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The bacillus of gout doubtless regards the germ of grip as a very common person.

Some of the scientists convey the impression that all one really needs to hold an off-hand conversation with Mars is a good, active imagination.

Lord Rosebery wants the "nation of shopkeepers" to send its young men abroad to learn how to keep shop. Talk about sending coals to Newcastle!

Maximite is the name of a new explosive, which throws projectiles through seven inches of Harveyized steel plate. It is now up to the plate makers again.

Among the latest cures are glycerophosphate of sodium for old age, decomposed light for consumption and electricity for various other ailments. And still not one ray of hope for the victim of the soft corn.

The titled aristocracy of the Old World are singularly indifferent to the opportunities presented to them of marrying some of the American servant girls who are acquiring fortunes by inheritance from the estates of rich European relatives.

Sam Lewis, late of London, may have been a heartless Shylock while he lived, but his will is certainly a benevolent document, with its bequests of \$4,750,000 to charities and hospitals, nearly half of it to "provide dwellings for the poor of all creeds."

The Galveston News remarks that we have been so kind to criminals that the kindness amounts in many cases to downright cruelty. By overgenerous treatment in the court houses scores of men have been led to take their chances of acquittal and glory.

In 1816 the first savings bank was established in the United States. In 1820 there were 10 banks of this class, with \$635 depositors. In 1899 there were 942 savings banks, with 5,678,000 depositors and deposits to the amount of \$2,230,000,000.

A night operator in a signal box of a southern railroad slept at his post and thus failed to transmit a regular signal which would have sent an express train crashing full speed into a siding. This young man is a chump if he does not claim a case of supernatural hypnotization, while the company are puzzling over what to do to him.

The Italian army has made an effort to recover its military prestige in China. The other day the commanding officer reported a brilliant victory over the rebels. On investigation it was found that he had fallen in with a body of Chinese soldiers, who ran away at once. They were pursued with great dash and gallantry and cut to pieces. Hence the laurels.

Winston Churchill, the English war correspondent, says that after careful study of many nations he has concluded that the distinguishing characteristic of English speaking people as compared with other white races is that they wash and wash at regular intervals. "England and America," he says, "are divided by an ocean of salt water, but they are united by a bath tub of soap and fresh water."

**Portugal a Dog in the Manger.**  
In the 500 years in which he has claimed the shore line of East Africa from south of Lorenzo Marques to north of Mozambique, and many hundreds of miles inland, the Portuguese has been the dog in the manger among nations. In all that time he has done nothing to help the land or the people which he pretends to protect, and he keeps those who would improve both from gaining any hold or influence over either. His strip of land is still unscathed and unspoiled, its people undeveloped, its people unimproved—The Manger's Magazine.

## THE STORY OF A LOVE STORY.

By Henry Irving Dodge.

"Hello, Mr. Writer-man."  
"Hello, editor."  
"What have you got for us today?"  
"My opinion in the case."  
"What case?"  
"Don't you remember? The other day you said you had received a story that was so good that it was good, and that you were half inclined to print it as a sample of the stuff you receive daily and are actually expected to publish. You asked me what I thought of the scheme—"

The writer-man paused.  
"Well?" interrogatively.  
"Well, I've embodied my opinion in a story. Here it is."

The red-faced man with the yellow mustache and blue eyes put a tanned hand into an inner pocket, drew out a manuscript and handed it to the elegantly groomed Harvard man at the desk.  
"Read it," he said.  
Mansfield settled himself comfortably and read.

### "The Story of a Love Story."

Once upon a time there was a brilliant editor of a famous magazine; there was also a writer-man whom the editor liked and whose stories he hated to reject; but the safety of the magazine demanded it. It happened one day that the editor was sore perplexed about a matter, and he called the writer-man in to help him out.

"Briggs," said he, "I have a story that is so bad that it is good. It is a splendid specimen of the 'rot' that is sent us. I want to use it as a sample of the sort of thing we get—of the drivel we are expected to publish—it's a love story."

"Has it no uplifting cynicism to redeem it?" asked Briggs sarcastically.

"No, it's sheer flubdub, balderdash, food for fools."

"Who wrote it? Some foolish old woman, I suppose?"

"No," he replied; "a young woman wrote it—a school teacher."

"Young, beautiful and a school teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see the story. Ah, it has two good traits—it's beautifully typewritten and it smells of roses." After a few minutes he handed the story back with a weary smile. He pondered a moment, then his face brightened.

"How do you know she's young?" he asked. The editor unlocked a private drawer.

"She wrote me a short letter giving a sketch of her life, and telling me how she came to write the story. I wish the letter were longer—I'd publish it instead of the other. It's intensely interesting. It seems she has suffered the same as the rest of us. She also sent her photograph; here it is. Imagine that face associated with such rot. It seems a sacrilege."

"Horrible," commented Briggs solemnly.

"She lives in B—ville, Texas," continued the editor.

"How shall you arrange with her?" asked Briggs. "You must, of course, give your reason for publishing the story. I shouldn't feel greatly flattered if you were to use any of my stuff for such a scheme as that. It's brutal."

"I know it is. But there is such fierce competition between us editors that we must employ eccentric methods when we fall of original."

"You must even descend to the breaking of a girl's heart," said Briggs. Hamilton flushed. "I am not going to publish her name, and I'll pay her as much as I would Howells or Kipling."

Briggs smiled. "My dear boy, you might as well try to console a mother for the loss of her child by telling her that no one would know it was hers that died. It's not the world she cares for—it's her pet, and she'll mourn over it all the more on account of its friendlessness. You don't know women, but you should know authors. An author's story may be deformed, ugly, even idiotic, but you can no more reason him into seeing its unloveliness than you can convince a mother of the ugliness of her child."

"Don't lecture," exclaimed Hamilton; "give me an answer—yes, or no. Shall I publish it as a terrible example?"

"Yes," said Briggs.  
Hamilton laughed. "Well, if you're not the most inconsistent fellow I ever saw. I thought you were trying some of your eccentric logic on me. Come to lunch."

Six months later Hamilton steamed into St. Louis en route to California; he was to stop over for two days. The first afternoon of his stay in that city brought him a brief note, which bore the official mark of a hospital, and was signed by one of the doctors, and marked "private." It ran:

"Dear Mr. Hamilton:  
"We have here a most curious case of melancholy—of slow heart-break. The case is that of a young woman. A most interesting feature of the affair is that the patient was thrown into the greatest excitement by the reading of your name in the 'hotel arrivals' in this morning's paper. Perhaps you will be interested to see her, although I've no doubt her trouble is a mere hallucination."

"Yours truly,  
"Sprague, M. D."

Two hours later the young doctor received Hamilton's card. The men shook hands, and then, without any preliminaries, Hamilton said:  
"Dr. Sprague, I want to see the young woman who showed such alarm at the mention of my name."

"Nothing easier, sir," replied the doctor, taking his visitor's measure with a glance. "I'll show you it was, as I said, a mere hallucination. I suspect she will have forgotten you by this time." Then, leading the way to a remote corner of the room, he drew aside a curtain and said quietly: "Miss Marguerite."

"Come in," said the girl in a low, musical voice and marked southern accent.  
A mellow "half light" filled the apartment.

"I've a visitor."  
The splendid Harvard man stood at the doctor's side and slightly to the rear. From his eyes there shone a great compassion.

"This is Mr. Hamilton." A cry of alarm came from the pillows.  
Hamilton approached the bed.

"Won't you tell me why my name alarms you so?" he asked tenderly. She looked at him for what seemed an interminable period, then she said, half to herself:

"How could a man with a face like that do such a thing?"

At this the doctor would have withdrawn, but Hamilton, with a motion of the hand, detained him.

"Do what?" Hamilton asked.  
"I heard you say, doctor," the girl went on, "it was an hallucination; but here—read this!" She fumbled under her pillow, drew out a sealed envelope and handed it to Hamilton. "I didn't intend that should be opened until my death, but I think you, of all men, should see it."

Hamilton broke the seal and read. The doctor watching him saw a look of the keenest pain come to him.

The contents of the envelope had fallen from Hamilton's hand. They were simply a letter and a clipping. The doctor picked them up and handed them to the girl, but she gave him back the letter and said quietly, "Read it."

It ran:

Dear Miss Wentworth:  
"Your story, 'His One Love,' has been favorably considered by us. We want you to let us publish it anonymously, or under a nom de plume. It suits our purpose so well that I shall pay you 'Kipling prices' for it. Inclosed please find check for \$100. I trust you will find this fair compensation."

Yours, Truly,  
"John Ray Hamilton, Editor."

The doctor folded the letter, and as the girl took it she said:

"When I received that my dream of happiness was realized. I did not mind their publishing it anonymously. It has my idol. I did not care for fame, but I had labored—oh! so long—over that story. But, like most women, I couldn't keep it to myself. I had to tell all my friends that my story had been accepted by the leading New York magazine. I showed them all this letter, and I was fairly lionized by the simple village folks. I was pointed out as the young literary woman of the state, and some even said I would be a great novelist. Well, finally the magazine came."

Hamilton groaned.  
"Everybody in the village had ordered one, and Bill Morrison, the stage driver, handed them around; but he didn't make any comment. He seemed in a hurry to get away as soon as he gave me mine, and when I called after him and asked if he had read my story and weren't going to congratulate me on it, he seemed not to hear me, but turned so quickly away that I was alarmed. He had read my story, though, and this is what he heard at the top of it!"

Hamilton raised his hand in a deprecating manner.  
The doctor took the slip. It read as follows:

"For a long time we have been on the lookout for the most worthless story possible, in order to give our readers an idea of the kind of rubbish we receive, and have selected this as the one."

The doctor stood with the slip in his hand. The girl watched his face as he read, then she said:

"A whole world, no doubt, laughed at the brilliant editor's sarcasm. All but a lone, little village in the backwoods of Texas. There were a dozen men there who would gladly have gone to New York and shot that editor, but I begged them not to do so. I was dreadfully ashamed. I could hardly look my own mother in the face. And after all the hopes they had built on me, too. They loved me, and pitied me, so; but when their compassion became greater than I could bear I crept away alone—alone with my broken heart—to die here. I hadn't done anything to deserve it, either. I had just worked at my story, dreaming of fame; and when it was ready I copied it so neatly, and didn't roll it or fold it, but put it between two pieces of pasteboard, and then posted it myself. And I waited so long, and then the editor's letter came. And oh! the joy of it. And then—and then—oh! the tragedy, the cruelty of it all!"

She broke into a violent fit of sobbing. At this Hamilton groaned and turned away.

"I have only one thing to say," said the girl softly. "I thank God for giving me the chance to tell you that I forgive you."

A sound like the faint echo of a zephyr escaped her; then a great stillness followed. The doctor moved nearer to the bed. He bent down and

looked at the girl; then he touched Hamilton gently on the shoulder.

"Come," he said.  
"No," said Hamilton, "not till I tell her how I feel, what I will try to do, what—"

"Your words will have to go to heaven to reach her," replied the doctor. The story ended abruptly.

Mansfield turned the page.  
"Where's the rest of it?" he asked of the writer-man with the red face and yellow mustache.

"There isn't any 'rest,'" answered the writer-man.  
"But it hasn't any ending to it."  
"It has a very logical ending."

"But you didn't give that brute, Hamilton, a chance to do anything for the girl—to make amends."

"There wouldn't be any moral to it if I did," replied Webb.  
"And I'm afraid the readers would be disappointed with the way it ends," continued Mansfield.

After a pause the writer-man said: "What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, but I shan't publish it the way it ends—or rather, doesn't end."

"What good is it to you, then?"  
The editor put his hand affectionately on the writer-man's arm:

"My dear boy, you have saved me from doing a mean thing, a low down mean thing. I couldn't find it in my heart now to use the Jencks girl's story in the way I intended. Just think, it might have broken her heart. Thank heavens, man, you have saved her and me."

He pressed a button.  
"Ask the cashier to make a check for Mr. Webb for \$100," he said to the boy who appeared in response to the summons. When the check was brought in Webb folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Come to lunch with me," he said. The brilliant editor rose and put on his hat. At that moment the boy appeared with a card. The editor read it:

"Serena Jencks, Galveston."  
He handed the card to the writer-man, then turned to the boy.

"Show the lady in. Stay where you are, Webb. Then he added: "A good chance to see the girl."

Webb chuckled.  
A tall slender girl appeared. She had large brown eyes and red lips. Her hands were not small, but were well gloved, and she dressed in good style—not New York style. She held out her hand freely to the editor, and he shook it heartily and then presented Webb.

"I am just off the steamer," exclaimed Miss Jencks in an effusive way, "and the first thing I did was to call to learn the fate of my story."

There was a freshness and innocence about the young woman that amused the editor. After a few minutes' general conversation, she said:

"Now tell me all about my story—are you going to print it?"

The editor blushed, reflected a minute, then said:

"It is an amusing story, but, to be candid, it is hardly up to our standard."

"In other words," she interrupted, "it isn't good enough."

"Well, if you like to put it that way—yes."

Miss Jencks leaned both of her dainty elbows on the table, and looked the editor straight in the eyes for a moment.

"Well, then, is it bad enough?"  
The editor and writer-man exchanged quick and significant glances. Here was an opportunity the Harvard man had not looked for.

"I don't know. Perhaps if I were to put our friend, Webb here, to revise it, he might make it bad enough."

She laughed.  
"Well, then, what will you pay me if I let you publish it as an awful example?"

"One hundred dollars."  
"It's yours."

"But even though we publish the story with a pen name, will not some of your friends recognize it and so cause you mortification?"

Miss Jencks chuckled sweetly. "You don't suppose I was fool enough to let any of my friends know I wrote a love story, do you?"

The writer-man and the editor looked at each other calmly.—New York Independent.

**A Real Prairie Schooner.**  
A real prairie schooner was that described by F. W. Myer of Bonney, Brazoria county, as he sat in the rotunda of the Capitol hotel, Houston, Tex. In speaking of it he said: "You couldn't call it an automobile, but a windmobile, because it is propelled over the prairies by the wind. A trial trip was made a couple of days ago, and it proved a decided success. It was made up of two pair of wheels, the larger pair being in front and the smaller in the rear. A board platform made the floor upon which the occupants stood or sat. A 16-foot sail was planted in the front part of the platform and through skillful manipulation the vehicle was enabled to travel in any direction except straight against the wind. The prairie road over which it traveled was not an exceptionally smooth one, but furnished a surface that enabled it to move with celerity. It carried six men on the trip. The result was so satisfactory that others will be built. The speed at times was 10 or 15 miles an hour."—Dallas News.

**Or Pretends To.**  
Little Willie (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, what is a sage?  
Mr. Henry Peck—A sage, my son, is a man who always agrees with his wife.—Judge.

## FOODS OF THE FILIPINO.

THE GRASSHOPPER THE MOST COMMON ARTICLE OF DIET.

**Catching the Insects Proves a Profitable Business in the Philippines—Selling for Two Dollars a Bushel—Moths a Dainty Dish—The Horrible Bat is Often Eaten.**

Some interesting information may be given concerning the way in which the Filipino makes up a good dinner at low cost, writes George D. Rice. Probably the most common article of food that would not be desired by Americans or others than the Filipinos is the grasshopper. In these islands the grasshoppers not only grow in great numbers, but the size of the insect in large.

The mode of catching the grasshoppers in the Philippines is interesting. There are always two or three bellboys stationed in the towers of the big church of each city, town or barrio of the Philippine group, these boys being there for the purpose of sounding the various bells. There are certain strokes for funerals, others for births, and at present there are signals for the approach of an army. These boys in the tower keep a sharp lookout for indications of the approach of grasshopper swarms. During the hopper season they are particularly active, and announce the approach of the swarms as soon as seen, for the grasshoppers often merely pass over a town, but usually low enough to permit the natives to catch many of them.

As soon as the bellboys see that there are some scattering grasshoppers in the air, as an advance guard to the main body, they sound the hopper signals on the bells and hundreds of expert grasshopper catchers with their nets turn out.

There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This is a large butterfly net, arranged with netting placed over a hoop, and to the latter is fixed a long handle. The native takes this handle and with the mouth of the net toward the grasshoppers he rushes forth, bagging considerable numbers at each run. The grasshoppers always go in swarms, except the advance guard and the stragglers, and if anything occurs to disturb their flight they get confused and tumble into bags readily or fall into the open mouths of nets. They fly so closely that they cannot well escape, as when they turn slightly out of their course they come into contact with other grasshoppers next to them.

Grasshopper catching is a profitable business in the Philippines. Grasshoppers sell at \$2 per sack, gold, in the larger cities of the islands, where the people do not have a chance to get the insects in the fields. The sacks of the islands hold about a bushel. The grasshopper is a regular article in the markets for the entire year, as after drying out the hopper can be kept indefinitely. It is in the operation of drying that the grasshopper is made eatable. I never saw a native eat a green grasshopper, but I have seen them eat the dried ones by the pocketful on the street or in company at entertainments, and by the dishful at the table at their homes. Your correspondent has tried the prepared grasshopper, and has experienced no serious result. The hopper is first so thoroughly dried out in the heat of the sun or in the bake oven that there is nothing left that is really objectionable, and a nice, crispy article of food results. This tastes sweet of itself, and something like ginger snaps. The natives usually sweeten the grasshoppers more by using a sprinkling of brown sugar. Then the confectioners make up grasshopper with sugar, chocolate trimmings and colored candies in such a way that a nice tasting piece of confectionery is obtained.

The housewife of the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing before you a nice grasshopper pie or cake. The grasshopper pie is the most wonderful dish, as the big hoppers are prepared in such a way that they do not lose their form or any of their parts. Care is taken to keep the grasshoppers intact, and they are artistically arranged on the top crust of the pie, while on the interior are some of the broken hoppers mixed with special foods. The grasshopper cake has the grasshoppers sprinkled through it, and resembles plum or raisin cake.

In some sections of the islands the natives grind the crispy hoppers into a fine powder, and this powder is used for making articles of food, and in some places it is reduced to liquid form and taken as an article of drink.

Another article of food which is relished by the natives is procured by collecting large quantities of moths from the rocks of the mountainous regions. In several spots in the mountains in Panay and other islands of the southern portion of the Philippine group I saw moths existing so thickly in the rocky tissues that they could be scraped off into buckets by the quart.

The moths seemed to mass in the crevices and there hang. One could get a barrel of the moths in a very short while. The natives have not failed to investigate the worth of the moth as an article of food, and they use the insect in large quantities.

The horrible bat of the islands, which here grows in many cases to the size of the American chicken hawk, is also eaten in some sections of the Philippines. The best classes of natives, however, do not care to eat the bats. The mode of catching the bats is peculiar. The cities, towns and barrios of all of the islands of the Philippine group are quite overrun with bats, which fly through the streets at night in large numbers. They fly slowly and seem incapable of dodging articles in their path. There-

fore, the native takes a long pole, puts a sort of combination hooked arrangement at the top and takes position in a street, and with the pole held erect waits for bats to come along and bump into the hooked portion. As the native sees a bat coming he plans to have the hook in its path, and as he moves the pole, so as to bring the hook into contact with the head of the bat, the latter usually strikes it with a bang and drops to the earth stunned, when the native proceeds to promptly put the bat to death. After standing in his position for an hour or more, the native has a little pile of bats at his feet. These he takes to the market the next day and receives about two cents each for them. The bats are eaten only in small part. The wings, head, and, in fact, all but a small portion of each side is thrown to waste.—Scientific American.

## ECCENTRIC CHRISTENING GIFTS.

**How a Bachelor Relative Paid a Smart Young Father Back.**

The conventional piece of plate with which the baby at its baptism is usually dowered was a few months back bestowed upon the infant son of a Liverpoolian in the shape of a quart tankard embellished with an inscription to the effect that, as doubtless the recipient would in due course inherit the bibulous propensity of his sire, the accompanying gift would undoubtedly, unlike most christening presents, prove useful. The aforesaid sire, however, took the matter in ill part, and there is now a coolness between the parties.

The present high price of coals is asserting itself in many curious ways. Only last month, on the occasion of a christening in a South London suburb, the child was presented by his sponsor with a ton of best coal as the most costly gift it was in its donor's power to bestow.

It was geniality that prompted the action of a certain gourmet who, on the occasion of his godchild's baptism, presented him with a thin volume, elegantly bound in morocco, containing a number of his favorite recipes, which he had caused to be printed for this special purpose, with the remark that one could not begin too young to study and practice the niceties of the culinary art. As, however, this strange gift was accompanied by a very handsome check, the parents smiled graciously upon the eccentric bon vivant.

When you are seeking a sponsor for your child don't select one with a hobby. Such is the opinion, formed from sad experience, of a Devonshire father, who a few years back rashly asked his cousin, an enthusiastic naturalist just returned from the East, to act in that capacity. In due course his relative arrived, and with him, as a gift for his godchild, a large box containing a carefully selected sample of venomous reptiles! At once a general stampede took place, the father alone screwing up sufficient courage to remain and reproach his cousin, who, after a somewhat stormy scene, left the house with his present.

At a conjuring entertainment given for the benefit of his family and friends a certain Mr. Z— was immensely jocular and witty at the expense of an elderly bachelor relation, from whose hat he produced a heterogeneous assortment of articles. Two years later Mr. Z— asked this same relation to stand godfather to his infant daughter.

The relation consented, but what was the fond father's chagrin when he produced, not the costly gift that was expected of him, but the very hat which two winter back had been, in the hands of the amateur conjurer, a veritable cornucopia, remarking at the same time that, as he really did not know what to give, he thought he had better hand over the wonder-working hat to the father and let him make his own selection therefrom. And with a chuckle he left the house.—Tit-Bits.

**President Diaz's Activity.**

Powell Clayton, ambassador to Mexico, on a recent visit to Washington, told a story illustrative of President Diaz's activity, in spite of his years. In company with the president, the ambassador visited the Mexican military academy. It happened to be the hour of exercise, and many cadets were engaged in the gymnasium. Ropes-climbing was one of the exercises. From rings in the timbers of the roof, 40 feet above the ground, ropes were suspended and up these the cadets climbed, using only their hands to raise and maintain themselves. President Diaz and Ambassador Clayton looked on for a few moments, and then, to the astonishment of the American, the president of Mexico stripped off his coat, took hold of one of the ropes, and went up, hand over hand, to the top as nimbly as any of the cadets.

**Kept His Heart Out of the Way.**

A private in the Dublin fusiliers, who collected a quite surprising number of bullets in his body, and is even more bored by inquisitive visitors to the Mooi River hospital, was assailed by a pompous legislator from Cape Town. He warily described his wounds. Two bullets through his helmet, one in his shoulder, another in his "fut," and two explosive bullets through his left breast. "It's a wonder you weren't killed," said the legislator; "they must have passed perilously near the region of the heart."

"They did that, indeed," said the fusilier, "but I was right enough, for sure my heart was in my mouth for safety."—London Chronicle.

The Indian name of the Charles river at Boston was Mis-sha-um, which meant great highway.