# 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 12½ cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.00 a year, payable in advance-the TRIBUNE may be ordered direct form the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tanky 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; por rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Frompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pas Second-Class Matter,

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

King Leopold does not seem as reads to surrender the Congo State to Bel-gium as he was before gold was discovered at Katanga.

The Sultan of Morocco has present King Edward with two African Atlas mountain sheep, twenty Arab horses and twenty trick mules. All King Edward needs now is a tent and a ticket taker.

The War Department is experimenting with two kinds of bombs for opposite effects. One kind explodes to effect the illumination of an enemy's position; the other produces a dense smoke to hide the movements of the troops using it. \_

Those who are to come after us are to make as much progress as we have made, or as those have made who went before us, and the lines along which that progress will move cannot now be predicted. For this reason, while it is desirable to build in a thoroughly safe manner, and to guard against all risks, especially those of fire, it is highly questionable whether it is desirable to construct buildings in such a solid manner that when a half century from this time it becomes necessary to either destroy them or radically alter them, the change will involve a great and unnecessary sacrifice to the owner, remarks the Bos-

In the old times Europe did not mind the riches of America; it seemed to the Old World that our millionaires came by their wealth in some crude way which could not possibly injure European industries or compete with them. American money enriched inn-keepers and the worn-out sons of ancient and decrepit families, and that was the end of the matter. Three years ago it was no more suspected by the mass of Europeans, especially of continental Europeans, that we would soon be competing with their manufacturers than that we could knock Cervera's fleet to pieces in a short run along the southern coast of Cuba. There has come a wonderful change over the dream of Europe. It is clear to the most obtuse now that the United States is the greatest industrial power in the world, and that trade and industrial conditions in Europe must be changed in order to meet new glant, observes Harper's Weekly.

Weekly.

Fish Hooks.

"Here is an article," said the hardware dealer, in conversation with his customer, "about which not one man in a hundred could give you any information other than naming it." He had opened a box of fish hooks and held one of the little barbed instruments in his hands. "It would no doubt surprise you," he continued, "to hear that in this city alone over 100,000 of these things are sold annually. Curlously enough, nearly all of our fish hooks are imported from England, although lately there has been one factory located at Akron, Ohio.

"The English hooks all come from a village called Redditch, and are handmade, hundreds of little children being employed to file and pollsh them. It seems to be one industry where machinery has not yet supplanted human factors." "Althodelphia Times

chinery has not yet supplanted human fingers."—Philadelphia Times.

The World's Longest Mile.

The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden when told that he is only about a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.

Public Art That Inspires.

The Grande Place of Brussels is the flower over they will be from a constant that the world. The flower is exactly 11,700 yards.

The Grande Place of Brussels is the flower over they will well you miss Lane is never so happy as when she has a man tagging at her flower in your sex is a special world with the flower in the subject, cut-and-dred theory on the subject, cut-and-dred theory on the subject, "Evidently you agree with Hardy's peasant that men are a very poor elass of society."

"Do 1?" she laughs. "Ask any of the direction of the little summer set the flower in the flower in the flower in the subject, "Evidently you agree with Hardy's peasant that men are a very poor elass of society."

"Do 1?" she laughs. "Ask any of the direction of the little summer set the flower in the flower in the flower in the subject, and the flower in the subject, "Evidently you agree with Hardy's peasant that men are a very poor elass of society."

"Do 1?" she laughs. "Ask any of the direction of the little summer set led when a the flower in the flower in the subject, and the flower in the subject, and the subject, an

Public Art That Inspires.

The Grande Place of Brussels is the finest square in Europe, so that the most conscientions traveler can sajoy it to her heart's content, being sure that she is not worshiping false cods. The tapering towers, the beautiful open spire of the Hotel de Cile, with the colossal gilt meral St. Michael on its summit, guarding the city, the enclanting Malson du Rot, with its open areaded gallery and Venetian loggia, have a breathless effect, and one stands spen-mouthed to gaze at them.



I ask her if she loves me, She shakes her head, and when I turn to leave she sweetly smiles, And lures me back again.

"Alas! you love another!"
In angry tones I say;
She nods, but as I turn to leave
She sweetly bids me stay.

With outstretched arms I offer.
My love—my all to her,
And seek to clasp her, but she cries:
"Stand back! How dare you, sir?"

With sinking heart and hopeless
I turn once more, and lo!
I hear a soft, sweet voice that says:
"I wish you wouldn't go."

I throw my arms around her,
And press her to my heart,
And, after while, when she gets time,
She says: "You think you're smart!"
—S. E. Kiser.



### Limitations of Miss Lane.

BY JULIA VALENTINE BOND.

Copyrisht, 190, by Daly Story Pub. Co.)

A man and a girl—that most ancient of combinations—with its endless chain of possibilities—are seated side by side on a bank of coarse grass and gray boulder, looking seaward. The old duel of the sexes has been waging between them for the best part of an hour, but as yet neither party has been worsted. There are no seconds, unless a small boy disporting himself in the middle distance could so be counted. At any rate he serves as a sort of time-rest to the conversation, occasionally drawing the attention of the pair to himself by the narrowness of his escapes from bodily injury. His efforts are directed toward fixing a flagpele on a tree in honor of the approaching Fourth of July. Dr. Randall hazards the prophecy that one of these

flagpole on a tree in honor of the approaching Fourth of July. Dr. Randall hazards the prophecy that one of these days Jack Hughes will kill himself.

"Not he," says Miss Lane cheerfully; "but I wish he'd come down. I love boys who want to do dangerous things, but I can't bear to see them at it."

"You're simply," he says, "the most feminine woman I've met."

"And is that why you like me?"

"One of the whys. There are others."

"I don't think I like the obvious," is turns Miss Lane. "It is as bad to be labeled feminine as being called sweet or good-hearted."

"You couldn't be the first without being the two last. Why, I wonder, do women gird so at belonging to their own sex? Do you ever hear a man object to being called a manly fellow?"

"I deny that we do gird at it. It is only the never getting beyond one's limitations. Suppose one is a primrose by a river's brim; you don't want to be that and nothing more. It is the eternal feminine I object to."

The man smiles beneath the shelter of his hat brim.

"Getting beyond your limitations," he says, "confessedly out of your depths. Who appears to advantage, than or woman, in that situation?"

he says, "confessedly out of your depths. Who appears to advantage man or woman, in that situation?"

man or woman, in that situation?"
"What are a woman's limitations?"
impatiently. "I mean, of course, your
tidea of them. I know all men have a



heels."

And you deny that your sex is apiteful?"

"That isn't spiteful, after all, per-

therein lies the chief charm of the feminine woman."

"Oh! no. You're welcome to your opinion. I believe I even asked for it."

"You did. You said, 'What are woman's limitations?' And you accused me of having a cut-and-died answer. But you didn't wait for it. I was about to say I'd never found a woman's limitations." say I'd never found a tations."

"Then," calmly, "you were about to tell an untruth. There was never yet a man who hadn't set the boundary for his fellow-woman."
"You (Exchange)

"You don't mind if I smoke?" She just one or two walks in life over



A Bag of Familiar Patterns.

which it is written—'Verboten zu Eingang,' to a woman."

which it is written—'Verboten zu Eingang,' to a woman."

"And those?"

"Well, medicine and the law, to begin with. As a doctor I have it on my conscience to have dissuaded at least three young women from becoming trained nurses."

The silence that follows this statement becomes fairly ominous.
"I have no patience" begins Miss Lane at last, "with a man—no respect for one—who says such a thing as that. I am sorry—I—really thought better of you." She riess to her full height, which is not a great one, but gives her unfair advantage over her prone combatant, who sits up physically and metaphorically.
"I am awfully sorry," apologetically mean to hurt your feelings. I couldn't tell I was treading on sacred ground. Somehow one doesn't associate you with any of those pursuits. You are so—""

with any of those pursuits. You are

with any of those pursuits. You are so—
"So feminine," she interjects scornfully, "but I can't help that."
"No, thank heaven," devoutly.
A gleam of mirth steals into her eyes, and she reseats herself.
"Oh, what is the use?" she cries, "I thought years ago I had learned to control myself. I know and love so many splendid women who are nurses, and my best friend," firmly, "is a doctor—a woman dector. So it hurts me to the quiek to hear your easy contempt for them."
"But you mustn't think for an instant that I feel a contempt for them."
"Sudes I am only a man in a thousand."
"Yes," she says, wih a catch of her breath, "it really doesn't matter what you think."
"Oh! but I hope it does—just a little. It matters so much to me. I have only known you a short month, but there are times when time doesn't count. Surely, you know I love you"—
Suddenly across his speech there breaks a child's cry of terror. Turning sharply be sees little Jack Hughes fall

Suddenly across his speech there breaks a child's cry of terror. Turning sharply he sees little Jack Hughes fall heavily from the high tree where he has fixed the flag. Moved by a common "That isn't splited, arct an, peraps," ruefully. "H dare say it is only
true. I do like them—I," lamely, "have
slways been accustomed to them."
"Don't annihilate me for saying
"the saying with her ear to his breast listens to

the faint heart-beats that assure her

the faint heart-beats that assure her life is still there.
"I'd give a good deal for my surgical bag just now," says Dr. Randall when the boy has been laid on his own bed in the cottage where Miss Lane's summer has been spent. "There's an ugly fracture here that needs looking to at once. Let me see," and he glances about to discover some impromptumens to wrest to his own ends.
Miss Lane stands irresolute for a brief moment, then is out of the room in a fissh. When she appears it is with a bag of familiar pattern wherein is found all that is needed to the surgeon's hand.

a bag of familiar pattern wherein is found all that is needed to the surgeon's hand.

This," she says coloring, "I happened to know was in the house."

Miss Lane watches him approvingly in silence as long as all goes smoothly, but when a cry of agony breaks from the child. "Don't you think"—she says. "Just a whiff or two," he answers with perfect comprehension, and in a few moments Jack is luiled off on the blessed fumes of ether.

When all is well over and they stand together on the porch outside Jack's little room in the falling twilight, Miss Lane somehow finds herself in Dr. Randall's arms.

"I am glad that man, proud man, never dissuaded you from becoming a trained nurse," he says. "Jack would have fared badly today if between us we hadn't surprised your secret."

"I have been a doctor for two years." says Miss Lane demurely. Then, after a pause, she adds with a little smile, "I was to have been one of the lights of orthopedic surgery." "Was to have been?" he echoes, as he draws her closer to him. "Why, what happened?"

You," she returns briefly. "I hope I know my own limitations."

they are to be again married after the Arabic ceremony. The scene at the station when they took their farewell of "Felix Austria," says the Vienna Tagblatt, was truly astonishing. The platform was crowded with sympathetic friends, the majority of whom were women and girls, and not a few among them expressed their envy of their sisters who had won such magnificent husbands. All the seven brides, according to the ungallant reporter, "were of uncertain age," and, as they all had some property, he insinuates that the Arabs were not so much fascinated by their beauty and youth as by their gold and silver. The crowd of women left on the platform as the train steamed out burst into tears at the departure of the heroes of the circus.—London Daily the heroes of the circus.—London Daily News.

Engineer "Got the Old Lady."

The president of an Eastern railroad tells of an engineer of a fast freight train who called on him one day and asked him to prevent a deaf old woman from walking on the tracks along one section of that division. Several times the engineer had barely missed running over her, and he was terrified lest a fatal accident should happen to her. "The only way to prevent a deaf person from walking on the track," said Mr. Underwood, "would be to cut his legs off." "That is just what I will do for my deaf old lady if you cannot stop her," replied the engineer. Investigation showed that she was accustomed to go to a summer hotel to sell baskets and embroidery, and that the railroad afforded her a short cut to her destination. She was remonstrated with but it did no good. "And do you the railroad attorded her a short cut to her destination. She was remonstrated with, but it did no good. "And, do you know," said Mr. Underwood, "she was finally run over. That very engineer called on me, with tears running down his cheeks, one day, and reported; 'I've got the old lady at last, sir.'"

Persia Has No Summer Rais Persia Has No Summer Rain.
There is no rain in Persia during the
summer months, and the land is barren except where there are streams or
water for irrigation. The mountain
streams are conducted in an underground channels, formed by digging
pits, about thirty feet apart, and tunneling from one to the other. This
prevents the evaporation of the water
by the sun, and at the same time. by the sun, and at the same time usually finds a clay bottom so that there is not so much lost by absorption and leakage. Little channels branch off from time to time, and bring some of the water to the surface, where it is carried about in little ditches, to water the crops.

and leakage. Little channels branch off from time to time, and bring some of the water to the surface, where it is carried about in little ditches, to water the crops.

The Burr and Hamilton Families.

Mrs. Elzabeth Burr Hamilton, said to be the last member of the seventh generation of the Burr family, who ided at Bridgeport, Conn., at the age of 90, was the fifth cousin of Aaron Burr, the third vice president of the Luited States, who killed Alexander Hamilton, the lawyer and statesman, in a duel in 1804. Her death recalls the fact that, though the families of Burr and Hamilton were the most bitter enemies at the beginning of the last century, love found a way 32 years after the famous duel to bring the families together again by the marriage of Elizabeth Burr and Alexander Hamilton in 1836.



How to Euy Hoslery

Vests and stockings, the latter of which are stern necessities, can be purchased at various prices, but in this regard no stinting is advisable especially in the matter of the "bas

de" cashmere.
Four pairs for day wear and two of silk or openwork liste thread for evening are necessary. At the least suspicion of a hole waste not a minute ere proceeding to darn it, for in no instance more than in stockings is the truth of the old proverb that a stitch in time saves nine.

The Always-With-Us Waist

The Always-With-Us Waist.

Soft, full blouses in all shades of
Oriental satin, very much tucked and
with lace insertions, are the ideal
underbodice for wear with the trim
tailor suit. A pretty blouse or odd
waist of white China silk with many
tucks has a large collar edged with
exquisite Maltese lace. The cuffs are exquisite Maltese lace. The cuffs are novel and fall over the hands in four points, each edged with the Maltese lace. A strikingly odd shirt of coarse linen is inserted generously with Irish crochet and has a yoke and strappings of artistically colored and worked embroidery—new and very stylish.

was to have been?' he echoes, as be draws her closer to him. "Why, what happened?"
You, 'she returns briefly. "I hope I know my own limitations."

A Noveity in Bridegrooms.
Seven Vienna ladies, weary of Europe and Western civilization, have married seven male members of a Bedouin troupe which has been performing in the Austrian capital during the summer and autumn. Five of these adventurous women are spinsters and two are widows, and they have just accompanied their Asiatic spouses to their native deserts and cases, where they are to be again married after the Arabic ceremony. The seene at the station when they took their farewell of "Felix Austria," says the Vienna Tagblat, was truly astonishing. The platform was crowded with sympathetic friends, the majority of whom were women and girls, and not a few among them expressed their envy of their sisters who had do have no mand the state of t

Brims for Summer Hate.

For the summer a taste for very wide brims has been revived, but more as the exception than the rule. Several of the wide-brimmed hats are sigmed Carlier. They are trimmed low, generally with a wreath of flowers running right around, and have very low crowns. One in fancy white straw is encircled by a wreath of large white popples, slightly shot with gray and green; a second, in cerise chip, is wreathed with white cherry blessoms; a third, in palest mauve straw, is trimmed with pink roses; a fourth, in manila straw, has a garland of cherries; a fith, in white straw, is surrounded by a full quilling of black tulle, relieved by a windmill bow of cerise velve on the left side; a sixth, in rose-pink straw, has two large rosettes of pink tulle on the right side, and on the left several large white roses. In all cases foliage is mixed with the flowers or fruit; there is often also a small cluster of flowers under the brim and the hair or placed on a small band that tilts the hat very slightly on one side.—Millinery Trade Review.

Rest for Werking Women.

Rest for Working Women.

Since Princess Charles of Denmark expressed her practical sympathy with Mr. Holmes' scheme for a home of rest for London's working women, the scheme has advanced rapidly toward realization. Thomas Holmes is the North London police court missionary, whose recent book, "Pictures and Problems from London's Police Courts," has attracted so much attention. He tells this story of the inception and progress of his scheme:

"For a long time," he said, "perhaps a dozen years, I have wanted to do some such thing for these poor people—the women who made ladies' skirts, blouses and other garments in their own homes. They are far more helpless than those who work in factories; they cannot organize, and people outside know but little about them.

"I could take you to see women who work is hours adv comprise."

Anti-Tuberentes's Dispensaries.

The first of the anti-tuberculous's dispensaries in Parls was inaugurated in the Rue Mercadet, in the Montmarter district, last week. The object of the work is more preventive than curative. Poor people are examined free of charge. If tuberculosis is found, the proper initial treatment and advice are given to them. This institution is due principally to private initiative.

What Colors to Wear.

In the art of selecting the colors of a dress from artistic points of view—
that is, to say, in such a manner that the dress, hat and set of ornaments, the dress, hat and set of ornaments, or other proper initial treatment and advice are given to them. This institution is due principally to private initiative.

and its probable effect, and in many instances the magazines of fashion give many valuable hints in this direc-tion. It was not only recently that the Moniteur de la Mode contained several columns giving pointers about the choice of colors.

the choice of colors.

The Moniteur pointed out that bright colors, such as red and gold-yellow, are not well suited for brunettes, as is often supposed. For brunettes, as is often supposed. For brunettes with delicate complexions and velvet-like eyes the Moniteur recommends pale blue, Chinese rose and bleu pervenche. The delicate, soft tone of these colors harmonizes wonderfully with the complexion and forms a "splendid all-over tone, reminding one of the effects of a pastel."

For gold and red blonde ladies the

minding one of the effects of a pastel."

For gold and red blonde ladies the Moniteur recommends "medium colors," such as pensee, emerald, rubine red or violet. The complexion is usually so fresh that in connection with these opposite colors a most effective contrast is attained. Ladies with less and more delicate blonde complexion should best select cherry red or currant red; all blue colors from marine blue up to pale blue are also preferable and effective. A similar happy effect can be attained by the delicate rose color of the hydrangea or by one of the so-called ophelia and peach color.

All blondes are earnestly warned by the Moniteur against any yellow tones which might in the least resemble the hair; if these blondes insist nevertheless upon yellow tones, the Paris paper continues, they should by all means try to make a good combination with other bright colors.

A brighter chestnut brown of the hair demands the same tones as does blonde hair. The belles with chestnut brown hair of darker complexion and the brunettes should select maize colors and dark blue. Ashy blonde women with delicate complexion increase the elegance of their appearance by the choice of covered colors, such as gray, beige and pale blue. In connection with these hints the Moniteur de la Mode treats the symbolic importance of colors. We are reminded that in the Orient in China, white is the mourning color of the peoples of those countries creates a certain rigor and cruelty of tones.

The same may be said about the black mourning color of the Occident, which shows the same contrast for the white people of these countries. Eesides this sad signification, black and white have as yet another. Black without connection of other colors signifies pride and distinction, while white is the symbol of purity and innocence.

The red color is the most ostenta-For gold and red blonde ladies the

nifies pride and distinction, while white is the symbol of purity and in-

nocence.

The red color is the most ostentatious and most popular. It animates and embellishes everywhere. We find it throughout nature, with the birds, the flowers, the clouds and at the bottom of the ocean. Red signifies magnitude and dignity, for it attracts attention.

nitude and dignity, for it attracts attention.

Blue, like white, is the symbol of purity, goodness and elemency. Yellow is the favored color of all the people of the far East. The Chinese call it "divine color," resembling the sun.

Green is the color of the spring and hope. The Persians, the Arabs, the Turks and all Mohammedans have selected it as their national color, for the reason that it was the favorite color of the prophet.



One can find cotton crepe parasols carry with cotton crepe gowns. Linen parasols are good form. With inen gowns hats trimmed with bright olors are in evidence.

Get any tartan you need in your neck scarf. It may not be beautiful, out it means something. Black silk or satin with colored proche or embroidered flowers makes

andsome tea gowns, tea jackets and petticoats. What makes a pretty waist is black taffeta stitched with white, hav-ing a yoke of white set with French knots in black.

A deep shoulder collar of lace, which falls from the throat well over the shoulders, is a feature of many of the dainty summer dresses.

A pretty little blue frock which has a vest and stock of the finest Hamburg "all-over" has a broad collar or revers of cream lace, which makes a pretty

contrast.

The "lingerie" for boys is gorgeous in colors. Small shirts have striped wristbands and shirt fronts on piain bodies of the predominating color in the stripe.

A parasol which is good style has black figures upon the red and something of a body.

black figures upon the red and some-thing of a bandanna effect. The black figures are cutlined with a fine line of embroidery in white.

A pretty material which has been used for bridesmaids' gowns is white silk, with small flowers upon it. a pretty design being in rosebuds. That rosebud design on white is a revival of an old fashion, and is to be seen in piques, which are charming for children.

children.

The cross stitch Russian embroidery is stylish and fashionable this year in handwork as well as the machine imitations of it. A pretty feature of a little outer linen blouse which is trimmed with the embroidery is a pocket upon which is worked in the cross stitch the monogram of the wearer.