

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 be received promptly.
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 center of population has been located in a wheat field near Columbus, Ind.

The Connecticut baggagemaster, who has inherited \$2,000,000, hopes that it may not be forwarded to him in a trunk.

The old-fashioned method of robbing a bank by blowing open the safe is becoming less and less in vogue. The first step now is to become a confidential employe.

That must have been an interesting paper that was not read before the American ornithologists in Cambridge, Mass., owing to the absence of the author. It was "The Pterylogis of Podargus, with Further Notes on the Pterylography of the Caprimulgidae."

In the recent municipal election in London very little interest was taken by women, although large numbers of them were entitled to vote for the county councillor. It is reported that not more than 22 percent of those entitled to vote cast their ballots.

Dr. L. G. Powers, chief statistician of the census bureau, declares that the present census will show that the American people in the last 10 years have saved the astonishing sum of \$25,000,000,000. The actual visible wealth of the country now amounts to \$50,000,000,000.

It is noteworthy that California, Connecticut and Alabama have had nearly the same percentage of growth in population during the past decade, although widely separated and having in nothing in common. California increased 22.9 percent, Connecticut 21.1 and Alabama 20.8.

The national bankruptcy law ought to prove popular with women, a case under its provisions having resulted in the decision that a woman can be "head of the house" under certain circumstances. The judge who delivered this opinion is almost sorry for his action, so numerous have been the expressions of approval on the part of the fair sex.

The pluck and heroic people of Galveston are entitled to great credit for not allowing themselves to despair or even sink into dismay after the appalling calamity which engulfed their thriving and busy town. They are grappling with the difficult task of rebuilding Galveston and restoring its activities, and in so doing they are evincing a dauntless courage and resolution that calls out the amazement of all observers, and unstinted commendation as well. Indeed, the whole state of Texas has met the emergency grandly, and the Republic is proud of such pluck and constancy.

There is a good deal of sympathy wasted when we offer it to the poor Egyptians who are being robbed of their mummies. Of course we should be properly horrified to find our own cemeteries invaded and their bodies scattered in foreign countries, but between the present representatives of the Egyptian race and their ancient progenitors whose mummified remains we dole on for our museums there is about as much actual kinship in sentiment and in fact as there is between Americans of the 19th century and the cave bonos, of France or the petrified bodies of Swiss lake dwellers.

In 1899 the German railways consumed 8,000 tons of carbide for the illumination of cars. The consumption of carbide in Germany for 1900 is estimated at 10,000 tons, equal to 7,000,000 gallons of petroleum.

There are 16,000 islands between Madagascar and India. So far as known at present only 600 of them are inhabited.

THE MOON-BABY.

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the red-rose sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air
Where the bats and beetles fly;
With little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-Baby's
head,
So tiny and beautiful.

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm
prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep,
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king;
So, hand in hand, round his bed they
stand,
And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray,
With pinions soft from the lulls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lives to-day.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FIRST LOVE.

IF my memory serves me right, I had reached that stage in life when I sought anxiously in the glass for the long expected dow that was to form the nucleus of a mustache that should be the envy of mankind when I decided to marry Mollie, the doctor's cook. Looking back—it is a long way to look—I am ready to admit that there were many objections to such a match. To begin with, I was somewhat young to think of matrimony, inasmuch that I had only just reached the age of fifteen, while Mollie was six or seven years my senior. Again, I was not in a position to support a wife, and, as I see now, my affections were inspired rather by Mollie's excellent cheesecakes and succulent jam-rolls—which invariably made me sigh for half a dozen appetites—than by her buxom figure and apple-like cheeks.

When I informed my "chum" Butters, of my resolve, he looked at me queerly, thrust his hands in his pockets, and said, "Oh, Lor!"

"I mean it," I said.
"Well, I always thought you were a bit sweet on her, ever since you broke your arm and she used to give you cream and stuff. She's a jolly girl, sis Mollie. I wouldn't mind marrying her myself."

"You'll be my best man, then?" I asked.
"Certainly, but look here, old chap, have you thought seriously about this?" and he looked his arm through mine and drew me aside.

"Seriously?"
"Yes; have you thought what a heap of things people want who get married?"

"What sort of things?"
"Oh, chairs and tables and—frying pans. Where do you expect to get 'em from? They cost an awful lot."

I was silent. To tell the truth I had not considered the practical side of the question.
My affection was above all sordid details.

"There's a house, too," Butters pursued. "Where are you going to live?"
"Oh—er—we shall go on as we are for a bit."

Butters stared.
"You mean, Mollie'll stop at the doctor's, and you'll go on having lessons?"
"Yes."

"Oh! but that's 'rot,' you know. We can't have a married man in the school. The doctor won't stand it."

"He'll never know, fat head. It's going to be a secret marriage."

"Oh, crickey! At the registry office?"
I nodded.

"I wonder how much it costs. I shall have to ask."

"You'd better ask Mollie first," Butters returned. "She may object to a secret marriage. There'll be no calling her name out before the congregation or cake or presents. I say, old chap, fancy a wedding without cake or presents. Why, people gets heaps of nobby things when they're married. Silver cigarette cases and walking sticks."

I kicked the gravel ruefully.
"It can't be helped," I answered regretfully. "After all, it'll be more romantic."

"Why, yes; there is that about it. You might elope with her, you know. Get her through the window, and have a rope ladder and a coach and four waiting in the lane. Only she's rather a lump to pull through a window. I say, what a lark it would be if she stuck and the doctor nabbed you. My! what a wopping you'd get."

I am afraid I betrayed some symptoms of uneasiness here. Butters had a nasty habit of looking on the black side of things. But his words did not dampen my passion. I loved Mollie—I felt certain on this point. Yes, I loved her, though it would have taken me all my time to encircle her waist with both arms. There was a pause.

"You'll tell me how you do it?" Butters said.
"How I do what?"
"Why, propose, you know."
"Oh—er—yes."

"Shall you kiss her?"
"Shall I?"
"They generally do, only you'll have to stand on a stool to do it, for she's a good head taller than you, and mind, when you propose you'll have to go down on your knees."

"On my knees?"
"It's the proper thing, I know, because I saw young Evergreen propose to my sister Flo. She refused him, though. By-the-by, you'll want a ring. I'll give you that one I got out of the prize packet for your white rat."

"Let's have a look at it."
He pulled it out. It looked very good, and in a few minutes I had parted with my white rat and the ring was transferred to my waistcoat pocket.
"When shall you see her?" he asked, as the bell rang.
"Perhaps to-morrow."
"I wouldn't put on my best pants if I wore you. It makes an awful mess of 'em kneeling does."
That evening I had a quiet stroll in the doctor's grounds to think matters over. While I was thus engaged James, the gardener, came along with the watering can. As a rule, we fellows were seldom on good terms with James, for he always suspected us of having designs on his fruit, but this evening he was quite pleasant and asked me if I'd like a pear to come with him. Of course I did, for James's pears are just prime. It was a real juicy one he picked, and it melted in my mouth like butter.

"Good—ain't it, Master Carraway?" he said.
I nodded. My mouth was too full to speak.

"Now I wonder if I might be so bold as to ask you to do me a favor, Master Carraway," he went on, eyeing me a bit doubtfully.

"Why, of course, you may, James, I'll do anything for you I can."
"Thank you, sir; thank you kindly, I ain't much—only just to give this letter to Mollie, the cook. You see, Master Carraway, I don't like going to the house over-often, for the other servants they plague Mollie about it, an' she don't like it; so if you'd kindly give it to her you'd be doin' me a great favor."

"Oh, I'll give it to her right enough."
"Thank you, sir. It's—it's rather important." Then James stopped, went red and smiled foolishly.

"Important, is it?"
"Yes, sir. I know you're a sensible young gent, Master Carraway. I've often said so to Mollie, so I don't mind telling you that it's about gettin' married."

"About—?"
"Yes, sir. I've been thinking of it for some time, an' now the doctor's give me a rise, an' I've got Joe Barnes' cottage. I don't see any reason why we should wait any longer. It's most as cheap to keep two as one, Master Carraway, an' she's a capital manager. I don't see as 'ow I can do better."

"Who is she, James?" I asked, not that I must be confessed, without a touch of misgiving.

He looked at me in surprise.
"Who? Why, Mollie."
"You're—you're going to marry her?"
"Yes, sir. The banns'll be put up on Sunday, and I've bought the ring. A guinea I give for it. But 'av another pear, Master Carraway."

But I had no heart for pears at that moment, and I made my way back to the house, scarcely heeding James's reminder about the letter.

Perhaps I had some thought of destroying that missive, but then I reflected that such an act would do no good. Everything was practically settled. Mollie was lost to me forever.

I told Butters, and asked him to take back the ring, as I had no further use for it, but he refused to do this, and we fought it out at the end of the cricket ground behind the trees. I got a black eye and also fifty lines for fighting. Mollie did her best to console me by giving me some of her best cheesecakes. If I could always be sure of such cheesecakes I wouldn't mind impositions every day—I would not mind losing Mollie herself.—Waverley Magazine.

Apology.
"Appearances were against us last week, owing to a blunder of our compositor. We wrote an article as follows: 'James Wilson called at our office yesterday and renewed his subscription. Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, raised this year's prize cabbage head. Little Johnny, who accompanied his father, is a fine little man.' The above is the way we wrote it. In setting it up, however, our compositor omitted a period, which made part of it read as follows: 'Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, raised this year's prize cabbage head, little Johnny, who accompanied his father. We trust that Mr. Wilson and our army of readers will have faith in our veracity when we assert that no harm was intended.'—Indianapolis Sun.

Small Books.
Publishers to-day are bringing out the very best books in the world in pocket sizes, says St. Nicholas. The portable little classics can be carried about and read at odd times, and there is no longer the same excuse for reading trash because it is "more convenient." Reading a little now and then, there is time to think between times, and a good book gains greatly in interest if it is not swallowed at a mouthful. Our readers should remember, when about to buy some book that "ought to read," that it is usually to be had in half a dozen forms at least. When we see certain enormous volumes in fine print of Scott's novels, for instance, we wonder that any one ever had strength, patience and eyesight to read them.

Science's Threatening Progress.
In a recent lecture Dr. Hoffbauer claimed that the age of fishes can be told by their scales. These show under the microscope stripes similar to the bands in the crosscut of a tree, which indicate the age of the fish. We are now able to approximately state the age of horses, fishes and trees. Tremble, oh, ladies, but that some scientist will make a discovery enabling a lay observer to determine the human age at sight. Would life be worth living then?—Vienna Tageblatt.

THE DIGNITY OF NONSENSE.

Friend Thomas greets us once again,
He's taken to the stump;
He paws the air with might and main
And fairly makes you jump.
As "Mister" now we welcome him,
His pride is not forgot.
We listen with forebodings grim
To Mr. Thomas Rot.

His arguments on any side
Of any case are heard,
And wild confusion far and wide
By what he says is stirred.
He vows the country will be doomed
To ruin like as not—
The very worst must be assumed
By Mr. Thomas Rot.

He says the world is on the verge
Of chaos all complete,
The nation's honor will submerge
'Neath rancor and deceit.
The public will be victimized
By some gigantic plot;
He leaves us gloomy and surprised
Does Mr. Thomas Rot.

There was a happy time when he
Was but a merry sprite,
By some gigantic plot;
Would fill us with delight.
Oh, for that day when laughter bland
Was brought to every spot,
When he was not ambitious and
Was just plain "Tommy Rot."
—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"See here, waiter," called the fussy man; "there's a hair in this stew."
"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "It's a rabbit stew."

Editor (examining a young writer's novel)—"You have a handwriting as bad as if you were already famous."
—Ellegende Blaetter.

Anxious Father—"What is it, nurse?"
Nurse—"Triplets, sir." Anxious Father—"What! Oh, this is too, too much!"
—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Buggins—"That milkman seems to ask a lot of questions." Mr. Buggins—"Well, don't let him pump you."
—Philadelphia Record.

"Piano music by the pound,"
Exclaimed the music buyer,
"Oh! well, we never can, I've found,
Expect it by the dozen."
—Philadelphia Press.

She—"If you had no idea when we could get married, why did you propose to me?"
"To tell the truth, darling, I had no idea you would accept me."
—Life.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Out on my auto, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I have gas enough and to spare," she said.—Puck.

Guide (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—"It took hundreds of years to build them." O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a Government job—eh?"
—Tit-Bits.

At science he was very deft,
And she was scientific, too,
But when she took up and left,
They didn't know a thing to do.
—Chicago Record.

"Isn't it kind of these people, ma," remarked the young fish, "to drop us lines with food on 'em?"
"Don't you believe it," replied the mother fish. "You must learn to read between the lines."

Esther—"My mother was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I have ever seen."
Miss Cayenne—"Ah, it was your father, then, who was not good looking?"
—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Buggins—"That little boy next door is always blowing putty into people's eyes with a blow pipe. I'm surprised that his father doesn't make him stop it."
Mrs. Muggins—"Well, he won't. His father is an eye doctor."

"I don't understand why Henry is not advanced more rapidly at the store," remarked Mrs. B Jones. "It's because he is lacking in tact," replied Mr. B Jones. "They tell me he hasn't sense enough to laugh at the boss's jokes."

Critics Crushed.
At a dinner they were discussing an opera, and a lady, turning to her neighbor, said loudly: "I think Madame S—is much too old for her part. Don't you agree with me? Her singing is unbearable."
"Madame S—is sitting opposite to you," said the gentleman coldly.

Amid the silence that followed this remark, the lady turned to the singer with many apologies. "It is that horrid critic W—," she said, "who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. W—himself? He is sitting next to you," was the other's calm reply.

Nothing the Matter.
Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often to save time, when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table.

"What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters.
"Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

Prolific Grapevines.
There are two grapevines in Yorkshire, England, which between them have this year produced over 1000 bunches of grapes, weighing close upon 140 pounds. The fruit is of the kind known as the Black Hambro, and the most prolific of the two plants dates from the year 1851. Although this season has been remarkably favorable the crop is not a record one, having been exceeded in 1896 by nearly half the weight.

THE LUNCH CAR GOES

POLICE ORDER NOMAD RESTAURANTS TO MOVE ON.

As a Feature of Night Life in the Western Metropolis They Fed the Hungry and Made a Pleasant Sight—Story of Change.

The story of the decline and fall of the lunch wagon is a story of city life and changes, says the Chicago News. No one seems able to recall just when the sandwich car first sprang into existence with its array of good things looming up in tempting neatness at the street corner, its white-aproned proprietor, its bright lights and tiny cooking apparatus, and, above all, the inviting aroma that gradually grew to be associated with the lunch car.

From an humble start it grew to a recognized institution, in some cases outfits have been built that represented comparatively large investments. The lunch car was primarily a creature of darkness. During the day it was concealed from sight, but when the shades of night fell it was carefully drawn by horses to the spot where it was destined to radiate good cheer. There, safely anchored, it did a land office business in pleasant weather or foul, a haven of refuge to the hungry and weary night hawk.

Every class and every grade became at once patrons of the lunch car to a greater or less degree. The rounder "doing the town in a fine equipage" drew up alongside to take solid refreshment. The belated person going home waiting for a night car at a lonely corner forgot his discomfort in munching at an egg sandwich well primed with thin slices of pickle, while good natured pleasure seekers returning from the ball laughed immoderately over the fun derived from wrestling with its hot, palate-tickling products. What was sold at the lunch car was clean and pure—therefore its popularity. It was cooked before the very

eyes of the purchaser and was served in a style that left no room for petty distinctions such as are sometimes experienced in a cafe or restaurant.

It mattered not to the man in charge whether his patron was attired in the latest style or in tatters, whether tipsy or sober, respectable or an outcast, the service was the same to all who thrust the price through the little aperture where he presided over his gasoline fires. And so the lunch wagon became popular with all—that is, all except restaurant proprietors. The latter saw hundreds and thousands of persons being fed whose patronage might otherwise be theirs. Some went into the business themselves, others protested. Those who chose the latter course maintained that they had a right to be heard against men who paid no rent, but rather usurped the people's rights to the sweets and who took business from established restaurant keepers, whose places in many instances had formed landmarks for years. The restaurant keepers were joined by saloonkeepers with lunch-counter attachments to their bars. Other business men with grievances of other varieties were enlisted to raise their voice against the sandwich car. There were too many in the opposition to be ignored, and one day an order came forth from police headquarters to make the lunch vendors "move on." It brought forth a storm of counter protest, but the opposition had won the day. The lunch-car owners were violating the law every time they settled down upon a corner and they found their day had come. Some secured sites inside the building line, dismantled their cars from their wheels and settled down as permanent business men instead of nomads. Others put their outfits in storage and quit the business, while some few possessing political pull continued to adhere to the old line by changing the base of operations from time to time. But the lunch car as a thriving institution has ceased to exist on its old lines and the nocturnal hours have lost one of their most picturesque features.

Life-Saving Service

Number of Lives and Value of Property Saved During the Year.

The annual report of the Life-saving service, made public during the week, shows that at the close of the fiscal year the establishment embraced 269 stations, 194 being on the Atlantic, 69 on the lakes, 16 on the Pacific and 1 at the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky. The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of operations of the service during the year was 384. There were on board these vessels 2,655 persons, of whom 2,607 were saved and 48 lost. Six hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked persons received succor at the stations, to whom 1,447 days' relief in the aggregate was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in disaster was \$6,127,500, and that of their cargoes \$3,342,690, making a total value of property imperiled \$9,470,190. Of this amount \$7,264,690 was saved and \$2,205,500 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 61. In addition to the foregoing there were during the year 229 casualties to small craft, such

as small yachts, sailboats, rowboats, etc., on board of which there were 781 persons, 77 of whom were saved and five lost. The property involved in these instances is estimated at \$269,070, of which \$256,770 was saved and \$10,300 lost. Besides the number of persons saved from vessels of all kinds there were 591 others rescued who had fallen from wharves, piers and other positions of extreme peril, many of whom would have perished without the aid of the life-saving crew. Five hundred and fourteen of these were rescued from dwelling houses, out-buildings and other elevated places submerged wholly or in part by the terrible flood of the Brazos river in Texas July 6 to 12, 1899. The crew saved and assisted to save during the year 371 vessels, valued with their cargoes at \$4,006,500, and rendered assistance of minor importance to 88 other vessels in distress, besides warning from danger by the signals of the patrolmen 194 vessels.

THAT SWEET TOOTH.

It Is Not the Possession of Femininity Alone.

The sweet tooth is presumably supposed to be strictly a feminine possession. All of masculinity's 32—if the dentist has left him so many—are, according to the ideas of the general public, dedicated to beef and such substantial. One person who has no such illusions on this subject is the maid to whom a stalwart specimen of masculinity brings a box of candy, which he gravely helps her to devour (the candy, not the box) at the rate of two pieces to her own. There are a few other people who can speak with authority of the fondness of the lords of creation for sweets, and these are the shopkeepers and the waiters in restaurants. Only this morning a tall, broad-shouldered, virile son of Adam was seen standing in front of a shop that makes a specialty of fancy cakes and tarts and open-work pies, such as women and children love. He was probably on his way to his office, for he didn't go inside at all; he simply gazed with delight and heaved a sigh as he forced himself away, says the Baltimore News. This evening, no doubt, he'll go back there on his way home and buy almond cakes and eclairs galore. He'll tell the saleswoman they're for his little niece, but they won't be at all. They'll be for himself and such of his bachelor friends as happen to drop in his den. Life is not all beer and beefsteak to the athletic youth; cream puffs and kossuth cakes enter into it, though he would scorn to confess this awful truth for fear of being deemed effeminate.

My Lady Nicotine.

The smoke is worthy of the smoker is the latter-day dictum of physician, general, judge. My Lady Nicotine, the most alluring of ladykind, who for four long centuries has been forced to waste her fragrance on the rebuking air, to vanish speedily in thin air, now sees her reputation rescued, her character vindicated, her position as chief comforter of mankind assured. Vive la Reine.

It was but yesterday that a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States said he had looked upon tobacco and found it good. It was but the other day that Lord Roberts, mindful of the queen's chocolate on Christmas day, gave the timely hint that tobacco is more profitable for a soldier's use than sweets. It was but last week that the Lancet, the great London Medical authority, pronounced tobacco as a thing which would do the men good and not evil during the days in the field. The Iron Duke's officers were "directed to advise their men strongly against it," but "the soldiers and volunteers of today grumble only when their 'smokes' fail them." It is claimed that the pipe eased the way to sleep when bodily fatigue and mental restlessness was preventing. In conclusion the Lancet says: "We are inclined to believe that, used with moderation, tobacco is of value second only to food itself when long privations and exertions have to be endured."

The nineteenth century, in its dying days, is making a gigantic effort to pre-empt all the novelty grounds from the twentieth. Nowhere will her greediness cause greater confusion than in the new doctrine that the pipe is mightier than the sword, the scalpel or the stylus.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Fried Apples with Pork.

Fried apples make an acceptable change from apple sauce when served with roast pork. Remove the core with a corer, but leave the skin intact after thoroughly washing it. Cut the apples in thick slices, across the apple so as to give round slices. Have ready a hot frying pan in which is a tablespoonful of butter. Fry the slices brown, then turn and brown the reverse side. Serve as a garnish to the pork.