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Wouldn't it look better if John Bull could take his defeats on the turf more gracefully?

French gallantry, of late years said to be banished from the earth, seems to have found an abiding place in the French courts. The judge who rescues a distressed American heiress's millions and restores them to the care of her anxious family is surely a beau chevalier, though he does not wear a sword and take great pleasure to die for one.

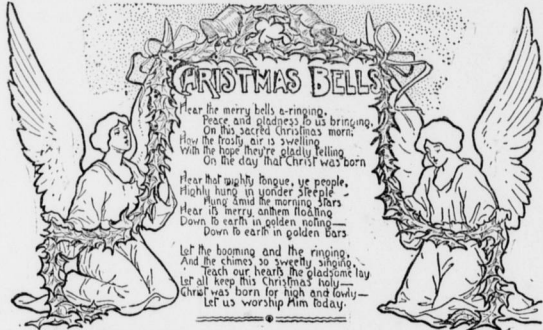
President Jones, of Hobart College, thinks that too much money is spent nowadays in furnishing college undergraduates with envying luxuries and not enough in paying fair salaries to college professors. The professors, he says, are sadly underpaid, but for the lads whom they teach and who never pay the cost of the education they are getting, luxurious clubhouses are built and furnished, and a manner of life made possible which is unsuited to their years, and not conducive to profitable training.

The latest development of science provides that ships can go to sea with frozen ammunition. A method of utilizing liquefied air on warships has been discovered which will render the explosion of a magazine, even when the ship is in action, almost impossible. The method is to so place the liquid air that it will freeze the ammunition to several hundred degrees below zero. In that condition it could not explode, even if a shell should burst in the magazine. Wonders will never cease.

Coast defense is the most important topic dealt with in the annual report of Chief of Engineers Wilson. He points out that the war with Spain had the effect of hastening the work on the coast defenses to such an extent that now, ten years after that long-neglected work was begun in earnest, he is able to report that fifty per cent. of the work is complete. Twenty-five of the principal harbors of the United States now have a sufficient number of heavy guns and mortars in place to offer an effective defense against naval attack. Existing projects contemplate the mounting of a great number of additional guns.

The cost to consumers of the anthracite coal strike calls attention to the benefits resulting in England from the Co-operative Wholesale Society. This society is a federation of 1046 retail co-operative societies, representing 1,053,564 individual members. By the operation of this society consumers are enabled to supply their wants at a purely economic cost—that is, not subject to the penalties of "jobs," combines—the common tricks of trade that affect prices under general conditions. During the first thirty years of the society's existence a profit was realized of \$6,731,725, that went back into the pockets of the consumers.

Vienna is excited over great jewel robberies that have deprived some of her finest dames of their gems. Not long ago the wife of a nobleman noticed while at a ball that her diamonds did not sparkle with all the brilliancy their cost demanded, and, looking closely at them, she discovered that they were not diamonds at all, but paste gems of the cheapest kind. She made a great outcry, and all the other women instinctively looked at their jewels. The outcry became general. It seems that all the women who live in the same quarter of the city discovered that their jewels had been taken, and had been replaced by cheap imitations. The work is supposed to have been done during the summer months.



BEN AND THE PRESIDENT



OLD 49, with the coal bin piled high and her water box full to overflowing, backed suddenly down on the baggage car of the 7.30 "local" from Worcester, and with a savage "ker-chunk" that sent a shiver through the entire train, allowed herself to be coupled by the quick fingered brakeman.

It wanted but five minutes to the half hour, but already a steady stream of passengers heavily laden with all kinds of mysterious looking parcels was pouring down the platform and into the cars. For this was the evening of December 24, and the spirit of Christmas was over the land.

But happier of all this happy crowd was Ben, the train boy. In a little over an hour and a half he should be home with his dear mother and young brother Dick and his sister Sal. As he sat on a trunk in the baggage car with his pile of papers by his side, waiting for the train to start, he could think of nothing but that happy reunion.

Ben had been saving up for this Christmas with more than the usual stinting and self-denial, and the result of it all now stood before him neatly packed in a wooden box.

Two men there were aboard the "7.30 local" whose faces reflected nothing of the Christmas cheer. Presently the fireman put down his oil can and looked up at the engineer.

"What time is the strike ordered for?" he asked.

"Half past eight to the second," growled the engineer.

"Why, that'll leave 's ten miles from now here!" cried the fireman, whose name was Stebbins. "Nice Christmas we'll have. Lucky if we find a strike to cover us. Why do we have to strike on Christmas Eve, of all times?" he added, wrathfully.

"Cause the president takes this train out to Edgetown to-night so's he kin hev Christmas with his old mother. We got the tip no more than an hour ago. The men thinks that rather than get stuck between here and thar he'll cave in and grant us wot we ask."

At that moment a well dressed man of thirty-five or so, satchel in hand, came briskly down the platform and got into the smoker. It was the president of the road. He was a very young man for such a position, but he had long since shown himself equal to its responsibilities.

The conductor took out his watch. It was already thirty seconds past starting time, but on Christmas Eve one does not like to think of anybody losing the train, and so perhaps losing a Christmas dinner.

At exactly 7.31 the signal was given, and with a great hissing of escaping steam and a slow "choo-choo!" as

Quickly clamboring down, he ran up to the group. Facing each other were the engineer and the president.

"This is a dastardly plot of yours," Mr. Pearson, the president, was saying. "But you won't force me to give in by any such course."

"All right, sir!" replied the engineer, sullenly. "Then we'll have to quit the



though the big engine were taking breath for its long run, the train rolled majestically out of the station.

Ben was on his fourth round—"candy and bonbons" this time—when there

was a sudden jolting and jarring as the train came quickly to a standstill. Some folks, thinking it a station, gathered up their traps preparatory to departure, but Ben knew better. He knew they should be halfway between Sandville and Edgetown, which was the last stop before Edgetown.

"Hot box, I reckon!" muttered Ben to himself. "That'll mean a half hour delay, and mother'll get uneasy."

The train boy stepped out on the platform, and, leaning far out, he saw a knot of men standing by the engine, their faces lit up by the light from the cab.



with the revolver lowered his weapon and sprang forward.

"Hold on!" he yelled. "It's Ben!" But there was no need for the warning. The men had recognized the lad at the same instant and with one accord their hands dropped. They would have as soon shot their own sons as to do harm to Ben.

So the president had his Christmas with his mother after all, and so did Ben, and the boy thought it the happiest Christmas he had ever known. During the day Mr. Pearson drove over to see him, and when he departed he left behind him a check for \$500 and the promise that when Ben was old enough he should run 49 every day.

"But I won't promise to act as fireman again," the president had added laughingly.

This all happened thirty odd years ago, and the erstwhile train boy is now general manager of the road, and a very dignified gentleman, indeed; but down Edgetown way no one ever calls him anything but plain Ben.—Douglas Zabriskie Loty, in the New York Herald.



"STAY JES' WHERE YER BE, STEBBINS!" train right here. Stebbins, dump the fire!"

The president felt himself beaten, but at that instant Ben's voice, shrill with excitement, rang out sharply: "Stay jes' where yer be, Stebbins. I'm not going to have the president's Christmas and my folks' Christmas spoiled by any o' yer fool orders!"

When Ben had realized the situation he had dashed madly into the baggage car, wrenched open his Christmas box and taken from it the shot gun intended as a present for his brother. In a trice he had loaded it and then had climbed up on to the engine from the other side.

The sight of the gleaming barrel very much disconcerted the strikers, and they hesitated.

"Five hundred dollars to the man who drives the engine—it's only thirty miles!" cried Mr. Pearson. No one moved.

"I think I could run old 49," said Ben, timidly.

"You, boy!" muttered the president, sizing up the sturdy form of sixteen-year-old Ben. "What do you know about an engine?"

"If you please, sir, my father, John Dixon, was an engineer on this road

before he died, an' often's the time I rode in the cab with him. He showed me how to work the lever and the whistle valve and all the rest of it. If you could only get some one to fire now—"

"I'll fire," replied the president quietly. Then turning to the trainmen he said: "This boy and I will run the train. Go back and tell the passengers that we're going right through. Then you can stop here or go on with us, just as you choose."

Then the news was passed along the train that a substitute engineer had been found and the train was to go through after all.

Aboard the engine, his gloved hands wielding a shovel, was the president of the road, while Ben, with his face out of the cab window, kept his left hand on the throttle.

In the meantime the brakemen held a short consultation with the conductor and had concluded that the best course for them was to quit the train and leave it to its fate.

A couple of the male passengers volunteered to act as brakeman and conductor, and with this strange crew the train presently got under way.

It had been decided that as trouble probably awaited them at Edgetown, where a large rowdy element was located, the train would stop a half mile this side of the town for the passengers, and then Ben was to run through Edgetown without stopping.

On the station platform a group of a hundred men were grimly awaiting the arrival of the train. Its approach had been heralded by its whistle five minutes before.

"If the train slows up, board her, and pull off the engine," commanded the head of the gang. "If she doesn't stop, shoot at the scabs, and smash all the windows you can!"

Suddenly a hoarse shout went up. "Here she comes! Bless me if she ain't slovin' down!" cried one.

"Ready, boys, with yer brickbats!" cried the ringleader, revolver in hand.

Leaning far out of the cab window, his face smutched with coal dust, his eyes shining like stars, was Ben, the president, who had forgotten to remove his kid gloves, stood just behind, shotgun in hand. The revolver was raised, a hundred stones were poised in the air. Then as the pale, set face of the young engineer showed up for an instant by the flickering light of the station lamps the man

made of ground pine roping. All meats and desserts on the Christmas dinner table should be ornamented, if possible, with holly.

Yule Dollies—Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar. Add gradually two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three cups of flour, with which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; then stand for an hour in a cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Roll out a portion of the dough at a time, about a half-inch thick; cut into dolls. Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar; use small currants for eyes and bake in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirt of each doll with ruffles of frosting. Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper until ready to serve.

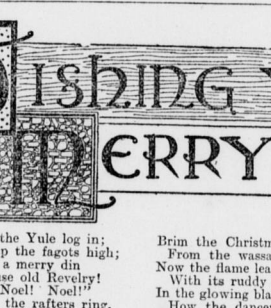
That Wonderful Tree.
 The Christmas tree has the unique distinction of growing with the same vigor in all climates and bearing fruit without any preparatory blossoming. Like Jonah's gourd, it springs up in a night and withers into nothingness in a day or two. No soil is too poor to prevent its growth; no soil rich enough to prolong that growth beyond its accustomed limit.

Charles Dickens's Good Work.
 But for the great novelist, Charles Dickens, there is little doubt but that the keeping of Christmas, except as a purely religious feast, would have died out many years ago. His efforts led to a revival of Christmas as a festival of general rejoicing and jollity.

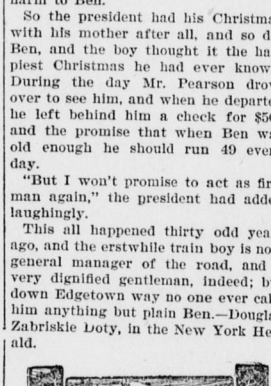
Too Good to Live.
 If the small boy were always as good as he is on Christmas Eve he would certainly die young.—Puck.

Christmas Morn.

Kris Kringle's happiest moment.



The Victimized Baby Protests.
 When I'm older I'll be glad; Now my life is horrid sad; Folks give me at Christmas time Toys that only cost a dime.



Why didn't you attend the Christmas dinner, my pretty maid?
 "Nobody axed me, sir," she said.—Life.



YULETIDE
CAJIER

BREAKFAST.
 Christmas oranges.
 Cereal flakes and cream.
 Sirloin steak. English buns.
 Doughnuts. Coffee.

DINNER.
 (Service for ten persons).
 Hot clam broth and whipped cream.
 Ripe olives. Celery.
 Lobster cutlets. French peas.
 Pickles.
 Roast goose, with potato stuffing.
 Apple foam sauce. Boiled chestnuts and onions. Spinach mold.
 Lettuce, French dressing. Cheese crisps.
 Mince pie. Frozen plum pudding.
 Salted peanuts. Bonbons. Coffee.

BUFFET LUNCHEON.
 Shrimp sandwiches.
 Olives in tomato jelly.
 English yule dollies.
 Iced orange juice in glasses.
 Fruit and nuts.

The season when "Yule fires glow and parlors are green with the mistletoe bough" seems to have come so soon again, and the feasting is also at hand. Much of the Christmas preparation may be made considerably in advance of the day. Each dish should be so finished and garnished as to appeal to the eye and accord with the day. Nothing offers a clearer idea of a hostess's good taste than the manner in which she sets her table. The Christmas wreath effect may be made very beautiful by tying a wreath to the back of each chair, laying a large one in the centre of the table and a larger one half way between it and the table edge, the latter wreath being

On one of the most pleasant side streets of Cleveland live two dogs—a large, dignified hound and a saucy, small fox terrier. The two are the best of friends, and the big dog is always watching over the little one and doing his best to keep the pert fellow out of a fight. But the other day his watchfulness failed. Another terrier came and hurled defiance at the hound's comrade and when the big dog arrived upon the scene it was to behold a frantic, tumbling, snapping heap, of which his favorite was part.

He seemed to consider the state of things, then gave a sigh of patient dignity and began to walk around the combatants, keeping a critical eye on the struggle and evidently acting the part of umpire. His favorite was getting the worst of it, but he did not interfere. Maybe he thought the punishment of defeat was better than any he could bestow. He watched silently till all at once his friend gave a yelp of real pain and trouble. Then suddenly the big dog awoke. With a bound he was beside the other two. With one tap of his paw he sent the victor over into the dust, grabbed his favorite in his mouth as a cat grabs her kitten and made off to his own back yard.

During the next hour he licked, scolded and fondled the repentant terrier. And now the two are more devoted than ever, though the little dog seems more meek and decidedly more obedient than of yore.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ho Was a Realist.
 She could not see his face as he knelt and asked her to be his. She was glad of that, for she did not wish to know how much suffering her refusal caused him.

She told him as gently as she could that their lives could not be linked together; that, although she admired him, she felt that it would be risking his future as well as her own to consent to a union where she was sure no affinity existed. It was a touching speech, and she threw so much heart into it that she did not observe that he was taking notes in shorthand. When she had concluded he arose and put his notebook in his pocket. Extending his hand, he remarked, genially: "I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you."

"S-I-R-R-R!"

"You did it ever so nicely, and I'm under a thousand obligation. I'm writing a novel, and I have a scene in which a girl refuses to marry a man. I was anxious to avoid the stereotyped style of depicting such incidents, and make it realistic. You're the seventh girl I have proposed to, and every one of the others accepted me. If you had said 'Yes' I think I'd have been completely discouraged."—Tit-Bits.

Scores of sheep and hogs have been killed recently on the borders of Virginia and South Carolina by animals which seem to be half dog and half wolf.

