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THE FULL DINNER PAIL

The 'full dinner pail' slogan which the Republicans worked during the late campaign was hit upon by mere accident, said a New York newspaper man who was in the city recently.

Umbrellas For Savages.

Nearly 20 Englishmen are now at work on seven umbrellas for an Ashantee chief and his faithful staff. There is nothing under the sun a chief can wear, not even excepting a cast off silk hat or a red lined cavalry coat, so calculated to strike awe into the minds of refractory natives and so imbue them with a spirit of obedience as a "ging-ham."

Costliest Picture in the World.

The costliest picture in the world is owned by the Duke of Marlborough, who has a large and very expensive collection of pictures, which has come down to him from the original Duke of Marlborough.

Costliest Picture in the World.

The picture was originally painted for the Church of the Servi at Perugia. It is eight feet high, representing the Madonna and child seated on a throne, with a figure of St. John the Baptist on the left and that of St. Nicholas of Bari on the right, the last two being life size.

Such little pills as DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very easily taken, and they are wonderfully effective in cleansing the liver and bowels. Grover's City drug store.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Hiram Maxim, the well known inventor, is at work on a book on China and Chinese military affairs.

Dr. Stanton Colt, the leader of the ethical culture movement in England, is an American and a graduate of Amherst.

Count Cogni, who accompanied the Duke of Abruzzi on his recent polar expedition, has just been married to his cousin, Signorina Nasi.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt will cease to be governor of New York on Dec. 31, and from that date until March 4 he will play the role of private citizen.

Queen Victoria's sight is now so bad that she is allowed to do no reading, and a regular reader is therefore employed to read to her for an hour or two every day.

Sidney Grundy is one of the most productive of dramatic authors. In one year he has been known to produce five plays. He began to write at 24, and he is now 52.

Alfred Emerson, who for the past three years has been a teacher in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, is collecting a museum of Grecian antiquities for the University of California.

It is related of ex-Governor Robert Stewart of Missouri that while in office he was asked to pardon a man whom he sent for from prison and then recognized as a river steamer captain who had treated him brutally while he was a cabin boy. He recalled the fact to the prisoner and then pardoned him.

On Nov. 6 50 years had elapsed since Carl Schurz as a medical student helped the poet Gottfried Kinkel, who had been condemned to life imprisonment for political reasons, to escape from Spandau to England. Kinkel subsequently became a professor at Zurich, and after his pardon in the seventies he returned and lectured in Germany.

Sir William Huggins, K. C. B., the astronomer, has been elected president of the Royal society in succession to Lord Lister. His special work has been in stellar photography at his private observatory at Tulse Hill. For the last 25 years he has been engaged in obtaining photographs of the ultraviolet portion of the spectra of the stars.

The famous blind oculist, Dr. Javal, a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine and director of the Sorbonne Ophthalmological laboratory, has just been simultaneously promoted to the highest rank in the French Legion of Honor and decorated with the Black Eagle. This double decoration has met with enthusiastic approbation from all quarters.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, the new British secretary for foreign affairs, is the twelfth statesman to occupy that post during Queen Victoria's reign. The others are Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, Earl Granville, Lord Malmesbury, Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Kimberley.

STAGE GLINTS.

Blanche Walsh wears a \$1,200 gown. Roland Reed will not attempt to act again until next season.

Queenie Vassar recently received a divorce from her husband, a Mr. Lynch. St. Petersburg has decided that the waits between acts in a theater must not last more than 15 minutes.

More than \$100,000 was received for the advance sale of tickets for the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement in New York.

Mme. Modjeska first landed in this country in 1876, during the Centennial, and made her American debut in San Francisco.

The people of Charleston are not satisfied unless the manager of the theater puts pictures of plays on the fences of the town.

"I didn't want to become an actress at first," said Bernhardt. "I wanted to become a great painter, but my parents wouldn't let me."

"The Worst Woman in London" is the title of a recent successful English play which is likely to soon be reproduced in this country.

Julia Marlowe has fixed a charge of 50 cents apiece for her autographs, the money to go to the Actors' Fund of America. A St. Louis man recently forwarded \$5 for one.

Among the prominent stars who are next season to act plays written by American authors are Richard Mansfield, Tim Murphy, Ada Rehan, Henry Miller, Julia Marlowe, William Gillette and Kathryn Kidder.

"Robert of Sicily," the new play in which Joseph Haworth is to star this season, is a romantic legendary drama based on Longfellow's poem of that name. The dramatization has been made by Grace Livingston Furness.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Seventy years ago it took a day and a half to go from New York to Philadelphia.

There is a flavor of Celtic salt in the London Telegraph's criticism of a certain new play as "a brilliant specimen of gloominess."

Professor Young estimates that a train running from the earth to the sun at 40 miles an hour would take about 205 years for the trip.

Prussia does not permit cremation, but does not forbid the export of corpses to Bremen, Hamburg, Hesse or Thuringia, where they can be burned.

The Colonial Novel.

At this point General Washington was introduced into the colonial novel for the purpose of foiling the villain thereof.

"Sir," exclaimed this person, addressing the distinguished patriot, "I am somewhat acquainted with contemporary history, and unless I am mistaken you are at this moment crossing the Delaware, consequently you cannot be here without violating the unities."

Upon looking the matter up in his diary General Washington found that this was indeed so and accordingly, with a low bow to the ladies, withdrew from the story.—Detroit Journal.

Only Possible Reason.



Dude (just after his rejection)—H'm! I wonder if my collar didn't seem to her to be of the latest style!—Meggen-dorfer Blatter.

In the Sight of Man.

Rachel—You ought to join our Crazy Quilt Literary club. Some member is selected to spring a sudden topic, and then all the rest discuss it.

Elizabeth—What was the subject at last week's meeting?

Rachel—Elinore Eggleston opened the talk on "Men as Close Observers," and we had an almost acrimonious argument on the proper lengths of short skirts.—Denver News.

Didn't Play Them.

"No," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley never plays the roose."

"Are you sure?" inquired the caller in a tone of suspicion.

"Quite sure. I went out to the track with him and watched him. That wasn't play. It was work."—Washington Star.

Not Extravagant.

Mrs. Newliwed—The ideal! He says I'm extravagant!

Her Mother—Well, dear, perhaps you're not as economical as you might be.

Mrs. Newliwed—Oh, but I am. Why, I never buy a blessed thing but bargains.—Philadelphia Press.

An Accomplish.

Mrs. Buggins—That little boy next door is always blowing putty into people's eyes with a blowpipe. I'm surprised that his father doesn't make him stop it.

Mrs. Muggins—Well, he won't. His father is an eye doctor.—Philadelphia Record.

Lacked an Attribute.

"That politician is as stubborn as a mule."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "the trouble about him is that he hasn't as much pull as a mule."—Washington Star.

No Courtship Is Legal Without It.

Every engaged man gives his girl a copy of "Luello," and every girl who is engaged reads it. Otherwise there are no buyers or readers of the book.—Arlington Globe.

His Idea.

Miss Skyleigh—Are you a married man?

Mr. Frankleigh—No, but I'm the next thing to it. I'm in debt.—Smart Set.

Less If It Goes Down.

"What do you do when meat goes up?"

"We eat less and enjoy it more."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Mystery of Rome.

"Rome had the best roads ever known."

"And no bicycle vote, either."—Detroit Journal.

Distinctly the Thing.

The seats are hard, the crowd is rough, The very atmosphere is tough.

"I suppose she'd answer sweetly, 'Yes,' Because it was the thing."—Boston Globe.

SELECTIONS

A FREAK OF NATURE.

A Dam in Arizona Which Is Made of Soda.

Probably few people ever heard of a soda dam, but such a freak of nature really exists in an unfrequented part of the great west. A. O. Wright of the Indian service, who travels extensively through that section of the country west of the Missouri river, in speaking of strange things he has encountered in his tours alluded to the soda dam. Asked what he meant by a soda dam, he said:

"In Box canyon, just above the hot springs of the Jemez river, Arizona, is a dam extending from one wall of the gorge to the other. This dam is nothing more or less than a massive wall of pure soda, rising to a height of 100 feet, and probably 600 feet from end to end. Nature's forces, of course, started their work of construction away back in the dim and distant past, when deposits of soda contained in the water thrown off by the springs were made at the base of what has since developed into one of the natural wonders of the west. Those deposits must have been made with remarkable rapidity.

"Just ten years ago the Jemez river rose to an unprecedented height, and under the abnormal pressure of the torrent a lower section of the dam gave way, leaving a breach in the wall of soda about 20 feet high. When the water subsided, the lake formed by the dam was, of course, destroyed, leaving the upper 80 feet of the dam high and dry.

"I passed through that section of Arizona last summer, and purposely visited the soda dam. I was most astonished to see that the 20 foot breach had been nearly filled in. The soda from the springs had made fresh deposits, and gradually patched up the hole made in 1890. At the present rate the breach will be entirely closed in another year and the lake will assume its former proportions.

"Previous to the break in the dam the lake above was fully 600 feet wide and extended up the canyon for at least three-quarters of a mile. Scientists who have examined the dam are of the opinion that it will never attain a height much above 100 feet, for the deposits in the water seem to sink in that great depth before the brink is reached. As they fall, however, they will tend to strengthen the base of the dam and will gradually decrease the depth of the lake at its lower end."—Washington Star.

The Cost of Heroes.

Now that we are all thinking of heroes it is interesting to note that heroes are sometimes very costly luxuries, though the heroism of the C. I. V. has been very cheaply purchased. The Duke of Marlborough cost the country something like a round million of money in cash and palaces. In 1707 a pension of £4,000 a year was granted to the duke and was paid to his successors till 17 years ago, when it was commuted for £107,780. Nelson's heroism has been paid for at about the same rate. Up to now the hero of Trafalgar has cost England £580,000 in pensions and grants, and as there is £5,000 a year waiting for all the Lord Nelsons forever and ever the Nelson bill will run up to half a million for every century to the title lasts. Up to now the Duke of Wellington has cost the nation more in hard cash than Nelson, over three-quarters of a million having been paid to him and his descendants, but as the pension was limited to two generations the present duke is the last of his line who will profit by his ancestor's heroism.—London Chronicle.

Packing Apples For Export.

"The Canadians are far ahead of us in the matter of packing fruit for export," says a business man quoted by the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "and consequently they have less trouble in disposing of the fruit. Look at our present method of shipping apples. An old flour barrel, dingy and dirty on the outside and white with flour on the inside, is the usual way our apples are packed for the foreign market. As the fruit shrinks they become loose in the barrel, and the rolling of the ship or jarring of the cars causes them to be bruised and disfigured. By the time they reach the buyer they are badly damaged, or at least present an unsightly appearance to the eye. We can never build up a European trade until this matter is remedied."

Japs Use Arabic Figures.

There is one thing which strikes a foreigner as being particularly strange in the uniform of the Japanese soldier, says a writer in North American Notes and Queries. This is that the numerals which he wears upon his shoulder straps, to denote the number of his regiment, are European numbers, not Chinese or Japanese ideographs. For instance, the soldiers of the Third Regiment just wore a 3 upon their shoulder straps. I found upon inquiry that this was because the European numbers were so much more quickly and easily distinguished from each other than the complicated Chinese characters. A truly practical nation the Japanese!

Makes Them Thin.

Neodesha, Kan., has a population of about 1,500, which includes more thin people than any place twice its size in America. Many of the men weigh less than 100 pounds, though in good health. Physicians say that the petroleum and natural gas wells there are responsible for making the people look like whitened refugees from a famine district in India.

WANT PALEFACE HUSBANDS.

Inducements Temporarily Offered by the Malungeons Indians.

An edict has been issued by the Malungeons Indians, who live in the mountains of Hancock county, Tenn., 60 or more miles from Middleboro, giving the maidens of the tribe the right to choose their husbands from the palefaces. Formerly this was a violation of one of the sacred laws of the tribe, and the girl that married a white man was banished from Indian society. But now the chief men have decided that the daughters of the tribe should secure paleface husbands, and as an inducement they are offering to every white man who will take an Indian wife from 50 to 100 acres of mountain land. The number of acres of course depends on the quality of the husband, and the man who comes well recommended will get a better wife and a better farm than the man who does not.

But the Malungeons only want the best of whites, and hoooes need not apply. The applicant must be honest and industrious and of good character. He must also give a solemn promise that he will forever eschew the daughters of the paleface nation, which, in effect, is that he will love and protect his Indian wife as faithfully as he would one of his own race.

The Malungeons made this offer because they came to the conclusion that their race was doomed and that the only way to save it was by amalgamation. Continuous intermarriage among the Indians is resulting in inferior progeny. After a few years, it is said, the Malungeons will return to their old law of marriages only among their own race.

The Malungeons number about 150. They are the last of a once numerous and powerful race older than Tennessee itself. A tradition among them is that they are descendants of a colony of Portuguese, who amalgamated with the Cherokee Indians hundreds of years ago. Another legend is that they are descendants of the Lost Colony of Roanoke and the redskins. The Lost Colony of Roanoke was composed of English settlers, who made their home on the eastern shore of Virginia. The Malungeons are thrifty farmers and honest and upright as a general rule. They are brown skinned and black haired and have regular features.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Orators in Congress.

"The most finished orator in the house of representatives is Cousins of Iowa. He has," says Ainslee's, "been in congress now for four terms, and in the eight years of his congressional career he has made two speeches. Yet so fine were they that his reputation on account of them is national. One was half an hour in length. It was a witty and eloquent criticism of Ambassador Bayard, at the time Bayard was making himself unpopular by his pro-English remarks at London dinners. The other was less than five minutes long and was spoken after the destruction of the Maine. Cousins sat silent in his place for one full term before he ever opened his mouth. It is more than two years now since he last spoke. When he takes the floor again, he will have an attentive audience.

"The most effective orator in the house up to the time he was transferred to the senate a little while ago was Dooliver of Iowa. Littlefield of Maine, Landis of Indiana and Bailey of Texas are three who have the oratorical gift.

"In order to gain a conspicuous position either in the house or in the senate, a man must generally be a good talker, but it does not always follow that the silent men are without influence."

Wine Tasters at the Fair.

The jury which made the awards in the wine departments of the Paris exposition had 36,000 brands of wine to taste. It would seem that such a task would be enough to paralyze the nerves of every man's palate and that, moreover, the wine tasters would have some difficulty in getting home after their day's work. These useful members of a reputable profession, however, know their business far too well to be led into any mistakes of that kind. It is estimated that not a quart of wine was swallowed by the entire committee while engaged in the testing. If they drank much, they would soon lose their sense of taste.

When testing wines, these men take but a small mouthful of the sample, let it slip back to where the taste nerve is and then spit it out. After trying three or four samples the taster will chew a mouthful of dry cheese, eject it and wash out his mouth. This freshness up the power of taste, and the juror goes at his work again.—Chicago Record.

A Naval Coincidence.

On the 4th day of March next two officers well known to the navy will retire from the active list. These officers are Rear Admiral Hiebhorn, U. S. N., chief of the bureau of construction and repair, and Pay Inspector Henry G. Colby, U. S. N., both of whom will reach the age of 62 years on the same date. It has occurred to very few officers to retire for age on the same date with others, for as numerous as are the birthdays in the navy similar dates are rare, and still rarer are ages identical.

Next Century People.

The American will be taller by from one to two inches in the next hundred years. His increase of stature will result from better health due to vast reforms in medicine, sanitation, food and athletics. He will live 50 years instead of 35 as at present, for he will reside in the suburbs. The city house will practically be no more. Building in blocks will be illegal. The trip from suburban home to office will require a few minutes only. A penny will pay the fare.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOR

TOO LATE!

The Sad Tale of Horatio and the Heartless Tailor.

"Horatio! Horatio! Horatio!" It was the voice of a mother calling to her only son from the back door, but there was no answer. When she had called again and again, with like result, she ran across the lawn to a vine embowered summer house where Horatio sometimes went to read his Virgil.

"Ah, you are here!" she called as she looked in at the door and espied him. No answer.

"Horatio, Horatio, my son, what is it? Are you asleep?"

No snore reached her maternal ears. "The dear boy is asleep, and I will leave him thus. But what is this letter in his hands? Surely a mother can read her son's letters. Is he in love? No; it is not that. It is a note from his tailor saying that he cannot press new wrinkles into his trousers before tomorrow. Wake, Horatio, and your own mother will heat the flatirons and do the pressing herself. You shall not be disappointed."

She laid her hand on his forehead. It was as cold as an ice trust. She felt of his heart. It had ceased to throb. The note from the tailor had struck home, and Horatio Collingwood was as dead as a herring. M. QUAD.

His Further Report.

"I would like to report, sir, that burglars entered my house last night," he said to the sergeant at the police station.

"How much did you lose?"

"Two \$10 bills out of my vest pocket."

"And do you suspect any one?"

"Yes, sir; I do. I would like to further report that I am perfectly certain that my wife got up in the night and hawked on to that money and to add that all the policemen in the United States can't scare it out of her. That's all, sir. Good day, sir."—Chicago News.

A Great Advantage.

Mrs. Snaggs—The position of queen has its advantages.

Mr. Snaggs—Well, that's not a new idea, strictly speaking. But perhaps you will tell me what prompted the remark?

Mrs. Snaggs—I have been reading of the fact that Queen Victoria never wears a pair of new shoes until they have been worn a few times by one of her dressers whose foot is of the same size as her majesty's.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

De only trouble 'bout de los' sheep is it takes too many people ter hunt 'em.

Dey say dat hell is paved wid good intentions, but it's my belief dat hell's too hot fer even good intentions ter locate dar.

Dey say dat Providence is long suffering, but my spence is dat de po' man is heap mo' long sufferin dan anybody.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Inadvertent Error.

From the Bowersville Clarion: "By a mistake in making up the paper last week we put in an item stating that El Slocum had moved to Philadelphia under the head of 'Obituaries.' Errors like this creep in occasionally in the best regulated offices, and our only excuse is that our foreman used to live in Philadelphia."—Baltimore American.

Tuan Would Say "G'wan!"

"What are the cable rates to China?"

"Eh! What do you want to know for?"

"I want to secure Prince Tuan for a 50 night lecture course at \$1,000 a night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As Far as We Know.

Teacher—Now, Adelbert, can you tell why King Richard was called of the lion heart?

Adelbert—I s'pose it was because he belted when he was hungry.—Chicago News.

Unregretting.

There ain't no use o' talkin' 'bout the melancholy days—

Not to me. I was good an tired o' summer 'fore the daddies went their ways. Don't you see.

An I like to see the branches by the northern breezes tossed, An the yellow leaves a-hustlin' till they're certain to get lost.

An to keep the fire a-bazin, never countin' up the cost. Like 'tween free.

I was weary o' the perfume o' the roses anyhow When they died, An the birds an frogs an inekns made an irritatin' row. Far an free.

Here's the apple red an shiny an the cider tastes immense, An the turkey, he's a-struttin', an the squir'l is on the fence, So I quit this here rapin', fur I reckon Providence Will provide. —Washington Star.