

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 25¢ 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 receive prompt attention.
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 renews 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.

In Europe there continues to be considerable discussion of the exhaustion of forest resources. A late review of the wood imports and exports of France and other countries, in the *Revue Scientifique*, leads to the conclusion that a wood famine is soon coming. The problem is less acute in the United States, where reforestation is urged chiefly for climatic purposes, but the prospect of a wood famine has been considered even here.

The Philadelphia Medical Journal declares that "it requires no mathematician to discover that the shiftless, the thriftless, the indigent poor—the class which produces relatively the greater number of criminals and paupers, if not of the mentally deficient—is increasing out of all proportion to the thrifty, the well-to-do—the class which produces relatively few of the paupers and criminals."

The fourth census of the Dominion of Canada is to be taken soon, beginning the first week in April next. It is expected to be completed within a month. Besides the enumeration of the people, industrial and other statistics will be compiled as in the United States. In the United Kingdom the census is supposed to be taken in one day, but no attempt is made to do more than secure a count of the population.

A Massachusetts leather man predicts an easing down of the price of sole leather very soon, on account of the invention of a New England genius. Sole leather grows on beasts in very limited quantities, and it is hard to get enough of it. The invention is to use leather scraps of all sorts for the manufacture of good, serviceable sole leather. The scraps are worthless for all practical purposes, and generally rot in the streets and alleys. But a machine has been devised that tears them into shreds and makes them into pulp, which is run out under great pressure in continuous sheets of good sole leather. A fall in the price of sole leather is predicted as the result of this discovery of a way to use the scraps.

If there were no such things in the world as time locks, the Presbyterian church at Mount Joy, Penn., would be \$8700 richer than it is. The story is queer, and therefore interesting. The Rev. David Conway, while pastor of the church in question, was thrown from his carriage in May, 1899, and received injuries which soon caused his death. When he realized that his end was near, Mr. Conway sent for a lawyer and made his will, giving, among other bequests, \$5000 to his church. He was at once told that such a bequest, if made within 30 days before death, was invalid, so he signed an order directing the Mount Joy National bank to turn over to H. W. Hartman, a member of the congregation, bonds to the value of \$8700, which he had on deposit, and these Mr. Hartman was to transfer to the church. Mr. Hartman immediately endeavored to get the securities, but the bank vaults were protected by a time lock, and they could not be opened until the next morning. Mr. Conway died in the night, while the vault doors were still immovable, and consequently, though the bank gave the bonds to Mr. Hartman as soon as it could, he was forced to hold them until a legal decision as to their proper disposition could be secured. The decision has just been rendered, and it is that the securities must be added to Mr. Conway's estate and divided according to the valid provisions of his will. The Presbyterian church naturally regards the case as a hard one, and its elders have their doubts whether time locks are to be numbered among the valuable inventions of the age.

JUST A LITTLE SONG.

Just a little song, dear,
When the heart is gay;
Just a lifting measure
In the lonesome day;
Just a thread of melody
On the weary way.
Just a little song, dear,
When the burden binds;
Just a snatch of music
When the toiler finds
Life a little weary,
And the day's work grinds.
—Collier's Weekly.

THE BEGINNING OF A LOVE STORY.

Queer Mistake Which Brought About Happy Results.

It was just 4 o'clock in the morning when Miss Clarissa Steel crept quietly down stairs and out at the side door. She stood for a moment on the broad stone step and took a long, free breath, then she went down the gravel walk into the street. She turned away from the village, and, as if with a definite object in view, walked swiftly toward the fields and hills to the north.
It was only since April that Elmville had taken a lively interest in birds. It had known vaguely that there were birds within its borders—English sparrows, an oriole or two, and out in the country crows, perhaps a few jays. This limited ornithological knowledge had satisfied Elmville, and when it heard that in Boston it was the thing to rise early, take one's opera glasses and go "birding" it had smiled indulgently. That, however, was two years ago and Elmville was 200 miles from Boston. A hundred miles a year was quite fast enough for a fad to travel toward Elmville, but when it finally arrived it was received with enthusiasm.
The little village suddenly awoke to the fact that there were birds in its trees of which it had never dreamed, and birds in its fields and pastures whose very names it had never heard. It began to talk wisely of vireos and warblers, redstarts and flickers. Quiet folk who had known of birds all their lives suddenly found themselves in great demand. This popularity might have turned their heads had it lasted long enough, but when it was discovered that there were questions which they could not answer they were promptly made to know their proper place and to feel like impostors who have been found out.
The newly aroused interest in birds took different forms. There were some who made up parties and took long walks in the woods, where they talked and laughed so loudly that all the birds fled before them. This class enjoyed the bird walks greatly and went every week. Then there was young Mrs. Goodnow, who had seen more birds than any one else in town, but who could not tell the song of a rose-breasted grosbeak from that of a cuckoo, declaring naively that she did not care anything about the noises the birds made. Others wondered how she could know so many birds when she did not have her ears to help her, but she had a very fine pair of field glasses and unlimited time. There were the two elder Misses Steele, who contented themselves with looking from windows into the tops of the elm and maple trees which grew about their home, and there was their sister Clarissa, who on this beautiful June morning, was out in the country at a little after 4.

It was 7 when she walked up the path to the side door. She was tired and very hungry, but she was also happy and had a quantity of bird news to tell her sisters. Breakfast was ready and a delicious odor of hot coffee came out to her through the screen door, and she went in eagerly. She hung her hat in the entry, then passed on to the dining room.
Usually she greeted her sisters with a cheery good morning, but this time she had hardly crossed the threshold before she was aware that something was wrong. A quick glance at Elinor and Caroline showed her that it must be something very wrong indeed. Her heart began to beat faster and all the happiness seemed suddenly to have gone out of the morning. She looked timidly at her sisters and they stared at her in stony silence.
"What is the matter?" she asked, tremulously.
"I should not think you would need to ask that question, Clarissa Maria," Elinor said in a hollow voice.
"No, I should not think so," echoed Caroline.
Now it was only about once in three years that she did anything bad enough for them to call her Clarissa Maria, and at that moment she felt that life was too full of bitterness to be borne. She sank weakly down in a chair and waited.

"To think," began Caroline, in a tone of sadness and reproach, "to think that you should disgrace us, and not only us, but the good name of our family, by making your pretended interest in birds an excuse for going out mornings and carrying on a flirtation."
"A scandalous flirtation," interrupted Elinor.
"Yes, a scandalous flirtation with Deacon Upton."
Clarissa started to her feet with a little cry, "I-I never did," she gasped, while the color rose in her face.
"You saw him this morning," Elinor said, "and you know, though I don't deny that, I suppose, though I don't know," and Caroline shuddered.
"Yes," said Clarissa, eagerly. "I did see him. It was down in Mr. Ames'

TUNING A PIPE ORGAN.

It Takes Two or Three Days and Is a Nerve Trying Job.
The misuse which many pipe organs suffer is a wonder to me," said a veteran organ tuner and builder. "Church organs cost from \$1000 to \$19,000. They are very sensitive to changes of temperature and yet many are heated and chilled once a week all winter and allowed to get damp soaked in summer. The same people who neglect an organ will take good care of a piano costing a tenth of twentieth as much."
"An organ is a good deal like a human being when it comes to changes of temperature. Sudden drops put a man out of tune and it's the same with the instrument. It needs an even, moderate temperature during the winter instead of a roasting on Sunday and a freezing the rest of the week. In summer a stone or brick church gets damp. A slight fire once a week will keep the organ dry."

"A pipe organ requires tuning at least once a year and the best instruments are looked over two or three times in that period. It is a two or three days' job and needs two men. Besides the tuner up in the organ an assistant must be at the keyboard to hold down the keys. Temperature has to be considered even in tuning. All the pipes must be brought to pitch at about the same degree and this degree, should be that which the organ usually has when in use."
"I believe that pipe organ tuning is the most nervous work one can tackle. In fact, after long experience I have come to believe that I tune with my nerves. No, I don't refer to the nerves of hearing; I get my impressions that way, but I tune with my nervous system. My assistant strikes a chord. If it is not true I feel a nervous stress and strain. As soon as the chord is true my nerves become harmonious too. It sounds funny, but it's so."
"Two or three days may seem like a long time to take to tune an organ, but when you stop to think of the 1700 pipes in a large modern instrument it isn't so long. A large organ will have a compass of five octaves or 61 keys. These instruments have 28 registers and a pipe to each key and register brings the number to 1708. Not every key and register has a pipe, but as some have two it amounts to that. The pipes are of all sorts and sizes, most of them wood but many of metal. A small number of the large and long wooden pipes never get out of tune. They are too long. For many years the fancy pipes at the front of an organ were only ornamental, but nowadays these sound as well."

"I find that pipe tuning is a mystery to most people. They can understand how the piano strings are tightened and loosened. But changes in the pitch of pipes queer them. It isn't strange either, for the average organ has five kinds of tuning. Of course, the pitch depends on the length of the pipe. The pitch may be raised by shortening the pipe or by stopping the open end. A number of wooden pipes are stopped by wooden slides. Handles are attached and the pipe is tuned by moving the slide up or down. Other woods have set in the top a piece of metal which is rolled or bent over partially to stop the pipe.
"Ribbon strips are cut in the sides of the tall metal pipes and rolled down. These break the column of air and act the same as cutting off the top of the pipe. Another kind of pipes, the reeds, are on a different principal. The length of the reed controls the pitch. A wire presses tightly against the reed and is moved to lengthen or shorten the vibrating length."

The Psychology of Pity.
A recent study of the emotion of pity has been made by Professor G. Stanley Hall and F. H. Saunders by means of a set of questions distributed among a number of school children and adults. It was found that hunger in some form seemed to be that which excited the deepest pity in most of those questioned, and in the case of the poorer children this proved to be almost invariably the case. "The children of the poor who know what hunger is in their own experience have far quicker and more effective sympathies in the direction of pity for the starving than children who have never felt the pangs of appetite themselves. Most people in civilized life know almost nothing of the very poignant suffering due to lack of food, and adults have little conception of the pain and distress which children feel from hunger. With the young it is very definite, sharp and localized distress that may rise to the intensity of agony and anguish. At its strongest it may call out all the forces of the struggle for survival and prompt the best children or adults to theft, petty of great, to forceful robbery and to mutual slaughter and cannibalism. When we reflect that the great majority of animals find their grave in the struggle for survival, and that the struggle for survival has been largely for food, we can understand that it speaks well for the race that pity in this field, even for those of an alien race and at a great distance, who suffer from famine, is so effective. To feed the hungry is one of the primal works of charity, and a virtue without its own benison."

The Satisfaction in It.
"I wonder why Kaleace put all his savings under his pillow every night?" "Reckon he wants people to know that he has enough money to retire on."—Philadelphia Record.

A Friday Superstition.

A row of paupers' houses, very neatly designed, has just been erected at Aharaele. Mr. Rudd of Ardnamurchan having advanced a considerable sum for building purposes to the parish council on easy terms. Accommodation is provided for 10 persons. A few days ago Mr. H. McPherson, inspector of the poor, visited Aharaele in order to superintend the removal of the 10 selected female paupers to the new cottages. They all occupied houses which were in a wretched state of disrepair, yet each of them resolutely and peremptorily refused to "fit." In vain did the inspector dilate on the increased comfort and conveniences to be enjoyed in the new dwellings. The aged dames were invincible proof against all argument—nor did threats of compulsion and sheriff's warrants have any terror for them. At length it was elicited that the disinclination to remove was based simply on superstition. The day of the week happened to be Friday, and it appears that to change quarters on that particular day constitutes a gross and wanton violation of all the canons governing highland "fitting." On discovering that the perversity manifested by the old women was mainly attributable to "conscientious scruples," the inspector at once agreed to humor them, and the removals were postponed until the following day, when they were accomplished without any opposition or demur.—The Scotsman

Wonderful Career

The Meteoric Rise of Charles M. Hays

Few men in the whole wide world draw a bigger annual salary than Charles M. Hays, the successor of the late Collis P. Huntington, as president of the Southern Pacific railroad. President McKinley gets \$50,000 a year and Charles M. Hays gets \$5,000 more.
Twenty-seven years ago, at the age of 19, Charles M. Hays was a clerk in the San Francisco railroad offices in St. Louis with a salary of \$40 a month. A few weeks ago Mr. Hays, now in his 46th year, became president of the Southern Pacific railway, the second largest in the world.
Mr. Hays was 19 years old when he became a clerk in the St. Louis freight

office of the old Atlantic & Pacific railroad, now the Frisco. He was a native of Rock Island, Ill. He entered the St. Louis office in November of 1873. He began pushing himself the day he went to work. In March of the following year he had pushed himself into a place in the auditor's office, which paid \$50 a month. Next he became a clerk in the superintendent's office and in 1883 secretary to the general manager. In two years he was assistant general manager at a salary of \$200 a month. A year later he became the general manager of the Wash-bash himself, and his salary, which always keeps abreast with the man, went up to \$12,000 a year. He continued in this position six years at a salary of \$12,000 a year, and the Wash-bash system manager much in demand

by railroads which needed men such as the Wash-bash had found in its hour of need. Among these roads was the Grand Trunk. The Grand Trunk people sent to St. Louis for Mr. Hays. They offered to give him a salary of \$25,000 a year if he would come, and he made a contract with them to serve as general manager five years at this salary.
The eyes of railroad men followed Mr. Hays to the Grand Trunk. His genius for results likewise followed him there. Within three years he had become so valuable to the road that it broke the conditions of its contract with Mr. Hays and increased his salary to \$35,000 a year.
When Collis P. Huntington died the Southern Pacific railroad was without a president and the office was offered to Mr. Hays, who accepted it.

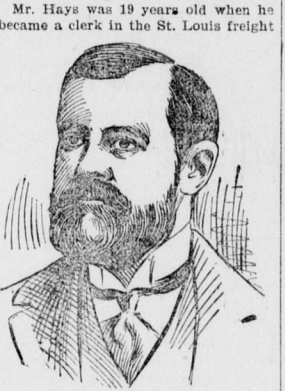
TERMS MEAN LITTLE.

Names of Articles in Common Use That Carry Misconceptions.

The following are a few mistaken terms which mean anything but what they seem to mean: Cayenne pepper, for instance, is prepared not from a pepper plant, but from capsicum. Jerusalem artichokes do not come from the Holy Land. Turkeys do not come from Turkey. The bird is a native of America. Camel's hair brushes are made from the soft, bushy tail of the common squirrel. German silver is not silver at all, but an alloy of various baser metals, which was invented in China and used there for centuries. An injustice is done to Germany in calling the cheap, but useful, wooden-cased clocks she has so long produced Dutch. The mistake arises from the German word for German—"Deutsch." Cork legs are not constructed of cork—neither did they come from the city of that name. The usual material for a cork leg is weeping willow, covered with rawhide. People with or without cork legs sometimes pride themselves they are wearing porpoise hide boots. So-called porpoise hide is in reality the skin of the white whale. Irish stew is not Irish, but an English dish; and Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in Russia. Cleopatra's needle has nothing to do with Cleopatra, but was set up about 1,000 years before that lady was born.

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Among the five refugees who arrived in this country from South Africa the early part of the week, the first Boer fighting man ever seen here, was a youth of 16, C. G. Snyman, son of one of the members of the party. This youngster was the hero of Gen. De Wet's division during the war. He was little more than 15 years old when hostilities began and his father, who was a sheep herder in the Orange Free State, took him from school and placed a rifle in his hands to fight the English. He joined the Boer forces under Gen. De Wet, being made a member of the general staff. He fought in 15 regular battles and innumerable skirmishes and never as much as received a scratch. He has the honor among his people of having killed the first British soldier in the Orange Free State during the war. It is said that no less than a dozen of the queen's troops fell before his unerring rifle. Young Snyman's heroism on the field of battle attracted the attention of President Steyn of the Orange Free State, who promised to reward the young hero with a farm if peace was ever declared and the Boers got back their property. He frequently ad-



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A YOUTHFUL BOER HERO

advanced to within 200 and 300 yards of the British lines in the face of a rain of bullets, bringing back information to his commander. Young Snyman's relatives, except his father, with those of the other refugees, are in the hands of the British. There is a price upon all their heads.
Ball on Snow.
Two Ships' Crews Had an Exciting Game in the Arctic Regions.
Baseball was introduced into the arctic regions by the crew of the schooner Thallium, which, under command of Captain Kent, arrived yesterday from Iqvit, Greenland, with a cargo of cryolite. It is safe to say that the national pastime was never before attempted in the face of such difficulties.
The British bark Silicon was at that lonely Greenland port with the Thallium, and also loading for Philadelphia. The temperature while the two vessels were receiving their cargoes bordered close on to 30 degrees below zero. The sailors, not being called upon to handle the curious mineral, shivered around the galley fires and rapidly became imbued with the lassitude which is almost invariably the portion of those called upon to endure extreme cold. Captain Jansen of the Silicon proposed—more in jest than in earnest—that the men play ball. The idea impressed them and they determined to brave the temperature and essay the sport with which all of them were tolerably familiar. A level plain was found near Iqvit, with a flooring of powdered snow, frozen to the consistency of adamant. Under the midnight sun, and with a wondering audience of fur-clad Eskimo, home runs and three-baggers were knocked out. It was necessary for all the players to bundle themselves up in true arctic fashion. All hands wore gloves so that wild throws and errors galore were many. Boatwain Brown of the Thallium tied the score in the fourth inning by coming home from second

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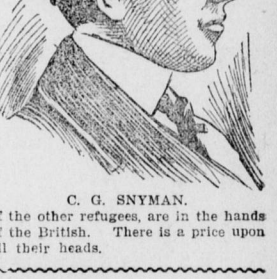
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growth of socialism.
Despite all oppressive measures taken by the government, socialism, or, rather, the Socialistic party of Germany, gains constantly in strength, and even Brandenburg, which has been affected least by the movement, has returned to the Reichstag a Socialist for the first time in its history. The result of the election has caused much excitement in Germany. Thus, the candidate, got a majority of 648 votes. In 15 years the number of Socialist members of the Reichstag has increased from 23 to 58, two members having been added in by-elections since the general election in 1898.
In 1885 500,000 Socialist votes were recorded, and these increased 750,000 in 1887, to 1,500,000 in 1890, and in the last general election to 2,250,000. It is estimated that the next general election will give the Socialists 100 out of 397 votes in the Reichstag.
New Zealand's Mail Service.
New Zealand proposes to send a letter to any part of the world included in the postal union for 2 cents. The theory is that increased business will eventually make the system self-supporting.