

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE, MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The Tribune may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
BY MAIL.—The Tribune is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance, pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The smoke of soft coal ought not to be allowed to bedevil the atmosphere of any clean city. Those who have submitted to its defilement under compulsion will some day demand protection, and secure it.

The relative proportions of urban and rural population have not the importance that they once had. Modern conditions have brought the city to the country and the country to the city to such a degree that the dividing line is not only not sharp but even extremely hazy, if it exists at all.

A scheme, which has the support of the Marquis of Granby, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the Dean of Winchester, and many well-known anglers in England and America, proposes the erection in Winchester cathedral of a stained-glass window in memory of Izaak Walton. The remains of Walton rest in Prior Silvestre's Chapel, and the proposed window will overlook his grave.

Some of Connecticut's national guardsmen have made the interesting discovery that khaki dye is poisonous, producing abnormal swellings and troublesome skin disorders. Genuine khaki—a vegetable extract from a New Zealand plant—may be swallowed with impunity, and it has become the accepted coloring matter for the uniforms of the world's armies. The Connecticut khaki is probably a Yankee imitation.

President Tucker of Dartmouth, in a late address said that the newspaper ought to be studied in college; not journalism in the sense in which business colleges propose to teach it, but the actual newspaper itself. Journalism has, according to him become such an immense power for good or bad in the country that every young man when he comes out of college should know which are worthy newspapers and which are not.

The legislature of Massachusetts has determined to make an experiment with cottage hospitals for the insane. Many experts have come to the conclusion that the true method of treatment is not the crowding of great numbers together, but that of separation and occupation. Even sane people crowded together for a long time, whether in a camp or on shipboard, often become morbid and unhappy. Antipathies are generated, and an unwholesome atmosphere is created which is only cleared of its vapors by change and occupation. What is bad for sane people is still worse for those who are of unsound mind, thinks the Christian Register.

A "bread factory," being erected in Milwaukee, is to have a novel, but very desirable, sanitary features. All the ingredients are to be tested in a laboratory before being used. The bakers will work in full view of the public, at long tables stationed in front of wide plate glass windows. Each man will be required to wear a special suit of clothes provided by the management, and to take at least one bath a day in the bathroom that is connected with the lockers on the upper floor. Moreover, he may not smoke, chew, or drink and be a worker in the bread factory. This sanitation is to extend even beyond the limits of the factory, for every loaf of bread on being taken from the oven will be wrapped in a sheet of waxed paper and so sent out to the market. The grocery boy may handle it, but the customer who buys it may eat of it in perfect serenity of mind, knowing that it has not come into contact with his grimy hands or been piled up on dirty counters. The capacity of the factory is to be 30,000 loaves of bread daily.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India. Its descent is 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

THE LIGHT ON THE WAY.

Sorrow coming up the slope—
Coming right along;
Listen to the bells of Hope,
We'll drown her with a song!
Swinging,
Ringing;
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!
Not in darkness do we grope;
When the storm strikes strong
Listen to the bells of Hope,
Drown it with a song!
Swinging,
Ringing;
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!
Hear the world's heart throb and beat
As she rolls along!
Thorns but make the roses sweet,
Drown 'em with a song!
Swinging,
Ringing;
Listen to their singing!
Sorrow's only for a day;
Hope is lighting up the way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO HOME COMINGS.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

It was one of Scarecrow's poorest days. They were all poor. There were seldom many errands to do, and never, never enough to eat. When a boy is only ten and lives all by himself in the dreariest attic in the dreariest tenement in the very, very dreariest alley in a great city, and when the errands fall—well, is it any wonder a boy gets downhearted? Scarecrow was downhearted. The invalid in the other attic across the bit of a hallway had not heard him whistle for three days. She could hardly have imagined beforehand how she would miss the shrill, cheery sound. When Scarecrow whistled it seemed to make it easier for her to draw the needle through the stiff white cloth with her thin, weak fingers.

"Poor little fellow, he's a dreadn't havin' her come home. No wonder he ain't whistlin'!" the invalid mused. Was that what Scarecrow was dreading? Or was it something else? There were so many things to dread. He crept downstairs again and out through the noisome alleyway to a corner on one of the busy streets. There he waited on listlessly. It was almost night when his good luck came. "Errand, mister? Gotter errand for a feller? Kin I run? Gimme a try! On'y a fiver to go a mile—dat's de bargain price."

"Eh, eh, what's that?" The looming figure half halted and looked down absently into the anxious face. Then it went on. Scarecrow ran along beside it. "Gotter errand, mister—say?" "Oh, you want a job, eh? That's it." "Yes, sir—wot'll yer bet I does! De doctor has prescribed a dose er vittles fer me stummick. Oh, say, mister, mister! Gimme a job!" The figure slackened its pace again. "But I haven't any job—well, wot, let's see. Come with me. I suppose you might run on ahead with the little chap's greens."

At a florist's up the street he bought a load of trailing green vines and cheap bright flowers and put them in the boy's hands. "Take them to Chandler street—one hundred and seven. Here's a quarter. Now run! the sooner you get there the better!" Scarecrow gazed through a screen of vines at the silver lying on his grimy little palm. It took on enormous proportions and twinkled gloriously, wealthily.

"I ain't got no change—I runs 'em fer a fiver," he muttered. The man towering above him laughed good-naturedly. "Well, run this one 'fer a quarter. It's worth it—it isn't any common errand," he said. And his face as he strode away was radiant with a sudden joyful remembrance. No, no, this was no common errand! This was an errand out of a hundred—a thousand!

The man smiled joyously. In another minute Scarecrow felt his hand on his shoulder again, and another silver quarter dropped through the vines into the small brown hand. "It's worth it. Off with you!" The man laughed. It did not occur to him to distrust the tattered little messenger. He was not in a distrustful mood.

At Chandler street, 107, the lights were all lighted. It seemed to be a regular illumination. Scarecrow could see through the unshaded windows a big, bright room, that seemed full and running over with eager-faced little boys. Tall boys—short boys—curly boys—straight boys—and one little killed boy who danced wildly about. One, two, three—Scarecrow counted boys. There were six of them! And what was this they were doing? The little street boy stood watching them outside.

"Why, don't you know?" the little fellow exclaimed in astonishment. "They spell 'Welcome,' because mother's coming home to-morrow. To-morrow morning—yes, sir-ree! They've cured her at the hospital, and she's coming home. We've got pieces to speak, and singing, and we're going to drape the picture with vines and flowers. I tell you there's times, when your mother comes home!"

Little Scarecrow crept away in the darkness. Even the bright silver quarters clinked, unheard, in his pocket. He was thinking. There are "times"—I tell you!—when your mother comes home. That is what Scarecrow was thinking. Scarecrow's mother was coming home, too, to-morrow. Had they "cured" her at that great, grim hospital for sick souls, over there? All at once Scarecrow remembered something. She was coming out weeks earlier, because of "good behavior," they said. Some one had told him. Scarecrow was conscious suddenly of being proud of his mother. He had never been proud of her in his life before.

"De'ere goin' to let her out sooner along o' her behavin' good," he murmured, a little glow warming his thin, brown cheeks. "Oh, I say, mebbe" his voice quavered excitedly—"mebbe de'ere cured her!" But there would be no green and flowers or "welcome" on the wall. The utter contrast smote Scarecrow like a dull blow. He stopped in the street and sobbed in sudden compassion. There would be no vines, no flowers, no singing—no anything—when Scarecrow's mother came home. That other mother would have them all.

Then the silver coins clinked remindingly. They bore inspiration straight from the tattered pocket of despondent Scarecrow to his brain under the tattered cap. Fifty cents will "carry" a great way sometimes, and it was Scarecrow's trade to carry things. There were the odds and ends of greens and the half wilted flowers that the florist let him have cheap; there were the buns and sausages and the tea—and the bit of sugar and milk. He carried them all home to the attic in the dreary alley. All the way upstairs, flight after flight, Scarecrow whistled. Across the dark hallway the invalid woman took up her needle again and smiled.

"Maybe she ain't comin' home after all—I don't wonder he feels like whistlin'," she thought. "It's dreadful good to hear him again!" The little attic was swept and polished and decorated with the treasures from the florist's. Scarecrow got up at the first ray of daylight to do it. And he set out his little feast on the tilting old table. Over the one little window he nailed a gigantic W that had fashioned patiently out of shreds of green. It was crooked and queer, but it was a W, and it began the word welcome. He would explain—she would understand.

"I wish I could remember de way de other letters went," he thought, standing off and eyeing the solitary letter wistfully; "but I'll tell her wot it stan's fer, an' how she's welcome home again, and when she comes in de door I'll set up an' whistle, loud. Dat'll be de singin'!" It was midway in the dull, wet morning when the mother of little Scarecrow came home. Sore-hearted and hopeless, with the brand of shame on her forehead, she dragged listlessly up the stairs, flight after flight. She had "been good" over on the island, but now—

"I say!" It was Scarecrow on the upper landing, nodding cheerfully. His little brown, lean, hungry face was elate with pride. "Yer come along in an' look, will yer?" he cried, exultantly, hurrying her before him. "It stan's fer 'Welcome,' see?—it's de first letter. I couldn't spell de rest. An' de flowers an' vines an' de vittles—dey all stan's fer 'Welcome.'"

Then the boy's lips pursed into a whistle, and the whole decorated little attic was filled with shrill music. A moment the mother gazed—for a moment she listened uncomprehendingly. Then, with understanding, arose something sweet and warm in her enlivened breast, and she caught little whistling Scarecrow in her arms. The music stopped when she kissed him. He could never remember to have been kissed before, and the prophesy of better things was in the strange, warm touch on his lips. The faith of a little child and the love of a mother were born then, and the squalid little attic blossomed into a home. It would be easier to "be good" after that.—The Interior.

A Cat That Kills Snakes.
Miss Ruby Fleming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fleming, of this place, has a cat that is not only a fine mouser, but has developed a penchant to kill snakes. This cat is a very fine one and wears ribbons and bells, through the pettish scheme of Miss Ruby. One day last week she heard the bells ringing vigorously. She went to the door and saw a fight in the yard shrubbery going on between the cat and a very large moccasin snake. The snake would dart its head at the cat and she with her foot would knock the head of the snake to one side every time. Finally the cat grabbed the snake by the back of the neck and shook it considerably. Mr. Fleming then came to the rescue and killed the snake with a stick. A few days after, the bells on the cat began to ring again in the front yard. Miss Fleming went out and found that the cat was in another combat with a huge snake. The cat put the snake to rout, and as the snake attempted to run in at the door Mr. Fleming killed it also with a stick. This is a remarkable cat and one we would like to own.—Marietta (Ga.) Journal.

COL. BRYAN'S LETTER

SPEAKS TO THE POINT ON EVERY ISSUE.

The Maintenance of the Present Gold Standard a Heavy Burden for the People to Bear—A Clear Statement of Facts.

William J. Bryan, in his letter accepting the nomination for president by the Kansas City convention, once more proves his profound mastery of public issues, and his wonderful skill in illuminating, with a few words, a debated question. His utterances are as direct as rifle bullets, and in every paragraph, we can find an aphorism.

In his speech of acceptance at Indianapolis he confined himself almost wholly to the subject of imperialism, whereupon arose the cry from Republican leaders and organs that he was dodging all the other platform issues, and particularly the silver one. They knew better, for if there is one thing more than another the American people admire Bryan for, it is directness and the courage to "speak the thing he will." No other man with his responsibilities, in our public life today, is politically so brave and honest as he. Mentally and morally he is so framed that he cannot hesitate or dodge or fawn, and it is the general acknowledgment of these characteristics that make his character public and private, unassailable, and gives him in popular estimation the attributes of a hero. How different, although in high station, does his competitor in the national race look to the public eye. Versatile only in change, and content only in ignoring "plain duty," McKinley, politically, is a cipher and regarded by the masses as simply a proxy for Mark Hanna—a creature ever ready, at the dictates of the trusts "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

Bryan's letter is a public paper worthy to be bracketed with his Indianapolis speech. It overlooks no topic that thoughtful voters are talking about, and the Republican high-binders who complained that he was dodging the silver, income tax, and other vital issues, are now themselves dodging the solar plexus blows his acceptance letter deals out. Unable to answer his logic and trenchant arguments and battered by his proofs of their duplicity and rascality they are now saying he covered too much ground, and that he ought to have confined himself to what they hypocritically propound as the paramount issue—that of silver. But even on that point, he has said much more than they rehash or can refute. He exposes the double dealing of the Republican party in financial matters, and shows that while they have conspired to establish a gold standard, they were too cowardly to declare their purpose until they felt that they had the people at their mercy, and could safely pursue a policy of robbery at home in connection with the glamour of expansion and military glory abroad. Mr. Bryan shows that the currency system now upheld by the Republican party involves a permanent and increasing debt, and adds "it is hardly conceivable that the American people will deliberately turn from the debt paying policy, to the dangerous doctrine of perpetual bonds."

Of trusts he pitilessly says that "a private monopoly has always been an outlaw. No defense can be made of an industrial system in which one, or a few men, can control for their own profit the output or price of any article of merchandise."

He is equally explicit and pointed in his treatment of government by injunction, in denunciation of employees' blacklists; in a demand for arbitration as a prevention of strikes, and the establishment of a government department of labor, with a cabinet officer at its head; in insisting that pension laws should be construed according to the generous spirit which prompted their passage; in favoring the immediate construction, ownership and control of the Nicaragua canal by the United States, and asserting the right to close it against any hostile power, for to ratify the Hay-Pauncefote treaty would be to lessen its commercial value and convert it into a positive menace in time of war. The entire letter is as meaty as a nut, and worthy of its reputation as a fearless and acute political thinker. Here are a few sentences from it:

"The weak and qualified condemnation of trusts to be found in the Republican platform is designed to distract attention while industrial despotism is completing its work."
"It is a significant fact that the Republican party should accept the European idea of a protectorate, at the time it adopts a European colonial policy."
"The principle of direct legislation rests upon the sound theory that the people can be trusted and that the more responsive the government is to the will of the people, the more free it will be from mis-use and abuse."
"The abolition of government by injunction is as necessary for the protection of the reputation of the court as it is for the security of the citizen."
"In the hour of danger the government can draft the citizen; it ought to be able to draft the pocketbook as well. Unless money is more precious than blood, we cannot afford to give greater protection to the incomes of the rich than to the lives of the poor."

"It is easier to lose a reputation than to establish one, and this nation would find it a long and laborious task to regain its proud position among the nations if, under the stress of temptation, it should repudiate the self-evident truths proclaimed by our heroic ancestors and sacredly treasured during a career unparalleled in the annals of time."
HERESY OF IMPERIALISM.
(By David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University.)
There are four enemies that have stood in the path of man. These are aristocracy, militarism, slavery, and imperialism. There are various other enemies, but those are the four arch-enemies in the political sense. They all spring out of the idea that man belongs not to himself, but that he belongs, body and soul, to somebody or something else which owns him. These four enemies in a dangerous garb confront the United States today.
"Schiller says that the tyrants reach hands to each other—that they reach to each other the hands. They stand together now. These four stand together now. Wherever there is one, the other is. Aristocracy, slavery, militarism and imperialism. They reach other's hands.
They all have their fair, attractive side. They are defended sometimes at the fireside. Slavery was discussed and defended from many a pulpit in New England.
Aristocracy has its fair side. The foundation of a quality is aristocracy; the foundation of our liberty is rebellion against it—the very thing we came here for.
There is a fair side of slavery and a fair side of militarism. How clean the streets can be kept under military discipline and how free from noise! How easily people can be sent to bed at dark if it be desired.
There is a fair side of imperialism. You will find in many places that nine-tenths of the people believe it is a good thing for the world. May be it is, but when we come to read history from the one side to the other we will find that the British people have been debauched by their course in India and that the Hindoo have been cursed. You will find that the English people have been turned from being a strong, freedom-loving people. You will find also that the heart's blood has gone out of Great Britain as it has gone out of all countries which have engaged in constant wars.
We know how Napoleon depopulated France by his wars. We know of the murders of the nobility, the murders of the peasantry and the result in France today. In 1630, when the Philippine question was a burning one in Spain, La Puente, an Augustinian friar, expressed his opinion of the whole thing when he said:
"Against the gain of redeemed souls I place the cost in loss of armies and of soldiers and friars sent to the Philippines, and these I count the chief loss, that while mines give silver and forests give lumber, only Spain gives Spaniards, and she shall give so many of them that some day she shall be left childless, and forced to bring up strangers' children instead of her own."
The heresy of imperialism is the most dangerous that has arisen since the heresy of secession, and it must be fought as vigorously as the heresy of secession. If we admit as citizens any number of millions of people that are not ready for liberty, if we admit them with all the degradation which they must bring into our politics, we must take the consequences.
It is better that we should be just and faithful to our own principles and to the principles of God and that we should in our laws be no respecters of persons, because if in our laws we are respecters of persons we must go the way of empire, as all empires has gone.
The best way in which the growth of any man or nation has ever been promoted has been through self-government democratically looking after its own affairs. We do not expect that self-government will always be good government. Men learn not by their successes, but by mistakes. It is absolutely impossible for any republic to conduct any affairs well except its own.

NEWSPAPERS IN RUSSIA.

Journals Are Permitted to Print Only News Authorized by the Censor.

The Russian government has gone into the business of publishing news itself, has established a regular press bureau for the circulation of news and supplies all home newspapers now with foreign news. State Councillor Naratoff is the editor-in-chief of news on questions of current politics.

Should a Russian newspaper dare to "handle" news in a manner different from that in which it is furnished the censor takes hold at once. And it is a pretty hard case for which the censor cannot find a handle, as was shown by Count Uvaroff when he found an excuse for warning an editor enemy by citing his eulogy of Pushkin. The editor had said nothing against the government implying disrespect or criticism of the government in his article, but Uvaroff found that Pushkin "had no position in the government service, was neither a captain nor a head of department and was only a verse writer." So the editor was "warned," and a warning is a serious thing, for it means that the next offense may be punished summarily by the suppression of the paper. Thus one paper, the Gazeta Gatzuka, was warned once and then suppressed for "want of respect for the nobility." The motive of a minister's refusal to authorize a new publication are sometimes curious enough. For instance, not more than three years ago the permission to publish a private newspaper in Tambov was refused on the ground that the necessity for such a publication there "has not ripened yet," and that "the local official paper is quite efficient for the place." Sometimes a refusal is based on the fact that the local censor, having various other official duties has work enough without a new paper.—New York Press.

Shah's World Clock.
The Shah of Persia, now in Paris, is apparently determined to keep level with the times. He has just bought a clock for his private use which will show him at a glance the time, not only at Teheran, but at twelve other places scattered across the world. When he gets up in the morning he will be able to tell to a second how the world is wagging, from Washington to Peking, from Yokohama to Berlin, from Rome to Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Bombay, to Teheran or Samarcand. The central dial of the clock, which shows Teheran time, is surrounded with smaller dials giving the corresponding hour in the other cities named. Messrs. Bensons, of Ludgate, have made this remarkable timepiece. The dials are set in richly-engraved ormolu, and the figures are, of course, in Persian. But the case is ornamental with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, on either side of the Prince of Wales' feathers.

A Japanese Memorial Service.
When he had finished the address, General Fukushima made another profound salute to the temple and stepped back. One of the priests took his place and began a droning chant. Presently the other two priests joined in. This part of the ceremony did not seem to be especially interesting to the officers. The priests chanted and droned and told their beads, and the officers talked and moved about restlessly, and finally Baron Yamaguchi stepped up beside the priests and made his salute to the dead. The other generals followed, and then the crowd of officers. They walked up very gravely to where the long strips of paper with prayers printed on them were fluttering in the breeze from their fastenings among the blossom-tipped bushes. There they stopped and saluted, with eyes fixed for a few seconds intently on the temple. Then they withdrew slowly, and those not of the staff corps rejoined their troops.—Harper's Weekly.

REPUBLICAN AGNOSTICISM.
The Republican campaign has become a negative proposition. The candidates and leaders have become agnostic. The rank and file is hiding behind breastworks of shifting sand. Mr. Hanna says:
"There are no trusts."
Mr. McKinley says:
"There is no such thing as imperialism."
Mr. Roosevelt says:
"I am not afraid of militarism, because there isn't any militarism."
Mr. Gage says:
"There isn't any gold standard, therefore it must not be attacked."
Chorus of Republican spellbinders:
"NOW YOU SEE IT AND NOW YOU DON'T."

They Do Protest Too Much.
Baltimore Sun:—"There is no imperialism," declares President McKinley in his letter of acceptance. From president down to the humblest spellbinder and organ grinder the republicans are kept busy protesting that an evil which does exist in a palpable form really has no existence. Their denials are based upon the assumption that the American people are so dull-witted that they are unable to understand the difference between Republican government and the kind of government which has been established in Porto Rico and which is ultimately to be forced upon the Philippines.

Pulling Down the Flag.
Kansas City Times:—"What does Mr. McKinley mean by pulling down the flag in Peking? It was thought that flag furling, except in territory belonging to the United States that England wants, was treason, according to the rules laid down by the Hannaites.

Where to Locate?

WHY IN THE TERRITORY
TRAVERSED BY THE
**Louisville
and Nashville
Railroad,**
—THE—
Great Central Southern Trunk Line,
—IN—
KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE, ALABAMA,
MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA,
—WHERE—
Farmers, Fruit Growers,
Stock Raisers, Manufacturers,
Investors, Speculators
and Money Lenders
will find the greatest chances in the United States to make "big money" by reason of the abundance and cheapness of
Land and Farms,
Timber and Stone,
Iron and Coal,
Labor—Everything,
Free sites, financial assistance, and freedom from taxation for the manufacturer.
Land and farms at \$100 per acre and upwards, and 500,000 acres in West Florida that can be taken gratis under the U. S. Homestead laws.
Stock raising in the Gulf Coast District will make enormous profits.
Half fare excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month.
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