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MINES AND MINERS.

Salt Mining in British Columbia.—Average Cost of Coal in the United States.
The Coal Production.

It is likely that salt mining may in the early future be added to the industries of British Columbia. A Vancouver syndicate has properties on Salt Spring Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, which not only show good indications of coal, for which borings are being made, but also contain valuable salt springs.

The average cost of coal per ton at the pit head in the United States is given on a computation based on the returns for 1896 as 45 0/100 per ton, as compared with 55 10/100 in the United Kingdom, 65 1/2 in Germany, 75 7/10 in Belgium, 85 8/10 in France, 55 1/2 in New South Wales, 105 in New Zealand and a fraction over 55 in Japan. If, therefore, American coal owners can scarcely yet hope to break, with any profit to themselves, the proverbial record of "sending coals to Newcastle" they have still other countries open to them. As competitors, British coal sellers are already beginning to feel more severely than may be pleasant the presence of American coal in markets in which English coal has hitherto been supreme.

In spite of continued effort to increase the efficiency of engines and boilers the progress of invention is such that coal is becoming each year a more and more important article of commerce, says the Chicago News. So short a time ago, viewing the history of the world, as 1831, the annual coal production of Great Britain was 24,000,000 tons; for the year 1901 the coal production will probably be 240,000,000 tons, an increase of 1,000 per cent.

In 1831 the population of Great Britain was 24,000,000 and the next census, 1901, will probably show about 45,000,000 in that country, an increase of 66 2/3 per cent. in 70 years. Therefore the production of coal has increased from one ton per capita to six tons, and the rate of increase has been fifteen times as great as the rate of increase in population. In 1850 the production of bituminous coal in the United States was between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 tons, and the production of anthracite was 1,000,000 tons—say a total of 2,000,000 tons, says the Engineering Magazine. At that time the population of the country was 17,000,000, so that there was probably less than one-sixth of a ton used per capita.

Compare that with the present tonnage of 220,000,000 and a population approximately 75,000,000, and it will be seen that America is now using per capita eighteen times as much coal as she did 60 years ago. In fact, since 1850 the per capita increase has been 50 per cent.

CYCLING NOTES.

The bicycle tax in France last year was collected on 838,826 wheels.

One firm has turned out a convertible bicycle which may be used with or without a motor.

Forty miles in an hour on a bicycle is a record made at Brockton, Mass., by Will C. Stinson.

Little has been said so far by manufacturers of bicycles as to the output, price and models for next season.

Some people are of the opinion that the ideal bicycle has been made, and that material improvements are out of the question.

The agents of the bicycle manufacturers returning from long trips over the country report that trade is good along the line.

One manufacturer has already announced his prices for next season. His chainless wheel will retail at \$60, the racer at \$50, light roadster at \$40, and ordinary roadster at \$35.

Jimmy Mitchell, the cyclist, has defeated Eddie McCutcheon at Chicago. Besides riding all around his old enemy, Jimmy broke five records. The broken records were those made by Johnny Nelson for the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth miles.

Probably the majority of makers will strive to reduce the weight of their wheels for next year. Many of the makers, however, are giving more attention at this time to the perfection of their motor bicycles than they are to the regulation bicycle.

A rider who has experimented with different sizes of tires in relation to cyclometer accuracy has figured that with a tire one and three-eighths inches in diameter there is a shortage of a fifth of one mile in every ten, and with an inch and a half tire there is two-fifths of a mile shortage in ten, while with a one and a quarter tire the cyclometer measures accurately, provided the rims are of the correct diameter, as his were.

In China the silver tael is the monetary unit, but its value varies in the different cities. For instance, at Chefoo, on July 1, 1900, it was worth 67.8 cents, while at Hankow it was worth 72.1. The Haikow tael is that used in the official statistics.

The Chinese boy's ambition is to become a civil magistrate. Even servants save money to educate their sons with this aim.

ANY TIME—BUT NOW:

"Twas his delight,
By day and night,
On cent per cent. to dwell;
And then his dreams
Were filled with schemes,
To better buy and sell.
"There's time enough
To think of love
When business will allow.
"I'll take a wife,
To bless my life,
Oh! any time—but now!"

Then time stole on
Till years were gone,
And he kept growing old.
His lack in life—
No love, no wife—
At length made vain his gold.
Though now he sighs,
The fair one dies,
Nor needs his fervent woe.
"The time to make,"
Says mocking Fate,
"Is any time—but now!"
—Hunter McCulloch, in Puck.

The Courage of a Coward.

By Edwin J. Park.

JERRY ROBINSON, took on in the navy in 1898, partly because he was patriotic, and partly because he had got tired of packing up and down from Portland to Philadelphia in a coastwise schooner which car. 1 coal in one direction and lime in the other.

Jerry had been on the coastwise hookers three years, long enough for the habits of the farm from which he came to be superseded by those of the deep sea sailor man, and to get him shipped as an ordinary seaman when he appeared before the recruiting officer.

We got Jerry at Newport, when he and a miscellaneous assortment of amateur and professional flatfeet came over the side of the Columbia, which, with the Minneapolis, was cruising off the Massachusetts coast, looking for an often reported but never seen Spanish squadron.

Some of the outfit we took aboard were ordinary landsmen, and didn't pretend to be anything else; a few of them professed to have been sailors, and then gave themselves away by talking about going upstairs and downstairs, and referring to the "front" and "hind" ends of the boat instead of saying "fore" and "aft," and it took no time at all for the ship's company, especially that part of it composed of Mulligans, and most of the Columbia's crew was made up of Mulligans, to rate the recruits for just what they were. Mostly they were of that degree of inexperience which classed them as "farmers," and a "farmer" aboard ship is the "rookie" of the ranks of the army, a thing to despise and be picked on and generally maltreated by the rest of the outfit, and especially by the Mulligan part of it, until after great humiliation of spirit and countless hard knocks they have been battered into a semblance of real sailors.

Jerry Robinson, as I have said, had learned enough of the sea on the hookers to distinguish port from starboard; he could coil down a rope as neatly and snugly as the chief bosun's mate himself, and he could splice a hawser until it took an expert to tell where the work had been done; and still he was woefully ignorant of a whole lot of things that had to be done on a warship and of the tenets of the etiquette which prevailed on the berth deck.

One of the unwritten rules forward is that a recruit aboard ship can never have a good standing with his shipmates until he has whipped the first one of them who tries to give him orders, or, failing in that, has given him as desperate a fight as his strength and science will allow.

It is equally as important that a new man shall refuse to obey orders given by any member of the crew who is not a warrant officer or who has not a rating, because the old shellbacks have from time immemorial, and doubtless will always continue it, had a habit of issuing orders to new men, and making them do the extra work which falls to the part of the old hands.

It being a time of war, and everybody being keyed up to the fighting pitch when the draft came aboard the Columbia, made no perceptible difference in the treatment of the new crowd received.

Some of them, of course, refused to obey the orders of their equals in rank, and fought them down in coal bunkers with so much willingness and enthusiasm that they speedily established themselves in good and regular standing with their shipmates, although they did not know enough about the ship to hurt them any. Practically every one of the draft, except Jerry Robinson, had had his fight or, maybe, several fights, before the end of a month, and had been assigned to his special class; but Robinson had not fought.

He was a close mouthed, quiet fellow who had nothing to say out of the way to any one, and not much to say at all, and Mike Brady, one of the most obstreperous of the A. B.'s, gave it out one night that he had made Robinson polish his share of the brass work that morning, and that thereafter, Brady, was going to take life easy and let his hired man do his work.

That was an invitation to get down in an empty coal bunker and fight it out with fists, for Robinson heard it, and he knew what it meant; but he wouldn't fight.

"I don't want any trouble with you," he said, as he looked out to sea; and so Mike Brady told him that he was a coward, and the rest of the mess set Robinson down as a quitter and avoided and looked down on him accordingly.

Thereafter he was avoided, and though he attended to his duties faithfully, and improved his usefulness so that he was rated an able seaman at the end of a year, he had no friends aboard.

The Columbia saw no fighting during the war, and when Dewey, at Manila,

and Sampson, at Santiago, had sent the Spanish warships to join the submarine fleet of war vessels, and the crews of our own vessels began to get shore leave, there was no one in the beach parties to chum with Robinson, and he was left alone when he hit the beach to look out for himself.

Long confinement aboard ship had made the crews feel like making pretty free with themselves when they were on the beach, and most of the men were entered on the liberty book as "D. and D.," which means drunk and dirty, when they tumbled over the rail, and also got them marked down for close quarters for six months. Robinson had a "clean and sober" after his name every time on the liberty book, and the men hated him for that, too.

They hated him worse than ever when they found him in a draft for the Oregon, which was going out to Manila, and the hatred was deepened when he got a rating as gunner's mate.

Robinson showed no airs when he got his rating badge, but attended strictly to business, as he always had done, and still the other men would have nothing to do with him. He was easy to get along with, too easy to suit the rest of the crew, for he wouldn't fight, and they felt he was a coward, but in some way most of them had a certain feeling of respect for him which they couldn't define.

Some of this feeling crystallized when Pat Flaherty, a coal passer in the second watch, came on deck for a breath of air and fell overboard from the rail, on which he should have known better than to have seated himself, especially when there was a swell on that had made it necessary to lash down the guns in the turret.

Mike Brady saw Flaherty fall and he shouted "Man overboard!" so loudly that the captain heard him in the chart room; but Mike Brady did not make any further steps to rescue Flaherty, who was his "buddy," except to jump up and down and get excited.

Jerry Robinson, isolated from his shipmates as ever, was smoking his pipe on the berth deck forward when he heard the cry. Before a bell could be rung, or anything else done to stop the ship he had seen Flaherty rise on the crest of a swell and going astern, and he rolled himself overboard, pipe still in mouth, and struck out for the coal passer, who was already in a bad way, and steadily getting worse from the cramps engendered by the cold water on his superheated body.

Robinson got hold of the coal passer, punched him in the jaw until he was senseless, and therefore tractable enough to be turned on his back and floated, in which position he kept him until a boat was lowered to bring them both back to the ship.

Flaherty was grateful, of course, and even Mike Brady offered to shake hands and call everything square, which was his way of apologizing to Jerry; but the latter said he hadn't done anything much, and refused to talk about his bravery.

It was still the opinion of the crew that Jerry was a coward, in some degree, at least, because he wouldn't fight with his fists and liked to be left alone, and that idea was never fully eradicated until the day a landing party went ashore on Panay for a scout.

The newspapers had already told of the fight they had had and of the four men killed and the nine wounded, but they had nothing to say of Robinson, except that he was one of the dead. As a matter of fact the entire detachment would have been killed if it hadn't been for Jerry Robinson, up to that time rated as more or less of a coward, but eulogized after his death as a hero of the first water.

The landing party met an overwhelming number of insurgents in a ravine and were driven up against a hill from which there was no escape at the rear and no chance of getting back to the beach except through three or four hundred of the enemy. Still, they were standing off the insurgents and had only one man killed, when Brady, who had been lying behind a rock, working his magazine gun with all his might, threw up his hands and fell over in full sight of the enemy, and without any protection from their bullets.

He was well ahead of the machine gun, which was spitting a steady stream of bullets for the benefit of the enemy, when Jerry saw him. It appeared to be certain death for any one to go out in the face of that fire and get hit, but Jerry passed up a new belt of ammunition to the gunner, jumped over the hastily improvised breastworks, and went out.

He picked up the wounded man and had started back with him, when he went down with a bullet in his leg. Then he shifted his burden to his back, and with one leg and his arms only to crawl with, he worked his way back to the gun and comparative safety. What a cheer there was then! It stopped the attack of the enemy for a minute, and in that minute the machine gun became jammed. The gun-

ner was trying to get it at work again, when he fell with a bullet through his head, and the insurgents started a rush for the diminished landing party, now practically helpless.

Weak as he was from the loss of blood, Robinson realized he was the only man in the party who could repair the gun if it could be done at all, and dragging himself to it, he pulled himself up on the one leg which would bear his weight and went to work as calmly as though at practice drill. Still the enemy came on. They were within one hundred feet of the gun and in the open when he got the plug out and the gun ready to work. Then he turned it loose into the crowd of half-naked savages and mowed them down in swaths.

Demoralized by the fierce fire which was decimating their ranks, the insurgents broke in confusion.

"Charge them!" yelled Jerry, and the little party did so, taking Mike Brady with them. They emerged from the ravine in chase of the Filipinos just as a company of the Twenty-sixth Regiment came up to complete the work of clearing out the enemy, who ran into the tangled brush and defied pursuit, and then the rescued party thought of Jerry Robinson.

They went back and found him lying across the gun, dead, a stray bullet having struck him just over his right ear. They buried him where he fell, and one wrote on a piece of wood which they put up to mark his grave, "He was a brave man."

"You bet your life!" said Mike Brady, when they showed him the board, "and you can put on that there board that Mike Brady says so."—Waverley Magazine.

An Inspiration.

"It's a go," announced the young man with beaming face, "and the happy day has been set!"

"So you got your courage up to the point at last?" said the friend who understood the situation.

"Yes, say! it isn't hard when you get started. But it is a wonder I didn't get nervous prostration before I made the plunge! I was six months trying to get courage enough to ask the all-important question. But every time that I opened my mouth to speak I simply broke out into a cold sweat and couldn't say a word for the life of me. I would have retreated a dozen times, bag and baggage, if I could have done so gracefully. Not that I didn't want the girl, but simply for the reason that I despaired of ever being able to ask her to be mine. The girl acted, too, as if she had a right to hear something to the point. But I could only sit there like a chucked-headed idiot and abuse the weather. I would have been right there in the same horrible situation if something hadn't happened to break the ice.

"One night last week we were sitting side by side on a sofa, and during one of those blissful moments, when nothing was being said, I chanced to notice the girl's eyes intently fixed upon a motto that hung on the wall opposite, and which read: 'Love One Another.' I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto before, but it gave me an inspiration, and I leaned over and murmured: 'Shall we?' and she murmured: 'I don't mind,' and it was all over but the shouting!"—Detroit Free Press.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Owls' Heads on Toques.
Owls' heads look down from the fronts of small toques. The wings of the bird of wisdom droop at the sides.

Thistle-Head Pompons.
Outing hats are trimmed with black and white thistle-head pompons and with military pompons made of coques' feathers.

A Pretty Fancy.
White chiffon trimmed with gold thread and laid over gold tissue is one of the latest and prettiest fancies for vests, collars and the like.

Used on Ribbon Ends.
Those little gold bindings and fancy metal ornaments are used on the ends of ribbons to fasten fancy collars at the bust, and occasionally ribbons hang from hats with the same ornamented ends.

A Dainty Lounging Robe.
A pretty lounging robe of silk is made long and loose, gathered in at the waist with a heavy silk cord, with bell sleeves, a turned-back cuff, and a Capuchin hood. It has the cut of a monastic garment.

A Queen's Harpist.
The woman orchestra player has won Queen Victoria's approval, which is a matter of considerable importance in England, often making or marring an innovation. Miss Marion Timothy, a harpist, has been appointed to a place in Her Majesty's private band, and is the first woman to appear in that band. The woman's orchestra has been successful in the United States for a number of years, but has hitherto been looked at somewhat askance in England, and this new appointment offers great encouragement to women musicians there.

Hints For Home Sewing.
The sewing machine should be got in readiness at least a day before any protracted work is undertaken, in order that the oil may penetrate about every intricately placed screw. Several needles of a proper size to "take" the fabric should be provided in advance, in order that an accidental delay through breakage may be precluded. Hand or machine needles should be carefully selected with a view to securing implements that will make no unnecessarily large punctures in silk or cloth. A small emery cushion should be kept at hand, that the points of needles may be sharpened and cleaned by running through it from time to time. Home dressmaking never should be begun until each needed article required for the new gowns has been purchased and is held in readiness. Linings, whalebones, sewing silks and cottons or crinoline, hooks and eyes, or buttons, are among the necessities; also buttonhole twister buttonholes, for the making of loops, or for the tiny "racks" that are so frequently employed upon cloth or tailor gowns. Nor must the important shields be forgotten.—Harper's Bazar.

English Women in Business.
A progressive Englishman calls attention to the rapidly with which women are entering every profession and business in his country. He remarks that the majority of people suppose there are few women doctors, whereas he has looked the matter up and found that in London there are ninety-one, while in the whole of Great Britain he estimates the number as 256. He notices also that there are a small number of dentists, while he knows of several chemists' shops actively managed by women, and many are employed in pharmacies, and he recommended it as both a suitable and profitable employment for women, and suggests that many women might get the post of dispensers of drugs in hospitals, and earn \$500 and over a year. To come down a peg lower he notes that quite a decent army, some 155 women, travel in England as drummers, and do well; also that women make excellent rent collectors. He thinks, however, that any Englishman will be astonished to learn that there are "female accountants," and says that not so long ago a woman applied for admission to the institute of chartered accountants. She was denied admittance, but the Royal Institute of Architects welcomes women members. He speaks of the many photographers, landscape gardeners, composers and dressmakers. It appears that hairdressing is a lucrative profession in England, women earning as much as \$7 and \$8 a week. While he is proud that women have made a way for themselves in so many businesses, he is glad that some employment, such as working under ground in mines, is forbidden by law. He does not mention the comparative rates of men's and women's wages in Great Britain, but it is probably like those of other countries—women are driven by poverty to take what they can get, to the general detriment of the labor market. Universal trades unions, which shall include both men and women, is the next step demanded by common sense. No fixed rate of wages, nor hours of labor, will ever be arrived at until men and women work together for the good of all.—Springfield Republican.

ship match at Compelgne, France, the other day.

Miss Emily Brown, a graduate of Wellesley, has been appointed teacher of literature in Milwaukee Downer College, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Many Englishwomen are now preparing themselves to pass examinations as sanitary inspectors. In this work the women already admitted have proved excellent officers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox regards it as a significant coincidence that from her early childhood her favorite gem has been a topaz, and she has discovered that that is also her birthstone.

Miss Adaline Hunt, of Syracuse, holds the Hiram Gee fellowship from the university there, which entitles her to a prize of \$500. With this sum Miss Hunt expects to study for a year in Paris.

Miss Kathleen Purcell, the well-known harpist, was born in a Moorish castle in Algiers, but she is an English woman and has inherited her talent as well as her name from the great composer, Purcell.

The memory of Miss Mary Kingsley, the African teacher, is to be commemorated by a Mary Kingsley hospital. It will be erected in Liverpool, and will be used for the treatment of diseases peculiar to the tropics.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who, by the way, shares this title with her late husband's aunt, is one of the richest women in the world. Her dowry was \$15,000,000. Besides this, she received an allowance of \$100,000 a year.

The women of Victoria, Australia, have started a movement against woman suffrage, similar, it is said, to the American women's anti-suffrage movement. Fifteen thousand women have signed the petition against the woman suffrage bill.

Girls who wish to enter the army of bread winners might do worse than consider baby photography as a profession. Certainly babies are the most paying patrons of the camera. Many mothers have their infants photographed at every phase of their career.

The Hon. Mrs. T. Talbot, of London, was the founder of the Parochial Mission Women's Association, which for forty years has been conducted on a successful basis. Its object is to provide poor parishes with the services of competent mission women, who befriended the poor in every way.



Stylish street gloves come in heavy leather, with one button only.

Velvet and velvet ribbon are prominently shown on new frocks and waists.

The eagle is the favorite symbol in the season's charms, buckles, clasps and ornaments from Paris.

Skirts continue to show the ripple bottom, and among the latest separate skirts sold in the shops the adjustable belt is noticeable.

Some of the blouses show the short bolero effect, meeting across the bust, with guimpe and soft undervest to match of some second material.

Fine linen handkerchiefs are now finished with a narrow hemstitched border and with very dainty embroidered corners in contrast to the more elaborate styles.

Box coats of otter or sealskin, with revers and collar of contrasting fur, are shown among the luxurious displays of winter wraps, particularly adapted for youthful wearers.

Buttons of gun metal, studded with tiny jewels or ornamented with designs in gold, are effective ornaments for the trimmed waistcoat of white or color that accompanies the cloth gown of newest model.

Among the foremost sheer tissue veils, worn walking or driving, the new emerald green shade is the most becoming. An all-white hat and gown are made all the smarter by the addition of such a veil.

The separate blouse will be worn and panne velvet in all-over Moorish and Persian designs will be employed to construct them, as will also white satin, silk and cloth heavily embellished with embroidery.

Although we have become so accustomed to red garments and headwear that they are not looked upon as an evidence of "flashy" taste, as they were in times not long past, still much depends upon the selection of this color.

Long effects are aimed at by makers of the modes. Waists are cut to give the appearance of a low bust and long waist, if one has it not. Girdles are pointed in the back and narrow in front. Collars fit closely. The new ties have long, narrow ends extending to the waist.

A long empire coat ordered by a woman of fashion is made of strips of mink and Russian sable. These strips are about three inches wide and are so arranged that they form a point in the back. This coat has a high standing collar of sable, and it is lined throughout with ermine.

The small fans which will be carried with handsome gowns show the cut-out effect of so many other things. There are white lace flowers on black net, the net showing only on closest examination and the flowers standing off by themselves, conventionalized tulips perhaps, or beautiful fleur de lis with a few silver spangles to brighten them set in black handles. Or the black lace fans will have spangles of gold and handles of gold and black.

Avon College, Missouri, has a farm of 1600 acres, on which students work to pay their way through school.

Bovdoin CHAT

Miss May Hu, a young Chinese lady, from Foo-Chow, attends the Simpson College, at Indianola, Iowa.

Miss Margaret Abbott, of the Chicago Golf Club, won the Ladies' Cham-