

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 a 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.

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

FREELAND, PA., FEBRUARY 12, 1902.



Henry C. Payne's record now stands clearly before President Roosevelt: "First—A corruptionist, an exponent of the commercial politics of craft and chicanery in his own state and in the Republican national machine.

"Second—A lobbyist at Washington and at the capital of Wisconsin and in his own city—a lobbyist for the telephone monopoly, for the northwestern railroads, for the Armour Meat Trust, for the Milwaukee street railroads. And a lobbyist working frankly and without the usual disguise of the legal profession, 'to keep up appearances.'"

Such is the man whom President Roosevelt has invited into his cabinet, invited to the postmaster-generalship of all places, the post where the exercise of the talents by which he has become notorious will be most scandalous, most detrimental to the public interest—and most useful in building up a second-term machine.

If, in face of the Payne disclosures, Payne does not find that his health forbids him to accept, Mr. Roosevelt will have struck a blow at himself from which he will not easily recover. By adopting the kind of politics he professes to abhor and disdain Mr. Roosevelt will have served notice upon the people that he fundamentally has confidence only in chicanery, and not in character and its effect upon the people. And if Mr. Roosevelt shows the people that he does not trust them, how can he expect them to continue to trust him?—New York World.

Roosevelt seems to think he can atone for his brutal criticism of General Miles and its implied hostility to Schley by calling Schley to his room and giving him some taffy in private. His attack on Miles was made as public as possible, and his animus against Schley was also shown publicly. Now, if he knows any good reason for upholding Schley, let him come out like a man and tell the public what it is. If Schley will quietly submit to all the lies that have been told on him, and now turn in to help save the naval ring from the public indignation which it so well deserves, simply because Roosevelt would like to have it that way, he will disappoint his best friends and please his worst enemies. Men whose good opinions are worth having do not like a toady, and Schley can well afford to stand like a man for his rights, even before President Roosevelt.

The Iron Age, a paper that cannot be accused of being Democratic, asserts that some of the protected manufacturers are selling goods in the Hawaiian Islands so much cheaper than at home that some of the articles sold at the export prices have been sent back to the United States and sold again after paying the duty and freight at less than the manufacturers charge their fellow-countrymen. This but confirms the many similar stories of like transactions. Protecting infant industries like the Steel Trust with its billion and a quarter capital, is so outrageous that no sensible man can think of it without a feeling of disgust and pity for the poor dupes who are willing to pay this trust millions every year under the name of protection. If the great body of American people who have been used for generations and are still being used as the stupid tools of the protected few, would come to their senses for a single month the protection humbug would be wiped out forever, root and branch.

Would Like a Few.
"Yes, sir, I saw him light his cigar with a twenty dollar bill."
"You did?"
"I did."
"Say, you don't suppose I could get him to furnish me with cigar lighters, do you?"

Refuses to Run Risks.
Wife—Don't you want to go shopping with me?
Husband—No, thanks.
Wife—You don't love me.
Husband—Yes, I do. I love you so much that I don't want to run the risk of a permanent separation.—Judge.

Guess Again, Perhaps.
"But," protested the angry creditor, "you said you guessed you would pay me today."
"I know I did," explained the humble debtor; "but, you see, I am such a poor guesser."—Baltimore American.

DON'T MIND THE YEARS.

It's Not Time, but Lack of Mental Freshness, That Ages Woman.

Women have many things yet to learn, but one lesson which should be indelibly impressed upon the feminine mind is that not years, but lack of mental freshness makes a woman old. The highly prized girlish years, from eighteen to twenty-five, are really years of babyhood.

The most beautiful women in the world, able to attract and to hold the greatest men, have almost invariably been women past thirty. Very often they have been past forty.

A woman lacking full mental development is like a green peach. She may be very pretty to look at, but that is all. Of course, if she is to spoil before maturity, better take her as you would take the peach, when it is a little green rather than after it has spoiled.

And that fact—that women of maturity attract men worth while—is very unimportant compared with this other fact—the mature woman is the best mother.

Constantly, in studying the lives of those who succeed, you find that it is the tenth or even the fourteenth child that makes the family famous. Carlyle and Napoleon will do for examples in widely divergent fields.

Each was so fortunate as to have for mother a mature woman, at her best when the child was born.

Women make constantly the great mistake of letting the years count. Don't let them count.

Women are as different from one another as are cabbages from rosebushes. If you are a rosebush, don't consent to be old at the age which ends a cabbage's career. You are beginning to realize your possibilities when the cabbage type of woman has ended her life's usefulness.

And remember this—you need not be a cabbage woman unless you want to.

Keep young, keep cheerful. Keep your interest not merely in what your husband or best young man has to say about himself, but in every question—New York Journal.

A Library Cozy Corner.

This sketch, if well worked out, will make a very suitable addition to any library, or, if one does not soar so high as that, it forms in any room quite a library in itself. The usual methods of building a cozy corner are followed, but care should be taken that it is constructed strongly, to stand the weight of books. Above the seat as many shelves may be fixed as desired, although we only show three in our design. To give more room for the storage of books two small open cupboards fitted with shelves can be built outside each of the two arms. The woodwork will look best if stained and polished.



A SNUG NOOK.

but as this is rather above the amateur it would perhaps be better enameled. At the extreme end of the shelves two other cupboards are constructed within the two upright arms. These should be fitted with glass and will give an opportunity for the display of rare china or other curios. They might also be used for storing expensive or artistic books.

Cooking Dried Fruits.

Success in cooking dried fruits depends on little cooking and long soaking. After washing the fruit, rubbing it between the hands to soften any dirt that may adhere, cover it with cold water and let stand over night or even a longer time. Add the sugar to the water after draining out the fruit. Boil and skim, put in the fruit and simmer gently till tender. You will be surprised to see how much finer it will be in flavor and in appearance than that cooked rapidly and without the preliminary soaking.

Toasting Bread.

Toasting, if properly done, converts a portion of the bread into predigested food. Dry starch is converted by heat into dextrin, a form that all starchy substances assume after the first process of digestion; consequently, as in eating toast the stomach is relieved of a part of its work, there are few things that make a more wholesome or nutritious breakfast dish.

For Greasing Tins.

A flat paint brush is a capital thing to use for greasing tins and pie dishes. It is much better for getting into corners than one's fingers or the piece of paper that many people use as a makeshift. The same brush can do duty for brushing egg over pastry and milk over newly baked cakes to glaze them.

Cleanliness.

There can be no beauty where there is not perfect cleanliness. It is an established fact that the women whose lives are passed in clean places spend more care and time upon themselves than those whose daily surroundings make, or should make, frequent cleansing imperative.

PATTY'S BUSINESS EXPERIENCE

By MAUD HUMPHREYS Copyright, 1901, By A. S. Richardson.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Constance Wilson in dismay.

"Every bit as bad," responded Patty, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "When it is all over, I will have perhaps \$500 and the furniture."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Wilson, "and every one thought Mr. Norris was such a fine business man." But she did not express the thought. She knew the girl's loyalty to her dead father.

"Patty," she finally exclaimed in triumph, "there are the Van Allen girls going abroad. Their father is a widower. He wants a companion for them. You know the continent like a guide-book, and you'd be useful. They're new to this sort of thing, you know."

Patricia Norris drew herself up very straight. "Connie, don't suggest impossible things. I positively refuse to take a position that savors of charity. I'm going straight into the business world and work—really work."

Mrs. Wilson affected a cheerful acquiescence which she did not feel.

"I'm going home now, my dear, and think this over. You'll hear from me tomorrow. And of course you'll succeed, whatever you undertake."

Mrs. Wilson had been Patty's governess in the days when such a thing as financial uncertainty seemed far removed from the Norris mansion. Now she was manuscript reader for a big publishing concern. When she reached her dimly lighted bedroom, third story, back, in a noisy boarding house, she drew forth a small bankbook and studied it carefully. As a result of long reflection she dispatched the following note to Patty:

My Dear Girl—Before we do anything else we must find a home. I am sick unto death of boarding. Shall we have a little flat together, a cunning apartment, with what you want of your dear old things as furnishings? Then we'll find you the position. But first a home—for your sake and mine. Save me from the fate of a hall bedroom, my dear. It is the chance I have dreamed of for years.

Three weeks later Mrs. Wilson caught Patty frowning at her across a dinner table that was homelike and dainty.

"Connie, there's absolutely nothing left for me to do. The tins are hung straight in the kitchen, and I've tried the bric-a-brac in every conceivable position. I'm not to be put off any longer. I want a job."

There was mirth in the tone, but it rang false. "Job" from the lips of Patricia Norris! Nevertheless that same evening they faced the situation together. Mrs. Wilson had seen this coming and was prepared.

"There is absolutely nothing open in our offices, as I had hoped, Patty, and the only schools where I would have influence are supplied with teachers that never marry or die." She surveyed the girl through a veil of unshed tears. "You've a regular Gibson figure, dear, and such lovely fluffy hair!" She broke off disconnectedly. Patty laughed.

"Connie, go stick to the text. Shall I go forth as an artist's model?"

Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands tightly.

"Not exactly that, but I heard of something today, Patty, that you could do—so well."

"Name it," responded Patty, but with an odd sinking sensation in her heart.

"At Schermerhorn's they want—a model to show off their imported suits, and you're the very—Oh, Patty, don't look at me like that—I've tried so hard to get something better!"

In a second the girl's soft arms were round her neck.

"Connie, behave yourself! Of course I shall take it and be properly grateful. How much?"

"Only \$12.50 a week, but you wouldn't have got that much, only that I told the head of the department what—a beauty you were."

"Flatterer!" answered Patty, with a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

So did Patricia Norris make her entry into the business world. It was not hard work, and she never wearied of handling the beautiful wraps and frocks. Her statuesque beauty set them off to perfection, and the head of the department approved of her because she "never got gay" nor wasted the time of other employees by chatting with them, as her predecessor had done. In fact, she held herself aloof from the other girls in the shop. It was an odd, unreasoning pride that they could not understand. If the girls who thought her proud had known how she envied them, they might have felt differently. They worked with their hands, and she—just posed. It was not brain that earned her salary, but a mere bauble of physical perfection.

And she resented most of all the quiet, searching glances of a young fellow who seemed to be in the cashier's department. Once when she went to draw her salary he stood near the window and handed forth the envelope without even asking her name. She flushed slightly, and after that his compelling glance called forth a stiff little bow when they came face to face.

One noon when she was threading her way through a stream of cable cars and drays she was almost run down, and the gray eyed young man from the cashier's department reached her before the policeman. Two nights later when she and Mrs. Wilson indulged in the extravagance of tickets for a fashionable playhouse, they emerged upon a sudden rainstorm.

"Oh!" wailed Mrs. Wilson, "my new bonnet!"

Just then some one arrayed in a long coat and balancing a comforting umbrella reached their side. It was the young man from Schermerhorn's.

"Come back into the lobby, Miss Norris, while I call a hansom for you."

"A hansom, Patty? He said a hansom!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, almost tearfully. "What will it cost?"

"I don't know," snapped Patty nervously, "not as much as a new bonnet." A few moments later he escorted them to the waiting hansom, raised his hat gravely, looked just once into Patty's brown eyes and away they whirled in the blackness of the night.

At their apartment Mrs. Wilson, covering her beloved confession of chaff and roses with a handkerchief, rushed into the hall, leaving Patty to settle the bill. The latter was strangely silent until they were brushing their hair, when she suddenly burst forth in wrath:

"It is bad enough, Connie, to rail in public over a ruined hat, but to bewail the price of a hansom is unforgivable."

"Why—why?"—gasp Mrs. Wilson. "He paid the hackman, that's all," growled Patty, and she threw herself face downward in her pillows, murmuring, "He needn't think that just because he saved my life he can pay my back fare."

And yet inconsistently she took a strange pleasure in recalling the look in his dark gray eyes when he leaned forward.

A month later Mrs. Wilson came home radiant.

"There's an opening, Patty, dear, in our office, and you must take it quick. There are dozens of applications, but I have the promise."

And the next day Patty handed in her resignation to Schermerhorn & Co., to take effect on Saturday. With the last day came word that Mr. Frawley would like to see Miss Norris before she left. For once she relaxed the rule and asked one of the girls who Mr. Frawley was.

"Oh, he's the company," responded the girl carelessly.

After drawing her last pay envelope Patty crossed to the main office and was ushered into a smaller room. The ubiquitous young man of the gray eyes rose to receive her.

"Mr. Frawley has sent for me," she began with just the suggestion of a flush in her cheeks.

"I am Mr. Frawley," replied he, and the gray eyes danced at her confusion. "I wanted to tell you, Miss Norris, that while we regret to lose your valuable services we are glad to know you are securing a position better suited to—er—your tastes and abilities. I trust you will not forget us?"

The gray eyes were looking most pleadingly into hers. The flush crept closer and closer to the soft brown hair.

"I am afraid I've been very rude sometimes, Mr. Frawley," she murmured in a low voice. "But you know it was all so new to me, and I felt—oh, I can't tell you just how I did feel!"

"I think I understand, Miss Norris. I—I hope I shall see you again. May I?"

"We live at the Jerome apartments, Mrs. Wilson and I—and we are always home Tuesday evenings."

The gray eyes thanked her eloquently, and she walked rapidly from the office.

That night at the dinner table Mrs. Wilson rambled on happily: "I really don't think it has hurt you, dear. You had to gain business experience somehow—and"

"No," replied Patty absently. "It has done no harm," but she was thinking not of the experience, but of the glad light in the gray eyes when she had told him he might call.

Dining Customs.

A student of social customs has called attention recently to the fact that man eats today practically the same viands he did in ancient times. However far back we push our researches, the foundations of all dishes are the same—the same birds, the same meats, the same fish—though perhaps the list of the ancients' fish is somewhat more extensive. Modern man has forgotten the flavor of the porpoise or dogfish, and in the north, at all events, has learned to shudder at the suggestion of a dish of octopus. The meats, the courses, the principals and in some cases even the names remain the same.

In spite of Alexandre Dumas' assertion that napkins were first used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they must have been of much more ancient origin, since the Roman cuisine necessitated their use much earlier. Giles Rose, master cook to Charles II., gave methods for folding them in a variety of ways, but the general adoption of forks among the middle classes did away with the serviette to a great extent. At dessert, when the cloth was removed, a bowl of water was presented to each guest, and this stood on a plate covered with a square cloth, our present doily.—Chicago News.

An Artist's Wife.

I worked hard, though there was little to show for it, as my wife told me when she turned over my many sketches. "What, three shiny poles and a lot of green water," she exclaimed. "Was that all you did in a day? Why didn't you paint a whole view?" I do not like her to criticize my studies. She handles them unlovingly, looks at them upside down and says, "If you would only enlarge that and make a picture of it and put in some figures, I might have the pink dress after all." Three palaces, several gondolas and a flock of pigeons mean the pink dress, and six palaces, more gondolas and more pigeons mean Paris.—Von Degen.

Not Much Skill.

"What do you think of Dawblitt's painting?"
"H'm! Well, I think it looks as if it had been done with—er—crude oil."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Notice to Patrons!

This Store

Has Been Closed

until

Thursday Morning, Feb. 13, 1902.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 34 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 5 a m	for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.
6 35 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.	
7 34 a m	from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
9 30 a m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
11 51 a m	from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
12 48 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 35 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

ROLLIN H. WILBITE, General Superintendent,
30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, District Passenger Agent,
30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

G. J. GILROY, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roun and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleiken and Deringer at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleiken and Deringer at 6 35 a m, daily except Sunday; and 8 51 a m, 4 22 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 11 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10 a m, 5 40 p m, Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jansenville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6 00 a m makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.