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UNCLE SAM EXAOTS FULL TIME.

Employes Are Dooked for Minute's Loss of Time.

It's an old story that the United States treasurer occasionally pays warrants for the sum of one cent to creditors of the government," said an old department clerk the other day, "but it's so well known, but equally true, nevertheless, that government clerks are sometimes docked one cent for overstaying their annual leave a minute or a fraction thereof. In the treasury department in particular the rule is inflexible that a clerk who exceeds the regulation leave even for a minute in a year shall forfeit a proportionate amount of his pay.

"The taxation of delinquents requires eternal vigilance and careful calculation, but it is regarded as essential to the best interests of the service. No fractions of a minute are considered and there is no penalty less than a cent. The salary per minute is determined by dividing the annual salary by all the working days, which exclude Sundays and holidays, and allowing seven hours for each day. On that basis it is computed that the salaries of government clerks average about a cent a minute. Of course, some are more and others less, but that covers the most of them.

"It does not seem much to deduct ten cents from the \$1,200 salary of a clerk who has exceeded his sixty days' leave by ten minutes, but he invariably treats such action as a great outrage on his rights as an American citizen. The other day a woman in the treasury upset the entire office in which she is employed for almost a whole day," says the Washington Star, "in her persistent efforts to get back thirteen cents which had been deducted from her salary for overstaying her leave about a quarter of an hour. She nearly went into hysterics, but the authorities were firm and she had to submit."

SECURED A CONTINUANCE.

Sharp Trick Perpetrated by an Ingenious Illinois Lawyer.

Ethan Allen Sniveley of Springfield tells a pretty good story of how, some years ago when he was editor of a Carlinville paper, he brought the press agent of a circus to time and made him pay the paper its price for a big advertisement by threatening to small-pox the show. But up till last week we don't know that we had ever heard of an attorney working this bluff on a court and jury, and the little incident, which occurred in the county court, is quite laughable.

W. H. Crow was attorney for a man under indictment for an assault, and the case had been continued several times on one pretext and another, and was up again, and the prosecution was insisting on going to trial. Mr. Crow's witnesses were not present, and to go to trial under the circumstances would surely result in a conviction of his client, and just what to do he was at a loss to know. The jury was in the box ready to be passed upon and things were becoming desperate for Mr. Crow, when all at once a bright thought struck him, and, addressing his honor, he announced that the defense was ready for trial, but at the same time stated that he thought it was only fair to the court and all concerned to state that his client had been exposed to the smallpox and was just about due to break out with it. "But," said he, "as far as I am concerned, I have had smallpox and am not afraid of it, and if the others interested in the case are willing to proceed I am."

The bluff worked like a charm, and it is needless to say that it was the unanimous opinion of the prosecution, judge and jury that they had better take no chances, and the attorney got his continuance. It, however, is due to Mr. Crow to state that his client resides in a neighborhood where there has been a case or two of smallpox recently, and may have been exposed, but up to last accounts had not broken out yet.—Pike County (Illinois) Democrat.

Patents in France.
In order that a patent may be obtained in France, the three following conditions are necessary: That the invention be absolutely new; that it possess an industrial character; that it be not contrary to public order or security; good morals, or the laws of the country. An invention is not considered new when, previous to the date of filing of the application, it has received sufficient publicity in France or abroad to render it easy of imitation.

PERSEVERANCE.
Finish what thou hast to do,
Prove thy right to wear a crown;
Bravely tread thy journey through
Ere the sun goes down.
Lay some stone each passing hour
In thy palace of renown;
Run the flag up on the tower
Ere the sun goes down.
Crowd thy bark, though storm-sailed,
Over seas that seek to drown,
To the harbor-mouth, full-sailed,
Ere the sun goes down.

Stand up bravely in the fight,
Play the king and not the clown;
Clear the trenches, storm the high,
Ere the sun goes down.
Plow thy furrow in life's field,
Though the heavens may smile or frown;
Falter not, look back nor yield,
Till the sun goes down.

If thou canst not reap, then glean
Midst the stubble bare and brown;
Search the field and leave it clean
Ere the sun goes down.
Time enough to lay aside
Warrior's mail or priestly gown
In the dusk of eventide
When the sun goes down.
—The Rev. A. J. Hoogh.



THE talk had been of cases extraordinary, queer clients and singular precedents, when there was a rap at Judge Hastings' door and the office boy came in to say that Mrs. Hastings was in the ante-room.

"You've never met her, have you Proctor?" asked the judge, turning to his friend. "No? Tell her to come right in, Pete."

She came in radiant, dignified, womanly, cordial, and Proctor, who was an old bachelor, began to realize his friend's reverential faith in marriage vows, his fame as a peacemaker between warring pairs, his dislike for frail divorcees and errant husbands. Very gracious to her husband's colleague, she lingered but a moment and went away. Hastings closed the door, lighted another cigar and resumed the talk.

"Speaking of queer clients," he began, "the worst and the best, the most deceptive and yet the most ingenious I ever had was a woman shoplifter. It was down in Cincinnati, in the old days, when I had but little experience outside of criminal practice. You know, I was prompted to come here to get away from a growing reputation as a criminal pleader, and yet my first case in Chicago was for one of my loyal Cincinnati crooks. Crook—yes, that's the word, I guess, though it seems harsh now, for she was the most loyal, ingenious and most virtuous thief that ever dodged the penitentiary. Well, to begin at the beginning.

"She was arrested one day in Cincinnati by the house detective of a big dry goods store, searched, and as the saying is, 'caught red-handed.' Of course she sent for me. I was terribly strong with the shoplifters of Cincinnati, and the Lord knows there were enough of them to keep a hard-working tyro in board money. I don't deny that I was struck with her beauty and evident refinement the moment I met her—she was on the books as Mary Smith—and the cheap calico and dowdy cape she wore were not much of a disguise for her extraordinary qualities, physical and mental.

"I told her to tell me the truth about herself up to the time of her arrest, and she did. I'm sure she did, as you will find. She was of good family and tender nature, had eloped with a handsome salesman and had been living for three years in Covington, where her husband was doing well, but living beyond his means as the manager of a

big furniture house. Well, he was found to be short in his accounts, convicted of embezzlement and sent to the penitentiary, leaving his young wife and baby in absolute penury. She sold everything the first year to keep him supplied with the extras that are not on prison menus; she denied herself, looking for work of any kind, and finally awaking to the realization that there was nothing between her and hunger except the few good garments that remained of her once splendid wardrobe.

"She sold them, and in utter generosity wrote hopeful letters to her husband even when her prospect looked blackest. She could hardly sew, knew nothing of business, had neither means nor time to learn shorthand or typewriting, and soon found that even the petty positions open for young women in the big stores, paid next to nothing. Assailed on all sides by rascals of the unclean and impertinent type, who would have 'favored' her on account of her beauty, she could do no better than fill an occasional vacancy as 'extra' in some store. She tried writing at home, but found that the pittance for addressing 10,000 envelopes would not keep her and her baby a day. Then, in desperation, she began to steal, timidly at first, but finally with a boldness and shrewd dexterity that for a time meant ease and even luxury for her and the baby.

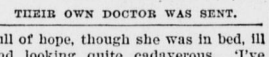
"She fixed up a snug little flat in Cincinnati, but with her weather eye

on possible detection, held on to the squalid room in Covington, where she had hid her misery and her shame from the fair-weather friends of her early married days. She made no effort to conceal nor condone the crime for which she had been arrested. I got bail for her, and, as we left the jail together, what do you suppose she proposed? Simply that she go back with her baby to the dirty, bare room in Covington, and, leaning wholly upon her story of pinching want, throw herself wholly on the mercy of the rich merchant she had robbed. No lawyer could have devised a better plan, and at once I was struck by her swift ingenuity. It meant a chance to plead 'first offense,' and I seized upon it as her only chance to escape a sentence.

"Of course I played her hard-luck story to a finish, got the opposing lawyer to go over with me to Covington, and, to make a long story short, not only got the case dropped, but actually convinced the proprietor that 'Mary Smith' should have a place in the glove department of his store. She got it, and, as I took pains to know, contrived to eke out a decent living for herself and child till her husband came back from the penitentiary. Of course that meant that they must leave Cincinnati, and the next thing I knew, they were gone, bag and baggage, nobody knew whither.

"I came to Chicago a year or so after, set up a modest office, resolved to keep away from the criminal branch, and was in the way of forgetting 'Mary Smith' when suddenly one day I got a telephone message to the effect that a woman prisoner at Central wanted to see me. I went over and met 'Mary.' She was almost in rags, had come to Chicago with her husband, who deserted her as soon as their money gave out. She had tried to get work, failed, begged a little—too little to keep her child warm—then she resumed stealing. The old story. Everybody knows it. Well, I took the case, got her over to her squalid room on the West Side, and began to figure on a scheme to get her out of trouble.

"I couldn't think of any, but when I came back the next day I found her



full of hope, though she was in bed, ill and looking quite cadaverous. 'I've got consumption,' Mr. Hastings, she said, smiling wanly; 'we must try the quality of Chicago mercy this time.' Then I noticed that the handkerchief which she brought to her mouth was stained with red and at the corners of her pretty mouth were tiny crimson lines. I got a doctor to visit her, and he promptly declared that she was in rapid tuberculosis—phthisis, I think he called it.

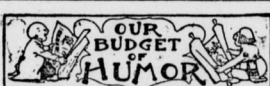
"But the prosecution was obdurate at first. They didn't swallow the 'young mother' story very easily; it had been worked too often, they said; so I suggested that they send their own doctor to see my client, and, if he declared her other than consumptive, or declared that she was shamming, I would pay her bill and go to trial. He went a dozen times and finally agreed with my doctor that she was falling rapidly. He was a good-hearted man. The pretty child touched his heart, I dare say, but the unfortunate mother's hemorrhages, her failure to gain flesh, brought him over to our side.

"Then my Cincinnati experience was repeated. Case dropped, position for the mother as soon as she was able to walk, kindness, help, hope. But she rallied so fast that I was nonplused, afraid that her employers might become suspicious, though none but the proprietor knew her story. Yes, I admit it, Proctor, I had more than a lawyer's interest in her. At last, at supper one night after the play, I quizzed her about her 'phthisis.' She smiled querulously at first, but said: 'I was a desperate fraud, I know, but I was desperate, Mr. Hastings. You don't blame me? I'll never deceive you again.'

"And she never did, Proctor. She's the best woman in the world. I got her a divorce and—well, she was in here a moment ago—my wife, in fact, and I'm not ashamed of her."

"But the consumption?" said Proctor, after a wondering moment, "the emaciation, the—er—hemorrhages? How on earth did she—"

"Just worry, starvation and—and a morsel of raw calves' liver!"—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.



Poor Green.
There was once a fellow named Green,
Who grew so alarmingly lean
And so fat and compressed,
That his back touched his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.
—Philadelphia Record.

His First Year of Law.
Young Physician — "What is your practice mostly?"
Young Lawyer — "Domestic economy."—Chicago News.

A Misnomer.
"Pa, what is a misnomer?"
"A misnomer? Oh, when a man goes to a church bazaar and is inveigled into taking chances, some people say he's got a fair chance, but that's a misnomer."—Yonkers Statesman.

Ice.
Mr. Bacon—"I see by this paper that ice one and a half inches thick will support a man."
Mrs. Bacon—"I always said there was an enormous profit in ice, John."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Half the Pleasure Gone.
"I don't like to get postal cards," said she.
"Why not?" asked he.
"Because I can't spend half an hour turning it over and over and wondering who it is from."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Confidence in Herself.
Agnes—"Yes, I'm very fond of skating. I think I could live at the North Pole."
Louise—"Nonsense! There isn't a man there."
Agnes—"But I don't think it would be very long before there would be."—New York Sun.

An Explanation.
"You can't believe half that a man says when he is in love," said the young woman, reproachfully.
"That is very easily accounted for," answered Willie Washington. "When a man is in love, half the time he doesn't know what he is saying."—Washington Star.



Miss Names.
"Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long?"
Mr. Long (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, rather. If you could have mine it would be all right, wouldn't it?"
Miss Short—"Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden."—Philadelphia Record.

In a Quandary.
"How do you like your new cook?"
"Ever so much, but I'm afraid to let her know it."
"Why?"
"She'd want more wages."
"Then why don't you appear dissatisfied?"
"Because then she'd leave."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Profit in Literature.
"Do you think there is any money in literature?"
"Loads of it," said the man with a genial air of prosperity. "In fact, I can personally testify that there is."
"I didn't know you were a writer."
"I'm not. I'm an architect. I make a specialty of designing library buildings."—Washington Star.

A Peculiarity of Conscience.
"I suppose you will vote according to your conscience," said the friend.
"I will," answered the politician who is sadly practical.
"Pecuniary considerations will not figure?"
"Well, I don't know. There's nothing that hurts my conscience more than to feel that I have been wasting money."—Washington Star.

Mollified His Indignation.
Indignant Father—"Hadn't you done nothing but laugh?"
Boy—"No; nothing at all."
"And the master came up for that?"
The scoundrel! "I'll teach him—"
"Yes, and he thrashed me hard, too! He's a great big man."
Father (not quite so indignant)—"H'm, is he? You mustn't laugh in school, Johnny. It's against the rules."—Tit-Bits.

Professional Enthusiasm.
"I am glad to hear that your patient has gotten well," said one young physician.
"Yes," answered the other, "I thought for a little while it was going to be one of the prettiest cases of appendicitis that ever happened. But prompt and careful treatment brought him around and I missed a chance for a fine operation. I didn't know it was possible for a man to feel so glad and so disappointed, both at once."—Washington Star.

Eptaph in Martha's Vineyard.
In a quiet and deserted burying ground on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, with not a few stones bearing dates of the seventeenth century, the occasional visitor, if he takes time to decipher them, finds many quaint epitaphs. One of these reads as follows:
Had charming grace and innocence
And all that's pleasing to the eye
Against grim death been a defence
Elizabeth had not gone hence.
—New York Tribune.

HOW TO BECOME FORESTERS.

Official Information For Young Men Who Would Follow the Career.

So many applications have been received by the Bureau of Forestry in Washington for information as to the way to get a training in forestry, and also for information as to the employment by the bureau of young men ambitious in this direction that the bureau has issued a circular on the subject.

For those who have had no training in forestry or those whose training is incomplete the bureau has only one kind of work. It is that of student assistant.

This is practically the place of helper in field work, and it lasts from three to six months. The wages paid are \$25 a month and expenses. The men pay their own way to and from the field. If they are ordered to Washington at the close of the outdoor season to finish up the routine work, the bureau pays the expense.

To become a student assistant one must write to the United States Forester, Department of Agriculture, for a blank form of application. Appointments depend upon the answers.

The applicant must make plain that he has already studied forestry or is desirous of doing so for a permanent calling. So many applications have come to the bureau from college students already studying forestry, that men entirely without preliminary training must be fitted exceptionally for work in the woods to get appointment.

The work of these student assistants is severe. They live in camps and keep the hours of lumbermen. Their chief labor is in valuation surveys, that is, in measuring standing timber or the contents and rate of growth of felled trees.

It requires strong young men for this labor, and all the instruction that such a student receives is what he absorbs in his work. The circular says of these student assistants:

"They are not attending a summer school, but are taking a salaried position, the duties of which they will be rigidly required to perform. The head of the party is at all times willing, in so far as it does not interfere with his own duties, to explain matters to the men under his charge.

"He has, however, no time to deliver lectures, nor to give formal instruction of any kind. The student assistant has in his daily work abundant opportunity to learn; whether he makes the most of it rests with him."

The bureau's circular says a trained forester should be skilled in geology, physical geography, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, mathematics, and the practical principles of surveying. It also says that the expert forester should know something of physics, meteorology and political economy.

There are three schools of forestry in the country, one at Cornell, one at Yale, and one at Biltmore, N. C. The Cornell school requires four years' study, the Yale school requires two. The Biltmore school gives instruction of one year without a degree. Further details may be secured from these schools.

As to the future employment of foresters the bureau says it "is at present unable to find a sufficient number of suitably prepared foresters to supply its needs." Preparation of working plans for private, State and Federal forest lands, forest investigations and tree planting in many States demand more men than can be supplied at present.

Holders of timber lands also realize that conservative lumbering pays, and this enlarges the field of the foresters. The bureau says the profession offers a fair living for a well-prepared man, but also says that the "salaries will never be large." It adds that trained foresters now in the bureau's employ receive from \$720 to \$3000.—New York Sun.

Striking a Balance.
The visit of an examiner is an event of importance to a bank, and if there are any irregularities an occasion of anxiety as well. Strange subterfuges are occasionally discovered, but it is not often an examiner stumbles upon anything at once so irregular and so honestly intended as the custom in a certain Southern country bank visited by former bank examiner James S. Escoff, of Kentucky. The incident is told by the Louisville Dispatch.

At a small and rather primitive institution in a mountain town the examiner found a deficiency of \$100. Of course an explanation was demanded. After an attempt at looking wise the cashier took \$100 from a private money drawer. "There, that will fix it," he remarked.

"How will you enter that to make good the balance?" asked the examiner.
The cashier looked bewildered, but finally said he wouldn't enter it at all.
"You see," he remarked, "that drawer I just went into to make the balance is what we call the 'outs and over' drawer. Whenever we're out of balance we go to 'outs and over' to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have, the surplus goes to the drawer. Funny you all have never thought of that scheme in the big banks."



Construction Ideas.

An excellent address by W. W. Crosby, county roads engineer of Baltimore County, was read before the Governor and lawmakers of South Carolina. The occasion was "South Carolina Legislation and Good Roads Day" at the Charleston Exposition. Mr. Crosby's subject, naturally, was the present condition and possibilities of the roads adjacent to this city. He pointed out the great advantages at the disposal of Baltimore Countians to the east and south in the use of oyster shells, than which no finer material exists for a smooth, hard roadbed. These advantages, he said, have been lost in a great measure by their application to the roads without the proper foundation.

Speaking of the "metal" used in the construction of the roads to the north and west of Baltimore, Mr. Crosby said the old methods in use from time immemorial of putting down a layer of stone as big as a man's head, then gradually working up to sizes of a man's hand, the whole to be left to take care of itself after a slight veneer of earth, form the hardest problem for the engineer of to-day. The settlement has been uneven, drainage problems have been ignored, and yet it is expected that the engineer can build up a roadbed on scientific principles with the same amount of funds as was annually allowed for practically letting matters shift for themselves.

Upon the earth roads, Mr. Crosby said, he has been able to do the best work this year. There was nothing to be done before modern methods could be applied. Summing up the matter, Mr. Crosby believes that the difficulties to be encountered in putting the Baltimore County roads into much better condition are gradually being surmounted, and he believes that when things have advanced sufficiently to show the practical success of his theories the movement will develop much like the snowball—the larger it becomes, the faster it grows.

Mr. Crosby has had, and will have, a hard and thankless task for some time. It is hard to convince some of the timeworn methods have been superseded by others, even when these others are plainly to their advantage. He is taking the right course, however, in making the most of the limited means at his disposal. The results are sure to be the best argument for the continuation of the common sense methods he is introducing.—Baltimore News.

The Automobile's Influence.

Somebody said once that the condition of a country's roads marked its civilization. In a measure this is, doubtless, true. Certainly the condition of a country's roads is a concrete illustration suggesting the state of civilization of that nation, and it is by a consideration of a number of such outward signs that an observer may arrive at a pretty accurate judgment of the place which this or that nation occupies in the world. When, therefore, the bicycle came into service, was legislated against, finally tolerated, and then found a necessity, the extraordinary movement towards better roads can be at least acknowledged as an advance in the right direction. And it only needs a little consideration by the historical method to show that automobiles are tending in the same direction as bicycles—only further in advance. We are just now getting to the "legislating against" period. Not many months or years hence the automobile will be "tolerated," and, before we know it, it will be "necessary." In the meantime automobiles cannot become general without long and good roads. Already somebody talks of an automobile road from San Francisco to New York. Already roads are actually being improved for the speedy vehicle. Why try to stop or check the new machine, therefore? It is all so small, when we consider what is inevitably to come! The automobile is going to stay. We shall have better and better roads, better service, better and cleaner cities, and fewer of those accidents now caused by the personal equation of the horse. It is all an advance of civilization, which neither should be nor can be successfully opposed.—Harper's Weekly.

Destructive Narrow Ties.

We spend millions of dollars every year in our municipalities for permanent pavements, and more millions in the country for better highways, and then permit the use of the destructive narrow tire. It is impossible to estimate the amount of annual damage to good pavements and good roads resulting from the use of narrow-tired vehicles. In the city trucks with heavy loads cut up and rut the pavements, making it necessary to expend in the aggregate throughout the country millions of dollars for repairs, and the same is true of rural conditions. It is high time that city and country united their influence in advocating the adoption of State, county and municipal legislation which should provide for the equipment of all wagons with wide tires. The counties of Monroe and Ontario, of New York State, have recently adopted resolutions favoring such a measure, with a provision for a \$25 penalty for a breach of the ordinance. This is a matter which demands the immediate attention of municipal officers.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

In Russia the forests cover thirty-six per cent. of the whole imperial area.