

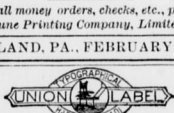
# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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## NEW SHORT STORIES

### Politeness a Handicap.

R. R. Sheffield, the fullback, came up from Princeton the other Sunday to address the West Side Young Men's Christian association at Princeton, and in illustration of one of his remarks he told an interesting anecdote of the football field. Fisher, the giant center of the Princeton team, was unable to make the team at first, for, while he had the requisite physique for a fine player, he seemed to lack that essential element known in football parlance as "ginger."

"We could not understand this deficiency in him," said Mr. Sheffield, "until one day in practice a coach who had kept his eye on him noticed that he stopped and begged the pardon of his opponent for going at him in such an enthusiastic fashion in one of the mass plays. Fisher's fault was discovered. He was too polite. He had always been very gentlemanly and courteous off the field, but on the grid-iron there is not room for much politeness."

Fisher was instructed to play hard and clean and beg no man's pardon for it. He obeyed and made the team. —New York Times.

### Had It In His Pocket.

Representative Dalzell was discovered pacing uneasily up and down the ways and means committee room one day recently.

"What's the matter," asked Representative McClellan. "You seem to be nervous."

"I am nervous," replied Mr. Dalzell. "I'm going to speak on this Philippine tariff bill. I always have stage fright for hours before a speech."

"And that reminds me," he continued. "Years ago President McKinley



"THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US IS THIS," and I were waiting at a hotel to be driven to a hall where we were both announced to speak. Mr. McKinley sat calmly smoking his cigar, while I was pacing up and down just as I am now.

"Major," I said, "don't you ever get nervous before speaking? You are as cool as a cucumber, and I'm as nervous as the valedictorian of a young ladies' seminary."

"My dear Dalzell," he replied, "the difference is this—you have got your speech in your hand, and I've got mine in my pocket." —Washington Post.

### No Flattery.

Miss Hoanley—I understand you do very handsome work and make very pretty pictures.

Photographer—Yes'm, but I could give you an exact likeness if you wish. —Philadelphia Press.

### Awful Suggestion.

Ever think what a terrible lot of explanations and apologies it would cause if all the husbands and wives who have been dead so long as ten years were permitted to come back? —Atchison Globe.

### Perfectly Safe.

Bashful Suitor—Do you know, some people say kissing is dangerous.

Coy Maiden—Nonsense! Why, papa is fast asleep! —Philadelphia North American.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
 Bears the Signature of

# PINK STRING PROMISES

By Adrian L. Potter

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It was good to be back in the clubhouse, good to receive the smiling greetings of the ebony servants in the halls and the cloakroom, good to hear the clink of glasses and the shouts of laughter from a distant cardroom.

So thought Dick Dean as he paused in the reading room and gazed with satisfaction at the rich furnishings in the mellow lamplight. His trip abroad had done him a world of good. He was ready to take up the old life with new vigor. Suddenly the light died out of his face. Who was that speaking? Whiteleaf? Yes, that was Whiteleaf, the banker.

"Jonas Norden will be the next mayor of this city, gentlemen. He was promised it last fall, and today the directors of the Daily Times voted to support him as the candidate in the coming caucus."

Dean stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the curtained doorway leading into a small committee room, an ominous light flashing from his deepest eyes. Whiteleaf was the acknowledged party boss.

"That will be merry music for Dean to hear when he lands," remarked a second speaker. "He told me just before he sailed that you had promised him your support during the coming campaign."

"Well," drawled Whiteleaf, "things have changed. The welfare of the party and—that North Benson franchise call for a different chap than Dean for our candidate for mayor. But, mark my words, Dean will take his medicine like a little man. He'll never desert the gang. Besides, I did not promise; just hinted that he was in line for the lightning to strike—a sort of pink string promise. He'll land an office some day. He's young."

"Yes, but suppose the buzzing bee demands honey?"

The curtains parted, and Dean stood before the astonished politicians.

"He does demand it, gentlemen. I am here to exact of Mr. Whiteleaf the fulfillment of that promise—pink strings or no pink strings!"

Whiteleaf was the first of the quartet to recover his composure. He was mentally calculating just how much of the conversation Dean had heard.

"Glad to see you, Dick. Didn't look for you before the middle of the month. What will you have?"

"Nothing," replied Dean, ignoring the outstretched hand, "until you have explained the meaning of the speech I unfortunately overheard."

"Come, come, my boy, don't be hot headed. You have had enough experience in wirepulling to know that all is fair in love, war and politics."

"A promise given and received in good faith should stand in love, war or politics. When I withdrew from the nomination in favor of Jenkins two years ago, you gave me a promise. Do you intend to redeem it?"

Whiteleaf quailed before the angry young man and glanced uneasily at his colleagues.

"Think of the welfare of your party."

"Will you redeem that promise?" interposed Dean inexorably.

Whiteleaf lost his temper.

"I'll do as I darn please!"

"That's all I want to know," replied Dean, with a calmness that should have warned the red faced banker of impending catastrophe. Then he walked back to the cloakroom, donned his raglan and went forth into the black, drizzling night.

A moment later he met a young political worker in his party. They had been schoolmates. Now one was a rich manufacturer, the other a wage earning mechanic. Daniel Porter was leader of a certain faction of the party, so the manufacturer halted the mechanic, and as their hands met the rich man said:

"Dan, I'm out for the nomination this fall. Are you with me?"

"Every minute, on conditions."

"Can you swing the boys into line?"

"Yes, if you'll do business."

"What do you mean?"

"Square yourself on certain points."

"Name them."

"The city laborers want a fifteen cent a day raise in pay, the boys want Colonel Handyside for city marshal, and they want M. J. King appointed on the board of license commissioners, and, of course, you'll be expected to remember your friends when it comes to other appointive officers. That is about all my end of the combine wants."

"And that is about all there is to be had, isn't it?" asked Dean, with a smile.

"Oh, there's a few more things we may think of later. How do the ones mentioned hit you?"

"I am favorable to the city granting its laborers more pay. Colonel Handyside would make an admirable marshal. There can be no doubt as to Mr. King's qualifications for a seat on the license board, and I should most certainly, if elected, favor my friends as far as possible."

"Say, Dick, you're just like all the rest of the silk stocking politicians."

"How so, Dan?"

Porter tossed his cigar stub into the gutter, squared his shoulders, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and answered:

"Just this way: A fellow like me, with a little bit of a pull with a few hundred voters, runs up against a man like you who wants us to help elect him. We ask him right out plump to promise us certain favors, and it's

nine times out of ten a case of yes with a string on it."

"I do not understand how this applies to me."

"Well, then, I've told you that we'll turn out and fight for you if you'll agree to do certain things, but you're unwilling to give us an out and out promise in return for our help for fear some of your rich club friends will trot out the hammer. Old Whiteleaf led us into Jenkins' camp two years ago, and we got it in the neck. Our necks are full of bumps, and this year we won't accept any pink string promises. If you want to land in the mayor's chair, you've got to do business on the level. If you agree to that, we'll deliver the goods, and, I tell you frankly, we won't unless you do."

"I understand now, Dan, what you mean exactly, but I do not feel that I should give pledges. It seems too much like—"

"You want to be mayor, don't you?"

"Yes, but I want to win honestly."

"Well, now, if you want to be mayor, let your friends make your platform and go into the fight and win on it or lose. Half the rottenness of municipal politics would be done away with if this rule were followed, for the winning platform would have to be for the best interests of the city, or the people wouldn't have it."

"You are quite a municipal student, Dan."

"Do you agree with my theory?"

"I must."

"Then all you'll have to do is to decide as to who you want for platform builders. Let them submit it to you. If you feel you can honestly carry out as an executive what the platform declares for, sign it. Let it be published in the newspapers, and the majority of the voters will decide on election day whether the platform is of sound or rotten timber. Let members of the city government be elected on the same platform, and there will be a backbone to your administration—men working under orders from the people, and not a lot of puppets wigged about by a clique of moneyed men, as is the case at present. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that your views are quite correct, but your associates and mine might differ greatly as to platform planks and—"

"Call together some of your friends—two men from each ward. Pick out men of intelligence, irrespective of wealth or social standing. Tell them what you wish them to do. The platform will be drawn up by majority rule, and the voters will decide whether it is for the city's best interest or not. Doing this, you establish a precedent. The opposition party will be compelled to follow suit, and each side will strive to present in future years the best platform possible for the people's consideration."

"By Jove, Dan, your argument has won me, and I'll do it!"

"You will?"

"Yes, and I want you to serve on this—this platform committee from ward 3. I leave it to your good judgment to select for me a man from each of the other wards. I will name a man in each ward myself, and a meeting will be arranged for Thursday evenings at the Worthy House. We will try this municipal scheme of yours, and, win or lose, I will cheerfully abide by the result."

Greenville Whiteleaf sat at his breakfast Friday morning scanning the columns of his morning paper. The table girl entered the dining room in time to see him tear a page from the paper and, after kicking his chair aside, hastily leave the room. From the moment of leaving his breakfast table until the closing of the ward caucuses, nearly a month later, the old banker worked incessantly for the defeat of Dick Dean and the success of Jonas Norden. Money was used freely, but many of those who accepted it went into the caucuses and, protected by the secret ballot system, cast their vote for the man who had dared to say what he would do if elected. The banker's protégé was buried by a vote of two to one.



## Well Babies Are Good Babies

**MOST LITTLE BABIES DIE, either from bowel troubles or from diseases which they contract because they are in a weak and feeble condition from bowel troubles.**

Mothers who are seeking the ideal and proper medicine to give their little ones for constipation, diarrhoea, colic and simple fevers will find LAXAKOLA the greatest family remedy.

It is the best and most effective laxative for children. BEST because it is safe and made entirely of harmless ingredients. BEST because it is non-irritating and never gripes or causes pain or irritation. BEST because it is sure and never fails. BEST because "Children like it and ask for it."

It is a dangerous thing to give little babies violent remedies that rack and rend their little bodies. DON'T DO IT—give them LAXAKOLA.

A few drops can be given with safety to very young babies, and will often relieve colic by expelling the wind and gas that cause it, and it also will check simple fevers, break up colds and clear the coated tongue.

Great relief is experienced when administered to young children suffering from diarrhoea, accompanied with white or green evacuations, from the fact that LAXAKOLA neutralizes the acidity of the bowels and carries out the cause of fermentation; aids digestion, relieves restlessness, assists nature and induces sleep.

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### A Sedentary Promotion.

A certain politician, whose lifelong aim had been to become one of the judiciary of his state, after unnumbered years of persistent wirepulling at last attained executive appointment to the coveted honor. After three or four months of official service an admiring acquaintance remarked of him: "The judge sits the bench like a man of long experience, doesn't he?"

"Why shouldn't he?" returned a bystander. "He has passed about fifteen years on the anxious seat."—Richmond Dispatch.

### His Descent.



"Ah, a rare work of art! Handed down by some ancestor, I suppose."

"No; that was handed down by an auctioneer."—New York Journal.

**All Sorts of Fools.**

"You are the biggest fool I know!" exclaimed one schoolboy to another.

To both of whom the master, then appearing, said, "Boys, you forget I am here."

"Oh," added the first boy, who felt that his statement demanded support, "you are not such a big fool as you look."

Then there was more trouble.—Philadelphia North American.

### Why He Bolted.

At one of the clubs one evening Mr. Montagu Williams met Lord —, who had just lost his father. The young lord was naturally melancholy, and the lawyer proposed visiting a theater opposite, where proposition was accepted. There was a slight fire in the theater, whereupon the young lord was among the first to bolt, "like a rabbit," out of the building. Returning leisurely to the club, Mr. Williams found there his young friend quietly smoking a cigar.

"What on earth made you bolt that way? You seemed frightened out of your wits (not a difficult matter, perhaps). Don't you know that on such an occasion if everybody got up and rushed out a panic would ensue, with very likely fatal consequences? Why on earth couldn't you sit still, as I did? There was nothing serious the matter." Upon this, with the most patronizing air, the young gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, that's very well for you, but you've not just succeeded to a peerage and £20,000 a year."

### Fragrant Wood.

Few of our native trees have odoriferous wood like the sandalwood of the islands in the Indian ocean, but a few of the conifers on the Pacific slope have sweet scented woods. The fine chureh at Metlakatla, built by the civilized Indians of Alaska, is as fragrant as if incense were continually floating through the air from the wood of the great arbor vite (Thuja gigantea) of which it is built. Libocedrus decurrens, found farther south, is known as "incense cedar" from its fragrance. The yellow cypress (Cupressus nutkensis) and the Monterey cypress (Cupressus macrocarpa) have also scented woods. In the Atlantic states red cedar and arbor vite have scented wood.—Meehan's Monthly.

Candy and nuts at Krilper's.

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**The Price!**  
**The Store!**

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ABOUT OUR BUSINESS to which we wish to call your attention. They are the three things that invariably influence all buyers of furnishings, hats, caps, shoes, etc.

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Concerning THE PRICE—there is not an exorbitant priced article in our whole stock. You are not making blindfolded purchases when you buy of us, for the article you buy of us has the value in it, dollar for dollar, in the price we ask.

Concerning THE STORE, our place is a "home store"—a place where you can buy and be at home while so engaged, or even when inspecting our stock and inquiring prices. Customers are treated considerately, fairly and courteously. Our reputation is wrapped up in our store and we are particular about the impression created upon our visitors.

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**RAILROAD TIMETABLES**

**LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**  
 June 2, 1901.  
 ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
 LEAVE FREELAND.

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, Hazleton, 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, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

WILLIAM B. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 28 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
 CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 28 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
 G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.**  
 Time table in effect March 30, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Leido, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ronan 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, Tomblicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

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

Trains leave Deringer for Tomblicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazelton Junction and Ronan at 5:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:37 p. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ronan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:28 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:49 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 3:40 p. m., Sunday.

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

Train 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.