

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888.
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 15 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., OCTOBER 10, 1902.



What New Zealand Has Done.

From the Church Review.

New Zealand has done the most daring things ever attempted by any modern government. The New Zealanders claim that New Zealand is a country without strikes. Laborers and employers have their disputes there as elsewhere, but the one cannot quit work, or the other lock out workmen, pending a settlement of the dispute in courts. It is also a country without paupers or poorhouses, for injured workmen are cared for by their employers. The aged workman is pensioned by the government as a soldier of industry worn out in the ranks.

The government owns not only the postal system, but the express service, the telegraph lines and the railroads. Recently it has purchased a coal mine to supply its locomotives with fuel, and it intends to compete with private mines in the sale of coal to the public far enough to keep the price of coal down to a reasonable figure.

Pennypacker's Latest Blunder.

Lycoming county is one of the strongest temperance sections in the state. At Montoursville the Quay candidate for governor made this remarkable reference to ex-Mayor Mansel, of Williamsport, the most popular man in the county:

"I understand that you have in this district a Prohibition candidate for congress who has been endorsed by the Democrats. Now, that seems remarkable to me. What have the Prohibitionists ever been able to do for the cause of temperance? They are too radical. They are fanatics. They open their mouths and swallow too much."

In the campaign of 1898 one prominent and consistent Independent Republican editor wrote and talked for Jenks, a noble-minded reform statesman, while those who should have joined him went fiddling after Swallow. There will be no such blunder this year. Over one hundred thousand Republicans are enlisted for the war against the machine. They mean to hit the mark this time.

The poll parrot candidate for governor reminds one of his hapless counterpart that escaped his cage and had an argument with the neighbor's dog. As he sat perched on the top of a shutter, with scarcely any feathers left, he scratched his bald head and screamed: "I know what's the matter with me; I talk too much, I do."

"I don't understand that man Pennypacker; he is a riddle to me," indignantly exclaimed a leading Philadelphia editor recently. Just so. The Quay candidate has lost a multitude of friends within the past three months. He stands hopelessly self-condemned.

The Quay machine lie factory has given out figures of a pretended "preliminary canvass" that even the lightning calculators laugh at. Andrews and Cooper are old hands at cooking up goose food. All hands are badly scared.

It has been a whirlwind tour with the Democratic candidates, sure enough, a hurricane of popular enthusiasm. The people mean to smash gangism in Pennsylvania politics this year for good.

An anti-machine majority in the legislature is now almost assured. Push the battle for reform in every district and the victory will be won.

As a "stumper" Pennypacker makes the boys tired. His heavy-weight speeches make no votes.

STRENGTH IN SOME FORM.

The Quality Above All Else That Woman Admires in Man.

Women abhor cowards and still more sneaks, though I regret to say they often endure ends in a way that belies their intelligence and good taste. They have a quite pathetic desire to look up to men, to feel men their superiors in strength of body and of mind, in calmness of judgment and clearness of intellect. And it is indeed a pity that men so often seem to go out of their way to destroy their most cherished illusions.

Above everything a woman admires strength in a man. It may be strength of body—she will worship a Hercules with the brain of a guinea pig. It may be strength of intellect—she will adore a savant with the body of a gibbon monkey. It may be strength of character—she will break her heart for a politician or a financier who is unsparingly wrapped up in dreams of personal advancement, and who possesses no more heart than an oyster. But strength in some form she craves unceasingly. It is a hereditary instinct that has been bequeathed to her through Eve's first disappointment when Adam was tried in the balance and found wanting. Woman, secretly conscious of her own physical weakness and lack of intellectual strength, demands strength from man to make up for her own deficiencies. Even the strongest women, strong in body and mind, well balanced as Athene herself, though they may shield and protect the weakness of the men they love and stoop to help them, will never do so without a secret feeling of contempt which is destruction of all ideals. Man, in spite of that deplorable start made by Adam, was intended to be woman's protector and refuge from all harm, upon whom she could lean and rely in every event of life's pilgrimage, and when the roles are reversed, as they often so unfortunately are, it is a bad thing both for man and woman. Strength, however, is what women love in men.—Lady Collin Campbell.

PRECOCIOUS AUTHORS.

Successful Plays That Were Written by Boys in Their Teens.

Was a successful play ever written by a boy of fourteen? asks a correspondent. Yes. This seeming miracle has happened at least three times. The best known example of the precocious playwright is the celebrated *Lope de la Vega*, the most prolific dramatist known to history. He produced his first play, a comedy, entitled "*La Pastoral de Jacinto*," before he had completed his fourteenth year, and this was considered such a marvelous performance that he is known to this day in Spanish literature as "*the Prodigy of Nature*." Another Spaniard and contemporary of *La Vega*, *Pedro Calderon*, wrote his first play when he was thirteen. *Metastasio* wrote his tragedy "*Giustino*" and had it produced when he was fourteen on the stage at Bologna.

Of English playwrights *Douglas Jerrold*, the famous author of "*Black Eyed Susan*," also furnishes an answer to the question. In 1818, before he had completed his fifteenth year, he wrote a very well known farce entitled "*More Frightened Than Hurt*." It was very successful on the English stage, and the French considered it good enough to steal. Curiously enough, this French translation was retranslated into English and again produced on the English boards under the title of "*Fighting by Proxy*." Another very remarkable instance of a different sort of precocity was that of *William Henry Ireland*, who when he was about fifteen actually produced some plays which he attributed to Shakespeare and which, although afterward proved to be forgeries, were accepted by the experts of the time as genuine.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Sympathetic.

Recently a lithographic firm received a circular announcing the death of the head of a well known business house. In reply they wrote:

"We regret to learn the loss sustained by your firm in the death of Mr. — and beg to express our heartfelt sympathy."

"We notice your circular is printed by Messrs. —. We are confident that had you asked us we could have quoted you cheaper and better than any other firm in the market, and in the event of a future bereavement we hope you will afford us an opportunity of making you an offer."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Don't Be Foolish.

Look at your friends and acquaintances. You see them deliberately acting the fool every day. Possibly you can look your friends over with less prejudice than you can look yourself over. Are you acting the fool and causing yourself unnecessary annoyance? There are so many foolish people in the world that you often find startling things in looking yourself over with candor and fairness.—*Atchison Globe*.

Breathing of Insects.

Insects generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their bodies, and if these pores are closed by oil they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp. It very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

Strictly Business.

"Have you observed that man who has been abusing you?"
"Yes," answered Senator Worthing placidly. "I've been watching him with a great deal of interest. If I wanted anybody abused, I don't know but I should hire him in preference to anybody I know of."—*Washington Star*.



BY THE LITTLE ONES.

Humorous Sayings by the Rising Mites of Humanity.

Mamma—Willie, I didn't give you permission to play in the street today.
Willie—I know you didn't, mamma, but I saved part of the permission you gave me yesterday.

Dorothy, aged six, was watching the kettle cover rise and fall while the kettle at the same time emitted tiny puffs of steam. Finally she called out: "Oh, mamma, come here quick! One of the kettles has got the asthma!"

Mamma—Tommy, I do wish you would try to act like a gentleman.
Tommy (aged five)—I do try, mamma.
Mamma—But you don't succeed very well.

Tommy—Well, I can't help it, mamma. I suppose I take after you.

Little Harry, aged four, had just fallen from a chair on which he had been standing.

"I told you to keep off that chair or you would fall," said his mother reprovingly.

"Well, it was an accident," replied Harry. "I didn't mean to mind you."

Conversation Maker.

"I don't know what the trouble is," said the hostess in a tone of great annoyance. "My guests seem very distant and unsocial. I wish I could think of some way to start them talking to one another."

"That's very easily done," answered Miss Cayenne. "Is there a musician present?"

"Yes."
"Get him to play or sing something."—*Washington Star*.

Goat Wanted.

Wife (who is doing her own cooking now)—I can't seem to make little enough of anything. I wish some poor hungry creature had what we have left every day.

Hubby (who hasn't much appetite lately)—Yes, we ought to keep a goat. They say a goat can eat anything.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Loss and Gain.

Mrs. Blinks—Oh, John, I've lost my diamond ring somewhere.

Blinks—Yes, I know you did.

Mrs. Blinks—Why, how did you know it?
Blinks—I found it in my trousers pocket at the same time I discovered that I had lost \$3.—*Chicago News*.

True Courage.

Phyllis—Yes, he was paying attention to her quite a long time.

Blanche—Perhaps he hadn't the courage to propose.

Phyllis—Oh, I don't know. Perhaps he had the courage not to propose.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Ain't No Such Thing.

"What we need most in this country," said the political reformer, "is an honest count."

"They ain't no such thing," declared Mr. Nurtich. "I know all about 'em, for my daughter married one."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Climbers.

"Can't you make fifteen or twenty words out of that, Henrietta?" asked Mrs. Parvann as her daughter was writing a telegram. "I don't want the clerk to think we can't afford to send more than ten words."—*Chicago Post*.

Why She Came.

Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!—*St. Louis Mirror*.

A Night Off.

"Some one took two of my chickens last night. Was it you, Sambo?"

"Deed it wasn't, sur. Las' night was Friday night. I is superstitious. I never took nothing on Friday nights, sur."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Concerning Length.

"Have you been married long?" asked the lady who was making conversation of the six footer.

"Just as long as I am now," he replied.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Possibly.



"I told him he was false; I told him to his teeth!"
"But what good did that do? Maybe his teeth were false too."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Not a Faculty.

She—Have you noticed that I have a faculty for falling in love?
He—Faculty? No. Ficklety.—*Yale Record*.

AN OXFORD CUSTOM.

Methods That Enforce an Elaborate System of Bookkeeping.

An American student at Oxford says that in certain of the university colleges a man may go for dessert to the hall store—that is, the room below the dining "hall," where the fancy groceries of the college are displayed for sale. There are oranges from Florida and Tangier, apples from New England, figs and dates from the Levant, prunes from Italy, candied apricots from France and English hothouse grapes.

All are spread upon the table like a gorgeous Venetian picture, but at either end of the room stand two Oxford "scouts" with account books in their hands.

A man takes a tangerine and makes a little gesture toward the scout, who silently records, "Brown, orange, twopence," and looks up to catch the next item.

Some one asks, "How much are chocolate creams, Higgins?"
"Three ha'pence for four, sir," and the student urges three neighbors to share his pennyworth.

The minuteness of this bookkeeping is characteristic of precise English ways. The weekly bills always bear a charge of twopence for salt and the like, and once, when I had not ordered anything for the day, there was an unexpected charge of a penny in the breakfast column. I asked the butler what it meant. He looked at me horrified.

"Why, sir, that is to keep your name on the books!"

I asked if such elaborate bookkeeping were not very expensive. "In America," I said, "we should lump the charges and devote the money saved to hiring a better cook."

He explained that it always had been managed so. That was sufficient. —*Youth's Companion*.

The Iron Maiden.

The iron maiden is a terror inspiring torture instrument made of strong wood coated with iron. It opens with two doors to allow the prisoner to be placed inside. The entire interior is fitted with long, sharp iron spikes, so that when the doors are pressed to these sharp prongs force their way into various portions of the victim's body. Two enter his eyes, others pierce his chest and, in fact, impale him alive in such a manner that he dies in the most agonizing torture. Persons were condemned to death by the embraces of the iron maiden for plots against the governing powers, paricide, religious unbelief and murder.

The date of this instrument is the fifteenth century. It is believed that the iron maiden is purely and peculiarly a relic of old Nuremberg, as at that date we do not read of it anywhere else, while the annals of that town contain many allusions to its terrors.

His First Taste of Discipline.

Admiral Jonett, probably one of the jolliest sendogs our navy ever knew, once told this amusing story of his early days as a cadet:

"I was a sociable youngster," he says, "and when I went to my first assignment, the Independence, and saw the stars and stripes floating over it I remembered my mother had taught me that my first duty was to the flag, so I attempted some conversation on this line with the executive officer who had received me when I came on board and who was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the navy of that day.

"Silence, sir!" he roared at my first question, his face red with anger. "Silence, sir! Who gave you permission to speak? Let me hear only six words from you, sir, while you are on this ship—"port," "starboard," "yes, sir," and "no, sir."

"And this was my first discipline in the navy."

Crowns by Wholesale.

It is told of one of the ancient kings of Egypt that his coronation procession occupied a whole day in passing through the city of Alexandria and that 3,200 crowns of gold were carried by the servants. One crown was three feet in height and twenty-four feet in circumference. There were also carried in the procession sixty-four suits of golden armor, two boots of gold four and a half feet in length, twelve golden basins, ten large vases of perfumes for the baths, twelve ewers, fifty dishes and a large number of tables—all of gold. Twenty-three of the 3,200 crowns were valued at \$34,400, and it is not surprising that the procession was guarded by 90,000 soldiers.—*St. James Gazette*.

A Joker Among Birds.

The bluejay is a practical joker. It is his habit to conceal himself in a mass of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion to suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

Fatal Worry.

Hewitt—It is worry, not work, that kills.

Jewett—That's so, especially when a fellow worries himself to death because he cannot get work.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Off and On.

"How will you have your hair cut?" queried the talkative barber.
"Off!" snapped the disagreeable patron.
And the barber cut on.—*Boston Globe*.

'Twas Artificial.

Ella—What would you do if you had my head of hair?
Stella—Take it back and exchange it.—*New York Press*.

Fall Stocks

are now

Ready for Your Inspection.

Complete Lines

of
Fall Hats and Caps,
Underwear and Hosiery,
Furnishings and Neckwear.

Shoes for Men, Women, Boys and Girls at Very Lowest Prices.

McMenamin's Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store.

South Centre Street.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
May 18, 1902.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

7 20 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.

8 15 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

9 58 a m for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

11 45 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

11 41 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 for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.

7 20 p m for Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

9 12 a m from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.

7 29 a m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

9 58 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

11 41 a m from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

12 35 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 20 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Koon and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6 28, 11 10 a m, 4 41 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 37 a m, 3 11 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifling for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Iton at 5 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 3 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 3 11 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction 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, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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