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Charles M. Schwab's presentation
to the Austrian monarch is another
illustration of the Biblical promise
that the diligent man shall stand be-
fore kings.

King Edward has pleased the Welsh
people immensely by directing "that
there be added to the achievement of
the Prince of Wales the badge of the
Red Dragon." The Red Dragon of
Cadwallader of Wales was quartered
by Henry (Tudor) VII in a banner
with his other badges in recognition
of his direct descent from Owen Tu-
dor, the Welsh Prince. When the
Stuarts ascended the throne the
dragon was dropped from the coat of
arms, and it has not since reappeared
until now through its restoration to
the achievement of arms of the heir
apparent who takes his title from the
little principality.

The record of deaths in Alpine climbing
in Switzerland during last year
amounts to 119, which is said to be
more than double that of the previous
year. Probably many of these fatal-
ties may be traced to lack of experi-
ence or foolhardiness among tourists.
Mountain climbing is an art, and to
be successful in it demands a clear
head, steady nerves and no small skill
in keeping one's feet in dangerous
places. Nothing is more exhilarating
than mountain climbing when a mis-
step may mean swift and sudden
death; but Switzerland ought to pass
some law restricting this pastime to
those who are able to prove that they
have had experience as mountaineers,
thinks the San Francisco Chronicle.

Khaki has been finally discarded by
the British War Office for service
dress, and in its place has been substi-
tuted a rainproof, drab-mixed cloth
for coats, which is supposed to be
equally suited to summer and winter
wear. Trousers are to be made of a
similar cloth, which, however, instead
of being a solid color, are to be of drab
tartan, and the puttees and boots for
privates and non-commissioned officers
have been discarded in favor of leather
leggings in the mounted service and
canvas in the infantry. It is notice-
able also that the slouch campaign
hat, heretofore peculiar to our own ser-
vice, has been with a few modifica-
tions, generally adopted in the English
service, and that the cork helmet has
suffered the same fate as the khaki.

Too Risky.

During the dinner hour at a certain
factory not long ago there was a some-
what heated argument in progress,
when one individual, who had hitherto
kept silent, was appealed to for an
opinion.
"Come, Bill," remarked his friend,
"we know you love an argument, and
can spout wif the best. Wot's your
opinion of this Boer war business?"
"I ain't a-going to discuss it," said
Bill, promptly. "I've thrashed the mat-
ter out afore."
"An' what did ye arrive at?" he was
asked.
"Woy," was the cool reply, "me an'
't'other chap didn't agree, nohow. We
took different roads, so to speak. I
arrived at the 'ospital an' I arrived
at the police station, an' I ain't a-go-
in' to thrash that matter out again in a
hurry!"
Neither was Bill pressed to do so—
Tit-Bits.

The Cook wagon works at Prospect
employing 75 men, has been purchased
by the Hubers and will shortly be re-
moved to Marion.

Roy Wilson was run down and in-
stantly killed by a passenger train at
East Liverpool.

The farm of Israel Franks, south of
Wooster, was burned. Loss, \$3,500;
no insurance.

The new memorial chapel of the
University at Wooster, was dedicated
Wednesday.

Robbers looted the postoffice at Ox-
ford of \$1,500 in stamps and \$100 in
cash.

THE CONTRARINESS OF MARY.

By Elizabeth McCracken.

"Have you decided yet, dear, whether
you will go to California with us,
or out to the farm with Aunt Rachel?
We won't urge either course, but you
must decide something before Satur-
day."

Mary's mother stood in the doorway,
buttoning her gloves. She looked an-
xiously at Mary, who sat on the lowest
step, holding three open letters that
she evidently was eager to read.

"Well, mother dear, here is my last
'complete and unconditional' deci-
sion."

"Really, Mary? You aren't going to
have another before night?"

"No, mother, I've wavered long
enough."

"You certainly have."

"Don't be 'sarcastical' to your one
and only Mary," said the one and only
Mary, with an embrace that almost
ruined her mother's chiffon ruchings.

"You see, mother, if I go to Aunt
Rachel's, I shall get so bored that
Aunt Rachel will regret she ever
asked me, and forget that she had ever
labeled me a 'sunny presence.' Of
course it would be near enough for
Cousin Burney to come out and stir
us up; but Burney is so absorbed in
his summer hospital that he can talk
of nothing else but slum children with
the measles. Burney is a perfect bore
—at times—since he got his M. D."

"My dear—"

"Now don't be shocked with your
own Mary. I don't mean anything
dreadful, but I'm not interested in
measles and germs. Now if I go with
you I'll have a lovely time, and Aunt
Rachel will be none the worse in the
end. So I am going with you. Are
you glad?" she asked, with a wheed-
lesome smile.

"Of course I want you myself, dear;
but Aunt Rachel does need the 'sunny
presence.' She is so lonely! If you
should change your mind again, re-
member that Aunt Rachel will enjoy
having as many of your friends visit
you as the house will hold," said her
mother.

"Ye-es, I know; but I shall not
change my mind now. In fact, I don't
want to go to Aunt Rachel's, mother.
I don't like farms, and—I would rather
go with you."

A little shadow came over her
mother's face; but she merely said:
"Then it is decided that you go with
us."

"Aren't you glad?"

"I am always glad to have you with
me. Your father and I would be quite
desolate indeed without you; but,
dear, I wish you would learn to be
more interested—"

"In uninteresting people? Perhaps
I shall some time, but I am so tired of
them now! Burney doesn't know any
other kind; and really, mother, I
couldn't stand a whole summer filled
with a farm—and—and Burney's in-
evitable enthusiasm over dirty little
children—aside from Aunt Rachel,
who is always urging me to help
Burney. No, it's dreadful! But I don't
believe in Burney's giving up his sum-
mer to keeping children alive who
have nothing to live for."

"We won't discuss that again," her
mother said, gravely. "I must go
now. Good-by, dear."

Mary returned to her seat on the
steps. "Mother doesn't understand,"
she thought, wistfully. "I never want-
ed Burney to study medicine; and to
give his time to saving lives that are
better ended, when he might at least
save valuable ones, it is too much. I
simply won't stay near him all sum-
mer and listen to him! It will teach
him a lesson," she concluded virtuous-
ly.

She had never wholly forgiven her
cousin because he had, against her
advice, studied medicine with the in-
tention of devoting himself to the free
wards of the city hospitals for chil-
dren.

"Why don't you do something that
will benefit humanity, Burney," she
had repeatedly said, "instead of keep-
ing children alive who have no past
no present and no future but misery?"

"You don't understand," Burney
had said, "I am relieving their misery
for the moment. You don't know what
they may have to live for. They are
little human children and have a right
to their lives; they want them, and I
shall help them keep them."

"You are very foolish and sentimental,"
Mary said; but possibly she re-
spected his foolishness and sentimentality
more than she admitted.

"I think Burney might at least con-
sider his family and come to Califor-
nia, instead of setting up a summer
Fresh Air Hospital," she said plaintively
to herself, as she unfolded her
first letter.

It was from Aunt Rachel; and it
said, in part, "I hope that you will
spend the summer with me, dearie.
I am getting to be an old woman,
and won't save many more sum-
mers. You may fill the house with
your 'fretty maids all in a row,' if
you like. . . Do be kind to Burney.
He is doing a noble work. Let him
tell you about it."

"As if he didn't, day and night!"
exclaimed Mary. "Do—be—kind to
Burney! I'm not unkind to him, and
he is chasing a shadow."

She began to read her second letter.
It was from a distant friend, who said
in it: "Father says your cousin, Dr.
Burney Harrison, is doing such a fine
piece of work this summer, with his
Fresh Air Hospital for poor children.
Do tell me about it and let me help if
I can. I suppose you are absorbed in
it. What kind of children are they—
Irish or Italian? How much it will

mean to them! And how unselfish of
your cousin! I remember seeing him
once at college. Is he as nice as he
used to be?"

Mary sat, with her chin in her hands
gazing into space. "Absorbed in it!"
I've never even seen it. I suppose I
shall have to, or, Grace will think I am
a heartless wretch. Perhaps I am;
but—Burney is so exasperating!"

Her third letter had fallen to the
floor. She savagely pulled it from its
envelope. It was, as she knew, from
her cousin, Dr. Burney Harrison—
who was so exasperating.

"My dear Mistress Mary (quite con-
trary)." (Burney is getting more hor-
rid every day," commented Mistress
Mary.) "Won't you come down and
see my garden grow," before you go
away? I know you will see how val-
uable all lives are if you will just see
and know some that are different from
yours. You judge too much in the
light of your own theories." ("The
audacity of the boy!" exclaimed the
theorist.) "You don't realize that the
poorest, smallest human life is a part
of the plan of the world, and can't be
disregarded or forgotten."

"You'll come down on Thursday,
won't you? Please do. When are you
going to California?"

Mary slowly put the letter in the en-
velope.

Perhaps I haven't been very nice to
Burney. He is trying to do good, but
he is carried away by enthusiasm. I
don't know much about slum people,
but I do know how they live. They
are just like animals; they have no
higher natures. They don't have any
ideals."

Mary pulled out Burney's letter and
read it for the second time.

"I'll go Thursday. I might as well;
and Grace wants to hear about it."

She went upstairs to her room and
wrote a note to Burney. In the post-
script she said, "I am not yet abso-
lutely certain that I shall go to Califor-
nia. If I do it will be next week."

Dr. Burney Harrison's Fresh Air
Hospital for children was merely a
large house, very near the sea and not
far from the city, and it had room for
twenty children. Interested and gen-
erous friends had provided Burney
with funds for the work, and five or
six nurses, who expected no summer
employment had volunteered their
services.

"Why, Burney!" exclaimed Mary on
Thursday morning, as they approached
the hospital. "It looks like an ordi-
nary house."

"It is an ordinary house—only with
more children in it than most houses
have."

"What kind of children are they—
Irish?" asked Mary, mindful of her
friend's questions.

"Some of them. There are all kinds.
They aren't very ill, most of them.
They merely need a little special as-
sistance and good food and fresh air.
Some of them would have died without
it."

"O Burney, wouldn't it have been
better for them if they had?" asked
Mary.

"Mary, how can you ask that?" said
the young doctor reproachfully.

"It seems better to me, Burney. But
don't look so shocked. Show me your
hospital. It is very much like a hospi-
tal inside, except that the rooms
haven't so many beds; and there are
so many windows that its like being
outdoors."

"That's the important part of it,"
said Burney, eager to explain. "You
see the children need principally air
and they get a lot this way; and it
does them so much good!" Burney
fell into Mary's habit of italicizing,
and Mary smiled at him more ap-
provingly.

"Now, Mary, I have to go around and
see the patients. Will you come or
will you wander about as you like?"

"I'll wander, thank you," said Mary.
"It will be more interesting."

She felt out of her element with the
nurses; they evidently looked upon
her as superfluous, and Mary was not
accustomed to being viewed in any
such light.

She peeped into the dining-room,
smiled at the queer kitchen, examined
with interest the cots on the broad
plazza, and finally went into one of
the cool rooms, through the door of
which she saw four little white beds.

The little children in the beds were
asleep, and Mary would have left the
room had her attention not been at-
tracted by a man who sat beside the
bed in the corner, with his heavy eyes
fixed upon the small yellow head rest-
ing on the pillow. He was, to all ap-
pearances, a commonplace Irish lab-
or, but something in his utter ab-
sorption in the child aroused Mary's
curiosity.

She stepped lightly across the room
and looked at the small, white face,
with its pathetic mouth and droll,
little turned-up nose.

"What a cunning little girl!" she
said to the man, resolving to scold
Burney for failing to tell her the chil-
dren in the hospital were so dear.

"Sure, miss, an' it's that she is. She's
me only wan, and she's the amidge of
her mother. She's homely, but she's
real cute."

"Why, she's pretty!" said Mary, ar-
gumentatively.

"An' do you think so, miss? Well an'
I've seen wuss-lookin' wans." He
carefully smoothed the coverlet with
his coarse red hand, is she?" Mary
asked.

"Where is her mother?" she added
suddenly remembering that the man
had mentioned her.

"Ah, miss, she's dead; an' me little
gur-r! would ha' been dead, too, but
for Docthor Harrison. An' do you
know Docthor Harrison, miss?"

"Oh, yes, he is my cousin. I know
him very well," said Mary.

"Sure it's a fine man ye be
knowin'; and it's proud ye must be
to havin' him for a cousin." Mary
had never happened to take this view
of Burney, and she made no reply.

"After awhile she said, 'Is your little
girl very ill?' Her theories with re-
gard to the value of such a child's life
began to tremble somewhat.

"No, an' she's gettin' well now; but
miss, it was sick she was. Ah, but
Docthor Harrison worked, miss, for
me gur-r! It was near to dyin' she
was, miss, when he took her in here,
an' now she's gettin' well!"

Mary's eyes were large with wonder
and interest.

"The idea of Burney's never telling
me anything like this!" she thought
fiercely. The man cared for this little
girl exactly as other men cared for
their little girls; and Burney—per-
haps she hadn't encouraged Burney to
tell her.

"And if she hadn't got well," she
said to the man, "would it—It would
have been dreadfully hard,
wouldn't it?"

"Hard? Ah, miss, I can see as yo
don't know how a mon feels wid his
gur-r! She's all the loife of me is
for, miss. If she'd died, it's nothin' I'd
had left to me. It's the most them
that's pore has, their children."

He gently touched the child's yellow
hair, not noticing Mary's silent.

"It's next wake she's to have here,
miss, and it's hard it'll be for her be-
fore she's strong, wid me gone all
day," he said musingly.

Mary no longer hesitated. Let her
come and spend a week with me after
she leaves here. Please do! I'm go-
ing to stay all summer on my aunt's
farm, and I'm going next week. It is
only ten miles out to it, and you can
easily come out when Aunt Rachel
sends in for groceries; and I am Dr.
Harrison's cousin," said Mary with a
suspicious break in her voice.

"Oh, it's glad I'd be, miss, and it's
yourself I'll be askin' the saints to
bless, together with Docthor Harnis-
ton."

He took Mistress Mary's patrician
little hand in his hard red one, and
pressed it with a fever that made her
wince.

"Sure, ye have Dr. Harrison's own
way wid ye."

Mary's chin went up slightly; then
she laughed softly at herself, and
asked the little girl's name and ad-
dress.

"I must say good-by now and find
Dr. Harrison," she said. "He will
arrange everything with you."

She went swiftly to the hall, where
her cousin stood talking earnestly to
one of the nurses.

"Burney, come here this moment!"
she commanded. "What do you mean
by not telling me the truth about the
people in this hospital?"

"Why, Mary—"

"You never told me the children
were sweet, and that their fathers and
mothers were fond of them."

"Why, I should think you would
have known that," he began, but Mary
interrupted.

"You needn't begin to make ex-
cuses, Burney Harrison! I'm going
home now. It doesn't matter whether
you can go now or not; I can go alone
—but you'll hear from me about this,
Burney Harrison!"

Poor Burney was kept in suspense
for three days. Mary had suddenly
gone to spend two days with Aunt
Rachel, and Burney could get no hint
of the revenge that she was contem-
plating.

"Mary always has been contrary,"
her mother said, and Burney did not
see the laughter in her eyes.

Finally he did "hear" from Mary—
on twelve pages of her best monogram
paper, and these are the words he
read in the concluding paragraphs:

"Aunt Rachel says the house will
hold ten children at a time. You can
send them for ten days each as soon
as they are well. Grace is coming to
stay all summer, and so are two of the
other girls, so we can easily take care
of them. The money father gave me
in place of my tickets to and from
California will be enough to pay for
the things they need. First of all,
though, Burney Harrison, you will
just explain, if you can, why, in the
hours you have talked about your slum
children, you never happened to men-
tion that they were sweet, and that
they made as much difference to their
fathers and mother's as any children.
—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Honesty.

As for the honesty of these people,
I appeal to every English merchant
or banker, from Peking to Hongkong,
to answer if he ever heard of a dis-
honest Chinese merchant or banker.
So far from that, not only has every
English bank two Chinamen to every
bank in Japan has the same. The
English will tell you, half in jest, that
the Japanese is an Oriental Yankee,
and does not trust his own people;
and they will tell you, half in earnest,
that the English bankers employ
Chinese to handle their money be-
cause they never make mistakes.
These people of China have never
had anything like a bankrupt law. If
a man cannot pay his debts, or some
one does not secretly come forward
and pay them at the end of each
year, he has "lost his face," and so
he dies by his own hand. Yet, with
all their piteous poverty, they have
no such words as "hard times," for
everything must be settled up at the
end of the year. There can be no ex-
tension of time. Confucius forbade it.
—Joquin Miller, in the North Ameri-
can Review.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Effective Window Draperies.

Colored madras, or one of the effec-
tive Japanese canvas weaves, are
among the most favored thin, colored
window draperies of artistic decora-
tors, yet they, too, are only used un-
der protest, as a white or cream is so
much preferable. Colored silk, velvet
or tapestry hangings used over thin
white or cream window draperies are
quite common if fast, but used alone
next a window are not first choice by
any means.

Oiling the Sewing Machine.

When a sewing machine is heavy to
work take out the cotton and thor-
oughly oil every part of the machine
with paraffine. Work it briskly for a
few minutes that the oil may pene-
trate thoroughly, and extract all dirt
and grit, and then wipe every part of
the machine carefully with a soft old
duster. When the paraffine has been
removed, oil the machine again with
the proper lubricating oil. Paraffine
should never be allowed to remain on
the machine, for it heats the bearings
and causes them to wear out.

A Perfumed Hanger.

For dresses the sachets are arranged
in the form of pads for the waist and
skirt hangers of steel wire. Silk of
any desired shade may be used, well
wadded with cotton in the layers of
which is placed the scented powders,
according to the Philadelphia Inquir-
er. The hangers hold the waist and
skirt in good shape and the perfume
permeates the gown, giving off an
evasive, impalpable fragrance which
is fascinating and individual.

The long, flat sachets for the bureau
drawers are made of silk or linen, and
three or four may be used in each
drawer, being placed between layers
of underwear. Smaller ones of fancy
or plain silks, exquisitely embroide-
red, may be fashioned for the glove
and handkerchief case, though in
many instances these boxes are wad-
ded with cotton and sachet powder
and are lined with silk to match the
dresser scarf.

The Unslightly Storm Door.

Our climate with its extremes of
heat and cold and varying degrees of
humidity, is a hard one on front doors,
writes an architect in Good House-
keeping. The veneered door stands
up better than the solid, except the
latter be of such a wood as white pine.
If a door is to show a natural finish
of hardwood, the veneered may be
made lighter than the solid, and there-
fore easier to swing and less likely to
sag on its hinges. Elaborately paneled
doors are less likely to stand well
than simply paneled, but very wide
panels are more likely to warp or split
than narrow ones. The more exposed
the front door, the greater the weight
that should be given to these consid-
erations in its design. We must have
a good door before we can hope for a
beautiful. And here let me enter a
protest against that ugly, obtrusive,
makehift box, hardly fit for a hen-
house, if nothing meaner, commonly
called the storm door, planted at so
many front entrances and left there
for five months out of the 12. If a
proper vestibule is impossible and an
exposed situation demands the
protection, put your storm door for
the winter where the screen door
hangs during the summer, but don't in-
sult your neighbors and demean your-
self by putting up the ordinary storm-
door contrivance.

When It's Fun Being Sick.

One of the local girls' boarding
schools includes among its day pupils
a young miss of 17 years who repre-
sents the concentrated affection of her
parents, a sister and a number of old-
er brothers. She bubbles over with
merriment, is healthful to a degree
that alarms the family physician and
speeds through her lessons as thought-
fully and regularly as could be ex-
pected of a girl who takes music les-
sons and must give half an hour a
day to each member of a large family.
The other day she went to school in
good spirits, but succumbed to a tooth-
ache at the end of her first study
period. Instantly the whole school
went to work to nurse her—possibly
out of recognition of her father's in-
fluence and his interest in the school.
She was taken up stairs to the room
of one of the boarders, blankets were
heaped on her until she almost smothered,
the superintendent came in the
room and lowered the blinds, the his-
tory teacher came and offered edibles,
and every girl in her class poured in
after each recitation period to inquire
how she was. But no one gave her
any remedy for her toothache. She
lay there two or three hours, suffering
bravely and counting the figures in
the wall paper design, when suddenly
the pain ceased. She accordingly arose
put on her wraps and walked home.
Yesterday she vouchsafed to tell her
home folks something about it. "Why
in the world didn't you tell us before?"
they all asked. Then the sly little
school girl's eyes began to twinkle and
she replied demurely: "Well, you see,
I knew if I did you would have my
tooth fixed for good and all. And it's
a mighty lot of fun being sick in a
boarding school, 'specially when you
don't know your lessons."—Washing-
ton Star.

The Quilps of Little Ones.

Grandad—What makes you look so
unhappy, Willie?
Willie—Kaus, nobody never calls
me good unless I'm doing something I
don't want to do.
Some time ago little Walter had oc-
casion to differ with his aunt upon
some trifling matter.
"I tell you," said auntie, playfully,
"I know a few things."
"And I know as few things as any-
body I guess," said Master Walter, in-
dignantly.
"Daddy," asked little Jack, "where
does a snake begin when he wants to
wag his tail?"
Mamma (at the breakfast table)—
You always ought to use your napkin,
George—
George—I am usin' it, mamma; I've
got the dog tied to the leg of the table
with it.—Motherhood.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Cracker Gruel—Roll some crackers

until very fine and measure two table-
spoonsful and add one tablespoonful of
salt and one teaspoonful of sugar.
Pour over one cupful of boiling water
and simmer for a few minutes. Then
add one cupful of milk and serve with-
out straining.

Cranberry Shortcake—Make a crust

of one quart of flour, one-fourth cup
of butter and two tablespoonfuls of
baking powder; bake in cakes. Split
open with a hot knife and butter as
soon as they are taken from the oven.
Fill with well-sweetened cooked cran-
berries, and serve with cream and
sugar or sauce.

Potatoes and Chicken—Take three

cupfuls of seasoned mashed potatoes,
one tablespoonful of butter, one-half
cupful of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful
of finely minced onion and the
well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix
thoroughly together, roll into small
cakes, cover rather thickly with
minced cooked chicken to cover with
another layer of the potato mixture.
Fry a light brown in boiling lard.

Cauliflower, Parisian Style—Boil a

good-sized cauliflower until tender,
chop it coarsely and press it hard in
a mould or bowl, so that it will keep
its form when turned out; put the
shape thus made upon a dish that will
stand the heat and pour over it a to-
mato sauce. Make this by cooking to-
gether a tablespoonful of butter and
flour in a saucepan and pouring upon
them a pint of strained tomato juice,
in which half an onion has been
stewed; stir until smooth and thicken
still more by the addition of three or
four tablespoonfuls of cracker dust,
salt to taste, turn the sauce over the
moulded cauliflower; set in the oven
for about 10 minutes, and serve in the
dish in which it is cooked.