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## A FEMALE CHAPLAIN.

### UNIQUE DISTINCTION POSSESSED BY A WYOMING WOMAN.

Mrs. May Preston Slosson Enjoys Rare  
 Fame Among Her Sex—Modest and  
 Unassuming But Zealous in Behalf  
 of the Unfortunates in Stripes.

The proposed removal of the peni-  
 tentiary at Laramie, Wyo., to Rawlins,  
 calls attention to the fact that the in-  
 stitution possesses the unique distinc-  
 tion of having the only woman chaplain  
 in the United States, if not, indeed,  
 in the world. The chaplain is  
 Mrs. May Preston Slosson, wife of the  
 vice president of the University of  
 Wyoming, and for over two years she  
 has presided over the spiritual welfare  
 of the convicts imprisoned at Laramie.

Mrs. Slosson is a quiet, modest,  
 unassuming little woman just fitted for  
 the work she has chosen. Rain or  
 shine, she is at her post in the chapel  
 each Sunday, having rarely missed a  
 service during her two years of work.  
 Neither the bleak winds or blinding  
 snow of winter, nor the shimmering  
 heat of summer have sufficed to keep  
 her away from the prison and the men  
 who so eagerly watch from the grate-  
 windows of their lonely cells for her  
 coming.

Mrs. Slosson, besides being the only  
 woman prison chaplain, was the first  
 woman to receive the degree of Ph. D.  
 at Cornell University, graduating well  
 up toward the head of a class of young  
 men. She was born at Iilon, N. Y., in  
 the early 60's, but went with her par-  
 ents to Kansas when she was a small  
 girl. From the village school she went  
 to Hillsdale College, Michigan, where  
 she took the degrees B. S. and M. S.,  
 thence to Cornell, completing the three  
 years' post graduate course in two  
 years. All this before she had reached  
 the age of 21. For a little while she  
 held the chair of Greek in a Presby-



MRS. MAY PRESTON SLOSSON,  
 terian college at Hastings, Neb. Ten  
 years ago she became the wife of Prof.  
 Slosson, professor of chemistry in the  
 University of Wyoming, and since then  
 has been a resident of Laramie.

#### Guizot's Father.

Guizot lived through the most event-  
 ful periods of modern France. He  
 was born in 1787 amid the mutterings  
 of the revolution. Guizot's parents  
 were married by a prescribed Protestant  
 pastor, and his birth was never  
 legally registered. His father, who  
 was an advocate, used his talent for  
 public speaking in the interests of the  
 persecuted Protestants, and became a  
 marked man. After living for several  
 weeks in danger of his life, he was at  
 last arrested, unwillingly enough, by  
 a gendarme who knew and respected  
 him. "Shall I let you escape?" said  
 the man. "Are you married?" replied  
 M. Guizot. "Yes, I have two chil-  
 dren." "And so have I," replied the  
 prisoner, "but you would have to pay  
 for me; let us go on." They went on,  
 and M. Guizot died on the scaffold a  
 few days later. At this time Fran-  
 cois, the future statesman, who was  
 the elder of the two children, was six  
 and a half years old, and always pre-  
 served the recollection of going to see  
 his father in prison, or what was  
 euphemistically called the house of  
 justice.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Oil of roses is made on a large scale  
 in Bulgaria, at Milittiz in Saxony and  
 at Chinchilla, Spain.

Soldiers in the Italian army, are  
 each allowed half a gallon of wine  
 every week.

## HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man  
 Who is brave enough to die;  
 But the man who struggles unflinchingly  
 Against the currents of destiny  
 And bears the storm of adversity,  
 We pass unnoticed by.

We've plaudits and tears for him who  
 falls,  
 Borne down in the shock of strife;  
 But a word of cheer we neglect to say  
 To him who plods on his dreary way  
 And fights in silence from day to day  
 The unseen battles of life.

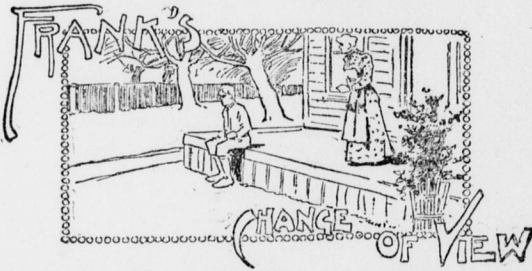
There's courage, I grant, required to face  
 Grim death on the gory field.  
 There's also courage required to meet  
 Life's girdle and sorrow; to brave defeat;  
 To strive with evil and not retreat;  
 To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments are there in every life  
 When the spirit longs for rest;  
 When the heart is filled with a bleak de-  
 spair;  
 When the weight of trouble, remorse and  
 care  
 Seems really greater than we can bear,  
 And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way  
 To the duties that lie in wait.  
 From day to day we renew the fight,  
 To resist the wrong and to seek the right,  
 To climb at last to the sun-crowned  
 height  
 And to triumph o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them—  
 My need of praise I would give  
 To those who struggle life's path along,  
 The host of toil, who are patient, strong,  
 To strive with evil and not retreat;  
 Who are brave enough to live.

—Denver News.



"YOUR hair needs comb-  
 ing before you go to  
 school," said Mrs. Cus-  
 ter, as Frank was start-  
 ing out of the door.

"Oh, it's good enough," was the re-  
 ply. "Who cares how a boy's hair  
 looks?"

"But you care yourself?"  
 "I'm not particular, that I know of,"  
 and he was off the end of the porch  
 before the mother could get in another  
 word.

"Who cares?" he repeated as he ran  
 on his way to school. "A boy doesn't  
 want to be a milk-sop." He did not de-  
 fine what he meant by the word milk-  
 sop, but it was fair to presume that  
 he intended to describe one who was  
 careful of his personal appearance and  
 did not allow his dirty hands or un-  
 combed hair to worry him. In fact,  
 Frank prided himself on being "man-  
 ly"—in his way. He thought that it  
 would make him so to talk loudly, to  
 be boisterous and careless and to fol-  
 low in the footsteps of certain men  
 of the town who made a great deal of  
 bluster in the course of their day's  
 business dealings.

"Hello, Jim," he called as he over-  
 took a quiet and neat youth of his  
 own age. "You seem to be mighty  
 still to-day."

"Nothing to yell about, that I know  
 of."

"Yell anyhow. There's a good right  
 to yell." Frank let loose a wild roar

for whom the visitor was talking.  
 Twice the interest taker in him made  
 the boy straighten up, and then he re-  
 lapsed into the old state of indiffer-  
 ence.

When it was over the boys went  
 home together.

"Awful old foggy," suggested Frank.  
 "I liked him," put in Jim. "He told  
 us a lot of things that ought to help  
 us."

"Maybe so, but what is the use of  
 having him come here to show us how  
 to act?"

Jim did not argue the matter, and  
 Frank had forgotten it all, when that  
 evening he was going downtown to  
 spend a little time with the boys. As  
 he passed Jim's home Jim's mother  
 came to the door.

"Frank," she called. "I wish you  
 would take this overcoat to Jim. He  
 went off without it, and as it is getting  
 quite cold I am afraid he ought to  
 have it."

She brought out a wide-caped coat  
 that, when Frank had thrown it over  
 his shoulders, almost covered him from  
 view. It was gray and had become  
 known as the peculiar garment of the  
 owner, being the only one in the town  
 of the kind. Frank laughed as he en-  
 veloped himself in the ample folds and  
 went whistling down the street.

"Good disguise, this," he thought,  
 and wondered if any one would take  
 him for Jim.



"HE TURNED FROM HIS COMPANIONS."

of a whoop that echoed along the  
 street.

"Don't do that—Mrs. Herper is very  
 ill. It might disturb her."

"She can't hear me—this is the public  
 highway, anyway." Another loud  
 cry was given and Frank swaggered  
 a little as though he thought he had  
 done something smart.

That blustering day was a very long  
 one for Frank. He fidgeted in his seat  
 and the teacher had several times to  
 reprove him. Finally it ended and he  
 was about to leave the room, when  
 there came from the teacher's desk a  
 request that he remain a few minutes  
 after the others had gone.

He found that he was not to stay  
 alone. In the party of boys that re-  
 mained was Jim.

"I want to have you meet the rep-  
 resentative of one of the largest rail-  
 roads in the nation," said the teacher.  
 "He is a friend of boys and is always  
 glad to see and talk with them."

A courtly stranger came into the  
 room. He was visiting in the neigh-  
 borhood and had asked to be allowed  
 to have a talk with the older boys of  
 the school. He talked to them of the  
 needs of the successful man in the  
 world; of the influence of manliness  
 and good nature; of the way he had  
 started at the bottom round of the  
 ladder and had risen to the top. Most  
 of the boys listened with interest. Jim  
 the most carefully of all. Frank was  
 uneasy and eager to go out of the  
 schoolhouse where the smaller boys  
 were playing. He felt the impulses  
 of spring, and though the day was raw  
 and cold, disliked being inside the  
 building.

He noticed that the stranger looked  
 at him often, and that himself and  
 Jim seemed to be the principal ones

A thin old horse was standing in  
 the road nibbling at the just-appearing  
 grass. Picking up a stick he threw it  
 at the animal and shouted at the top  
 of his voice. The horse went off at a  
 pitiful hobbling gait to escape its tor-  
 mentor.

"Strange that Jim Colson should do  
 that," he heard some one behind him  
 say. In the gathering dusk it was not  
 easy to determine who it was.

"Yes, he is such a gentleman," came  
 the reply. "I believe there is a great  
 future for that boy."

"He is to be one of the new railroad  
 apprentices, I heard this afternoon."

"What is that?"  
 "The president is going to put three  
 boys in the general offices to become  
 clerks and work their way up in the  
 world. He wants to take two from  
 this town, because he was born here,  
 but I guess he will take only one—  
 Jim."

Frank had not heard anything about  
 it and was surprised that such fortune  
 was to come to his friend.

But another surprise was in store.  
 A little farther down the street two  
 men came alongside. In the dusk he  
 could barely recognize them—his teacher  
 and the president. The former  
 called to him, though Frank was hur-  
 rying away: "James, see here."

Frank halted a little, feeling  
 ashamed of his false position, yet ex-  
 pecting that he would be recognized  
 properly when they came nearer.

"The matter has been decided," the  
 professor went on, "and you may be  
 prepared to go to the city on Monday.  
 Mr. Harris has decided to take only  
 you from this city. He liked one other  
 boy in the class, but was afraid that  
 he lacked neatness and attention."  
 Frank thought of his frousy hair

and disrespectful attitude in the  
 schoolroom that afternoon with keen  
 regret.

"I like to see a boy clean and man-  
 ly," put in the stranger, "and you  
 have proved yourself all right. No  
 one can succeed at a railroad office  
 who does not pay attention to these  
 things. The time to commence is  
 while you are young. You have done  
 right to remember it."

How Frank wanted to get away.  
 At the first stroke he turned from his  
 companions and entered. The men  
 went on, and then he sought Jim.

"Here's your coat," he said, handing  
 over the big garment. "Your mother  
 sent it to you. So you are going to  
 the city?"

"Why, the teacher said something  
 about it this afternoon. Maybe you  
 will go, too. He talked as if there  
 were to be two."

"No, I shall not go—they don't want  
 me"—and Frank swallowed a big  
 lump in his throat.

"Where is the comb, mother?" asked  
 Frank a few mornings after.

"Why do you want it? I thought  
 you said it did not matter how a boy  
 looked," replied Mrs. Custer, with a  
 smile.

"Well, I thought I'd clean up a little.  
 It won't hurt anyway," replied  
 Frank, shame-facedly. He disliked to  
 admit that he had changed his views.  
 He had learned one of the lessons of  
 a boy's life. It was rather expensive  
 for him, perhaps, but it would not be  
 forgotten.—Charles M. Harger, in the  
 Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Bees Not Using Their Stings.

There are a number of honey-making  
 bees which apparently do not use their  
 stings, or in which the stings are  
 atrophied and too blunt to hurt. Some  
 are very small, so diminutive that  
 they are called mosquito-bees. They  
 gather quantities of honey, of which  
 Bates, in one of the forests on the  
 Amazon, took two quarts from one of  
 the nests. In Jamaica, where some  
 of these amiable bees are also found,  
 they are called "angelitos," a name  
 given them by the original Spanish set-  
 tlers in honor of their good temper.  
 Some Australian dwarf bees—also  
 "angelitos" so far as human beings  
 are concerned—do not use their stings,  
 perhaps because they are not sharp  
 enough to hurt, but deal with their en-  
 emies something after the manner of  
 the Quaker on board ship who refused  
 to use a gun, but threw the French-  
 men overboard. An enemy is held  
 down by several of the bees, who gradu-  
 ally put him on the rack by pulling  
 his limbs out tight and keeping them  
 so, for as long as an hour, by which  
 time the prisoner "dies a natural  
 death." Bumblebees are popularly  
 supposed not to sting. The males have  
 no stings, but the females have, at any  
 rate in the common bumblebees.  
 There are so many sizes in a bumble-  
 bee's nest, large females, small fe-  
 males and males, that it is a safe specu-  
 lation not to take the risk, though  
 bumblebees are very easy-going crea-  
 tures and only sting when pressed or  
 hurt.—The Spectator.

#### Beat Slot Gas Meters.

Among the specimens of "household  
 dishonesty" recently gathered from  
 the quarter-in-the-slot gas machine  
 were twelve plugs or imitation quar-  
 ters, three "pearl" buttons smoothed  
 off in places to represent twenty-five-  
 cent pieces, a baby's teething ring re-  
 duced in size and thirty-eight counter-  
 feit coins.

For those who must have gas for  
 cooking or illumination, but who can-  
 not afford to pay a deposit for the lux-  
 ury of a meter, and for those whom the  
 gas company does not wish to issue a  
 monthly bill there is a compromise in  
 the shape of a slot machine meter.  
 By dropping in a quarter of a dollar  
 the automatic meter does faithful ser-  
 vice for a little time.

It is only within a comparatively  
 few months that the company has no-  
 ticed a wholesale attempt to beat  
 the machine. The proceeds of each meter  
 is dumped into a great bag by the col-  
 lector, who monopolizes the combina-  
 tion, but so many bad coins, plugs,  
 makeshifts and other frauds have been  
 discovered that it has been decided to  
 inspect in future each contribution as  
 it is released from the mechanical gas  
 gauge.—New York Mail and Express.

#### A "Flame" Party.

An original party was given not long  
 ago by a bachelor woman who has a  
 weakness for red and has furnished  
 her den largely in that color. Desiring  
 to entertain her friends, she re-  
 solved to gratify her love for brilliance  
 by having a "flame" party. All the in-  
 vited guests were requested to wear  
 red as conspicuously as possible.

To make the coloring of the den even  
 more vivid for the occasion, the hos-  
 tess strung festoons of red peppers  
 around, and covered the ceiling with  
 a spider's web of red cord.

When the evening came the guests  
 arrived in perfect flames of red. The  
 women wore red kimonos over evening  
 gowns, red hose, red slippers with red  
 ribbons, red algrettes in the hair and  
 red gloves. The men wore red neck-  
 ties, red hose and red shoe lacings.

A profusion of red cords hung from  
 the central chandelier, and to the up-  
 per end of each a favor was attached,  
 the guests selecting the cords at ran-  
 dom, as the intermingling prevented  
 them from seeing to what the dang-  
 ling end was fastened.

Red meat sandwiches, red drinka-  
 bles and red ice cream furnished the  
 refreshment.—New York Tribune.

#### No Ruak Expected.

It has been decided that all pris-  
 oners sentenced to the Missouri State  
 Penitentiary must be vaccinated be-  
 fore admittance, but it is believed that  
 the new ruling will have no effect upon  
 the number of applicants.—Kansas  
 City (Mo.) Star.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Cob and Grain Mixed.

The time has gone by for the farmer  
 to go to mill for grinding his grain.  
 There has been wonderful improve-  
 ments in grinding mills, as they can  
 be made to grind very rapidly and to  
 any degree of fineness. The cob and  
 grain may be ground together if pre-  
 ferred, though experiments do not  
 show much benefit in feeding the cobs  
 with the grain, the advantage being  
 that the cob is converted into manure  
 and thereby rendered useful. There  
 is a great saving in food when the  
 grain is ground and fed in connection  
 with coarse materials that are cut fine.

### Disposing of Surplus Poultry.

At a Western farmers' institute Henry  
 Van Dresser, the New York poultry  
 breeder, told how to get rid of the  
 surplus stock when prices are very  
 low. All join hands and have a kill-  
 ing day. Put a large pot on the  
 stove, kill and dress the birds, put  
 them into the pot and boil till tender.  
 Have preserving jars ready and fill  
 with chicken, pouring the juice on  
 top, cover with fat or melted butter  
 and seal while hot. It will keep  
 through the year, and can then be pre-  
 pared in many different ways for the  
 table. It makes a convenient dish  
 for unexpected company.

### Preservation of Tools.

The preservation of tools and ma-  
 chines on farms is an important mat-  
 ter, as one of the principal sources of  
 expense is that of repairs. Tools are  
 costly when not kept in some place  
 where they will be protected against  
 the weather. In the spring, when  
 the hurry of work comes, the imple-  
 ment most required may be unfit for  
 service, and a new one may be neces-  
 sary, or repairs, which should have  
 been procured weeks before, must  
 be purchased. It is not unusual for  
 farmers who change locations to find  
 themselves loaded with tools that they  
 did not suppose they possessed, the  
 clearing up for removal bringing to  
 light some that had been stored away  
 where they could not be found. Other  
 farmers leave their plows, harrows  
 and other implements in the fields to  
 rust.

### Pen For About Ten Days.

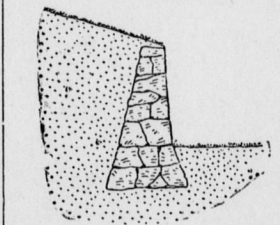
The season for selling turkeys goes  
 beyond Thanksgiving, as the demand  
 continues long after Christmas. The  
 farmer should never send his turkeys  
 to market until he has penned them  
 for about ten days and fed them three  
 or four times a day. A mixture of  
 four pounds of corn meal, two pounds  
 ground oats and half a pound of lin-  
 seed meal, moistened with milk and  
 warm water, should be given at each  
 meal, except at night, when an abun-  
 dant of corn and wheat should be al-  
 lowed. Fresh water, gravel and some  
 kind of green food will also be neces-  
 sary. A single turkey, alone in a  
 coop, will not thrive. Put several in  
 a yard together, and they will be more  
 contented. Two or three pounds added  
 to each turkey will amount to a con-  
 siderable sum in money for a large  
 lot, while the extra quality will en-  
 able the farmer to secure a higher  
 price per pound.

### Farming as a Business.

Farming is a business, the object  
 being to derive a profit, for no farmer  
 should be satisfied with a bare living  
 or existence on a farm. If there is an  
 insufficient quantity of manure for a  
 large field reduce the area, as the la-  
 bor is something that enters into the  
 cost. Concentration of labor and ma-  
 nure will give a profit when failure is  
 sure to result in working a large plot  
 of land. Much of the cost of labor is  
 in the beginning, and not in the har-  
 vesting. The larger the area the greater  
 the wear and repairs of implements,  
 and the greater the distance to be tra-  
 velled while working. A crop of fifty  
 bushels of wheat on one acre will give  
 a profit, while twenty bushels per  
 acre may not pay expenses. The reason  
 is that the larger yield will cost  
 less per bushel for labor and plant  
 food than the smaller, the land also  
 being benefited by the better cultiva-  
 tion and treatment of the growing  
 crop, whether of wheat, corn or oats.

### Building a Retaining Wall.

Where roads are built on side hills,  
 and in many other locations about  
 the farm, it is often necessary to build  
 walls of stone against a bank of earth.  
 Such a wall is often seen tumbling  
 down, because not properly laid up in

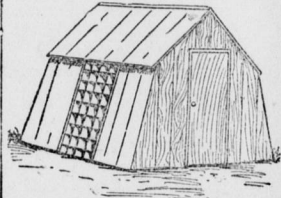


the beginning. It will not do to be-  
 gin the wall on the surface of the  
 lower level. The frost must not get  
 under the wall or trouble will follow.  
 Moreover, the wall should slope in-  
 ward on both sides where it comes in  
 contact with the earth. The accom-  
 panying cut shows this idea clearly.  
 Arranged in this way the wall cannot  
 be lifted at any point by the frost, and  
 will retain the bank of earth perfect-  
 ly.—New England Homestead.

### A Cheap Poultry House.

Instead of the simple A-shaped  
 house often seen—a house that gives

but little head room for the attendant  
 —the cut shows a similar house with a  
 hip-roof. But little framing is needed,  
 and shorter pieces of board may be  
 used. The window should be a hot-  
 house sash. If the soil is dry and  
 gravelly, no floor will be needed. The  
 window should face the south, and a



small window may be placed in the  
 eastern end. Where there is a lot  
 of waste land on the farm a half  
 dozen such houses may be placed upon  
 it, ten or twelve rods apart, and twen-  
 ty-five hens placed in each colony  
 house. The fowl will get much of their  
 own living, and will not need any  
 yard fencing about them—a great  
 saving of time and money. The  
 houses should be placed in a circle,  
 that each one may be visited conven-  
 iently in a single round of feeding  
 or egg gathering. If a spring or a  
 brook can be had in the centre of  
 such a group of houses the matter of  
 water for the hens will take care of  
 itself.—New York Tribune.

### Feeding Cows.

In marketing my cream to fancy  
 trade, writes L. V. Axiell, of Ohio, in  
 the American Agriculturist, I make  
 capital of the fact that I use only  
 well-matured and well-cured foods for  
 dairy cows. Our feed consists of  
 clover hay and corn stover fed whole  
 at the rate of one part of clover to two  
 or three parts of corn stover. Our grain  
 feed consists principally of corn and oats  
 from the farm.

I try to balance the grain ration  
 with protein in its cheapest market  
 form, as the prices may vary on oil  
 meal, gluten or cotton seed. I think  
 that most modern idea dairymen feed  
 too much protein rather than not  
 enough in proportion to the fatty  
 foods. If less intensive methods were  
 used in the feeding and stabling of  
 cattle, we should have much less tu-  
 berculous, calf scours, abortion and  
 disease generally on our hands. Plenty  
 of the more natural foods, plenty  
 of exercise and fresh air are good  
 agents with which to combat disease.

I think the feeding of badly cured  
 ensilage productive of much abortion  
 and calf cholera. Other spoiled foods  
 could produce just as unfavorable re-  
 sults. The putting up of ensilage is  
 managed much better than formerly.  
 Before putting up a silo I have been  
 waiting for a short hay crop. For  
 twenty years I have kept on 200 acres  
 from seventy-five to 100 head of cat-  
 tle and an average of ten head of  
 horses. I have never bought ten tons  
 of hay. We have never sold much,  
 either, and never sell except at high  
 prices. We never buy but little grain,  
 and the wheat sold much more than  
 pays for feed bought. If ensilage en-  
 ables farmers to carry so much more  
 stock, I should have to build more  
 barns in addition to the silo, and I  
 have care enough, so I think I will  
 continue old-fashioned.

### Trees Near Boundary Lines.

Trees are real property and belong  
 to the owner of the ground upon which  
 the trunks stand. If the trunks stand  
 wholly within one man's boundaries,  
 the whole of the trees belong to him,  
 even though the branches may over-  
 hang and the roots feed upon the soil  
 of another. But a land owner need  
 not suffer the nuisance of overhang-  
 ing branches; he may abate it by cut-  
 ting them off.

In planting his orchard a farmer  
 placed one row of trees close to the  
 fence which divided his land from his  
 neighbor's. While the trees were  
 small they caused no trouble, but  
 when they grew large, the branches  
 extended out over the neighbor's land  
 and became a source of annoyance to  
 him. One fall, when the trees were  
 loaded with fine fruit, the neighbor's  
 boys commenced to take apples from  
 the overhanging branches, and the  
 wife of the owner of the orchard,  
 being a hasty woman, scolded the boys  
 and said some mean things about the  
 neighbor's family. This started a very  
 bitter quarrel.

A few days after scolding the boys  
 the woman crossed the