

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1898.

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 12 1/2 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.

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

FREELAND, PA., MAY 14, 1902



NATURAL HISTORY.

Some of the caterpillars found in the vicinity of the Darling river, Australia, are over six inches in length.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.

The gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males, when food is plentiful, weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

The terrapin lives largely upon crabs. He never eats his food, but boits it. His favorite tidbit is the crab's claw, which he swallows whole with the greatest relish.

The glowworm lays eggs which, it is said, are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

Repaid in Kind.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady, who seemed to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, old fellow. I don't care to waltz with a cart."

A "cart" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn around.

A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Scepter.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the chorists and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional significance of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Reims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.—Good Words.

Crushed.

"You talk mighty glib about the corruption in this ward," interrupted a shallow faced man in the audience. "What business is it of yours? Have you got any permanent investments in this ward?"

"Yes, I have!" thundered the orator. "Fellow citizens, I once lent that man a dollar."

He was not interrupted again.—Chicago Tribune.

Much For Little.

McJigger—I saw Markley blowing off that theatrical manager to a ten dollar dinner yesterday.

Thingumbob—Yes, a scheme of his, and it worked beautifully. He was working him for a couple of passes.—Philadelphia Press.

Marital Confidences.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think I grow better looking as I grow older?

Benham—Yes, and it's really too bad you can't live as long as they did in Bible times. You might then become a veritable beauty.—New York Times.

Her Mother's Visit.

Mrs. Benham—You don't seem to be very glad that mother is here.

Benham—What did you expect me to do—die of joy?—New York Herald.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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WHAT IS EDUCATION?

IT TEACHES TRICKS, SOME TRIVIAL AND SOME DIABOLICAL.

Our So Called Civilization Is Yet Floundering In a Wilderness—The Something In Organization That Conflicts With Morality.

[Special Correspondence.]

Senator Tillman has recently been quoted by some of his enemies as having said, "The education of the negro is like the training of a monkey—a mere process of adding to its tricks." Even if that corresponds to certain results with many of our colored brethren, it does not need to imply anything wrong on the part of the colored race. The fault may lie in the kind of education they receive and in the surroundings under which most of them have to live, whether they like it or not. Then education has always managed to increase the capacity of evildoing with piles of men of all races, white, black, yellow or any other color. That, again, does not need to be the fault of individuals, but that of the wrong social conditions that any defective education is bound to breed. The fact is that we have made a regular fetish of the word education and assumed that it did not need any classification. Just as if education could not be wrong as well as right, sound or not, bent upon the realization of human whims or divine ideals! Just as if education did not at least partially rest on those who receive it, and so on their being more or less responsive to correct or twisted interpretations of that human language that no modern nation has yet learned how to make "exact" through precise definitions of the principal words dealing on human duties and intimately connected with the moral law! The utter absence of such definitions actually converts our human language into a veritable tower of Babel since we give to each man the ridiculous freedom of using such words under any rapid or fantastic meaning of his own.

No wonder that in the spiritual order in the realm of ethics and social morality we are yet floundering through the wilderness and never know where we are at. An emphatic acknowledgment of such a general mental condition was made in Harper's Weekly March 15 by one of the two usual writers on daily or current events. He says: "There is something about organization that seems to be in conflict with morality. Gather ten honest men into a gas company, and soon will they try to buy the common council. Gather a hundred God fearing people into a church, and in proportion to its vigor it will need a careful restriction of its power. Gather a multitude of people in a nation, and the bigger and richer the more its government will tend to be regulated by the main chance, caring no more for moralities than dynamite does for municipal ordinances. Government does what times seem to prescribe and to let history make all explanations."

All those lines and thoughts are very sweet and to the point, coming from a dreadfully conservative weekly which seldom has the courage to see anything rotten in our national life. But why blame organization for the evils that men agree upon indulging as long as such evils enrich somebody by impoverishing the bottom workers without whom no organization could exist? Why not lay the ax of criticism on that education that has not yet taught men how to be honest only in so far as it is necessary to preserve their commercial credit and escape the jail or something worse? And why speak of God fearing people grouped in churches? Have we got any such people in quantity or quality large or important enough to make any show on the subject of divine morality?

A few years ago The Zion Herald of Boston was frank enough to tell the world one of the facts unfolded by all historical development—viz: "The church has preached an abstract, not an applied, gospel. It has declared the truth, but avoided its meaning to the Christian and society."

Don't you see how nicely we have packed up education with tricks in forms the most diabolical? And if the negro learns trivial tricks with the education we give him some of our best white people learn tricks of vast importance because they spread them on the high level of the lawmaking power, where they fix the kind of morality most adapted to play hide and seek with the wealth produced by the hard labor of the millions who live and die in poverty.

A work of giants has to be done by somebody. We have to demolish our material mind. We have to burn mountains of fallacies, aberration and conceits, and out of the ashes the truth has to come, the truth and its handmaiden, freedom. Those two elements, that we are yet tramping upon in the realm of law, must be made the supreme force of civilization if that name is to mean something more than the crucifixion of humanity, since that is what civilization is yet. All we have learned thus far through our own education and progress is to demolish divine morality by "law" and to legalize the morality of our own predatory instincts and conceits. That is progress in incidentals, retrogression in fundamentals.

JOSE GROS.

Wood Carvers Want Nine Hours.
Wood carvers employed in the furniture factories of Chicago are on strike for a nine hour day. The men on strike are members of the Wood Carvers' International Association of North America. The wood carvers employed in the sash and door factories are under the jurisdiction of the Amalgamated Woodworkers' International union and already enjoy a nine hour day and a minimum wage scale of \$2.50 a day.

The SPORTING WORLD

To Row at Henley.

C. S. Titus, the American oarsman, who will row at Henley for the Diamond Sculls, recently rowed a trial mile against the watch on the Harlem river, New York, and, although no time was given by those who held the watch on him, the time he made was said by witnesses to be nothing short of marvellous.

It was the first time since he began to train that Titus had extended himself for any distance over half a mile. Every movement he made, as well as the time, was extremely satisfactory.

The course at Henley is longer than the trial course on the Harlem, being



C. S. TITUS.

by actual measurement a mile and 550 yards. Titus said he felt as if he could have maintained his stroke for the extra distance, but it was unnecessary. He was in the boat with which he won the national amateur championship last year, heavier by several pounds than the one he will take to Europe with him.

His new shell is being built by W. W. Ruddle of New York and is 29 feet long, 19 1/4 inches beam and 5 1/2 inches deep. Its weight is twenty-two pounds.

Titus occupied himself much this winter in choosing the wood from which to make his oars. They have been finished and suited to his grip.

F. R. Fortmeyer, secretary of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Cooper, secretary of the Henley Royal regatta, stating that Titus' entry would be acted upon at the next meeting, and Titus has since heard by cable that his entry has been acted upon and accepted.

The American sculler will meet as formidable a lot of rowing men as ever gathered on a stretch of water.

Canada sends as her representative L. F. Scholes of the Don Rowing club of Toronto, while the French champion, L. X. F. Prevel, will be sent by the Club Nautique de Nice. Other entries are Fox of the Coldstream guards, who last year defeated Blackstaff. The latter oarsman is entered again. He is the man who rowed such a grand race against young Ten Eyck in the finals, when the American won. George Ashe of the London Rowing club, A. H. Clouette of the Thames Boat club, W. Hickman, who hails from the Solent, and A. G. Everett, a huge, long backed fellow from the same locality; J. J. Blouise and a dark horse from Australia complete the list for the classic rowing event of England.

Polo Dates.

The National Polo association has announced the following dates for the coming season:

Lakewood (N. J.) Polo club, April 28 to May 10; Country club of Westchester, Newport, R. I., May 15 to 31; Devon (Pa.) Polo club, June 2 to June 7; Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Polo club, June 9 to 21; Country club of Philadelphia, June 23 to 28; Rumson (N. J.) Polo club, June 30 to July 3; Rockaway (N. Y.) Polo club, July 4 to July 13; Great Neck (N. Y.) Polo club, July 21 to 29; Saratoga (N. Y.) Polo club championship and junior championship, July 28 to Aug. 9; Point Judith (R. I.) Polo club, Aug. 10 to 20; Westchester (N. Y.) Polo club, Aug. 21 to 30; Myopia (Mass.) Polo club, Sept. 1 to 6; Dedham (Mass.) Polo club, Sept. 8 to 13; Staten Island (N. Y.) Polo club, Sept. 15 to 20; Onwentsia (Chicago) Polo club, Sept. 23 to 28, and St. Louis Country club, Sept. 29 to Oct. 4.

Schaefer and Vignaux.

Jacob Schaefer recently cabled his wife that he had been matched to play Maurice Vignaux, the French billiard expert, in May in New York for the championship of the world. After defeating George F. Slosson and others in a tournament for the world's championship last December Schaefer sailed for Paris, where he has since been giving exhibitions. Vignaux challenged him, but desired the match played in Paris. This was not acceptable to Schaefer, who as champion has the right to name the place. The exact date on which the match will be played is yet to be decided.

"Pluggler Bill's" Cycling.

"Pluggler Bill" Martin is now in New Zealand and doing great work. The Canterbury Times, New Zealand, says of him: "Even when slightly below his true form the veteran is one of the hardest men to beat who ever rode on a New Zealand track. He rides with remarkable dash, and, assisted by perfect judgment and exceptional grit, he comes with a rush at the finish that is simply marvelous. It is this wonderful determination that makes him so popular." Martin, however, seems to have left the "Pluggler" end of his name at home when he went to the antipodes.

A COQUETTE

Of all the provoking, tantalizing coquettes that ever teased the heart out of a poor man Susy Arnold was the most bewitching.

One evening while visiting her I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the pretty creature, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with:

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you and keep you from study. I advise you to do it if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed!" I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me, to be sure." I added concededly, "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," added Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped—Oh, that dreadfully attractive face of hers! That is, Miss Susy, I thought perhaps—oh, my head, my head!" And I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" she asked tenderly, and she put her cool little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me through my whole system.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a partnership in the office of a lawyer friend of mine made me decide to extend my trip and see how the "land lay."

One thing was certain—I could not leave home for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume (it was the only suit I possessed) and full of hope, I went to Miss Susy's house. She was in the parlor at the piano alone. She nodded gayly as I came in, but continued her song. It was, "I've Something Sweet to Tell You."

At the words: "I love you! I adore you!" sweeping back the curls from her forehead with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep! May I think so?"

"Oh, yes, if you choose, for dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her. We chatted away for a time. At last I began:

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me. I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to New York tomorrow."

"Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Gauche's as you go home and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued, "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to my ma, won't you? And if you get married or die or anything let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. Her old, saucy look was there as I spoke, but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain and that the other fell upon the keys, making for the first time a discord.

"Going away forever?" she said, with a sad tone that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you at least would miss me and sorrow in my absence."

"If?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans if your absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—thought!"

"Oh, that earnest, grave face! My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horsehair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said. A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will," I said, offering it.

She took it between her own and toying with the fingers, said:

"May I?"

"Yes, if you will give me this one." And I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she said I cannot say, but if ever eyes tried to talk mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not, but I dare say my betrothed can tell you. Five minutes later my arms encircled a blue silk dress, the brown hair fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with another pair.

Character.

There is something magnetic about strength of character. It not only attracts admiration, but demands respect from all classes. Those who are wise and just praise it, the old bless it, and the young admire it. There are some who lack that solidity and firmness of purpose upon which moral strength is based, but know full well its worth, and partly to excuse themselves for not having it and partly in making a vain attempt to cast reflections on those who possess it they call it pride and loftiness.

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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 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 51	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 from 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, Mt. Carmel, 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.

ROLLIN H. 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 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazlebrook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ron and Hazleton Junction at 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 8:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:57 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:53 a. m., 4:52 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton and Shepton at 6:35, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:57 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Hazlebrook, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:59 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 5:57 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ron at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 1:36 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 5:49 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jenesville, Audenried 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.

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