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 $1.50 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 renewals 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.

Until within a few years Germany and France, particularly the former country, have given more attention to technical instruction than the United States. Even England, though far behind Germany in this respect, has of late shown great activity in this direction.

Cotta, Saxony, has adopted an odd method of enforcing the payment of delinquent taxes. A printed list of the names of the delinquents is hung in every restaurant and drinking place in the town, and those who are on it can get neither meat nor drink at these places, as the owners are under penalty of loss of license.

The automobile has "come to stay." Of that there can be do doubt. And it will stay not as a tolerated evil, but as a highly prized acquisition. But, after all, automobiles—or their motor-men—do not "own the earth." They must be used with due regards to the law, to the rights of other vehicles and their occupants, and to the common sense status of public highways. The highways are common roads for the general use of all. No one class of vehicle users has any right to monopolize them. And no one has a right to use them in a way that will make their use by others impossible or unsafe.

Of course, it would be impossible to patrol every mile of road in New Hampshire, but a single man, mounted, could cover a good deal of territory if the right method were employed, and it would not take so many as would at first be supposed to cover all sections of the State where such protection is needed, reflects the Manchester Union. With an efficient body of what might be called "rural police," whether under State or County authority, life and property in the country would be safer; there would be fewer murders, assaults, barn burnings, horse stealings and crimes of like nature. With such a force well organized it would be almost impossible for a man to go through the State with a stolen horse, as it would be equally as hard for a man to commit an assault or murder on a country road and escape detection. Then, again, in the way of discouraging any attempt at crime, the presence of such a force, composed of men of courage, well mounted and armed, would certainly have a deterring effect.

The Progressive Japanese.

The increase of stature among the Japanese is very perceptible, and the substitution of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion, says Chambers's Journal. Before the advent of military discipline on European models the Japanese were probably the smallest necked race in the world, a firm of London collar makers with a large trade to Japan asserting that thirteen inches was the normal circumference of a full-grown Jap's throat. In a little over twenty years, owing to more athletic development, the average has risen an inch and a half! To athletic development should also be added greater avoirdupois, inasmuch as a more generous diet and abstention from parboiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.

Strong lights, with basins of petroleum below them, are now used in France to destroy night-flying insects that injure vineyards. As many as 4868 insects have been caught in a basin in one night.

Boarding Houses Drive to Drink.

George L. McNutt, the New York minister who gave up preaching to become a workingman and live with the poor, declares that boardinghouse fare drives many a man to drink. "It ought to be a penitentiary offense to fry a beefsteak," he says.

New Zealand sent Great Britain 1,487,197 hundredweight of mutton, valued at £2,657,450, in the course of last year.

THE PAST.

A thousand dreams to earth have come
  and gone,
A thousand forms, by fear or fancy drawn,
Like shapes of night have faded from the
  dawn.

A thousand creeds have held their sway
  on earth,
Unto a thousand myths have given birth,
That now are food for wonder, scorn or
  mirth.

A thousand gods have reigned their little
  day,
And crumbled. They were fashioned out
  of clay,
Like worn-out toys they now are cast
  away.

A thousand castles of the human mind
Are wrecks with which the coast of time
  are lined,
The rubbish of the ages left behind.

A thousand systems of a thousand schools
The theories of nature's hidden rules,
Now seem to us the dreams of idle fools.

A thousand lofty sentiments expressed,
To those who heard them seeming of the
  best,
Are now forgotten or a theme for jest.

A thousand books on memory have laid
  claim,
A thousand authors through them sought
  for fame;
To us there scarce remains a single name.

The winnower of the ages thrashes o'er
The harvest of a generation's lore;
One grain is grafted from the thrashing
  floor,

The rest as empty chaff, aside is cast.
Oblivion's refuse, gathering thick and fast,
Chokes all the gates and highways of the
  past.

Religions, dreams and empires all have
  gone,
Like shapes of night that vanish from the
  dawn,
While through the ages earth went rolling
  on.

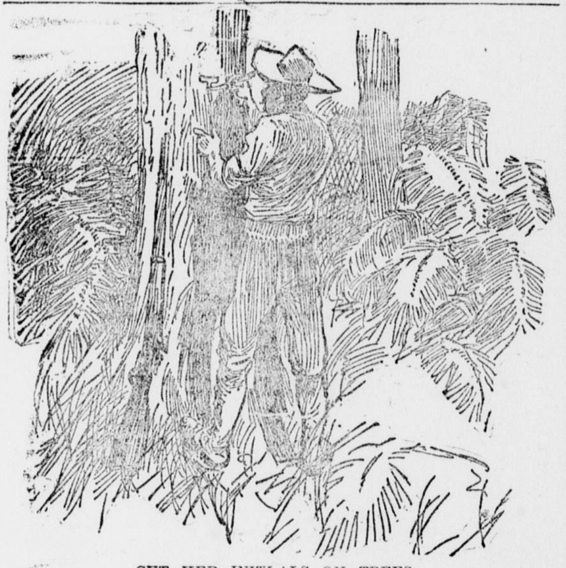
SIX months of soldiering in the Philippines had taken all the edge off Tom Crowder's military ardor. In a year the sight of a khaki uniform hurt his eyes and he began to realize that in all the world no village was so fair to look upon as Sugar Creek, Ill., the home town where "Crowder & Sons" kept store, and where the event of each droning day was "train time." When two years had almost passed he began to dream of swinging under the elms in the old front yard at home, and wondered as he nibbled at the everlasting hardtack how many pitted cherry pies he could eat at one sitting in the dining room at home.

When a young soldier's mind begins to dwell on the pies that mother used to make he cannot flourish on salt pork. But when he begins to decorate his tent wall with the photographs of Tillie and Sue and "the folks" he's fit for nothing but furloughs and sick leave, and if there's anything of the quitter about him he's in imminent danger of forgetting to answer roll call some dark evening when the music of the sea beyond the jungle lures him with false songs of home. Tom heard the siren voice all right, but he didn't lure a little bit. His term of enlistment was almost at hand, and he satisfied himself with blotting each dull day off the calendar, writing doggerel verse about Tillie and making himself a nuisance generally to his bunkie.

He used to swear roundly that he wasn't "in love" when he enlisted, but he had her picture and his mother's, and by a natural process of longing for home he developed quite a fierce and yearning passion for Tillie. A hundred times he began a letter to her, but he never had the nerve to send it. He cut her initials on trees, fences and tent poles and wrote her name a dozen times on every scrap of paper that he could find. He sang it, spelled it and whistled it till his soul was in a fine frenzy, and he knew by heart the long speech of proposal that he meant to whisper into her little pink ear the first time he could get her alone in the swing or on the narrow seat of dad's spring wagon.

So when Tom got back to Manila and "regular mails" he was stirred by an unreasonable hope that there would be at least one letter from Tillie. He was disappointed but not disheartened to find nothing but three old missives from his mother, in which there was not a word of his heart's delight and a volume of motherly advice about the care he should take of himself, the things he should eat and drink, the comrades he should avoid and the prayers he should say. Her latest letter was full of the "time they would give him" when he got home, and it concluded with the hint of a "great surprise" that was in store for him. Of course, that put new zest into his "honing for home," and his hatred for the army rose in proportion.

The whole town was at the station when Tom swung off the train steps at Sugar Creek. The Silver Cornet Band, with old Bill Thompson, shako and all at its head, was standing on the platform playing, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Great flags waved above the depot and yards of bunting stretched clear across the street from Crowder's grocery store to the Town Hall. Tom almost fell into the arms of his mother. Even his brother Jim semeed to have forgotten all differences and hugged him. But best of all there was Tillie, quite a woman now, prettier than ever, blushing furiously and holding his hand as she had never held it before and holding up her radiant face to be kissed as often as he liked. The small boys yelled "Hooray for Tom Crowder," old man Crowder shed tears of joy, prominent citizens, wearing badges marked "Reception," ushered the hero into a carriage, and as Tom was whisked away to the Mayor's residence for a brief carnival of speech-making and handshaking the band played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."



CUT HER INITIALS ON TREES.

meant to "hike back" to Sugar Creek as fast as ship and train could carry him, and hoped by all that was holy that once he was mustered out he'd never see a soldier again. He got to be the worst "knocker" in the company, and he wrote so many letters that his comrades began to ask him why he didn't write a few to himself.

"If you got such a good home and swell people, why don't some of 'em write to you?" sneered his tent-mate one night. "You can't be very strong with Tillie 'r she'd write you at least once a year."

Now the letter question was a sore one with Tom because nobody wrote to him except his mother, and her letters seldom reached him during the final months of his campaigning in the interior. He had quarreled with his brother so many times that no love was lost between them, and his father didn't write for the good reason that he didn't know how. As for Tillie, the young soldier had no reason to expect letters from her. When he left home she was only sixteen, and his "affair" with her was of the long-distance, mooning, mental sort peculiar to boys and girls just out of the high school. If Tom had been perfectly fair in his introspection he must have admitted that there was nothing very tangible in his hopes with regard to Tillie. He told himself a thousand times that she was "the one girl," and coddled himself with the belief that his fealty to her was little short of heroic, and that, by some mysterious telepathic sympathy, she must, by this time, be pining away for his return.

But it all semeed too long to the returned hero. He felt very proud and happy, of course. He bowed to the Judge and shook hands with everybody, and tried to make a speech, but all the time his eyes were seeking Tillie and his heart was aching for another chance to greet her. At last the guests withdrew and Tom and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and—wondrous luck—Tillie all piled into the big carriage and were driven up to the Crowder home.

"And now, my son," said the proud old father, "now comes the greatest surprise of all. Tillie, bring him out."

And Tillie, all blushes, ran into the bedroom only to reappear in a moment with a bundle of muslin and lace that looked like a small bolster.

"Allow me, Tom, to introduce you to your nephew, Tom Crowder, the second."

Then they all laughed and clapped their hands except poor Tom and the baby.

"Whose kid is it?" asked Tom faintly, as his white face turned from the child's to Tillie's.

"Why, it's Tillie's," laughed the mother; "Tillie's and Jim's. They were married a year ago, but we thought we'd keep the secret a while."

"We thought it'd make you homesick, mebbe," said Jim.

"Do you want to hold him, Tom?" whispered Tillie, holding out the baby; "you're his godfather, you know."

Tom held his little namesake for a while, but he didn't seem to know just what to say. They laughed at him, teased him and praised him, till his mother suggested that he looked worn out and should go to bed.

Tom re-enlisted last week in spite of the combined objections of Jim, Tillie and the old folks.

"No use kicking about it, dad," he said. "I got the fever and I can't shake it. You don't need me in the store, an' I guess they ain't more than enough to split 'tween two families. I'll get along all right, but honest, dad, I just couldn't live here in Sugar Creek another week. Tell Tillie to write to me about the kid."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

THAT GOOSE WAS COSTLY.

Alabama Speculators in Cotton Pay Dearly For Their Credulity.

There is an old saying about "the goose hangs high," but the saying has been changed a little in Selma, and they now say that "the goose came high." Last Saturday a week ago Mr. Watt Craig killed a wild goose of the pelican variety and took it to the city. It was the finest goose of that kind that had been killed in Selma in seventeen years, and old weather prophets predicted at once that the South was on the eve of a cold snap, as that kind of goose never made its appearance until about two days before a tremendous frost or a freeze.

This particular goose was discussed around Cotton Exchanges, and a good many men worked themselves up into believing the story. They argued to themselves that if a cold spell should come in the next two or three days, the price of cotton would jump clear out of sight, and they would reap a rich harvest on the strength of that goose.

Men who are disposed to speculate do not want very much encouragement to wade in, so they commenced to buy cotton, and pretty soon the infection spread, all on account of this one wild goose. But the weather turned warmer instead of colder, the heat became oppressive, the dust got denser, and cotton took a tumble and kept going down. The men who had bought cotton on the wild goose theory kept getting bluer and bluer, and a well-informed cotton man said that Watt Craig's wild goose cost Selma cotton speculators not less than $5000.

One man remarked that the next man who came around telling a yarn about a wild goose making it turn cold was going to get a first-class scrap on his hands, and that if such a man should go around the Cotton Exchange he would be liable to be tarred and feathered, if he escaped with his life. The predicted cold spell came, and not until the money of the believers in the wild goose theory had taken wings and flown to parts unknown.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

"The Maniac on Handling."

"What a large number of shoppers there are who never seem satisfied with seeing a thing, but must needs hold it, turn it upside down, inside out, as the case may be," said a woman yesterday. "It is women, not men, who are given to this bad habit of handling. A man will walk through long aisles of goods temptingly displayed and never venture to touch them. Not so with women. Nothing semes to escape their too eager hands. It makes no difference whether they intend to purchase or not, they never seem able to resist the temptation to hold these things in their hands. Silks, satins, laces, china, glass, jewels, all are one to them. The frailest, daintiest, most perishable suffer alike. How often must the heart of the guardian of these beautiful things quake with fear. Fancy the condition of a dainty gown, a piece of lace, a delicate bit of silk that has been fingered by hundreds of not too cleanly gloved hands.

"It is not only the shops that suffer," she continued, "but the homes of the friends of these maniacs on handling. How often it is with a sigh of relief that a host or hostess sees guests depart, thankful at heart that some rare article of vertu has come out whole after the careless treatment just accorded it. It is a wise mother who teaches her children to walk into a drawing room and never by any chance to put a finger on a thing."

Large Wedding Fees.

It is said that the yearly average of marriage fees received by some West End clergymen amounts to about $400 or $500—a neat little perquisite, by the way. The largest fee on record is the one paid to the Pope by the Duke d'Aosta for the privilege of marrying his niece. At a fashionable wedding in New York the clergyman recently received a check for $1000. The two extremes in the case of a well known minister were a fee of $100 and a loan to the bridegroom of $10.—London Sunday Companion.

HEARING ONE'S OWN VOICE.

Maybe That an Interested Speaker is Deaf to His Own Speech.

"I have often wondered if the average man or woman could hear their own voices while engaged in conversation," observed a thoughtful citizen yesterday, "and the matter seems to be open to serious question. There is an old expression used under certain noisy conditions, which runs thus, 'I couldn't hear myself talk,' and while this saying has more particular reference to a situation where the sounds are rioting, I am inclined to believe that in at least fifty per cent. of the instances one is not conscious of the sound of one's voice. I mean by this that one is not definitely conscious of the sounds. The tones are not well defined in one's mind. Of course the waves are beating on the ear drums, but I fancy if one should stop to analyze and classify the tones it would be most confusing. The man who talks idly, and who says things indifferently, probably hears his own voice. But where there is feeling, and animation, and earnestness, and what one may call soulfulness, in the conversation, I do not believe there is any well-defined consciousness of the sounds which fall from one's lips. There are instances, of course, when one's voice is most pleasing and soulful, as when one sings some sentimental song, or hums a soothing tune, or recites verse and little skits from great orations, and things of that sort. One is generally alone at such times. Yet, in instances of this sort there are certain mental associations which frequently crowd into one's mind, and much of the sound is lost in the pictures which come trooping back from some earlier time in life. I am convinced that the public speaker who handles his subject with earnestness and animation, and who believes in what he says for the sake of principle instead of building his way with bombast to high political preferment—in such a case I believe the speaker is dead to the sound of his voice. His mental faculties are crowded into the idea. He slips, as it were, into the shell of his theme. He forgets his gestures, making them unconsciously. He does not see his hearers and wades through the storm of applause which may greet his saying. His mind is turned back on itself, as he proceeds to apply his principles to a certain series of facts. This does not happen in every instance, for there are statesmen who talk for the sake of hearing their voices rattle against the walls of the assembly hall, statesmen who substitute loudness for logic and who either straddle or ignore principle for the sake of position, prestige and pelf. But I was speaking of the common run of men, the ordinary fellows of the world, and I believe we may safely figure that, in many instances at least, men and women have no well-defined consciousness of their own voice while engaged in conversation."

"Theatrical men have devised a curious way of controlling the volume of the human voice, and it has worked wonderfully well in outdoor performances," said a gentleman who is connected with the West End management. "They use an ordinary copper wire for the purpose. We have one here at West End. In length it is sufficient to reach across the front part of the stage, its ends touching a point directly above the two end footlights. We have strung this wire across the stage about twelve or fifteen feet above the footlights. There had been some complaint on the part of patrons that they could not hear the performers well from the seats further back from the stage, and we concluded to try the system used by theatrical managers. We stretched the wire the full length of the front of the stage at the distance indicated from the footlights. After putting it in we began an interesting test, and we found that the wire really improved the ability of the auditor to hear sounds on the stage. The wire seems to keep the sounds from scattering so much and seems to force the voice of the singer out to the audience in a more compact and stronger form, if I may use the expression. It acts as a sort of sounding board in some way which I do not understand exactly. This small wire has made an enormous difference in the hearing area of the pavilion, a difference of probably fifty feet or more. The voice of the singer has a clearer sound to the auditor, the articulation is more distinct, the volume is greater, and the situation is in every way improved so far as the back seats are concerned. It may be that the wire tends to hold the sounds closer to the earth by giving the waves a downward drift instead of permitting them to drift upward, and to grow wider and weaker as the vibrations spread out in a greater air area. This, however, is mere speculation. We know the result of the experiment, for since we put the wire where it is now we have received but few complaints from our patrons."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Lake Winnebago Shallow.

Professor Marsh, of Wisconsin, in speaking recently of the peculiarities of Lake Winnebago, said that it is remarkable for its shallowness. Although it is almost twenty-eight miles in length and ten or more miles in width, it has a depth of only twenty five feet. This is due to the fact that the lake's outlet is constantly deepening and that the inlet is gradually filling its bottom with a sandy or earthy deposit. But Winnebago's shallowness makes it remarkably rich in fish; indeed, it is one of the most productive known. Shallow lakes always have more fish than deep ones, chiefly, perhaps, because there is more vegetation on the bottom of the shallow one.

SWAPPING CONFIDENCES.

One Girl Wastes Sympathy on a Man; Another Makes Six Men Waste Theirs.

"I'll never be even civil to a man again," muttered the brown eyed girl.

The blue eyed girl shrugged her shoulders incredulously. "Have your unsophisticated affections been trifled with?"

"It is worse than that. A man I don't even like thinks I am in love with him."

"Did you give him cause?"

"Indeed, I did not. Only a conceited prig could have mistaken my conduct. You know, I have just returned from Cousin Nan's cottage. There was a bachelor next door. I don't know how long he has been a bachelor, but long enough to be utterly selfish and uninteresting. He ran in every day, and I told Nan's husband that it was better to be lonely than to be bored. Then in some unexplainable way I got it into my head that he had been in love with Cousin Nan, and was still true to her memory."

"You—a Chicago girl, and thinking that? You are queer," commented the blue eyed girl.

"I know it, but it made him interesting. His stupid expression seemed soulful, and when he shook hands with Cousin Nan I fancied that I could see a wistful expression, and when he kissed her children I felt sure that only a strong will was keeping back his tears. I thought him so noble, so uncomplaining, and I tried to enter into all his moods. It wasn't very thrilling, but as there were no other men around, I thought it wouldn't hurt me to be good to him and cheer him up as much as I could. We rode and walked together in sympathetic silence, and I felt sure that he understood, for he told Tom that I was such a restful girl. One evening we stood on the porch, and I thought of the years of loneliness before him, and my heart ached. Picking up his hand, I held it for a second against my cheek, said 'Good night' very abruptly, and went into the house."

"No wonder he thought that you were in love," interrupted the blue eyed girl.

"Nonsense! If a man picked up a girl's hand she wouldn't think that he was in love—she would know that he was simply affected by the moon or something that he had eaten for dinner."

"Of course, he proposed?"

"Hardly. This story isn't in any story book. He was frightened to death and never called again. I found out afterward that he had never been in love with anyone except himself—conceited prig!"

The blue eyed girl looked thoughtful. "If you want to be awfully popular I'll tell you how if you will promise never to breathe it."

"I'll promise anything."

"Well, I will tell you my own experience. Last summer there was only one eligible man at the summer resort, and I knew that my chances for a good time were slim, for the other girls were younger and very attractive. Then some one who didn't know told that man that the man I was engaged to had died, and since that time I had been indifferent to men. It was better to have him think that than to know the real unromantic truth, so I dropped several remarks which would confirm his opinion. He hadn't even looked at me before, but after that he began studying my face, and he thought it so wonderful the way I hid my true feelings, for though my heart was broken, only a very close observer would have guessed it. To make a long story short, he decided that I was very safe for a summer girl, and he showered his attentions on me, and I accepted them with an I-understand-you air. It worked so beautifully that I now have six men trying to make me forget some deep, unknown sorrow, for they all feel sure that I can't fall in love."

"But do you think any of them will propose?"

"I hope not. I don't want to have a good thing spoiled."

Then the blue eyed girl began looking over her engagement book for the week.—Chicago Post.

The Secretary of State's Duties.

The Secretary of State's duties are more ceremonious than those of any other Cabinet member. At the New Year reception he presents the entire Diplomatic Corps to the President. He then returns to his own home and entertains the corps—with its dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, barons and other nobles—at a magnificent luncheon. With great ceremony he will from time to time personally introduce to the President all new diplomats accredited to this country. He reserves one forenoon in each week for the reception at his office of Ministers and Charge d'Affaires. He also attends to the correspondence between the President and the emperors, kings, sultans and other rulers of foreign States. When a royal child is born he frames a letter of congratulation to the parents. When a royal personage dies it is he who dispatches this nation's formal message of condolence. A clerk in the State Department copies these polite missives upon large sheets of gilt-edged paper, in a faultless copperplate hand. A messenger takes them to the White House for the President's signature. They are then returned to the Secretary of State, who seals them with the Great Seal of the United States.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Last Year's Output of Pennies.

At the United States mints 66,838,700 bronze cents were coined last year—a larger number than was produced during any previous twelvemonth.—Chicago Chronicle.