyles, and this was the wrong one, standing here having her black glove buttoned.

"She's got the letter and thought it was for her. She expects to go to the lecture with me—she'll be disappointed!" his thoughts went along swiftly. "She's a little sort of old—Faith said she lived in the country. There aren't any lectures to go in the country. And besides, it would embarrass her dreadfully to find out her mistake. Well, Barry Lincoln, you're in it up to your chin, my boy! What are you going to do about it?"

He answered his own question promptly. To his mind there was only the one thing to do. He took out his watch.

"Yes, we ought to be starting," he said. "It's quite a long way to the hall."

They were going out of the house and through the vestibule. The steps outside were a little slippery, and Barry offered his arm, politely. That was Aunt Faith's first entry in the book of her remembrances, and she entered it on the credit side.

"Offered his arm instead of taking mine—good!" she thought.

"There's a red car coming. Shall we take it, Miss Faith?"

"Oh, no. Why not walk, if there's time? Did you think ants were rather decrepit? Well, that's another thing you'll find out when—"

"When it's my turn to be an aunt," laughed Barry, in spite of himself; Aunt Faith laughed, too.

Aunt Faith was little, and Barry Lincoln wasn't. He was short-stopped on the high school nine, and measured—in his stockings—five feet eleven. He tried to diminish his long strides to the measure of Aunt Faith's steps, but it was only occasionally he could bring it about. Aunt Faith's black silk bonnet bobbed up and down beside him cheerfully. Barry remembered his own inches all the way down the lighted street without intermission.

"It's a little up-hilly, isn't it?" gasped Aunt Faith, gently. Tiny spots of color blossomed out in her thin brown cheeks. Do you know—but you don't know—it's a great treat for country people to be going out like this, with the night lighted up as if it was day? There's just one lamp-post at home, and the last time that was lighted was when Grant was elected the first time. I know, for I got up on Abner Toothacher's step-ladder and lighted it myself—and fell off!"

Aunt Faith smiled up into the boy's sober face.

"I never forgave Mr. Grant that," she said, "not until he died."

The streets were alive with people, a good many of whom seemed to be going the way of Aunt Faith and Barry. Now and then a boy among them lifted his cap as he nodded to Barry. Aunt Faith suffered from an attack of conscience.

"Faith Margaret Pyle, I guess you're a sinner!" she commended with herself.

sternly. "You feel dreadfully guilty for a saint!"

"Here we are!" Barry said, suddenly, as they rounded a corner and came into the glare of the entrance lights. He pulled himself together sturdily, and accosted one of the boy ushers at the door.

"A good seat, Tad, well up," he whispered. "They say the lecturer talks low, and we want to hear."

"Sure. There's two so ts with Judge Pullen's family—wait. There's room for two in with your people, Barry. Come along."

The brown, square face of Barry Lincoln reddened in spite of itself. It was far up the aisle, and Aunt Faith, hobbling along beside him, took things in such a leisurely way! The trip seemed interminable, and its terminus was not reassuring.

"I'm in for it now!" thought poor Barry. "There's father and the girls, big as life, and Tad's steering for 'em. And there's Aunt Jess in the seat behind."

"There!" beamed the boy usher. "You'd have lost that seat in another minute!"

He leaned over Barry an instant, as he settled himself down beside little Aunt Faith. "Got a new girl, eh?" he breathed in his ear.

The Lincoln girls were stately and perfectly apparelled. Aunt Faith's figure retired into gentle insignificance beside them, and the other aunt behind regarded her speculatively.

"Who's Barry picked up now? Somebody with a sweet face," she thought. "Likely as not he went after little Faithie Pyle, and rang the wrong door-bell—it takes a Lincoln to be absent-minded!"

But Barry's mind was not "absent;" it was present with him all through the long lecture. He was painfully conscious of a good many things—that his terrible great shoulders loomed above Aunt Faith's Paisley shawl; that numberless pairs of eyes regarded him curiously, and that in a good many of them lurked smiles. He was conscious that Aunt Faith's neat black silk bonnet had careened a little on her soft gray hair, and that Aunt Faith's face—but that was afterward, when he had recovered his mental equilibrium somewhat—was keenly alive with interest and pleasure.

It was when Barry discovered this that he quietly resigned himself to circumstances.

"She's enjoying it," he thought. "It's a regular treat to her. In the country probably they don't have lectures. I'm glad now I didn't explain about the letter. A fellow couldn't do a thing like that, anyhow. He's bound to stick it out."

After the lecture Barry introduced the girls and Aunt Jess, and then they fell into the current of outgoing humanity, and drifted out upon it. It was ten o'clock when Aunt Faith got home. She stood in the doorway and held out her hand to the boy.

"You have given an old woman a very pleasant evening," she said, smiling. "I hope somebody will do 'em so' unto you when you're—an old woman! Good night, and thank you!"

"Good night," Barry said, but down the steps Aunt Faith's voice halted him again.

"There's a whole Pyle of Faith Margarets, you know, and I hope the right one will go to the next lecture and have just the kind of evening I've had!" she called, softly.

Indoors, Faith II, was asleep. In the sitting-room Richard Pyle was just rounding off his last newspaper. He looked up in surprise when Aunt Faith came in.

"Where in the world!" he exclaimed, noting her shawl and bonnet.

"I've been to the lecture, sir," she said, "laughed Aunt Faith.

"Alone?" "Well, you didn't go with me—what could I do? If your brother buries himself in newspapers, there are you! You've either got to go lectureless to bed or—do as I did."

She was rolling her bonnet-strings, and stopped to glance over at him, humorously.

"No, I didn't go alone, Richard. I went with a gentleman, she said, with quiet emphasis.

At Faith II's bedside, she stooped to kiss the sweet girl face among the pillows. It stirred in sleep.

"You'll have to forgive me—you and the boy. I had to find out," she murmured. "But I'll never do it again—I won't have to!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

**A Queer Combination.**  
The boys of Columbus, especially those who live in the neighborhood of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, have fought and played with the inmates of the same for so many years that it is no uncommon thing for them to be almost as familiar with the sign language as though compelled to use it. So there was nothing unusual in the sight the other day of a boy who was asking some questions verbally of a companion and then telegraphing his answers with his fingers to a deaf mute over in the grounds. A country woman, who was passing, however, stared at him unphased for a moment, and then, catching her daughter's arm, exclaimed: "Oh, look, Mary Jane! Look! There's a deaf and dumb boy and a common person all in one!"—Ohio State Journal.

**A Church Tower in a Tree.**  
Washington is a State of unusual things. Among them is the old church tower at "Old Town," in the city of Tacoma, which was the happy thought of some of the old settlers, who built an Episcopal church beside a large fir tree and used the trunk of the tree for a bell tower. The rings show old to have been over 500 years old at the time when it was utilized in this unique manner, and that was thirty years ago.

## M'KINLEY IS QUOTED.

THE NOBLEST ACT OF HIS POLITICAL CAREER

Was When He Voted for Free Silver Coinage in Congress to Pass Over Veto Power of President Hayes—Richardson Digs up History.

The following extract is taken from Congressman Richardson's speech at Indianapolis:

"My Republican witness says: 'I am for the largest use of silver in the currency of this country. I would not dishonor it. I would give it equal credit and honor with gold. I would make no discrimination. I would utilize both metals as money and standard; neither. I want the double discredit.'"

"These be potent words. They were fitly spoken and are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. They are clear and unmistakable in their meaning. Now, my Republican friends, you who are engaged in the condemned business of worshipping the golden calf, what orator and statesman do you suppose made that forcible declaration in favor of silver which I have just quoted? It wasn't Silver Dick Bland—God bless him. It wasn't William J. Bryan, the peerless leader of the Democratic hosts. It was no Democrat, no Populist. It was a man whom you delight to honor. Don't all fall off your seats in a fit of apoplexy when I tell you his name. It was the head man of the Republican pie counter, William McKinley, president of the United States, and now running for re-election on a gold standard platform after signing a gold standard bill. He is the man who said it. He said it on the floor of the American congress. It is so printed in The Record. You can't deny it. Those words were spoken by William McKinley, your idol, with front of brass and feet of clay, spoken by him when he was yet free and before he had fallen under the malign influence of Mark Hanna and his foul crew of political buccanniers. What's more, McKinley, in addition to speaking in favor of silver, voted for it and voted for the original Bland silver bill, which was a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at 16 to 1. He voted for the Bland bill with the Allison amendments, and when Rutherford B. Hayes vetoed the Bland-Allison bill, William McKinley voted to pass it over the Hayes veto, which was the noblest act of his public career."

WEBSTER DAVIS.

The Peoria Journal extends its condolence to Webster Davis and says he is laboring under a serious disadvantage. The Journal says:

"Just as he has abandoned his old party in order to come out as the champion of the Boers, the people of this country seem to have lost most of their interest in the war in South Africa. It is too bad, of course, but it cannot be helped. Mr. Davis is discovering that he made a mistake, and this discovery will keep growing on him."

Webster Davis has made no mistake and he knows it. He performed the grandest act of his whole life, when he abandoned the fleshpots of Egypt and bravely took his stand on the side of God's people in South Africa, so cruelly oppressed.

Nor is it true that the people of the United States have lost interest in the Boers' brave struggle for liberty. That war is still watched with anxious solicitude by millions of Americans and the success of De Wet and Botha still brings gladness to the hearts of our people.

Webster Davis has lost nothing and gained much. Few men are so highly honored—great crowds follow in his footsteps—they want to see the patriot that abandoned high office for the sake of principle and the masses flock to him like doves to the windows. He is going to support Bryan because he thinks it will help his friends, the fighting farmers of South Africa.

Mr. Davis has made no mistake. He has done a wise and a glorious thing. He has embalmed his memory forever in the hearts of liberty loving men.

**CANNOT SUPPORT M'KINLEY.**

Captain Patrick O'Farrell, Washington, wrote the following letter to Senator Hoar immediately after his great speech in the senate arraigning the administration for its attitude towards the Filipinos:

"I am an old-time Republican and an abolitionist at that, who fought during the late Civil war for the principles of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. I want your speech for the facts therein. They show the duplicity and treachery of Wm. McKinley, for whom I spent eight weeks on the stump. Your speech shows further that the next election will determine whether we shall retain our liberty, or do as Rome did—go into the imperial business. I must, however, dissent from your logic and from your advice to continue to support the Republican party, as long as it marches under the banner of imperialism.

"I honestly believe that in order to preserve liberty, it is essential that the honest and many Republicans who still adhere to the declaration of independence and the constitution should use all their efforts in the next campaign to defeat McKinley and the Republican party by supporting William J. Bryan, who, no matter how we Republicans may differ with his free silver and tariff theories, yet can agree with him on the greater and paramount question of imperialism. The question is, whether we shall continue as a republic, or go into the colonial business and convert the stars and

stripes into an emblem of imperialism.

"Again I say, as an old-time abolitionist who shed my blood on the battlefields of this country, fighting for liberty, I must protest against your theory and advice that I should become the slave of the party by continuing to support it, right or wrong. The cry in the coming campaign should be: 'Bryan and Republican liberty!' against McKinley and imperial tyranny, and I have every confidence that liberty will win."

**POLITICIANS NEED REFORMING.**

If anything should be reformed, it should be the politician, and by the politician we have especial reference to the professional office holders, the men who feed at the public trough. The chief business in life of these people is to impress the voters with the idea that they are their hard-working servants, without whom the country would go to the bow-wows. It is essential to their success that they make a good impression, and in order to please everyone they blow hot and they blow cold. When necessary they perch on top of the political fence, keeping a sharp lookout, and drop on either side, and sometimes on both sides—always, of course, trying to land on the strong side and on the proverbial bed of roses. They are strangers to consistency, and insincerity marks them as its own.

If the politician did not play such an important part in our government—if they did not shape the course of the political parties to which the masses give blind allegiance, their weaknesses and their vices could be passed without comment, as they are not the only ones who need reforming; but their influence is so potent that would we preserve the democracy of our government we must curtail their power and their influence, or else bring about a radical reform.—Florida Agriculturist.

**REPUBLICANS SCARED.**

And now the Bryanites are trying to make out that Republicans are fearful of the outcome in Maine. Republican success in Maine is just about as doubtful as was Democratic success in North Carolina.—Omaha Bee.

What the Bryanites fear is not that the Bryanites will carry Maine, but that the Republican majority there may be greatly reduced. In 1896 their plurality was 45,777, and, O dear, what a racket they made about it. They claimed it as a sure indication of their coming triumph, and so it was. They did not rejoice because they had carried the state, but because they had carried it so magnificently. Now that they see that their majority is going to be cut in two in the middle they fear it as the dread portent of coming disaster. They will feel mighty bad when the Bryanites are doing all the shouting over the Maine election and they are becoming very sorry that they were so greedy four years ago as to want all the votes in that state. They fear that 45,777 majority may be a curse instead of a blessing.

**TRAMPS ARE MARCHING.**

According to the Benton Harbor (Mich.) Evening News of June 27th, the officers of that town released 48 unfortunates called "tramps," and they were at once arrested by the officers of St. Joseph, one mile away, as soon as they crossed the corporation line, and put in jail and kept there two days without bread or water! Eight of the men escaped from the officers and jumped into the river as the only means of escape from the torture. The humane officers there who would at once arrest a man who would treat a horse or mule that way, did not raise their voice against such savagery. But quadrupeds are of more importance than men! The men were not offered employment. The paper says: "The men were crowded into jail and sweated like racehorses, but were not even allowed water to quench their thirst!" And this is a civilized nation! It reads like an incident of Roman beastliness. "As ye have done it unto the least of these so ye have done it unto Me."—Appeal to Reason.

**THE TRAVELING MAN.**

The World-Herald persists in repeating the false assertion that there are not so many traveling men on the road now as there were in 1896. A census of the manufacturing and jobbing houses of Omaha will produce figures that show exactly the reverse.—Omaha Bee.

Omaha is not the only pebble on the beach. The traveling men of this city mostly represent jobbing houses and the wholesale merchants have not yet formed a trust. It is hardly an answer to a general charge to contradict it by the statistics of one city, and a small city at that. The newspapers have been full of accounts of traveling men being let out by the trusts and thousands of commercial travelers say that they have been discharged, but the Bee says they are liars, because the same thing hasn't happened in Omaha. The Philadelphia platform contains a plank against trusts, yet every Republican newspaper, big and little, is a defender of trusts, and will not listen to anything to their discredit.—Omaha Nonconformist.

Mr. Bryan's speech was an inspiration in this campaign. He has presented the issue of imperialism in a masterly way. He has strengthened the cause of liberty at home and abroad. I do not recall a speech in American politics as strong, as great, as eloquent, as this we have heard today.—Webster Davis.