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Professor Clark, of the Chicago University, thinks that the popular orators of to-day have too little dignity.

American excursion steamers on the Thames next summer will be apt to give English capital another cold wave.

During the last year 3,309,754,007 letters and 507,815,250 postal cards were sent through the United States mail.

Great men cannot see all alike all at once. The Duke of Wellington, though he could win at Waterloo, could not see the good of the penny post.

Arizona newspapers declare that deer, antelope and mountain sheep will soon be exterminated there unless immediate steps are taken for their preservation.

Making fair allowances for the probabilities of life the next rulers of England, after Edward VII., will be King George V., now Duke of Cornwall and York, one or the other of his young sons, and, in turn, some son or daughter of one of these heirs.

Hugh M. Smith, United States Fish Commission expert, declares that among the fishery developments earnestly desired by many people, which will not be achieved in the new century, is the boneloss shad, and that we shall have to content ourselves with a fish that is already good enough for mortal man.

A French writer is advising his countrymen to take lessons in cable cutting. He points out that in case of war the ocean cables would be England's vulnerable points, and that the gentle art of severing them "requires ability which it would be too late to acquire by the necessary practice when the war should have actually broken out."

As foreign nations become acquainted with the numerous but modest merits of the American mule his popularity increases. In 1899 (fiscal year) the total value of American mules exported to foreign countries was \$516,000. In the fiscal year of 1900 it was \$3,919,000, and as the American mule becomes better known he gets to be more in demand, and a larger foreign trade in American mules seems to be already foreshadowed.

Paris now prefers to have its daily bread made daily from flour from the mill. After a time we may by the aid of our physicians and scientists catch up to the early inhabitants of the United States, who pounded their own corn or wheat to flour as they needed it for use, sometimes bending down a sapling and tying a heavy stone to it and making it do the hardest part of the work. Man seems to progress in a circle in a good many times.

Henry D. Lloyd predicts that cities will eventually disappear and the people be "educated back to their old home, the soil." Rider Haggard informs the Londoners that "if the race is to thrive and Britain remain mighty in years to come, say good-bye to towns and get back to the land, which bred your fathers." It seems that the native-born Londoner becomes extinct in the third generation, a fact which lends point to Mr. Haggard's warning. Rum and poor food and the resulting anaemia put the finishing touches on degenerate families in short order.

It has been discovered that the best way to break a horse from kicking is to give him an electric shock. If properly administered, it does not injure the animal and it supersedes the brutal whipping.

Deaf mutes are on the increase in Germany. There are no fewer than 6,458 persons in institutions where deaf mutes are specially instructed.

MY WORK.

My work, however small,
No hands can do but mine;
It is God's special call
To me, a voice divine.
—Harper's Bazaar.

THE STENOGRAPHERS' PRANK AND ITS ROMANTIC RESULT.

There is no telling what put it into their heads. Perhaps it was a remark thoughtlessly made by William, the office boy. William is not a dull boy, but he hardly weighs his words as carefully as he may do when he gets older. He said:

"I bet them delegates won't tell their wives all of the procedin's when they get back home."
Both Miss Purdue and Miss Benedict heard him say that. They may not have paid any particular attention to it, William being in the habit of saying precocious and absurd things. The idea may have been suggested by the overcoats of the delegates themselves, which hung in a tempting row in the main office, while their owners were consulting with Mr. Davis, the president of the association, in the big committee room. The fact that Miss Benedict rejoices in a wealth of golden hair no doubt had something to do with it, taken either by itself or in conjunction with other facts and circumstances.

Miss Purdue and Miss Benedict are stenographers in the employ of the association, which has its offices in town and sends up its delegates from the country about every three months. In strict confidence they call themselves "stenogs," though that is a matter of slight importance and significant in only a small degree. Yet it may be said that stenographers would never have done such a thing, while it was only what might have been expected from a pair of "stenogs."

At first Miss Benedict wished Miss Purdue to contribute some of her crowning glory to the scheme. Miss Purdue has brown hair. She said:

"There isn't the least bit of sense in that. You can take any novel you like and the brown-haired women is the devoted wife and mother, with all the steady domestic virtues. I'll bet you the candy that nine out of 10 of them have got brown-haired wives. A brown hair on their coats would excite no notice whatever. It wouldn't be seen, and if it was seen it would look all right. No, my dear, if you want to make trouble take your own hair. It's the kind that naturally belongs to stenogs."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Miss Benedict.
Nevertheless she submitted to the dominant will of the other and for the next five minutes she exclaimed "Ouch!" at intervals of two or three seconds.

Then the delegates began to come in and hang up their coats. There were perhaps 20 of them, altogether. As soon as they were all comfortably behind the closed door Miss Purdue rose from her typewriter and beckoned to her friend.

Miss Benedict, however, refused to be enticed from her work. She said, "I'll keep right on so as to avert suspicion." Whereupon Miss Purdue accused her of being a "fraid cat," and opening the little drawer of the typewriter stand took from it a respectable hank of golden hair. She then went over to where the coats were hanging and proceeded to deck them with the shining strands.

She did it artistically—not so that the hairs would be at once perceived, but that from their concealment beneath the collars, behind lapels and under pocket flaps they would work out in time to the confusion of those who had unknowingly harbored them. Here and there she tucked a few in the sleeve linings.

It was this that betrayed them. They should have waited until the last day of the session. As it was, the delegates had one more day, possibly two, to attend. The day after the business threads had been placed the two young women heard a sudden burst of laughter from the committee room. This was so strange, so entirely without precedent, that they looked at each other in amazement. William, the office boy, came out of the room at this time, and Miss Purdue instantly pounced upon him.

"What are they laughing at, William?" she said.

"Tell us!" commanded Miss Benedict.
William indignantly shook himself free from their clutches. "Aw, say!" he exclaimed. Then he grinned and added: "They picked a woman's hair off'n Mr. Harmer's coat. They've got it on him, all right. It's a cinch, none of them others don't have to pay for any drinks or cigars as long as they're in town an' keep close to him. Oh, say! It was a peach—as long as your arm and—"

Here he stopped, his eye encountering Miss Benedict's massy coiffure. His grin widened and he suddenly put his hand before it and doubled himself up in an ecstasy of mirth. Miss Purdue promptly cuffed him and he fled, pursued by the two, and took refuge in the telephone cabinet.

In about five minutes the committee room door opened, and the delegates came out. Their faces were wreathed in smiles, and as many as could get near Mr. Harmer were smiling him on the back and addressing to him sundry pleasantries. It was not hard to distinguish Mr. Harmer. His

smile was altogether different to those of the others. Miss Benedict did not see him, for she was clattering away on her typewriter at a furious rate. Indeed, her exertion was so great as to bring quite an unusual color to her cheeks. Miss Purdue saw him and said afterward that he was quite nice looking. Further, she said that he did not look like a married man, though how she differentiated is a mystery.

The point of the matter is that as the delegates were putting on their coats one of them, a man with a double chin and four creases in his neck, happened to notice Miss Benedict rather more particularly than usual, and he was instantly struck with the similarity in tint and texture of her hair and the anonymous filament that had been discovered on his colleague's coat. He at once called the attention of the rest of the delegates to this circumstance.

Miss Benedict could not hear what they said, but she knew that it was horrid. Her back was turned to the corner where the coats were kept, but she could feel the glances that were directed at her and her cheeks burned distressingly. One of the delegates called out:

"What time was Harmer here this morning? Does any one know?"

"He was here when I got here," said another. "I guess I was here before any of the rest of you."

Miss Benedict struck the keys of her typewriter with vicious energy, and the resulting clatter drowned the rest.

It is unnecessary to say that Miss Benedict bitterly reproached Miss Purdue for that she spent subsequent hours of repentance and humiliation. She went to the office, however, and had been at work for half an hour before Mr. Mordant, the president of the association, arrived. She fancied Mr. Mordant looked at her curiously and rather severely, but that may have been imagination. But there was no question about the way the delegates comported themselves. They may not have meant it at all, but they were insufferable. Some of them looked at her laughingly; others with a dreadful austerity that Miss Benedict knew was deserved. Three or four of them did not look at her at all, and she felt that was worst of all. One by one they came, each as unpleasant as possible in his peculiar way, until at last Mr. Harmer arrived. And then somebody coughed, and they all coughed.

Miss Benedict said she simply would not stand it another day, nor another hour, for that matter. Therefore she called William to her and bribed him to tell Mr. Mordant how, why and under what circumstances the hair had been distributed. Then she went home and telephoned down to the office that she had a sick headache—which was perfectly true—and could not come to work.

The headache lasted for three days, at the end of which time Miss Benedict went back to the office. She had seen Miss Purdue twice before, but all Miss Purdue knew was that Mr. Mordant maintained a grave silence. William had said that Mr. Mordant just nodded and said "Hm-m-m!" when he told, and that soon after there was more laughter in the committee room. As soon as the meeting was over there had been a general overhauling of overcoats, and Mr. Harmer had gathered up the hair.

Miss Benedict had made up her mind just what penitential pose she would adopt when Mr. Mordant called her into his office. She had determined at what point in her excuses she would allow her voice to break and a pearly tear to roll down her cheek. She had got her defensive campaign mapped out. Then Mr. Mordant, instead of calling her in, came out and, pausing in front of her desk, said: "Don't let that occur again, if you please, Miss Benedict." And, hardly looking at her, went into the telephone room.

And now the young women are wondering why Mr. Harmer gathered up the hair, and what he intends to do with it, and whether he will be at the next meeting, and all sorts of things.—Chicago Record.

How a Polish City Amuses Its People.

For 10 copecks (5 cents) everything that Praga park, in Warsaw, affords is yours. There are open-air theatres, Punch and Judy and other sidshows, outdoor attractions, such as walks, groves, fountains, boating of every conceivable kind, merry-go-rounds, swings, dancing pavilions, lunch counters, athletic courts, soft drinks, but not a drop of alcohol in any form whatever. For the very little ones there are inclosures where they may make sand pies, play games of all kinds, learn to sing popular and folk songs, train themselves physically—under the direction of a graduate kindergarten. The older boys have races and other athletic contests. Prizes are given for good deportment and proficiency in the games. In less than two years, the authorities say, this park has already accomplished an appreciable amount in elevating the tone of living among the lower classes of the city.—Cosmopolitan.

Paid the Doctor to Return.

A physician in Scott county, Kansas, recently moved to another part of the state because he could not make both ends meet in his practice, but his services were so badly needed in the old field that the citizens circulated a petition asking the county commissioners to appropriate a bonus of \$500 annually to the doctor on condition that he should return. The commissioners made the appropriation and the doctor has gone back to his former home.—Chicago Chronicle.



TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

Perfuming Gloves.

To perfume your gloves mix together half an ounce of essence of roses, a drachm each of oil of cloves and mace and a quarter of an ounce of frankincense. Place this in tissue paper and lay it between the gloves.

Beautiful in Spite of Age.

The Princess of Montenegro, who will celebrate this year her fortieth wedding anniversary, is said to be still one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She is highly educated and greatly beloved for her benefactions to the needy and afflicted. Her husband, Prince Nikita, has reigned 40 years. They have had ten children.

The New Blouses.

Tight fitting bodices and Etons accompany tailor skirts. The blouse, too, is very popular, but in a more glorified condition, for it is made on a fitted lining and becomes more of a bodice. Tucks, frills, lace insertion, turn it into a thing of beauty, and, being made up over a tight fitting lining, it seems anomalous to apply the appellation blouse to such a dainty confection. Now is the time when one or two flannel blouses are so convenient to take in turn with those of silk or cambrie. The fronts of such blouses can be made quite dressy by means of machine stitched tabs, with a tiny enamel button at the end. Ribbon velvet is another pretty trimming for them, and made with a sailor collar of guipure lace they form very dressy wear.

For White Hands.

Cleanliness is the first essential, and therefore when rough work has to be done it is well, if possible, to put on gloves. Prevention is better than cure; and as nothing spoils the hands like getting them grimed, this should be avoided as far as possible. It is, however, not always possible to wear gloves for dirty work, so one must be prepared for one's hands being sometimes very much soiled. When this is the case, don't go to work upon them with soda, soap and brush, for that would roughen them dreadfully. Instead, take some vaseline, lard or oil and rub it into the hands, and then wash them thoroughly with a good toilet soap and a piece of flannel in warm water. The flannel will soon clean them and without injuring the skin in any way. It is far better than a nailbrush for ordinary use, and, if used regularly, a nailbrush will be found almost if not entirely superfluous. That is a thing to be remembered, for the use of a brush roughens the finger tips and nails and makes them more liable to become soiled than need be.—Washington Star.

Fashions in Gloves.

Glance kid, buttoned, gloves are the correct ones for church, with two or four buttons, and of white or a light tan. If tan a heavier kid is used, and one or two buttons are sufficient; in fact, a regular heavy walking glove is the smartest. Many women always cling to a Suede glove of the mousquetaire style with two buttons only. These are of a lighter shade of color than the gown or of black. Of course this does not refer to a red, or a green, or a blue gown—simply to the brown or gray. A white Suede glove is absolutely inappropriate, however. So much depends upon the lining of the muff as to what gloves can be worn from a practical point of view to the other. The present fashion of the white lining or the fur lining for the very rich fur muffs makes it possible to wear white or light gloves, whereas the dark linings so soon soil the gloves that it is generally silly to follow slavishly the fashion of wearing white gloves, especially if economy has to be consulted. As the church costume is emphatically a walking costume, heavy walking boots or boots of kid and patent leather are correct. The fancy dress boot or shoe is not then sensible or in good taste.—Harper's Bazaar.

Children and the Use of Money.

Two extremes have been taken by parents with regard to children's handling money. Some give their children all the money they want, while others never give their children a cent. In the first case the children grow up without any ideas of the value of a dollar, and are often obliged to learn later in life, through failure, the value of money. In the second case, as soon as the child reaches an age to earn anything, he wishes to enjoy the luxury and freedom of spending it as he chooses, and often does so with about the same result as in the first instance.

Neither method is wise nor just to the child. A great deal of his future happiness as well as that of those connected with him depends upon his ability to earn and manage an income. Whenever the child can earn money honorably, let him do so. Give him a certain amount of allowance. As soon as he is old enough, teach him to keep a little book account. Let him spend some of his money. He will make mistakes, of course, but better learn to use good judgment through a 5-cent mistake when a child than through a \$500 one when grown. Advise a child how to spend

it, but if possible make him feel that he is responsible for the result. Every time that he makes a poor bargain, let him suffer the natural consequences. Teach him system in finances. One of our wealthy men made it a rule to always lay by one-fifth of his income for a nest egg. A certain proportion should be given to benevolent and religious purposes.

By teaching a child honor and good judgment in the use of money, you teach him much that goes into the making of a good citizen.—Good Housekeeping.

Woman's Love of Jewels.

In all countries and in all ages women seem to have inherited a love for precious stones, says the Chicago Chronicle, and it is no wonder that these gems are popularly supposed to exercise some subtle magnetism that influences their nature. This inherent passion may account in a measure for the recent craze for some mascot jewel, a survival of medieval superstition. Upon impressionable people certain gems appear to wield a potent influence. Who has not listened to weird tales of some heirloom talisman, which, when lost or stolen, presaged the ruin of a noble house? A person with a vivid imagination might even believe in the theory of the Pythagoreans, who formulated the doctrine that inanimate things are endowed with souls. Certain evolutionists of today trace the origin of man back to stones, asserting that in their adamantite bosoms they contain the all-prevailing essence of spirit, and that the spark emitted from their crystalline hearts is the revelation of the imprisoned soul within.

From time immemorial jewels have served as propitiatory offerings at holy shrines, as tokens of amity from one crowned head to another, as mystic messages of affection between distant friends, as pledges of constancy exchanged between plighted lovers. Men have bled and died, kingdoms have crumbled, families have been rent asunder, husband and wife parted over the disputed possession of some coveted jewel. Perhaps poor Marie Antoinette of ill-starred memory might have kept her pretty head upon her shoulders had it not been for the unfortunate affair of the diamond necklace. Women in all ages have succumbed to the temptation of gems.

The College Girl.

The college life of American girls today is all and more than its best friends hoped for in the days when the higher education of women was still experimental. The girls who are now in Barnard, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe or Wellesley were in their cradles then. They have grown up since the days of alarm that college life would ruin the health and detract from the womanliness of women.

Modern college girls have been reared in good health, and in the spirit of outdoor life; bicycling, walking, swimming, tennis, rowing, basketball and gymnasium exercises are becoming more and more integral parts of their lives. They have never been called "tomboys," as outdoor girls used to be. More of them dance than formerly; girls from evangelical households also are allowed to dance by thousands nowadays, and this, too, is to their advantage. College girls may now spend their four years of study with increasing good health and strength, and also with increase of social grace and knowledge.

It is found by a comparison of customs in half a dozen of our leading colleges for women that even the hazing which is given the freshman is of a sort to straighten out any chance unsocial kinks they may have, and teach them the amenities of intercourse. This has been well described as "intellectual hazing," since it is rather by stings of words than more palpable means that correction is administered. The clubs and societies in the women's colleges all tend to fit a girl for the larger life of society when she leaves college, and in most of them there is much more dancing than would once have been thought academic. This is especially the case with the "co-eds" in universities for men.

The overwhelming courtesy of seniors, juniors and sophomores to freshmen in more than one of the women's colleges is a curious ordeal for a shy girl. She is made to feel at once by many attentions that she belongs to an important body social, and that only by swift rising to meet the demands upon her can she show her worthiness to enter into the life of the community. There are times when the spirit of class contest waxed warm in an interclass game of basketball or an interclass boat race. But in general the college spirit and the spirit of personal friendliness and good will are so strong that rivalry is consistently sportsmanlike.

In the same spirit as the gymnasium exercises the intellectual gymnastics are carried on. Girls make high jumps or swift dashes and go through ground and lofty tumbling, both mental and physical, with a simplicity, an incoherence, an utter absence of conceit nowadays; this was not quite true of the pioneers in the higher education for women. Life was more strenuous for them. The new girl thinks little or nothing of competition with men—a topic that occupied the thoughts of her forbears. Her place is made for her in the college world as completely as it was in the high school. She fills it with grace and strength and goes forth from it to meet the duties of life with trained faculties, with a lack of self-consciousness and immense potency for good.—New York Mail and Express.



FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Children's Nightwear.

Don't let the little ones sleep in cotton or linen night garments in winter. If you can't afford flannel make them some flannelette sleeping suits or night gowns. If you do this, have warm, light clothing on the beds and keep the windows open, whatever the weather. You will find that the little ones will very seldom be troubled by colds or coughs. A screen between the bed and window will prevent all danger from draft, but remember there is more draft from a slightly opened window than from one wide open, so don't be satisfied to have it open only a tiny chink.

Fancy Photograph Holders.

Fancy photograph holders may be made of carved wood or of pasteboard covered with embroidered pieces of linen. They are sometimes made of watercolor paper painted and mounted on a heavy foundation of wood or cardboard. Fancy silk or cretonne covers are easy to make, a ribbon bow at each end of the holder serving to ornament them. These holders consist of a back and front glued or sewed together below, so that the photographs may be inserted in the open space above. The edges are usually cut in symmetrically curved lines or scallops.

Moths in the Carpets.

It is of special importance to see that there are no moths in your carpets before they are put away in the spring, and also before they are re-laid in the fall. Should there be any doubt about it, lay a wet towel over the suspected place, cover it with a piece of heavy paper, press with a hot iron, and the steam will effectually destroy any eggs, larva or insects that have escaped notice. After the carpet is thoroughly cleaned and renovated roll and wrap in a tight cover. When it is to be put down again brush the edges of the floor with turpentine or coal oil, being sure to get in all the cracks. Sprinkle salt plentifully over the face of the carpet next to the washboards and on any edges that are to be turned under. From experience it has been found that salt effectively prevents the carpet from being eaten by moths, buffalo bugs or any such "varmints." It has no odor, does not discolor, is easily applied and is an excellent preventive.

Cleanliness in the Sick Room.

Even in the ordinarily well managed household, according to a physician, there is little idea of the perfect cleanliness that is required in the sick room. Old furniture, old paper on the walls, old carpets are sources of impurity and consequently dangerous to a marked degree. Sometimes the wall paper, while fresh and new in itself, has been put on over an old layer, thus providing an economical resort for germs. Old carpets are cleaned superficially with a broom, which at the same time scatters the dust through the air to settle on the furniture and pictures and to be wafted off into the air again by means of the feather duster. Old upholstered easy chairs or couches are bound to encourage disease, as is anything which provides a lurking place for dust. Descending to the kitchen, look well to the state of your dish rags. These should be washed and dried in the open air as religiously as if they were napkins or table cloths. A dish rag or cloth that does service day after day and is simply rinsed out after dish washing and hung up in the house till after the next meal is not safe. The good housekeeper rotates the dish cloths as well as the drying towels.—New York Sun.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Dough Cake—One pint of milk mixed over night, as for bread, but with the dough somewhat stiffer. In the morning mix thoroughly a pint of sugar and a pint of butter. Stir this well into the dough, and add three well beaten eggs, half a pint of stoned raisins, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and saleratus. Bake in a slow oven without further raising.

Turnip Souffle—Cook a quarter of a cupful of flour in a third of a cupful of melted butter; add slowly one-half pint of scalding milk, season with pepper and salt and cook until thick and smooth, then add one scant cupful of mashed turnips. Now add the beaten yolks of three eggs, then the whites beaten until stiff; turn into a buttered dish and bake, standing in a dish of hot water, for about 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

German Potato Salad—Prepare in a deep bowl a dressing of half a pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a large onion sliced thinly. Boil in their jackets eight good sized potatoes and while yet very hot skin and slice them rather thickly into the dressing. Celery, cut into quarter-inch dice, may be added if desired. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and parsley. The hot potatoes absorb the dressing, and being sliced thickly, they are not so apt to break in being mixed through the dressing.