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There is a time in every man's life when he feels the need of a post-graduate course in the study of human nature.

The drink bill of England was more than its clothing bill or its fighting bill for the last year of the old century.

It never occurred to the men who were engaged in fighting George Washington that John Bull would one day borrow money from the United States.

The somewhat hackneyed "gag" "Put me off at Buffalo," gains new life and significance this year, and will doubtless be the spoken or unspoken desire of millions.

Among the many changes necessitated by the death of Queen Victoria, one which is not unimportant is the printing on all legal documents "God Save the King" for "God Save the Queen." This change alone, it is estimated, will cost \$2,000,000.

English writers begin to accept the supremacy of Americans in the production of steel, and to console themselves with the idea that Great Britain will be able to purchase its steel cheaper than it could produce it, and so get the advantage of American productivity.

A careful statistician would find, no doubt, that firearms get nine persons into serious trouble where they get one out. The public, as reflected in the daily criminal news, is quite too handy with a gun. And the gun itself appears to be quite too handy for use. A man with a quick temper should, in his calmer moments, put all firearms beyond his reach.

The English tongue seems to have the advantage to-day. A hundred years ago English was a barbarous sound to most of the inhabitants of the globe. In 1800 there were only twenty millions who heard that drum beat which Daniel Webster spoke of later as rolling around the world. To-day there is more warning of supremacy often in the English voice than in the English trumpet.

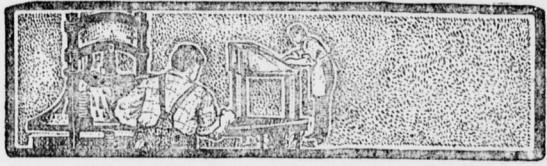
In the case of the actress who committed suicide in New York City, overweening ambition was mistaken for genius. This is a common error. We seldom find great genius without corresponding ambition, but the difference is wide. Genius possesses patience—indeed, ambition and patience form together its greatest part. And suicide springs more than anything else from the impatience which cannot brook the petty delay or unappreciation which may sadden the truest genius but can never murder it.

Fifteen or twenty workmen, selected from as many different establishments and representing a variety of industries in Great Britain, are soon to be sent to the United States in a body to study the ways of their Yankee cousins. A month or more will be devoted to the task, and during that time the deputation will visit the principal manufacturing centres of the country. Each man is to be designated by the concern which employs him, but he is to be chosen from a number that have been nominated by their fellows. Employers and trade unions will cooperate in meeting the expense of the undertaking.

Enraged because she was jilted Mary Collins, 22 years of age, threw sulphuric acid in Patrick Hawkins' face Wednesday night in New York. He was going home from work. His face is horribly burned and physicians say he may be blind for life. Miss Collins is under arrest. "He jilted me and I did not intend he should make up to another girl," said Miss Collins.



God said—"Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried—"Tis day! 'tis day!"
 "Hail, holy light!" exclaimed,
 The thunderous cloud, that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
 And, blushing, murrain'd—"Light
 Then was the skylark born;
 Then rose the embattled corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom!
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?
 No, by the mind of man!
 By the swart artisan!
 By God, our Sir!
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven!
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
 Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
 The night of minds is gone!
 "The Press!" all lands shall sing;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless:
 O pallid Wain! O Labor stark!
 Behold, we bring the second ark!
 The Press! the Press! the Press!



The Painting of Satan.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.
 (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
 Although the rest of the guests—at the Hotel Helene sometimes said unkind things about Mrs. Weston, that lighthearted little lady was, perhaps, like a certain person not mentioned in polite society, not quite as black as she was painted. It is true she did like to talk to interesting men, whether they happened to be married or not, and the men, interesting and otherwise, liked very much to talk to her. And when Mr. Hartleigh began to show a distinct preference for her society in that lazy hour or two after dinner while digestion went comfortably on to the soothing strains of the mandolin orchestra, Mrs. Weston took it as a matter of course.

The Hartleighs had always shown their fondness for each other as much as good breeding would permit, and to the casual observer, there was no change in their mutual regard. But Mrs. Weston scented trouble through her high-bred little nose as accurately as a thoroughbred racer sniffs danger borne to his quivering nostrils on the summer breeze.

And when Hartleigh brought his indolent post-prandial revolutions to an anchorage beside her chair, she received him with the tact that questions not, but waits. And such tact is worth unminted gold to women, if they but knew it. A few do.

So, one evening, she learned all about it. She knew that Hartleigh was not in love with her, and she knew that Hartleigh's wife, under her usual gently gracious air, was fretting about the intangible something that had thrust its Banquo-ghost into their happiness.

That evening when Hartleigh made some reckless statements to her about her irresistible attractions generally and his appreciation thereof, and all the rest of it, Mrs. Weston nodded her sensible little head and assumed an air of fitting gratitude for the compliment paid her, and then faltered, and a becoming touch of hesitation, and a quite fetching little quaver in her soft voice—"But—Mrs.—Hartleigh—"

Hartleigh tossed his cigar behind the gas-log of the big fireplace and said, with gloomy irritation:

"Oh, she doesn't care. The best of us are conceited beggars, you know, and I used to think she did, which shows what an ass a man is."

Mrs. Weston smoothed a smile from her lips with her big black fan.

"And because she doesn't," she reflected, while her eyes danced. "I am to be a sop to his lordship's vanity. Dear, dear. How very clumsy men are, to be sure. But I'll try to fix the thing up. Though I'll get no thanks for it. One never does."

So she purged a few sympathetic purrs, which are all a clever woman needs to do when a man is bothered, and the whole story came out.

Hartleigh, it appeared, had gone to his wife's desk to scribble a note one



Had seen an open letter.

evening when she happened to be out, and on pulling out a drawer for some note-paper, had seen an open letter that had been tossed carelessly in there. His sense of honor was too fine to tolerate any thought of reading what was not intended for his eyes, but the second's glance caught two or three words that had sent their sting down into his heart's core. And he had closed the drawer, and that was all.

"And you have not spoken of it to her?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"No. What's the use?" he replied dreadingly. "She's tired of me, I suppose, but I cannot very well go and ask her to say so. The woman must take the initiative in a thing of that sort."

Mrs. Weston nibbled the edge of her fan and the muscles around her pretty mouth twitched. Hartleigh had entirely forgotten, in the unburdening of his sick soul, that he had declared a deep and abiding passion for Mrs. Weston but five minutes before, and was plunged in gloomy reverie. Mrs. Weston pressed the fan sternly against her rebellious lips, and finally turned toward him a face of becoming gravity.

"Perhaps it is not as bad as it looks," she said seriously. "We may prove an alibi yet. Go away now, and give Mr. Stanton your seat. You have been talking to me long enough, and the tabbies are looking unutterable things my way."

Thus while she talked sweetly to the enraptured Stanton, her busy and clever brain was at work on the Hartleigh problem. She was unshaken in her belief that Mrs. Hartleigh was in love with but one man, and that man was Hartleigh. Consequently, that letter—or portion of letter—that Hartleigh had accidentally seen, must have some explanation. But how to get at it?

It is a thankless task to try and set the matrimonial misunderstandings

and unpleasantnesses of one's friends aright, and Mrs. Weston sighed as she resigned herself to the ordeal. The tabbies looked daggers and battering-rams as they saw her lift her eyebrows in Hartleigh's direction and that gentleman promptly resume the seat Stanton had just vacated at a slightly more imperative signal from Mrs. Stanton.

"My beloved Christian friend," said Mrs. Weston, gravely. "There is one thing due Mrs. Hartleigh, under all circumstances, and that is an apology."

"Because I—?"

"Exactly. It was a breach of honor, however innocent, and it is incumbent upon you, as 'an officer and a gentleman,' to admit your indiscretion, or error, and make the amende honorable generally."

Hartleigh drew a long breath, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"Well, it will be dashed unpleasant," he said hesitatingly. "But if you think there is no other way—and it is the proper thing—"

"Assuredly, the proper thing," said his mentor sternly. "You had no right to fumble around the private desk of anybody, and if you found something you did not want to nod, that was retribution. And the penalty thereof is sack-cloth and ashes."

"But if she is permitting some black-guard to write things—"

"You do not know what she is permitting, or anything about it," said Mrs. Weston.

"But I tell you I saw—"

"Three words. Exactly. And thereby hangs a history which you have filled in with the aid of a vivid imagination—and doubtless some personal experience—"(Hartleigh again moved uneasily in his chair—"and it has never entered your head that there may be some things in the heavens above and the earth beneath, of which you are not altogether cognizant. In any case, two wrongs do not make one right. I had that in my copybook at school. You must apologize.")

The next evening the bistre shadows that had begun to deepen around Mrs. Hartleigh's soft gray eyes, were gone, and the Helene guests congratulated her on the deliverance from the dull headache that had clung to her so long. After dinner, Hartleigh drew Mrs. Weston aside for a moment.

He told her how Mrs. Hartleigh had insisted upon his reading the whole letter, which was the unwise effusion of an unwise man who had loved her long before she met Hartleigh, and had written her a stormy reproach for not even requiring his long devotion with a sign of friendly interest in his welfare.

Hartleigh was immensely relieved and a good deal ashamed of himself, and after he had explained fully, out of the gladness of his heart, and dilated upon the blessings that Heaven had bestowed upon him, and of which he was most unworthy, and bored poor Mrs. Weston almost to extinction, he took himself off to hang over the back of his wife's chair for the greater part of the evening.

And always after that Banquo-episode of the Hartleigh's, Mrs. Hartleigh's demeanor toward Mrs. Weston was tinged with a chill reserve. Which Mrs. Weston received with the calm philosophy of one who knows her kind.

"Blessed is the peace-maker," she quoted to herself, with her shrewd little smile. "And I could have made all sorts of trouble, had I wished. Dear, dear."

And she smiled on Mr. Stanton sweetly and plaintively asked him the secret of his perennial youth, while Mrs. Stanton glared at her jolly, and presented her with a large and heavily bead-armed shoulder for the balance of the evening.

Shirts as Dust Sweepers.

One of the local councils in a district of Vienna has directed all women frequenting public parks and gardens under their jurisdiction to hold up their skirts if they would otherwise trail upon the ground. The notice states that these inclosures are devoted to the recreation of persons desirous of escaping from the dusty town, and therefore the authorities object to the dust being swept into heaps by the trailing skirts. Even so far back as the reign of Edward II long trains were de rigueur. This is what one of the monks says: "I heard a proud woman who wore a white dress with a long train, which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even so far as the altar and the crucifix. But as she left the church and lifted up her dress on account of the dust, a certain holy man saw the devil laughing. He asked him the cause and the devil replied: 'A companion of mine was just sitting on the train of that woman, using it as a chariot, but when she lifted it up my companion was shaken off into the dust and so I laughed.'" Evidently the local councils of Vienna are somewhat auquainted in their notions.

Peeking Across at Neighbors.

A person who constructs a building upon his own property with windows in it, upon the side facing his next neighbor's property, so that the privacy of the latter's residence is interfered with, can not be made by his neighbor, by injunction to close the windows, holds the Supreme court of Louisiana, in the case of Bryant vs. Sholars (29 So. Rep. 350), the latter's remedy being to establish screens upon his own property.

Satan in Saturn.

A learned philosopher of Edinburg after mature study has come to the conclusion that Saturn is the dwelling place of Satan, so hereafter you need not tell your friends to go to hades. A polite insinuation that his natural sphere is within the rings of Saturn will be sufficient.—San Francisco Call.



THE LINEN SHIRTWAIST.

Porter's Linen Now Employed in a Delightful Way by the Dressmakers.

The embroidered shirtwaist of porter's linen needed but to come and be seen to achieve unconditional surrender to its excellence. Porter's linen, by the way, is another example of a plebeian material put to patrician uses, for the French shirt makers, observing the fine wearing qualities and good color values of the blue homespun linen blouses worn by the railway porters, promptly began utilizing the stout and simple goods for their patrons' easy little summer waists. The linen, which is woven with an uneven thread and other careless work in order to simulate the inequalities of the handloom, comes in two colors: a pure rich deep blue and a lighter blue that seems to have a white bloom on it. These are called washed and unwashed blues, in imitation of the fine true color the porter's blouse possesses when new and first worn and the effect of water and sun on it after many washings.

With the color and texture the similarity ends. Most of the smart blue linen blouses are enriched with hand needlework, laid over the bosom only or scattered over the entire length and width of the garment. In many instances the collar and belt are made to exactly match. On the expensive waists this needle work decoration serves as a substitute for tucks.

Not, however, that tucked shirtwaists are in the least losing their vogue, regiments of pale brown batiste and chambray and madras waists tucked solidly have appeared on the counters. The newest of these are very finely tucked and then embroidered in white, or decorated directly on the tucked surface, with pale cream-colored lace applications, which run over their broad sailor collars and full fronts.

The albatross shirtwaist, that fastens down the back with a row of close set pearl buttons, or fastens up the front only from neck to bust, and is put on over the head, has been claimed by the woman who wears short skirts. She prefers it in blue with a black satin Kaiser stock, having the decoration done in applied bands of bright Oriental cotton embroidery. Both the albatross and the cotton embroidery improve under the laundress's hands.—New York Sun.

The Unselfish Garden.

Every unselfish person's garden should have a corner from which to gather flowers for gifts to one's friends, for use in the house and for personal adornment. In such a place one can sow the odds and ends of seed left after sowing the garden beds, and seedlings may be transplanted to it at thinning-out time. Here cuttings from the window garden may be put out to root, and they will flower in due season, thus helping to furnish a greater variety than annuals alone will be able to give. Such a "cut-and-come-again" corner is often the most delightful part of the garden. Among the desirable plants for it which cannot be obtained from seed are heliotropes, carnations and tea roses. It will pay the woman who loves choice flowers to invest a little money in each of these. They will bloom throughout the season and afford a vast amount of pleasure at small expense. Old plants of carnations are more desirable than young ones. Those you have wintered in the house may be used here to good advantage and new ones grown on for next season's use. Heliotrope is easily grown from cuttings. Tea roses cost from five to ten cents a plant will soon grow to flowering size.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Hints to Needle-Women.

Never use long basting-threads, especially in the basting of waists, nor think to save time by taking long stitches. Pins should be used plentifully while fitting a garment on the figure, but they should be replaced immediately with regular basting the moment the garment is removed. The position for hooks or buttons, and for the corresponding eyes or button-holes, should be carefully out-lined with thread in preference to marking with pencil or soapstone.

When curved seams are to be stitched up on the machine, fine basting—i.e., by means of short stitches—becomes imperative if the seamstress would avoid puckering in her work. If such curved work be around the foot of a skirt, as in the case of a flared ruffle, the hem first should be basted, lightly sponged, and carefully pressed before the stitching is done. The amateur dressmaker is sometimes troubled over a slight bulging at the point of a dart in the skirt or bodice, when otherwise the garment fits most satisfactorily. Generally this may be obviated by lightly sponging the part in question, and pressing with hot iron so that a quick shrinking follows.—Harper's Bazar.

Raising of Belgium Hares.

Two women in Ashabula, Ohio, who started a rabbitry little more than a year ago with three imported Belgium hares, costing \$100 apiece, have now, besides the original three, a hundred others, worth as a whole not less than \$1000. In addition to these they have sold over \$300 worth of stock during the year. In a recent interview one of these women declared that no

more delightful occupation than theirs could be found for women. "We feed and water the hares twice a day," she said, "although some authorities think that once is sufficient. We have never had a case of smuffles, slobbers or sneezes in our rabbitry. Keeping track of their pedigree gives us no end of bookkeeping."

"Four litters a year, and sometimes six, is the rate at which Belgium hares multiply, and the number of babies in each ranges from five to nine. The price that the animals will bring depends mostly upon age. Full blooded stock is worth from \$10 to \$25 up to six months old. After that age they bring more."

Women Have a Darning Club.

The women of Centralia, Mo., have organized a darning club. Men's socks are a specialty in their new organization, and it has been denounced as an encouragement to bachelorhood.

The officers of the club are the most expert menders and they assist the rest by showing how to mend the worst holes. "She who cannot darn cannot join" is the club's official motto, but exceptions have been made in the interest of un instructed sisters and the motto no longer has the force it had at first. Meetings are held fortnightly and the club boasts of having darned 144 pairs of hosiery at a sitting.

Members only are admitted to the afternoon sessions, but in the evenings admiring husbands are permitted to attend and to watch their better halves at work. No charge is made for the sock darning and those bachelors of Centralia who expect to live elsewhere in some period in their lives are very anxious that such a useful institution as its darning club shall be imitated as widely as possible.

Simple Morning Gowns.

Morning gowns are most essential now to the comfort of every woman who likes to be well gowned, and by the term "morning gown" is not meant to include matinees, tea gowns, or similar loose flowing garments, but rather trim little costumes of cloth, linen or cambric, as the season may warrant, and made in simple style without elaboration, so that they are equally suitable to be worn in the house or out-of-doors. The simple morning gown for the city should serve for marketing, for household errands, and for other utilitarian purposes; but is not at all like the plain tailor gown, which, of course, is quite feasible for any morning wear out-of-doors. These gowns have, as a rule, waists to match the skirts, although the skirts are made so they may be worn with shirtwaists.—Harper's Bazar.

Oddities in Ribbon.

A new departure in narrow ribbons has tiny pin spots all over on white or contrasting grounds, and tubular—that is, woven double. These are intended for cravats, and there is another make in self-colors, fancy woven, recalling matelasse.

Old and new are marbled effects in soft silk ribbons, light pinks merging into deeper tones—blues, reds, etc. They are, in fact, reproductions of the old marbled papers that used to appear on the walls of our halls twenty years ago, but very pretty in their new treatment. Picot edges figure on many of the new ribbons.



Pretty little coats for children are of grass linen, made up over some color.

Color combinations in the new golf gloves, especially in tartans, are strikingly handsome.

Large pearl buckles of different designs are the prettiest of anything of the kind for children's coats.

White lace, with an applique of vandyke roses down the centre makes a beautiful trimming for handsome street gowns.

Felt outing hats are trimmed, as they have been at other seasons, with soft silk handkerchiefs in brilliant colors, the kumchundans.

Little lawn jackets for children are made in colors and have a small yoke. The lower part is pleated and secured to the yoke by a beading of white.

The gold embroidered veil is the latest novelty. A border showing lines of gold or a pattern carried out in tinsel thread is supplemented by gold spots on the plain net.

As the fad for going about bare-headed in the country will undoubtedly be followed this year, much care will naturally be taken in dressing the hair. All sorts of fancy bows and combs will be used for this purpose.

Apple green glace silk tucked all over and worn with a deep sailor collar or white hand-embroidered null is about the prettiest thing a pale blonde could wear. A deep girdle of pink satin liberty should accompany this waist.

A simple and serviceable long cape, which is longer in the back than in the front, sloping up slightly, is of black tulle, lined with white, and simply stitched with white. It is a little more than knee length, and a garment which would be useful for many purposes.

Chief among the accessories of the toilet at the moment are waist bands. Some are most artistic, made of colored stones inserted in wrought filigree silver or gold. Others are in wonderful enamels linked together with fascinating chains, while metal belts of every kind will be used.