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AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN.

Greater Community of Interests Than in Any Other Country.

America is the land of homes, and taking into account the number of inhabitants, no larger proportion of its inhabitants live in boarding houses and hotels than do those of England. It is also to a much greater extent than any other country of the world the land of equality and community of interests between men and women. If one takes the typical American husband and wife one will certainly find that their common interests are many; that the wife is a companion to her husband, and that, knowing she is his intellectual equal, the American man discusses freely and confidentially with his wife his professional and business relations to a far greater extent than does the typical Englishman. Club life among married men is not nearly so common in America as in England. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States thousands upon thousands of husbands and wives spend their evenings reading together the books and magazines, or the wife doing a bit of fancy work or mending while the husband reads aloud from the newspapers. Many American husbands and wives have taken up what is known as the "Chautauqua course"; many a western farmer and his wife thus spend their winter evenings. Then let us take the young unmarried men and women of my country. Surely they do not lead very separate lives, and their interests in common are many. Who takes the American girl to the museums of art, to the theater, to the concert? Who sends her presents of bonbons, books, and flowers, all for the pleasure of her society and companionship? It is the American young man. He can do it, too, without feeling that his attentions will be misunderstood, for America is the land of good comradeship between men and women. There friendship, deep and lasting, without any thought of love making, or marriage, may exist between the unmarried of the two sexes, and it seems to be the only country in the world where it can exist. Certainly such a state of things between the young men and the young women of a country points not to a separation, but to a community of interests.—Elizabeth L. Banks in London Mail.

EDUCATING WITHOUT BOOKS.

Children May Be Taught Rudiments of Sciences While Playing.
No one doubts the fact that the care of a child is to her mother. Every mother knows there is no release, the strain is wearing, and children should not be continually with their mother. But when they are with her every moment should be valuable, mentally and morally. How many women devote their lives to the study of music, or preparing for the stage. They give up social life, pleasure and amusement and spend enthusiastic years in study. An interest like that in the training of a child brings sure results of good. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in speaking of the education of children says we might call "reason, judgment, intelligence and fitness the walls of a room while love and sympathy represent the atmosphere within these walls. Then there should be a roof of patience and a spirit of faith to make this building worthy the name of home." Children may be taught through their plays the rudiments of the sciences. A Noah's ark with 10 minutes time each day from father, or older playmate, will educate a child in the habits and appearance of every animal existing, and the child will never know he is being taught. A friend being skilful with shears and needle says she learned the art when a child by being taught to make her doll's garments. Her mother showed her how to work carefully and always spoke as if the doll's wardrobe was as much importance as her own. Even taking the trouble to rip one of her own seams when she saw the child was doing poor work, saying, how necessary it was to do a thing right. Geography may be taught by pretended trips to various countries found in different corners of the room, telling of the different natives, animals and foliage found there. Natural history is taught during every walk the parent takes with the children. The ant in his hill, the bird and bee and flower. These true and useful tales are no more tax to the parent than Mother Goose rhymes, and they make the foundation of the child's education and future.

SPEAK IT OUT.

If you've anything to offer that will aid the cause of right,
Speak it out.
If you've any truth within you that will lend the world a light,
Speak it out.
If the fire is in your spirit and the passion to create,
You will feel it, you will know it. Then to labor. Do not wait.
Go about it with a purpose that will conquer time and fate.
Speak it out.

Should your heart contain a message, make it terse and make it clear.
Speak it out.
If it's new and if it's true, the world will listen, do not fear.
Speak it out.
In the realms of soul, expression is the dominating need,
Tell your thought by art or music, by a word or by a deed.
If there's light, or love, or beauty in the product, men will heed.
Speak it out.

Do you say there's nothin new? Some thoughts bear telling o'er and o'er.
Speak them out.
Just be sure you say them better than they e'er were said before.
Speak them out.
Do you make the weakling's plea that all the changes have been rung?
Still we are but babes in progress, for the world as yet is young.
On the future's lips are sweeter songs than ever have been sung.
Speak them out.

There are other means than tongue or pen to tell the things you feel,
Speak them out.
There's the child, there's the brush, by which your dreams you may reveal,
Speak them out.
Should you have no gift for these, yet do not deem your quest in vain;
Be a worker, for by actions men their ends may best attain.
Let the deed be your interpreter to make your message plain.
Speak it out.

Do you thrill with God's great purpose, that impels you to aspire?
Speak it out.
Does the hope of something better burn within you like a fire?
Speak it out.
Never called the world for leaders, teachers, prophets, as to-day,
If you have, for love of humankind, a cheering word to say;
If your brain contains a thought to help upon the upward way,
Speak it out.

—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver (Col.) News.



WHAT SAVED CASEY
An interfamily quarrel between two houses up on Lynn street, with the consequent estrangement between Conductors Grimes and O'Connor, fathers and husbands of the warring groups respectively, were powerful factors in the last chapter, but Casey's sweetness, with the sunlit hair, was the cause of the trouble. She was innocent of all evil intent, but between her comeliness and Casey's feelings, the most serious consequences nearly resulted to both parties, not to mention two train loads of Italian laborers and a bunch of the company's money. And if it had not been for that Lynn street feud and the fact that both train crews took sides therein—well, Casey and the girl would not have gone picknicking the next day.

How the feud originated no one seemed to know, not even Casey, and afterward he was too glad to accept the bare fact to inquire. But after the "kids" the mothers took it up, and the fathers had to follow suit to keep peace in their own families. It was serious by this time. Each of those two men had said things which had been passed along by mutual friends till neither would speak to the other. Oh, they were sore hearted. They met face to face that morning in the little booth next to the office where Casey the train dispatcher held the chair. One glared into space and the other scowled, and they passed. Casey saw them and laughed, and later in the day was thankful that it was so.

Casey's division ran from Janesville up to Baraboo or thereabouts, and Grimes and O'Connor were in charge of the two gravel trains working the cut north of Janesville. Their trains loaded and shoveled off alternately at the cut and the fill, as the case might be, and small were the civilities that passed between crews.

Casey was rather a young man for so responsible a calling, but there was one line besides train dispatching at which he was even less experienced, and he was finding constantly that his pathway was beset with new perplexities and wonderments. This morning he was absent minded, subject to unwelcome starts and other symptoms. Casey hardly knew what was wrong, but he suspected strongly, and so did Annie. It was hard to confine his brain to the work in hand. Instead of train numbers and switches and sidings and stations his mind was filled with such irrelevant matters as the shape of a certain young woman's nose, and the way the sun shone in her hair. But he pulled himself together and got the hang of the day's work before things began to snarl up.

The alternating gravel trains were attended to early. Conductor Grimes and his fifty Italian laborers were sent back to the cut to finish loading their train with gravel. O'Connor and his gang were put to work for a while at the fill, unloading the flat cars that had been filled the night before by the steam shovel. All this was easy. The passenger trains and the through and the way freights were reported O. K., and Casey allowed his mind to wander just a little, prospecting on the quality of picnic weather he and Annie would get to-morrow for their trip up the river. Then he was called back to earth by a message from the operator at the cut five miles above. Grimes wanted to run up to the water tank, three miles further on, to fill

the tender. Casey gave the right of way.

About this time O'Connor had finished his unloading at the fill, and his long train of empty flats pulled up at the station for orders. The fifty "da-goes" sat complacently in the sun, smoking their black pipes and saying nothing, like so many graven images. Casey sent them along the line to the cut for another load. Casey laughed again at the stolidity of the Italians, and wondered if they ever felt as he did. They did not seem to care whether school kept or not, but then, they didn't know the condition of the train dispatcher's mind, although this ought to have been of vital interest to them. Still, the passengers and the through and way freights were doing nicely, and it was already 10 o'clock.

Just then Annie came by. She ought not to have done so in business hours, but she wanted to ask Casey what lunch to put up for to-morrow's picnic. The dispatcher couldn't resist. He stepped out for just a little "spiel," a very short one. Annie was such a good hand to "josh" with. Casey returned to his desk at last. Nothing had happened and everything was all right. The operator at the



HE CAUGHT THE LAST HANDRAIL OF THE CABOOSE.

tank wanted instructions. Grimes' engine was ready to go back, but requested additional orders to take on his train at the cut, and then go rolling down the line to Janesville, without waiting for further telegraphed instructions.

If Casey had been thoroughly himself he would not have granted it, because such a thing is irregular in railroad practice, and two trains nearly always get into trouble when they try to pass on the same track. But for ten seconds it slipped his mind that he had given O'Connor the right of way. And in that ten seconds, having Annie's smile before his eyes and being benevolently inclined to all, he told Grimes' engine to go ahead.

Then he looked out and saw Annie waving at him from across the track. She, too, had forgotten something. Did he prefer beef tongue or ham in his sandwiches? That was all, or nearly all, and it was quickly settled. He preferred ham.

But when Casey got back and looked at his order book he turned white. According to the stories in the magazines he should have drawn a gun on himself or died of heart disease. This is a true account, however, and Casey did nothing of the sort. He shut his lips tight and all the sunshine of the day turned black, and all the pretty things he had been thinking about the girl turned black with it. He jumped to the ticker and tried to rouse the operator at the cut.

The brute was slow and when he did answer he said that Grimes' train had gone. Gone! Casey was almost reaching for the gun in the top drawer. But he didn't. He worked the instrument again.

"Chase it!" rattled Casey, and the operator chased.

In the next ten minutes Casey got his first gray hair. Now, from the cut to Janesville it is down grade all the way. The gravel train had stood on a siding, and the brakeman had to jump to catch the caboose after he had locked the switch. The track was bad and good sprinting was out of the question. The operator was a long-legged chap, however, and he had a chance.

Meanwhile Casey sat still and waited. He saw the wreck, vividly—the steaming ruin of the engine, the heaped up train and the bodies lying side by side under blankets. Then the inquest and all the rest of the nightmare. There was murder on his hands unless that train was stopped. And if it was stopped—well, there would be words of comment by trainmen, messages over the wire to the division superintendent and orders not ordered by Casey, and it would be all over with Casey's railroad career, to say nothing of Annie and the picnic.

O'Connor had left Janesville long ago and now was plunging along up the grade, with numerous curves ahead and fifty gages behind. Grimes' train was rapidly gaining headway, stringing out of the siding and rattling onto the main track, going faster with every yard.

The long-legged operator ran rapidly. Just as the train straightened out for the down grade of the main line he caught the last hand rail of the caboose and was swung off his feet, but hung on and climbed aboard.

And there they stood, the engine puffing and blowing off, and Grimes talking very earnestly with his engineer when the O'Connor train pulled in. It was the long-legged operator who saved the trains—but it was the backyard quarrel that saved Casey. Grimes scowled, O'Connor glowered, conversation was out of the question, and official joint reports not to be thought of. In the feud that had disrupted the neighborhood up on Lynn street, the poor train dispatcher who

had nearly sent the two trains over the Great Divide was forgotten.

So Casey and the little lady with the sunlit hair went on their picnic up the river according to schedule.—Paul R. Wright, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FIGHTING WITH GIANTS.

Major Austin's Expedition Along the Anglo-Abyssinian Frontier.

Among the latest joys of empire building in Africa are week long fights with giant savages. In an extremely interesting account of his expedition along the Anglo-Abyssinian frontier, Major Austin tells, among other things, of an encounter with the Turkhanna, a tribe of giants inhabiting the shores of Lake Rudolph. One night these tribesmen came upon some members of Major Austin's caravan and killed three Soudanese soldiers.

A second attempt to rush the camp was after some trouble beaten off, and when the expedition moved off these gigantic tribesmen hung on to its skirts.

It took a month for the caravan to get clear of their country, and during that time thirty members of the expedition died.

The hostility of the Turkhanna seems strange in the face of the entirely different demeanor observed in them by the late Captain Welby, whose useful life was cut short in the unending war.

When this gallant officer passed through the Turkhanna country he found that the tribesmen fled at his approach, leaving their villages entirely deserted.

Penetrating into the bush the captain and his party saw several Turkhanna men moving through the forest. They appeared, said the captain, to be filled rather with fear and curiosity than with any intention of hostility.

These warriors, who moved about the bush in little groups, were men of enormous stature, many of them perfect giants in their build. They were magnificent specimens of savage manhood, and all were armed with spears of unusual length.

The most curious feature of their personal adornment was their fashion of dressing their hair. It fell in thick, carefully worn masses right down to their waist, forming a sort of net, in which were primitive trinkets and other ornaments.

As for the Turkhanna women, they were so dreadfully frightened when they saw Captain Welby and his men, that it was plain they thought their last hour had come. But by his kindness, and making some little present to them each time he encountered them, the captain eventually overcame their fears, and by degrees the Turkhanna women, susceptible like all their kind to the charms of the sons of Mars, lost the despairing look which had overspread their faces when they first saw the white man.

Once, when the captain came upon a party of Turkhannas, the savage giants sprang to their feet and gazed at him in profound astonishment, making no sign either of hostility or terror.

Then, all of a sudden, without any visible cause, they turned and fled, leaving everything behind them but their spears.

Somehow these gentle giants seem to have overcome their fear of white men.—London Star.

Alligators Becoming Scarce.

"In five or six years it will be hard to get alligator skins," said William Raquet, "for the reason that they are all being killed off. Ten years ago it was no uncommon thing to get a skin from ten to twelve feet long, but now it is a rarity when we get one eight feet long.

"This comes from the use of alligator leather in the making of valises. Formerly about the only demand for the skins was for shoes, but now there are very few shoemakers who use them. It was a fad, and the fad has gone out of date. But when valises of the skins came in the demand increased by leaps and bounds. There are hundreds of alligator hunters along the coast and their work is showing plainly. For a long time there were plenty of gators along the bayous and the marshes close to town, but now we have to go to West Louisiana and Mississippi and elsewhere to find them."

Mr. Raquet then spoke of the discovery that the back of the alligator, long supposed to be useless for leather purposes, is now used in the heavier valises. Formerly only the skin from the under side was considered of any account, but now all parts of it are of service.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eiffel Tower as a Meteorological Station.

The Eiffel Tower of Paris proves to be a meteorological station of unique interest, owing to the height of the top-most platform above the surrounding country. The great wind velocity is the most striking feature of the records. The normal velocity exceeds eighteen miles an hour, which is more than three times as great as at a height of seventy feet, and rain gauges are practically useless, on the top platform, on account of the force of the wind.—Success.

Fox Terrier Caught a Thief.

M. Eugene Durand, a merchant at Noisy le Sec, has a fox terrier for which he would refuse a high price. M. Durand called on a customer and left his pony cart with the dog in charge.

Hearing a frantic growling, he rushed to the street and found a man in the cart endeavoring to drive off, while the dog had him by the nape of the neck. The robber was promptly arrested.—Paris Correspondence, New York Herald.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

Old Bill Jones,
He used to kick
An' never worked
A single lick.
An' Hiram Smith
Worked night an' day
An' never had
A word to say.
When workin', Bill
Seemed at a loss,
An' so they had
To make him boss.
An' Hiram, he
Works with a will
A tryin' hard,
To please o' Bill.
—Washington Star.



Freddie — "What's a kleptomaniac, dad?"
Cowbigger — "A person who has money enough to pay for what he steals."—Judge.

The Bachelor — "Bah! You save money by siniting your wife." The Married Man — "And you save money by not having any."

"Come over and play wid us, Jimmy." "Oh, chee, I can't. Grandpa's visitin' us, and mamma seam me out to amuse him."—Life.

Some people wed, I have been told,
Because of animosity;
But more for love, a lot for gold,
A few from curiosity.
—Philadelphia Record.

"Don't you despise people who talk behind your back?" "I should say so. Especially at a concert or during an interesting play."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Old Aunt (Despondently) — "Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer." Nephew (reassuringly) — "Don't talk like that, Aunt. You know you will!"—Punch.

"Look here, boss," said the beggar, "you've given me a counterfeit." "Is that so?" replied the good man. "Well, keep it for your honesty."—Philadelphia Press.

You'll get more praise than you deserve,
Though fellow mortals jeer and laugh.
You know they will not have the nerve
To scold you in your epitaph.
—Washington Star.

"How do you keep your treasurer honest?" "All his money is marked, and if a dollar of it gets into circulation we know it and promptly jump on his bondsmen."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Kate — "Martha declares that the men are all alike." Edith — "Then you can't blame her if she takes the first one that comes along. You may depend upon it, that's just what she will do."—Boston Transcript.

Bunker — "I used to get considerable amusement out of golf." Ascum — "Ah! Then you don't play any more?" Bunker — "Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play."—Philadelphia Press.

"I throw myself upon your mercy," sobbed the 200-pound heroine. The villain sank beneath her weight. "I now realize," he murmured, "what is meant by the power behind the throne."—Philadelphia Press.

Nervous Tourist — "Stop, driver, stop! There's something wrong! I am sure a wheel's coming off!" Driver — "Arrah, be aisy, then, yer honor. Sure, it's the same one's been comin' off thin these three days back!"—Punch.

Finnick — "If you'll notice the poets invariably refer to the earth as 'she.' Why should the earth be considered feminine, I'd like to know?" Sinnick — "Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Catholic Standard.

Tess — "I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her sewing-circle; that you would not join because it was too full of stupid nobodies." Jess — "Did you? What did she say to that?" Tess — "She said you were mistaken; that there was always room for one more."—Philadelphia Press.

The Hearth Cricket.

Mr. James Rehn, of the American Entomological Society, has made a special study of the cricket life of Philadelphia. As a result of his studies, he writes:

"Most Americans were formerly familiar with no other cricket than the black field cricket, but recently a light brown species with bars of dark brown on its head, has made its way into our cities, and this visitor is none other than the hearth cricket, the friend of Caleb Plummer and John Perrybingle. It cannot be denied that we have always had, so far as we know, the little minstrel; but recent years have seen a very great increase in their numbers in and around Philadelphia. His chirp is quite different from that of our black crickets, and he shows a great preference for the vicinity of a stove, where he soon lets himself be heard.

"The hearth cricket is found over the greater part of Europe, inhabiting dwellings and outbuildings, but the insect particularly loves the vicinity of a fire, such a situation as Dickens graphically describes in his 'Christmas Stories.'"—Philadelphia Record.

The Mystified Ermine.

Many of the provident peermesses are already purchasing the ermine robes that they will be required to wear on the great occasion of the coronation, and no doubt their economical foresight will be repaid, for there is no question but that the price of ermine must rise as a consequence of the unusual demand. To the unfortunate ermine, hunted to death more zealously to supply the demand, the chain of causes and effects must seem very mysterious.—Country Life.



Kummel, a sweetened spirit imported from Russia and Germany, derives its title from the German name of the herb cumin, with which it is flavored, though caraway seeds are also used for the same purpose.

Professor Loeffler has suggested the inoculation of a cancerous patient with malaria as a means of cure of the malignant growth. He thinks he has discovered an antagonism between the two diseases, asserting that cancer is a rare disease in tropical countries where malaria is rife.

The spectrum of lighting has at last been photographed successfully. The fact is announced in a circular just sent out by Professor E. C. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory. With these spectra as data physicists have an opportunity to analyze the elements that compose the flash. It looks as if the phrase, "quicker than the camera," would have to be substituted for the old, familiar "quicker than lightning."

Light from decayed meat is one of the latest discoveries of science. Professor Gorham, of Brown University, has found that the phosphorescent glow comes from bacteria, and depends upon the kind of food which the little organisms eat. They will live and grow on almost any kind of food, but they will not produce light except on highly nitrogenous products. Professor Gorham is trying to discover what chemical changes produce this light, and hopes, with this knowledge, to find a way to substitute chemicals for living bacteria.

It took gunmakers a long time to find out the right way to make a projectile move in a straight line is to give it a rotary motion by riding the gun. It is odd that this principle is instinctively followed by some of the minute organisms that live in water. There is the spherical-shaped volvox, for example, which always revolves about the axis of progression in moving through the water, this revolving motion overcoming, with the utmost nicety, the tendency to deviate from a straight course. If it were not for this motion these little creatures would merely describe circles, making no forward progress at all.

Professor Eric Doolittle, of the University of Pennsylvania, in a recent public lecture on "Double Star Astronomy" introduced a very clever and useful representation of the comparative size of our polar system. He said that if a globe two feet in diameter be taken to represent the sun the earth on the same scale would be represented by a very small pea, placed in a circular path 215 feet distant from it. The moon would in the same miniature system be represented by a small shot moving about the pea and six inches from it. There would be seven other particles revolving about the large globe, the seven other planets, but these are not considered in the model. But, and then comes the inconceivable magnitude of the heavens, the nearest fixed star would be represented by another large globe placed 8000 miles away.

Dr. Laborde has made an interesting communication to the French Academy of Medicine on his success in awakening vitality by a method of rhythmic traction which he discovered. The system has been tried with gratifying results in several cases of attempted suicide by hanging, drowning and suffocation, rhythmic traction in each case being applied to the tongue. The successful experiments described to the Academy were the cases of two apparently still-born infants. In one instance after operating for an hour the infant came to life as if awakened from slumber. In the other case alcoholic friction, flagellation and artificial injection of air into the lungs were vainly tried before the traction system was employed. This, after prolonged effort, established respiration. Dr. Laborde has now constructed an electric motor, by means of which rhythmic traction can be maintained for hours.

Willing to Oblige.
An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story.

Presently a Scotchman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate and it covered two acres."

Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning he said to the Scotchman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize."

"I dinna insult him," said the Scot. "Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize."

"Well," said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger, I will see what I can do with the fish."—Tit-Bits.

The Carrot.

The carrot used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat.

The growing of rice is regarded as the safest and surest cereal production, as it is also the most profitable, rice having the largest use and market of all the grains.