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The Chinese soldier does not amount to a great deal as a fighter. He is merely the man behind the firecracker.

It may not be generally known that the United States Marine Corps was organized before the navy itself. The motto of the corps is Semper Fidelis. And that description of Ever Faithful has been well sustained in many a trying situation in American history.

Scarcity of hemlock bark is said to have caused the almost total extinction of the once prosperous tanning industry in Maine. Though there is a large growth of hemlock in the state, it is so far from practicable tannery sites that the cost of hauling prohibits its use.

Justice Davy of the New York supreme court has rendered a decision that a woman's "right of privacy" is violated by any one using her photograph as an advertisement without her consent. The person so offending becomes liable to the payment of damages accordingly. The hope is expressed that this will cover the vexed question about snap-shooting people of social prominence for newspaper uses.

It would be interesting to know to what extent the general introduction of the trolley lines has diverted population to the suburbs which would otherwise have been added to that of the city, thinks the Philadelphia Times. These lines have added a notable development of the last decade, and they have added many thousands to the population of suburban places within a radius of 12 or 15 miles. Regardless of those that have gone to the suburbs because the trolleys furnished rapid transit and cheap fares, Philadelphia's rate of growth during the past 10 years has been very gratifying and shows that it is keeping up very well with the procession, although rival cities still permit themselves to labor under the delusion that it is slow.

Mr. F. T. Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," says a good word for the modern battleship, in the London Spectator. He says that the modern ships are restoring the old lines of beauty. Monstrosities like the French Hoche and Charlemagne are going out, but in the British formidable the battleship type is reverting more to that of the merchantman. "Their spacious freeboard catches the seaman's eye at once, for a good freeboard means not only a dry ship, but plenty of fresh air below as well as a sense of security in heavy weather." Then when tested in Atlantic gales "one is never wearied of wondering at their splendid stability and freedom from rolling which makes them unique fighting platforms under the worst weather conditions." Then they steer perfectly, "a range of over three and a half degrees on either side of their course being sufficient to bring down heavy gunfire upon the quartermaster." Mr. Bullen is bothered by these boats "since going into action one of the first things necessary would be to launch them all overboard and let them go, secured together, so that they might be picked up again." He grimly admits that there would be no means of escape in case of sinking, for nothing would be left to float.

Poor Boy Worked Up.

J. C. Monaghan, ex-consul at Mannheim and Chemnitz, who has been appointed professor of commerce in the new School of Commerce established by the Wisconsin State University, began work in a cotton mill at Salem, Mass., when only eight years old. He attended night schools and after many reverses managed to work his way through Brown university.

Scenes in Galveston After the Great Storm

Galveston has experienced storms before, and on several occasions severe damage has been done. But the people have grown used to the danger from inundation, and even when the storm broke on that fateful Saturday morning they were not unusually disturbed, writes John Gilmer Speed, in Harper's Weekly. They went about their business in ordinary fashion, confident that the storm would soon blow over. At ten o'clock a gale was blowing. By noon this gale had increased to hurricane proportions, and those dwelling near the beach began to realize that this was something more than an ordinary summer gust of wind. Great waves were dashed over the beach, and the summer re-

an iron roof rolled up and was hurled across the street as though it had been paper; timbers were carried in the air as though the solid oak and pine were only grass or straw, while wires, telegraph, telephone, electric light and trolley, were everywhere, for the poles had snapped like pipe-stems and let their burdens loose. The force seemed irresistible, as mighty as it was merciless. All this was in unrelieved darkness, which prevented even the most resourceful from averting the dangers that were on every hand. There was little if any change for two hours and a half. Then the barometer began slowly to rise and the worst of the storm was over. In two hours more the wind had subsided, and by midnight there was quiet in stricken Galveston—the quiet of death.

The water, which in some streets had been eight feet deep, began quickly to run out, and by daylight the pavements were again exposed. But what a scene of devastation this daylight revealed! Wreckage on every

bolted and the shutters that were not carried away by the wind fastened. "Suddenly the house gave a lurch, creaked mournfully and then began to swing to and fro. Our home was lifted from its foundations and set adrift. The waters rose higher and higher until they reached the second story. "Up the garret stairs we rushed, and soon the nine of us were clinging on the eaved roof.

"Hundreds of families were in the same plight. We had gone about a block when the house struck against something, which we discovered later was an old hut.

"We remained there all night, while our clothes were being torn from our backs by the wind, and house after house floated by us, telling its story of misery.

"On one eaved roof, when Sunday dawned, I saw a mother with a babe, which I judged to be some two months old, clinging as best she could. The wind had taken every stitch of clothing she had had on her back, and the



MORNING AFTER THE FLOOD NEAR BASE BALL PARK, FOOT OF TREMONT STREET.

sorts were no longer habitable. Even then the people in Galveston were not apprehensive. But shortly past three in the afternoon it was apparent that something unusual was in the wind, which was blowing at forty-four miles an hour, while the barometer read 29.22 inches. Business men closed up their places and started for their homes to look after their families. But before these tardily awakened people could realize what was happening the full fury of the tropical hurricane was upon them, and communication was cut off not only with the outside world, but it was impossible to get from one part of the city to another. Two great forces were fiercely at work. The Gulf waves drove high upon the beach, and the gale

side, wreckage and death. A battle-field has its dread story to tell, but a city suddenly stricken as this was is a more pathetic spectacle. When men fight men the strong are killed alone, for all are strong, but here it was the weak who suffered most severely. It was the women! children who died in the greatest number. They could not reach places of security for lack of strength, and the brav and willing men were powerless to help them. Those pinned down by solid wreckage lay where they had fallen, those drowned while fleeing for safety were carried out by the ebbing waters, while the fallen houses each held the secret of those who had been crushed in the downfall. A more pathetically wretched condition never met the eyes of men.

As the day got older, however, there was other work than grieving. There was no drinking water in the town, and the unimpaired food supply was short, while communication was cut off from the world that was willing to help. But above all was the necessity to get rid of the dead, which in so hot a climate began quickly to decay. In very many, indeed in most, instances the dead could not be recognized, and therefore could not be claimed by relatives. The bodies were buried in trenches, and boat loads were taken to deep water and there sunk, yielding up to the sea the victims it had come ashore to claim.

But the vicious in the community, many of them negroes, were as diligent in evil work as the rescuers were good. Hundreds robbed the dead bodies of what valuables they could find, even cutting off fingers and ears to get finger rings and ear rings. The few United States soldiers stationed in Galveston were called upon to do police duty, and State militiamen were sent to help as soon as possible. Every man caught robbing the dead was shot, and some twenty-five more were tried by drum-head court-martial and shot immediately. The summary execution of these wretches put an end to this phase of the awful situation.

One of the most thrilling tales of the Texas disaster is told by Miss Sadie Hirschfeld, of New York, who has just returned from Galveston.

She was with her family in their home on Seelye avenue when the storm came, and until she was rescued twenty-four hours later battled with death upon the roof of a cottage which had become enmeshed with debris bound seaward.

expression on her face was almost heartrending. "All eyes were turned in her direction waiting to see her disappear beneath the water. We had not long to wait. The babe slipped from her arms, and in her effort to save it she also was lost. "On the floating house tops men, women and children knelt in prayer and sang hymns. Our family was half starved and on the verge of dropping into the sea and about to utter a last prayer when I fired a pistol which brought about our rescue. "Two men from the convent for negro women a short distance away put

out in a raft and carried us to that building." Miss Hirschfeld said that she saw at least fifty persons lose their lives under the most trying circumstances.

No Heads on Chinese Coins. Numismatics who may in the dim and distant future investigate the coinage of China in order to find some authentic record of the lineaments of its sovereigns will be doomed to disappointment. A representation of the human head separate from the figure is there an object of horror; hence there is never an effigy of the emperor on his coin. Further, the hermit-like seclusion in which the Son of Heaven traditionally lives is intended to stimulate veneration; and there are very few of the subjects apart from the officials of the palace, who ever see his face. A missionary recently returned from the celestial land observes that were it known that in Europe portraits of kings were suspended before inns, exposed to dust, wind and rain, and to the witticisms and perhaps the sarcasms of the populace, we should be held in even greater derision than we are.—London Daily Chronicle.



Power of Modern Guns. The power of the modern gun is a thing that cannot be grasped. The 100-ton projectile strikes with a force equal to 465,000 eleven-stone men jumping from a height of one foot. When the eighty-one-ton gun fires a shot twice miles, it is fired at such an angle that the shell goes up to a height 5482 feet higher than Mont Blanc. Big guns have been longer in use than most people think. In the year 1478 they had guns called "bombards," which threw projectiles weighing a quarter of a ton. They were wider at the muzzle than in the bore, and were used for battering buildings. The English used big guns at the battle of Crecy, and amazed the French, who had never seen such weapons before.—The Regiment.

Teaching Little Ones. It is wonderful how much knowledge can be imparted to small children by a quick nursemaid who has an inkling of the kindergarten system. Children are never tired of asking questions, and if these are intelligently answered they pick up all sorts of useful knowledge without any actual teaching. The object of the kindergarten system is to teach the little ones to think for themselves, and it is worth every mother's and nurse's while to learn something of it. The custom of talking nonsense to them and distorting words cannot be too much condemned.

ABLE BOER LEADER.

GEN. OLIVIER, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

It Was He Who Led Gatacre Into the Trap at Stormberg—Tribute Paid to Him by One of the Representative Men of the South African Republic.

Gen. Olivier, who was recently captured by the British in the fighting at Winburg, in the Orange Free State, was one of the most active of the Boer generals in the field, and as a guerrilla leader ranked next to Gen. De Wet. It was Olivier who led Gen. Gatacre into the trap at Stormberg, which proved disastrous to the British, costing them 800 casualties. In discussing



GEN. OLIVIER.

that action a Boer leader said to a newspaper correspondent:

"Our Gen. Olivier is one of the 'almight' men in Africa. You don't know Olivier. If you Britishers were to talk to him you would reckon him up as a rather stupid sort of fellow. He knows how to know nothing—when it suits him. He can make his face as expressionless as the back wall of a cemetery on a wet day, even when he is just boiling with excitement inside. You may think that it is an easy trick, but just you try it some day when you see one springs a big surprise upon you; perhaps you won't find it so easy as it may appear. Olivier knew all about Gen. Gatacre. He had studied him.

"We beat you Britishers that day, beat you pretty badly, too, but the men who think Gatacre isn't a general on that account don't know the country, nor know Olivier, don't know the Boers and don't know what quick firing rifles can do in such circumstances. If either Kitchener or Roberts had been in Gen.

Gatacre's place that day we Boers fancy it would not have made a great deal of difference."

QUEER CUBAN FANCIES.

Superstitions That Have Obtained a Strong Hold on the People.

A belief that has a strong hold on a certain class of people in Cuba is that certain diseases can be cured by eating dirt, and so when one of these diseases manifests itself the believer does not consult a physician, but instead gathers up a handful of dirt and eats it. If any relief is obtained it must be the result of faith cure, which the patient is unconsciously trying. Why all kinds of germs are not taken in with the dirt is a mystery—possibly they are. The moonlight seems particularly objectionable and strangers are warned not to go out in it with uncovered head, and not to go out in it at all if it can be avoided; it is thought that this light brings many evil effects, and not under any circumstances will a Cuban sleep in its rays—he thinks that, among other things, it will draw his mouth to one side of his face. To ward off sickness of various kinds there are little silver or tin images to wear suspended about the neck as a kind of charm, images of the same kind are offered in the churches as thanksgiving or prayer, and so we find near the altars of certain churches cases in which are hundreds of these little trinkets, hands, feet, arms and babies. The hooting of an owl is taken as a very bad sign. The superstitious Cuban kills any creature of this kind which makes weird sounds near his home. This is supposed to break the spell, and it is not then inevitable that a member of the family shall meet death in the near future. Butterflies also are looked upon as omens. The Cuban women are great believers in the efficacy of various herbs in sickness and have a remedy for almost every ailment. American physicians find that they have much more knowledge in this line than the women of our own country, and more knowledge of sickness in general. In many homes, even the poorest, there is a thermometer, and if anyone is ill his temperature is taken before the physician arrives.

Immigration to Argentine.

Immigration to the Argentine Republic is increasing. Official statistics for 1899 show the number of immigrants from other than South American countries to have been 84,442, an increase over the preceding year of 44,045.

Late King's Foster Brother.

A foster brother of the late King Humbert, M. Leon Gorinfol, is mayor of the Commune of Maubert-Fontaine.

A Unique Tower Bell

When the first settlement was made on Commencement Bay, Puget Sound, it was simply a lumber camp and trading post. After the Northern Pacific railroad was completed to Commencement Bay a city was built on the high ground above the lumber camp southward, and that is the handsome city of Tacoma, Wash.

The ancient lumber camp is now that part of Tacoma which is called "Old Town" locally. Early in the history of Old Town an Episcopal clergyman, now Bishop Morris of Oregon, built a little wooden church in the place alongside of a huge fir tree that had been broken off about 40 feet from the ground.

It was first the intention to build the church behind the tree and cut a doorway through the trunk, thus making the tree the entrance as well as the bell tower, but this plan was abandoned. A belfry tipped with a cross was built upon the top of the tree, a bell placed therein, and swung. To this day the ivy-clad fir is the bell tower of the church. A ladder runs from the roof of the church to the belfry, and this is used as the approach to the bell whenever it becomes necessary to visit it for any purpose.

The ivy that clings to the tree has crawled under the roof and into the

WOMAN DID BAPTIZING.

Male Converts Took It, but the Women Backed Out.

At Cramer hill, in New Jersey, hundreds attended a "baptizin'" recently. The immersing was done by a woman—Mrs. Lottie Miller. She marched bravely down to the shore, followed by the candidates. These were by no means the least interesting features of the baptism. They were arrayed in the cast-off black skirts of their wives or sisters, which anything but facilitated their movements through the mud. Their legs became unaccountably entangled in the voluminous folds of these garments, and before midstream was reached the converts were begrimed by their many troubles. After a final exhortation Sister Miller started with her little flock on the road to Zion. Among those about to be immersed was Mrs. Miller's little son, a chap of about 9 years. The party had gone only half way in the mire when the woman's maternal instincts rose above her religious ones, and without waiting to gain the deep water she then and there "sprinkled" the head of her son, rather than subject him to the dangers of the stream. By this time rowboats, steamboats and

church, and forms delicate green traceries along the inner walls.

The bell tower tree is many hundreds of years old, and was a good-sized tree when Columbus sailed upon the voyage which resulted in the dis-



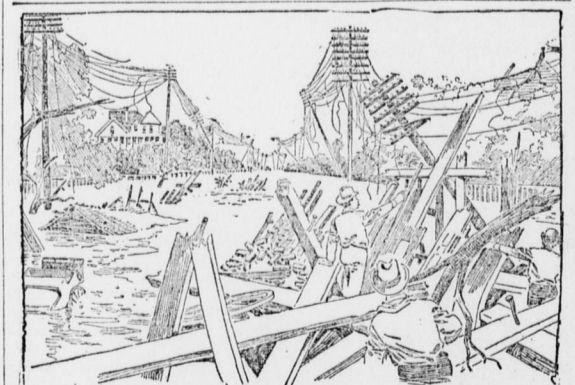
FIR TREE AS A BELFRY.

covery of a new world. Thus the forest monarch now forms the oldest bell tower in America.

other pleasure craft had assembled in the river, and everyone was ready for the dipping. In a stentorian voice, which could easily be heard on shore, Sister Miller read a solemn service. Then with the help of a deacon and an elder she immersed the candidates. They came up spluttering "Hallelujahs" and "the Song of the Saved" greeted them as they returned to shore. It was said that arrangements had been made to immerse ten women, but nine of them had backed out, and the tenth, being of dimensions that made Mrs. Miller look like a dwarf, had decided to wait for a stronger arm.

Sahara's Water Supply.

The wells of Erg, in the Sahara desert, occupy the bottom of the depressions. As the surface of the ground in which they are excavated is covered with a thick layer of sand they have to be protected against the falling in of the latter. Their very narrow orifice is, therefore, hermetically closed by means of wide stones sealed through a mortar composed of sand and mud. Each caravan undoes the work in order to obtain water and then carefully seals the wells up again before departing.



SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN THE DEBRIS ON TREMONT STREET, GALVESTON, TWO DAYS AFTER THE TIDAL WAVE HAD RECEDED.

Inches, at 7.30 p. m. This was the very height of the storm, but this highest continued for more than two hours. The misery among the structures in the city were nearly all down, knocked into kindling wood by the fury of the wind, and even the most substantial of the buildings were being damaged. Here a slate roof was blown off, there

"The cry, 'The water's coming,' reached our ears," said Miss Hirschfeld, "and it was not until this moment that we thought that something unusual had happened. My father, mother, sisters and brothers all rushed to the windows just as the water swept through our street. At my father's request all the doors were