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**Lake Wettern and Boden See.**  
Lake Wettern, one of the links in the waterway between Stockholm and Gothenberg, is a beautiful sheet of water, lying in the center of a group of lofty hills, and is noted for several remarkable peculiarities. There is no bottom at one place—at least, none has ever been found—and a belief widely prevails that it is connected by an underground passage with the Boden See in Switzerland. It is asserted that when there is a storm in one of the lakes the other is agitated, and that when the water in one is low the same conditions exist in the other. There is also a story that corpses in Swiss costume have come to the surface on Lake Wettern, and that bodies of men who have been drowned in Wettern have been recovered in the Boden See. Other evidences are found in the occasional appearance of timber and vegetation that does not grow in this locality, but is common in Switzerland. Scientific men, however, dispute the theory and ridicule the stories that are told by the peasants. It is admitted, however, by every one that the extraordinary phenomena of mirage have frequently been observed upon Lake Wettern, so much so as to attract the observations of the entire population for miles around, creating consternation among the ignorant peasants and awe and wonder among all thoughtful people. Marching armies of cavalry, infantry and artillery, with banners and glittering weapons, have appeared upon the surface of the lake; churches, palaces, castles and ships have been seen to rise from the water and remain for hours; caravans of camels have crossed from shore to shore within full view of multitudes of people in their right minds and without ordinary superstitions.

## NOT A BADGE OF A POLICEMAN.

Officer's Long Hair Mystified an Intoxicated Woman.

George Innes, Jr., the son of the great landscape painter, tells a story on himself with great delight. Like Peter Newell, he has been connected with town government in New Jersey. He served on the town council in Montclair—in fact, he was the head of the police commission—the chief of police.

"In this capacity," he says, "I had about six policemen under me, whom I sent forth to do their duty. I used also to go about myself in search of wrongs to be righted and nuisances to be abolished. One day I saw coming up the main street a woman very much the worse for drink. I said to her: 'My good woman, have you no place to hide yourself in, no home where you can conceal your shame?'"

"Shure—and who the devil may you be?" was her retort.

"Never mind who I am," I answered, "You will obey me and go home, or I will arrest you."

"You arrest me!" she cried in astonishment. "How kin you arrest me when you ain't no policeman?"

"But I am a policeman," said I, with dignity.

"She looked at me a moment in astonished silence. Then she said: 'Thin, if you are a policeman, fur hivin' the sake go home and git yer hair cut!'"—New York Tribune.

## Valuable New York Property.

A piece of land on the corner of William street and Exchange place, in the heart of the New York financial district, has changed hands at the third highest price per square foot ever recorded in the real estate history of the city—\$306.93 per each square foot. A part of the land occupied by the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. in Wall street, at its intersection with Broad street, was sold to its present owners for \$248 per square foot, and another place directly opposite cost \$320. These three are the highest prices yet paid.

## The Ceremony of Knighthood.

At the beginning of the eleventh century when a man, for some noble deed, was dubbed a knight, the ceremony of knighting him began by giving him a pair of spurs. The overlord then conferred the title attached to the spurs himself to the heels of the newly created noble and then gave him his helmet, his horse, his sword and his lance.

## Foreigners in France.

Between the years 1896 and 1901 about 10,000 foreigners took out naturalization papers in France. According to the census recently taken the total number of foreigners now resident in the country is 1,037,778.

## "HOWDY."

"Kind o' like to hear 'em say it!—  
'Howdy, howdy!'  
Know who's who right there an' then,  
That's the moral truth, now, men—  
Put my trust right in him, when  
Man sez, 'Howdy!'"

"Folks all say it in Mizzoree!—  
'Wal, wal, howdy!'  
Earty, honest, homely, gruff,  
Gentle, kindly, yard-wide stum—  
Man that sez it's good enuff—  
'Ol' boy, howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, like to hear 'em say it!  
'Howdy, howdy!'  
Hez a cheery, earnest ring,  
No put-on, the A-I thing,  
Gives yore own good-will a swing,  
'N you say, 'Howdy!'"  
—Charles W. Stevenson, in Lippincott's Magazine.



**THE GREAT FALL OF DUMPY HUMPTY**

ALEX SIMPSON is an old man now, and it is with something of self-deprecation that he sometimes spins a yarn of the old days when he was in the circus business with Simonides Patroclus Price. A hot lunch and a few friends nearly as old as himself got him started the other night, and he told one like this:

"There ain't any use going back to the particulars of how I got in the show business further than to say that I sold up old Pap Rockwell's show for three performances, and made so much money that I turned the store over to my brother and set out for a professional circus man. Rockwell cut out and left as soon as he'd introduced me to his general manager—Sim Price. Besides being manager of the show, Sim was the clown, and, by the way, to this day I think he was the funniest clown that ever wore grease-paint. He was a bit sore when he found out that I had seized the show, swore that he was ready to pay up all the old bills and assume the proprietorship himself. But I'd had a taste of the game—I was young then—and Sim's talk convinced me that I had hit on a good thing, so I resolved to freeze on. Sim got real mad then and sent me his resignation. I couldn't afford to lose him for all the paper we had was splashed all over with his pictures. I agreed at last to take him into partnership. We had a lot of new posters struck off reading: 'Rockwell - Simpson - Price Great Triple Mastodon Circus, Menagerie and Hippodrome,' and with that high-sounding title we left Indianapolis one Saturday night and struck into the backwoods for ten weeks of one-day stands. Those were the days when circuses traveled by wagon only, and we weren't two hours on the road before I was blessing my stars that Sim had come along.

"He knew more about the show business than I ever learned or could learn, and no dilemma was too difficult for him to wriggle out of. Then he was a good and elevating influence with the thirty-six people we carried. I found out that he'd been educated for the ministry and had even conducted a church in some interior town of Australia. His morals were above reproach, and his wife—Mlle. Du Barry, the equestrienne and bareback rider—was the bright, particular star of the troupe. They were really an edifying couple, seemed to have plenty of money, traveled in a private carriage, and in every way added—such a thing is possible—to what I might call the 'tone' of the outfit. Of course the whole business was small compared with these big modern, three-ring circuses, but it was quite a model in its way, and I was getting well through my first season of it before I found my self-respect in any danger. But that will come later.

"As a said, besides being an excellent clown, a good manager and a regular martinet for discipline, Mr. Price—I never called him Sim in those days—was always ready with the cash to

somebody—mostly for drunkenness, I admit, but always for something. I thought he was too exacting with the men, but in spite of all I could say he wouldn't tolerate any kind of looseness of speech, habits or manners. The preacher habit was so strong in him that he thought nothing at all of discharging a hostler for cursing one of the animals, and as for drunkenness—no man ever came back to the tent drunk more than once.

"Well, we were down in West Virginia somewhere doing a one-day stand when the town marshal dropped in on Sim and me while we were at supper after the show. He said that one of our people had flim-flamed a number of the townsfolk right in the shadow of our main tent. Sim was furious, of course. I denied that any of our people could practice such a fraud, but Price solemnly declared that he'd inves-



"WHEN I HEARD THE FAMILIAR YELL OF 'DUMPY HUMPTY!'"

tigate the whole troupe for himself. And sure enough that night, when the vans were all loaded he rounded up the whole company, read an awful lecture about the marshal's complaint, and said that if he ever caught any of his employees engaged in any fraudulent games, or even any games of chance he'd spend his last dollar prosecuting the culprit. We knew all of our fellows pretty well then, and I, for one, didn't believe that any of them were crooked. But Price was suspicious. He used to slink around half the time spotting the men, but try as he might he couldn't get any proof against them. He did catch Griff Whelan playing cards with a barkeeper one night, and though Griff was a first-rate elephant man Sim discharged him without hesitation. The worst of it was that every town we made after that developed some kind of a complaint about the 'circus crook' who had cheated somebody. Sometimes three-cards was the game; sometimes the shell game was used, and again it was the flash-roll. Price was frantic. He used to hang around the dressing tent, peering under the canvas, and he got his wife to come earlier than ever so that she could help him catch the rascal.

"It got so that I—I was ringmaster, you know—I never could tell when to expect Sim to gallop into the ring on his trick mule. While we were all performing in the ring he'd be outside somewhere prowling after the swindler who was following us or who was one of our own people, so closely did he tag our trail. We had plenty of descriptions of him, too; a half-dozen town policemen had described him the same way—short, stout, dark hair and crooping black mustache. We had at least three men who came near that appearance, but incessant watching had failed to even hint of their guilt. Besides, they were all acrobats, trapeze riders, and the frauds were always committed about the time we were busiest in the ring.

"Well, one day Sim loitered so long that it was nearly time for the chariot race and he hadn't made his appearance. I slipped out to the dressing tent to see if he was there, and sure enough, back of the little canvas partition that he always kept for his own and his wife's privacy he was smearing his face with grease-paint in hurried preparation for his act. I helped him onto his mule and was buttoning up the back of his baggy pantaloons when a stranger crouched under the wall of the tent and laid his hand on my arm.

"'Where did that fellow go that just came in here?' he asked me excitedly,

I told him that nobody had come in, but he insisted that a bunko man had skinned Dr. Schneider out of \$200 not five minutes ago, and that he had seen the confidence man duck into the dressing room within the minute.

"Well, sir, poor Sim flew into a rage. He was for jumping off his mule then and there to help find the long-lost-for swindler. I persuaded him to gallop out into the ring by promising to do the searching myself, and, aided by the officer, I searched diligently. The bugler at the ring entrance had seen nobody enter from the dressing tent. We opened all the trunks and harpers, kicked over piles of rugs, straw, canvas and properties, but found nothing. Finally we decided that the crook had slipped in at one side and out at the other without being seen by Mr. Price, who was at the time alone in his little dressing cell. The officer looked nonplussed, but he left, after carefully describing the man's appearance. It tallied exactly with all the previous knowledge we had of the elusive crook, and there was then nothing more to do but renew our vigilance.

"We were doing a three-day stand at that particular town, so Sim and I sat up half the night discussing the scandalous doings of the bunko man, who had now clung to our route for two months. Sim was almost sick with anger and the sense of his disappointment. He scratched his bald, shingling head till it got red; he puffed out his fat, cherubic cheeks till he looked like an apple, and then he came as near swearing as I ever heard him. What made him so particularly mad was the fact that the confidence man always did his tricks right by the tent wall, so that every village paper that had made a sensation of his swindles credited them to 'an attaché of the Rockwell-Simpson-Price Circus.' That fairly got into the sensitive soul of Sim.

"Well, sir, just to show you the audacity of the fellow, the very next afternoon at the matinee, or rather just after it had begun, he attracted a crowd of men and boys to a clear spot near the very dressing tent which Sim had just left to enter the ring, and shell-gamed a farmer out of \$40. When Sim heard that I thought he was going to faint. He made up his mind to refrain from his work in the ring until he had caught the rascal, and, as I was beginning to realize the odium attaching to our names, I reluctantly agreed that he should not appear that night. He stayed around the tent all afternoon looking distraught, pale and, for him, venomously disagreeable.

"I think that night was one of the best we ever had so far as the attendance was concerned. I was obliged, at Sim's solicitation, to announce that 'Dumpy Humpty' (his ring name) the famous clown would be unable to appear on account of a sudden indisposition. Sim was such a stickler for fair dealing he'd have returned every dollar taken in if the people had asked it. But it was a good-natured crowd and they stayed for the show. We never had less trouble. Every performer seemed to be on his or her mettle and even the trained animals did their tricks with extraordinary success. Mlle. Du Barry was just at the climax of her thrilling bareback act—the piece de resistance of the whole show, when I heard the familiar yell of 'Dumpy Humpty!' the clown, as he galloped furiously into the ring. In a flash I realized that one of two things had happened—either he had already caught the bunko man or he was trying to surprise me with a novelty of his own invention. For, clinging to the tail of his mule, came a stranger in street attire, tugging like a demon as if to stop the beast. Everything happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I didn't have time to think that Sim was ruining the effect of his wife's act.

"The mule nearly collided with Mlle. Du Barry's charger just in front of the reserved seats, and the next thing I knew the stranger had dragged the clown down into the sawdust and was choking him. Mademoiselle screamed and galloped out of the ring. The spectators laughed loud at what seemed to them the clown's grotesque entrance, but when I pushed into the cloud of dust and sawdust raised by the scuffle's I found the town policeman slipping a pair of handcuffs on my partner's wrists.

"Here's your bunko man," he grinned, standing up and stripping Sim of his motley. 'Here's the shells and here's three cards, and here's—'

"The officer pulled out each article as he spoke. 'Here's the flash roll, and—oh, look here! Do you want any more evidence? Here's his false mustache and his wig!'"

"The audience wanted to lynch the poor clown when they began to see that he was in the hands of the law, but we slipped poor Sim out through the dressing tent and left town that night. I never saw him again, but I understand that his beautiful wife stuck to him and that they have been doing well without working ever since. Trust 'em for that!—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

## Lace-Making in America.

Lace-making is no longer a faded and a serious and established factor in the commerce of American arts and industries, writes Lillian M. Siegrist in Good Housekeeping. Hjal Catherine Elser—who was considered the originator of lace casings dating back to 1503 A. D.—possessed the facilities of the present day, the centuries of untold labor and privation, which lace-making was only in its infancy, might only have been a question of a year or two to reach the present perfection. There never has been a reason why the American woman could not vie with the European peasant (as nearly all imported laces are the work of the peasant) in lace-making, if she only had the courage of her convictions and the time and patience.

# Farm Topics

**Overchurned Butter.**  
When butter is gathered in the churn in the granular form it is never over churned. Pounding it in a lump of large mass is what overchurns it.

**Buying Dairy Cows.**  
When buying a cow for the dairy do not give any consideration to her future value as a beef animal. Dairy cows are not intended for producing beef, and any attempt to get a profit on beef from a dairy cow will result in loss of butter and milk.

**Protection For Sheep.**  
Sheep are usually more exposed in the fields than other animals. During cold storms they require shelter. In an experiment made it was found that twenty sheep under shelter gained 273 pounds more than unsheltered sheep, and on less food, during one winter.

**A Good Suggestion.**  
It is suggested that every farmer should have his name over his farm gate. It is more difficult sometimes to find a farm in the country than a house in the city, as the latter is numbered. If every farm could be designated by the name of its owner, or even by number, it would be an improvement over the present system of using nothing at all.

**Fallow Crops Do Not Pay.**  
Fallow crops do not pay. Naked soils are more exhausting of the nitrogen of the soil than a summer crop. A crop of rag weed on a stubble soil may be a nuisance in one respect, but it protects the soil from the heating rays of the sun in summer, at a time when the process of nitrification is at the greatest activity. A green crop, to be plowed under, is an excellent protection to the soil at all times.

**Fattening Diet For Hogs.**  
Hogs fed on milk or grain alone when on pasture do much better than hogs similarly fed in small pens. Those fed on milk in the pasture gain more per day and require less dry matter than hogs fed in the pens. On the other hand hogs fed milk and grain in combination do better in pens, gaining more per day than those on pasture, and require practically the same amount of food to make a pound of flesh.

**Sunflower Seeds For Layers.**  
Dried sunflower seeds are egg producing, and can be fed sparingly in place of meat scraps, as they contain a goodly supply of oil. The sunflower heads are a fine thing for fowls to peck at on a cold winter's day to exercise the seeds. Thus they get exercise that gives them warmth and health.

When one has spare ground near the henery it is a good plan to plant a plot of sunflowers for the fowls to work at during the fall. It will keep them out of mischief elsewhere. We break down several heads each day for the layers to eat.

These seeds give the fowls a glossy coat, a red comb, activity and a generous supply of eggs.—New York Tribune Farmer.

## Corn Planting.

Many of the tests at experiment stations have shown better yields from planting moderately early, rather than very early; from planting a larger number of kernels per acre than most good farmer think advisable; from planting small growing varieties in rows closer together than is best for large varieties; from giving shallow and level cultivation rather than deep and ridged cultivation; from planting rather shallow early and deeper in late planting. Other trials have seemed to show that very frequent cultivation does not repay its cost; that it is important to cultivate as soon as may be after rains; that deep cultivation while the stalks are small may be helpful, if followed by shallow culture, says the Hartford Times. It also adds that the farmer will be better satisfied if he tries some experiments of this kind himself, and tries them more than one season, that he may be sure that the change in method and not the season has changed results.

**Combination of Feeds Best.**  
A good feeder is always a good successful business man, and, indeed, it is half the battle. But a good feeder is one who knows how far to carry economy and when to stop. It means a combination of feeds that will give the greatest results for the least expenditure of money. Hay is by all odds this year in many parts of the country the cheapest food we can give to stock and dairy cattle. Good, bright hay, especially timothy, has enough nourishment in it to keep the animals doing well when supplemented with a fair amount of grain. How much grain will suffice for a balanced ration? I have found that about half as much grain in weight as good timothy hay produces most excellent results. That is, to twenty pounds of hay ten pounds of grain of mixed variety will keep the animals in fine condition. I should recommend about equal parts of wheat bran, corn and oat meal, and either oil meal or fine gluten meal, whichever is the cheaper. This makes a balanced ration which any one can mix, and by adapting it a little to the prices ruling for different foods, get economical results without in any way affecting the health of the animals or the yield of milk.—J. T. Wooster, M. D., in the Cultivator.

## Contentment.

Contentment is that measure of happiness made by ignorance of what others enjoy.—New York Press.

# HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

**A Summer Living Room.**  
A summer living room should have plenty of cane or wicker furniture, lots of cushions and India cotton hangings to make it ideal. Green-stained woodwork is their best accompaniment, too.

**An Odd Tea Table.**  
An odd new tea table for the veranda of an out-of-town house has the chrysanthemum as its decorative motif. The stalks of the flower form the supports, and the flowers and leaves are delicately carved on the top.

**A Handsome Porch Shade.**  
A new porch shade is something on the order of the old time Japanese shades, only instead of being made of reeds it is made of slats twice as thick; it is colored moss, green, red or mottled, and is very effective. It is not only a porch shade, but makes a decorative accessory to the summer home. They are shown to match blinds or shingles or any other color feature of the house.

**New Asparagus Dishes.**  
Asparagus dishes are gorgeous things in color, the body of the platter in green usually, and representing long stalks of asparagus. In some of the dishes the china asparagus stalks are curved up at the sides to hold the vegetable better, and in still other dishes this curved part is separate from the platter proper, and is perforated so that the asparagus may drain on the serving dish. One dish, having the stalks in green, has a representation of red rosebuds at the sides, and at one edge of the platter there is a standard and a pitcher to match the platter for holding the sauce.

**Some Modern Conveniences.**  
To keep pace with the modern improvements and conveniences for the home, one would need really to build a house every spring. Wanting that experience, it is a good plan to go through the new house of some friend just as it is ready to be occupied. In one thus visited recently it was noticed that in a compartment in the refrigerator which was, of course, a cold storage box, and finished in white tile that was beautifully clean and attractive, a rack to hold eggs was fitted. This had round holes large enough to hold the eggs standing on end, and thus combat the carelessness of the average cook, who will put them in the ice-box in a paper bag even, and will wonder to find them crushed against heavy jars and dishes. Another innovation in this same house does away with shade cords, those torments of the housekeeper, that have until recently been considered necessary evils. In every room in the house stands a slender rod of wood, tipped with a brass catch, to be used when the shade flies up to the top of the window. These poles are neatly finished, the metal work highly polished. Their use permits a much neater handle or finish to the shade than when the ugly little ring and knotted cord must be relied upon for control of the spring.—New York Post.

# HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

**Curry of Lobster in Rice Cups**—Cook a cupful of rice in salted water until tender, then line with it cups, or a large mold, if preferred. Fill centres or centre with lobster meat cut into small pieces and mixed with a cup of seasoned white sauce to which is added a tablespoon of curry powder. Put in a dash of horseradish if liked. Cover with more rice and bake in a pan of water thirty-five minutes. Garnish with pickles and parsley, and, when fresh lobster is used, with lobster claws.

**Lemon Sandwiches**—Trim the crust from a loaf of bread; put in a large covered dish and surround with lemon peel. Take sufficient butter, cover in grated lemon, cover in wax paper and put in the covered dish with the bread, allowing this to remain over night. In the morning take out and rub the butter down until it is a little soft; spread on the bread, adding gradually a little piece of the lemon and a small quantity of finely-chopped parsley. Put two slices of the bread together and cut in the desired shape.

**Potato Omelet**—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice a quarter of an inch square; mix them with enough white sauce to well moisten them. Place a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when the butter is hot put in the potatoes and saute them until browned on the bottom, loosen them from the pan, and turn them like an omelet into a flat dish; or this preparation may be put in a baking dish, sprinkled with crumbs and grated cheese, then put in the oven to brown and serve in the same dish.

**Preserved Peaches**—Plunge ripe but not soft peaches into boiling water and pare them by rubbing off the skins. Halve and stone them, and reserve about one-fourth the number of stones, which open and remove the pits. Weigh the fruit, and to every pound allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Make a syrup by boiling the sugar with one cupful of water to each pound. Skim until the syrup is clear, then add the peaches and the pits, and cook until the former are transparent. Pack in glass jars and seal.