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 12½ 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 17, 1902.

UNION LABEL — GOOD PRINTING — UNION MADE

BEATEN AT EVERY POINT.

The present campaign in Pennsylvania has had some remarkable phases. The Quay machine never was harder pushed. It never had a weaker candidate than Pennypacker. It never was so seriously menaced by internal dissensions. It never witnessed such an uprising of indignant members of the dominant party. In every county the very best Republicans have openly repudiated it and declared their purpose to return Governor Pattison to the executive chair. In a great number of legislative districts the revolt against the creatures of Quayism is such that a majority on joint ballot against Penrose's re-election to the national senate is practically certain. Very many party workers are lying down and the baffled boss finds his fences overturned and his lines of leadership tangled and broken in every direction. Nothing but an enormous amount of boodle can ever save the pieces and that is not yet in sight. The big interests that have reluctantly sustained the Quay ring, to protect themselves, are tired out and praying for relief. They have been bled until a halt has been called.

Before the people the bosses have cut a sorry spectacle. Their blundering candidate for governor has floundered along, getting deeper in the mire at every step. He has astonished and disgusted his friends. He has deeply discredited his own intelligence and belied his high-toned professions by apologizing for and defending the worst legislature the state has ever known. He has been proven to be the subservient tool of Quay and his silly efforts to discuss national questions, which have nothing to do with the battle for honest government in Pennsylvania, only expose his insincerity and weakness the more.

On the other hand, the combined opposition to Quayism has grown stronger and more determined and enthusiastic every day. The Democratic and independent press has been an aggressive unit for the cause of political regeneration. The organization behind Pattison and Guthrie has been working effectively in every county. The tour of the candidates has been an inspiration to every good citizen. All along the line the reform forces are pushing the enemy at every point. It only remains to keep up the good work another fortnight to win a decisive and lasting victory of the people over the corrupt and degraded bosses. Let every patriot do his part.

Let every householder in Pennsylvania remember that he is indebted to Quay and his hirelings in the legislature for $30 coal. If the miners' bill which passed the house had not been throttled in the senate there would have been no strike and no million dollar extra burden on account of expenses for the National Guard. Vote to smash the Quay machine for good this time.

If Pattison and Guthrie could speak twenty times a day they could not comply with all the requests for their presence. The people are intensely in earnest in their desire to hear the questions of the hour ably discussed. See that your fair-minded Republican neighbor gets the facts straight. The only hope of the Quay machine is to once more fool the people.

Read the "deadly parallel" on Webster, Clay and Quay and say what think ye of "Pennsylvania's most distinguished statesman?" By comparison he looks almost as small as little sammy pennypacker.

SIZING UP QUAY AS A STATESMAN

How He Compares With Clay and Webster.

WHAT THE PARALLEL SHOWS

Some of the Immortal Utterances of Two Great Men Side By Side With Masterpieces By the Boss.

WHERE IS PENNYPACKER NOW?

JUDGE PENNYPACKER has been good enough on several occassions to suggest that the people of Pennsylvania did not know what a really great man they had in their midst. He has even invited comparison of Mr. Quay with notable men in American history, especially Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. In order to show how far Mr. Quay's candidate for governor is justified in this eulogistic idea, we herewith utilize the "deadly parallel." Let the intelligent reader judge for himself.

MR. WEBSTER ON NATIONAL PEACE.
Let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the perservation of this Constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it.

MR. CLAY'S INVOCATION.
I have, doubtless, committed many faults and indiscretions, over which you have thrown the broad mantle of your charity. But I can say, in the presence of my God and of this assembled multitude I will say, that I have honestly and faithfully served my country; that I have never wronged it; and that, however unprepared I lament that I am to appear in the Divine presence on other accounts, I invoke the country; that I have stern justice of His judgment on my public conduct without the smallest apprehension of his displeasure.

MR. WEBSTER ON PARTY SPIRIT.
Among other admonitions, Washington has left us, in his last communication to his country; an exhortation against the excesses of party spirit. A fire not to be quenched, he yet conjures us not to fan and feed the flame. Undoubtedly, Gentlemen, it is the greatest danger of our system and of our time. Undoubtedly, if that system should be overthrown it will be the work of excessive party spirit, acting on the government, which is dangerous enough, or acting in the government which is a thousand times more dangerous, for the government then becomes nothing but organized party, and, in the strange vicissitudes of human affairs it may come at last, perhaps, to exhibit the singular paradox of government itself being in opposition to its own powers, at war with the very elements of its own existence.

MR. CLAY ON FIDELITY.
I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some time thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors—and doubtless there have been many—may be discovered in a review of my public service to the country, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purposes, no personal motive—have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that in all of my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm and devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my judgment I believed to be the true interest of my country.

MR. CLAY ON INDEPENDENCE.
It is one of our great privileges, in a free country, to form our own opinions upon all matters of public concern. Claiming the exercise of it for myself, I am ever ready to accord to others equal freedom in exercising it for themselves. But, inasmuch as the manner in which we may exercise the rights appertaining to us, may exert reciprocally an influence upon each other, for good or for evil, we owe the mutual duty of considering fairly, fully, and disinterestedly, all measures of public policy which may be proposed for adop ion.

MR. QUAY'S BAD MEMORY.
Pennsylvania is not debauched and cannot be debauched. Weak men may be bought in isolated instances, but recent experience has shown that a United States Senatorship cannot be bought.—Speech at Phoenixville.

MR. QUAY ON INDEPENDENT VOTING.
These regular candidates will all be elected unless they are stabbed in the back by political assassins.—Speech at Lebanon.

MR. QUAY'S MODESTY.
You are thoroughly familiar with the issues involved in this campaign. All the national issues will be discussed by those who accompany me.—Speech at Chambersburg.

MR. QUAY'S TENDER SPOT.
The pretense that the campaign of the fusionists is conducted in the interest of good government is as false as the lie that I pleaded the statute of limitations in the trial at Philadelphia.—Speech at Phoenixville.

MR. QUAY AS A STATESMAN.
I have nothing to say to you at all upon the issues of the day. They will be discussed by the distinguished gentlemen who are here with me for that purpose. I am here to ask you how you are going to vote next election day.—Speech at Uniontown.

MR. QUAY AS A "DYING OAK."
It is a long time since I was first here. Many of your grand men have since gone; they have passed away, and among their successors I feel like a dying oak among healthy saplings.—Speech at Altoona.

MR. QUAY ON FARMING.
I own two farms, but what I don't know about farming and what I don't know about oleo would fill a very large volume; and I dismiss the subject.—Speech at Skippack.

MR QUAY AS A BOSS.
Instructions don't vote.—Remark at State Convention, 1880.

MR. QUAY ON MULES.
You have a mule ticket, made up of one Republican and one Democrat.—Speech at Huntington.

MR. QUAY AS A SPHYNX.
I do not intend to speak to you upon the national or State issues. I bid you good night.—Speech at Punxsutawney.

MR. QUAY ON POST OFFICES.
If you people wish to have a new post office building you had better send me back to the Senate. If you do, I will guarantee you your new post office building.—Speech at New Castle.

MR. WEBSTER ON PATRIOTISM.
Whenever personal, individual or selfish motives influence the conduct of individuals or public questions, they affect the safety of the whole system. When these motives run deep and wide, and come in serious conflict with higher, purer and more patriotic purposes, they greatly endanger that system; and all will admit that if they become general and overwhelming, so that all public principle is lost sight of, and every election becomes a mere scramble for office the system inevitably must fall. Every wise man in and out of the government will endeavor, therefore, to promote the ascending of public virtue and public principle, and to restrain as far as practicable, in the actual operation of our institutions, the influence of selfish and private interests.

MR. WEBSTER ON PUBLIC TRUST.
It is necessary to bring back public officers to the conviction that they belong to the country, and not to any administration nor any one man. The army is the army of the country; the navy is the navy of the country; neither of them is either the mere instrument of the administration for the time being, nor of him who is at the head of it. The post office, the land office, the custom house, are, in like manner, institutions of the country, established for the good of the people; and it may well alarm the lovers of free institutions, when all the offices in these several departments are spoken of, in high places, as having but spoils of victory, to be enjoyed by those who are successful in a contest, in which they profess this grasping of the spoils to have been the object of their efforts.

MR CLAY ON POLITICAL EVILS.
It is the duty of the statesman, no less than that of the physician, to survey, with a penetrating, steady and undismayed eye, the actual condition of the subject on which he would operate; to probe to the bottom the diseases of the body politic, if he would apply efficacious remedies.

MR. WEBSTER ON LABOR.
Sir, the great interest of this great country, the producing cause of all its prosperity, is labor! labor! labor!. We are a laboring community. A vast majority of us all live by industry and actual employment in some of their forms. The constitution was made to protect this industry, to give it both encouragement and security; but above all, security.—Daniel Webster.

MR. CLAY ON PATRIOTISM.
We have only to will it to revive and cultivate the spirit which won for us and bequeathed to us the noble heritage which we enjoy; we have only to rally around the institutions and interests of our beloved country, regardless of every other consideration—to break, if necessary, the chains of party, and rise in the majesty of freemen, and stand up, firmly resolved to dare all, do all, to preserve in unsullied purity, and perpetuate, unimpaired, the noble inheritance which is our birthright, and sealed to us with the blood of our fathers.

MR. QUAY ON SILENCE.
Dear Beaver—Don't talk.—Letter to Candidate for Governor.

MR. QUAY'S SUGAR BAR'L.
I have 1000 shares of sugar which I wish you to pay for. I have bought it for keeps. — Letter to Cashier Hopkins.

MR. QUAY'S PLUM TREE.
If you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me I will shake the plum tree.—Telegram to Cashier Hopkins.

MR. QUAY ON "SUGAR."
Dick will be at the bank on Monday and may need your help. See him through, even if you have to sell some of the sugar certificates.—Letter to Cashier Hopkins.

MR. QUAY'S GREAT SPEECH AT POTTSTOWN.
I am not going to make a speech. I have been talking so much in public of late that I fear you will come to look upon me as a garrulous old man. I beg to say to you that my heart is full of gratitude for your kindly welcome; that I believe, as your chairman has said, that the welfare of our country depends upon the election of the Republican ticket; that I further believe that the people of Montgomery county are in accord with our party's principles and will give a large majority for the Republican ticket, national State and county.—Full report by Editor Pennypacker.

MR. QUAY'S REAL GREATNESS.
I am going away to take a rest. I understand the bluefish are biting lively. (Periodical announcement.)

MR. QUAY ON REFORMERS.
These are the men who make reform impossible. When false apostles of reform erect altars where knaves minister and fools kneel, as in Pennsylvania at present, progress and reform are alike retarded.—Speech at Lewisburg.

MR. QUAY ON BRIBERY.
The friends of good Government have raised a large amount of money to expend in your county. They will bribe piously. They will bribe prayerfully. You can scarcely say them nay. Take their money; buy it carefully out of reach—till after election.—Speech at Phoenixville.

MR. QUAY ON THE PRESS.
I have no desire to flutter the cote of these soiled doves of Pennsylvania journalism. They wire in and wire out at the heel of their charmer, everywhere slobbering venom in their slot.—Speech at Philadelphia.

YET MR. QUAY STILL LINGERS.
At three score years and ten the world grows lonely. Through wildernesses, almost desolate, the stream of life glides darkly toward the eternal gulf. My political race is run.—Speech at Philadelphia.

A GREAT BATTLE.

The One Known In History as the "Victory of Victories."

The battle which is known in history as the "Victory of Victories" took place at Nehavend, in Ecbatana, and was fought between the new Moslem power in 637 and the empire of Persia, then one of the most powerful of the eastern monarchies. It was one of the most absolutely decisive battles in the history of war, and it was all the more amazing by reason of the fact that it was won by a people which twenty years before had been unknown barbarians, lost in the deserts of Arabia.

Arabian historians place the Persian loss in a single day at 100,000 men killed. This may be and probably is an exaggeration, but the fact remains that the Persian dynasty came to an end when the battle was over and that Zoroastrianism, which had been the religion of Persia for over a thousand years, was at once supplanted by Islam. Its modern representatives, as is well known, are now the Parsees of India.

The victory was so absolutely decisive that it extended the Arabian dominions over the whole of the region lying between the Caspian sea and the Indian ocean. With the exception perhaps of the battle of Tours, no single fight ever made such a difference in the after history of the world.

Entertained Her.

"Did Miss Gaddy entertain your proposal?" asked the close friend.

"No," was the sad answer. "It seemed to work just the other way."—

CASTORIA.
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A CONTRAST IN BOYS

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

Of the Men Who Have Achieved Great Prominence In Public Affairs the Rural Boys Are at Least Twenty to One Over the City Lads.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrances a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life, a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting, but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"

Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their association and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents today in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lisp of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff and endowed with such natural gifts that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority. Others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed in Brandur Magazine.

Scotch Civility.

A lady went out in search of two others who had gone out for a walk some time before. She met an old man and asked him if he saw two ladies pass this way. "Na, nor I wisna lookin' for them."

She met another and asked the same question. "Na, but there micht 'a' been ten pass't for oynthing 'at I ken or care."

At last she met a boy and asked the same question. He replied, "Na, I didna see ony ladies, but I saw twa aul' wives."—Scottish American.

His Boy's Future.

"Are you educating you son for any particular calling?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Well, he made his own selection, and as near as I can find out he is educating himself to be the husband of an heiress."—Chicago Post.

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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 29 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, Delano and Pottsville.

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.

1 41 a m for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.

4 44 p m for Weherly, 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 29 p m for Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 29 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 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 29 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, Roan 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 Sheppton 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 Sheppton at 6 32, 11 10 a m, 4 41 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 37 a m, 3 11 p m, Sunday.

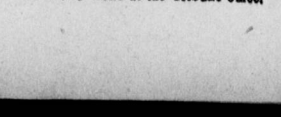
Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 9 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 26 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 8 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, Jeanesville, Auden-ried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.



PRINTING
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