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Make all money orders, checks, etc.,pag to the Tribune Printing Company, Limi Hetty Green is said to be studying

stenography. It is not suspected that she intends to add to her income by Long before school boards were es

tablished in England, Canadian children were instructed free of cost be-tween the ages of 7 and 12. This edu-

tween the ages of 7 and 12. This education is compulsory.

The London papers are gravely pointing out, as a result of the anarchistic troubles, that "Patterson, N. J., ought to be closely watched." This is placing in an elevated position the city heretofore known to farme a "the city heretofore known to fame as "the best circus town in the country."

consumption of tea in the Uni-The consumption of tea in the United States was estimated at 80,000,000 pounds in 1809; Great Britain and Ireland. 184,500,000 pounds; Russia, 37,550,000 pounds, and Canada. 22,464,000 pounds. In coffee, the past year, it is estimated that the consumption in the United States was 712,224,000 pounds.

There has never been a time when "There has never been a time when the coatless man has not been found with us. He is to be found in the mills and factories; in the fields and the milnes—everywhere, indeed, where hard labor is expected of mankind. He does not stop to ask what conven-tion decrees with respect to either coat, collar or vest. He just takes them off, says the Philaddalphia Lunuir. them off, says the Philadelphia Inquir-

The uselessness of anarchy is tersely pointed out by the Kansas City Star as follows: "Assassination of crowned heads by anarchists has never accomplished anything for the good of so-clety. The idea that rulers would be frightened into liberal government has not proved true. The same de-gree of improvement would have taken place in the governments of the world without assassination."

New Zealand was the first country in the world to introduce a system of state pensions for its old and needy people—that is to say, every man and woman who has attained the age of 65 years and has resided for 25 years in the colony is entitled to a pension of about \$1.75 per week. The sum necessary for this purpose has increased in one year by over \$300,000, and now something like \$950,000 is required annually to pay these pensioners of the state. Henceforth the amount is to be taken out of the general revenues of the country, and how long the colony will be able to bear the strain remains to be seen.

A new line of work for agricultural partments is pointed out in an andepartments is pointed out in an un-nouncement by the Pennsiyvania de-partment of lispurpose to use all avail-able means of beautifying the land-scape in that state. All classes have been invited to assist in this work, the road commissioners, the forestry com-missions, private citizens, and corpora-tions. Where Nature has furnished a basis of beauty, an attempt will be made to develop her evident purpose, in villages and along highways, in made to develop her evident purpose, in villages and along highways, in country places and upon the banks of streams. This is not to be done in a haphaxard way. The best expressions of rural landscape development in England have been studied, and as far as practicable, will be copied, or rather the methods and principles which have produced them will be applied under these new conditions plied under these new conditions.

Before the outbreak of the war with spain freight vessels were lying idle in tany a seaport at home and abroad. Demands incident to hostilities in South Mrica and in the Far East have been active that now not enough vessels the afloat to do the business of the world.

vorid.

It is officially estimated that the wheat crop of India is 184,000,000 bushels, against 230,000,000 bushels last seam, and 227,000,000 bushels the average if we years past.

THE MISSION OF MIRANDA

"Then, whether with hope or whether with dread
My strength came back with a leaping thrill,
Though my lips were close to her golden head
I would not move till I knew her will!"

Willi"

—Ahon.

Stell used to wonder if all women who had a mission were as intolerant as her Aunt Miranda. Stell's father was a traveling man and seldom at home. Stell's mother was absorbed in her club duties and her aspirations toward authorship. So Miss Miranda Baxter, who was quite old enough to have a daughter of her own had a not perverse fate prevented this possibility, took upon herself much of the care and training of her wayward niece. At least Miranda considered Stell wayward because she never could be brought to see the doleful side of existence.

"But I don't want to go slumming," she would declare. "The only time I did go with you I cried half the night

be brought to see the doleful side of existence.

"But I don't want to go slumming," she would declare, "The only time I did go with you I cried half the night after. It seemed so dreadful to go into people's houses without being asked. I was afraid of hurting their feelings. Then, I'm not wise like you. I don't know anything about sores and rheumatism, and bottled—no, bottle bables. I seemed to have been only impertinent when I couldn't help. You may take all my month's pin money for the poor people. It will help them more than being visited by an ignorant girl."

Whereat Miss Miranda would heave a gentle sigh of resignation.

"I have always supposed that every individual has a special mission to perform in this world. I cannot discover what yours may be. You do not admire good pictures—"

"Not the shocking ones, Aunt Miranda. Not some of Dore's, nor those by that Russian artist with the long name. They are appalling!"

"You do not read the papers, do not keep abreast of current events."

"I read the papers in—in spots. I can't read about murders, and mutilations, and dreadful things like those. I should be sure to dream of them."

She was wondering if, to have a roitsion in life, it was necessary to have a nose shining like a well-powdered door-knob for lack of a puff of pearl powder.

"One must confront the unpleasant facts of life. Only last week I spent an hour reading an instructive book on the early history of the Abyssin-dans to a woman who was dying of a cancer which—"

"O, please don't!" entreated Stell, who had gone white as a snowdrop.

Miss Baxter shook her head. Stell wondered how that scant drab hair would look if it were softly waved instead of being strained back in so uncompromising a fashion.

"There! You shrink from human suffering!"

"Don't you—ever?"

"I face it unflinchingly. I fear, Estella, that your sensibilities are blunt.

suffering!"
"Don't you—ever?"
"I face it unflinchingly. I fear, Estella, that your sensibilities are blunted. You don't even enjoy music."
"Don't I though?" cried Estella.
"Not the dreadful, dreary things, of course. Not the dismal music which makes me wonder why God made flowers, and singing birds, and waterfails, and ralnbows, and little children, and everything beautiful! But the gay, happy music which makes one want—"

and everything beautiful! But the gay, happy music which makes one want—"

Miss Baxter's weary gesture checked the impetuous speech. "I fear you never will find a worthy mission in life, Estella."

Stell irreverently hoped she never would if such discovery necessitated going corsetiess. Perhaps her aunt looked well enough when her form was trim and young. But now that thirty-seven blustery winters had drifted over her head one fancied her bulky proportions would be improved by properly applied restraint.

"What is yours, Aunt Miranda?"

"To do good to all with whom I come in contact. Now, I mean to offer my assistance to that gentleman who has moved in across the street. His two motherless children shall have the advantage of my instruction—of my advice."

Stell gasped. "You mean the Stanleys. The people who have bought that place of Vanbarthyn's! Why—the boy is 14, the girl 16. They have governess, tutor, and I know the housekeeper is a most capa——"

"To accomplish my mission in life I shall look after the welfare of those youthful souls at present confided to the care of hirelings."

"But the girl is almost as old as I am!" Stell was aghast.

"Not by four years. You are almost 20, Estella, and you still require guidance!"

It was Stell's turn to sigh. She could not help wishing one could be

"Not by four years. You are almost 20, Estella, and you still require guidance!"

It was Stell's turn to sigh. She could not help wishing one could be vacchated against the conviction of a mission. Barring that, she wished one might, after a brief stage of the allment, enjoy immunity.

Roderlek Stanley, ex-Senator and former cattle king, still good to look upon, and comparatively young, gazed in astonishment upon the picture which presented itself to him on the following evening. In his library a matronly looking woman with a pale, brick-dust skin, was reading aloud to his children. And the youngsters were looking decidedly uncomfortable under the infliction.

"Papa!" cried the boy, dashing to meet his father. "This is Miss Baxter!" The girl made explanation with

a fine courtesy, delightful in one so young. "Miss Baxter lives directly opposite. She has heard mamma is dead. She is kind enough to wish to

opposite. She has heard mamma is dead. She is kind enough to wish to help us."

The pale brickdust of Miss Baxter's complexion became a deep brickdust as she volubly explained the benevolent and disinterested nature of her attempt. Roderick Stanley concealed his astonishment as well as possible. His charming manners stood him in good stead—in such good stead, indeed, that Miss Miranda went home with a warmer glow in her left side than a fly-blister could have caused. That night she put up her hair in kid curlers.

"I'm thinking of having my three front teeth put in on bridgework," she confided to Stell. "A plate is so old-fashioned. And I'm thinking, too, of getting a new gown. I used to wear lavender nicely—but perhaps that's rather quiet. Mr. Stanley seems grateful for my assistance. You must become acquainted with the young girl. You children may have interests in common. I grieve to remark that—like you—she is disposed to be frivolous. My influence will remedy this, I trust. Do you think I had better get a tailor-made gown—boned? Or an organdy—pink, say. An organdy is so feminine."

"Whom did you see there, Aunt Miranda?"

"The ctoff sold of them. Lavashard." "Whom did you see there, Aunt Miranda?"

"The staff—all of them. I explain to the governess the desirability



including moral advice with mental instruction. The boy's tutor seemed somewhat indifferent. He is elderly, 40 perhaps. I made plain to the house-keeper that the improper cooking of cereals was responsible for many serious ailments of the young."

When Will Baxter got back from a trip he remarked to his wife that Miranda was becoming "downright giddy." Mrs. Baxter murmured something about second childhood, and went back to the paper she was preparing for the Fortnightly. Stell had met the Stanleys. She and the girl had much in common—more than Miss Miranda approved. She continued eager in giving her unsought advice. She garbed herself quite gorgeously, and she indulged in vanities she would have deemed criminal a few months previous. Four months passed. The Stanleys were going to their summer home at Waukesha. Miss Miranda might have accompanied them were it not for a treacherously early attack of her annual complaint—hay fever. Stell went with Ive Stanley, however. The girls had a delightful time together. Stell's appetite for beauty was insatiable. She drank in with joy every hour of the radiant days. Watching her pleasure in all things fair, sweet and gractous, Roderick Stanley felt himself grow young again. The night of their return to the city the young folks had a fine frolic.

turn to the city the young folks had a fine frolic.

The curtains in the library were drawn, the mimic logs under the tiled mantel were blazing bravely. The place was a little world of flickering gleams and warm, wavering shadows when Roderick Stanley opened the door. He stod amazed—amused, looking at his son, Iva, and a few of their companions circling around the figure in the middle of the room—a cau-

tious, groping figure with outstretched arms. That sound—near the door! The blindfolded victim stood transfixed. Suddenly she dashed in the direction whence the noise had proceeded. "Tve got you!" She had flung her arms around the man standing smiling there. "It's Paul—you're 'it,' Paul!" And she strove to tear the handkerchief from her eyes.

There was a commotion—a boisterous shout.

ous shout.
Stanley laid a restraining hand upon the bandage. He stooped until his lips touched the fragrant bronze-gold hair.
"Having me, will you keep me, Stell?" he whispered eagerly.
"O!" she answered. "O! It is—

you!"
"You're fooled, Stell!" shouted Paul
Stanley. "It's only papa. You're 'it'

Stanley. "It's only papa. You're 'it' yet."

But Estella, her lovely face lifted, was looking up into the pleading eyes of her lover.

"You don't—you can't want me!"
There was a ring of mockery in her happy voice. "I'm only the silliest kind of a gir!!"

"Your laughter — sunshine — all things sweet!"

"Come on!" shouted the impatient young people.

"Come on!" SHOULED to young people.
"I haven't any mission. I'm not like Aunt Miranda."
The quizzical violet eyes laughed up at him.
"Thank God for that! But, bless Aunt Miranda! But for her I might

Aunt Miranda! But for her I might never have won you!"
When Miss Miranda heard the news she evidenced decidedly unrighteous anger and perturbation. "The men are fools!" she declared. "All fools!"
"But he is so dear!" insisted Stell. "And I love him so much! And I never dreamed of being so happy!
And he says if it were not for you—"
"That's the worst of it!" groaned Miss Miranda.—Chicago Tribune.

"That's the worst of it!" groaned Miss Miranda.—Chicago Tribune.

WOMEN DOCTORS. 8

Chinese Minister Says They Should Go to the Orient.

Wu Ting Fang, the new Chinese minister to the United States is a veritable genius. Besides being accomplished in Chinese literature and a statesman of rare ability, he is a linguist and a philosopher. He was the principal attraction at the recent commencement of the Woman's Medical college of Philadelphia, and, of course, was set down for a speech. "Since I came to this country," he said, "I have met women doctors, lawyers and journalists, but until I received the invitation to make this address it had never occurred to me that women had advanced so far as to have an institution exclusively devoted to the training of women for the medical profession. I am particularly interested in this institution, because of the Chinese girl, who, after studying here, returned to her native land, where she has since made a great success. In China it is generally believed that there is one sphere for women and another for men. The world has acted upon this belief for ages. I am glad that women have gained such a position in the medical profession that they cannot be removed. There are medical works in the Chinese language, containing medical knowledge gained from the experience and practice of long ages. It is a great pity that this contribution of knowledge cannot be available to the whole world because of the great difference in language. The Chinese attach great value to the practice of medicine. If the good people of the European nations and of America had only sent medical missionaries to China missionary troubles would happen rarely. If you were to ask my advice today, young ladies, I should say with Horace Greeley, 'Go west, young lady,' stop on ton this side of the Pacific, but go until you arrive in China. Go to China if you find this country too crowded in your profession. There is room enough and work enough there for all."

Never Domesticated.

The World Momesticated.

for all."

Never Domesticated.

The wild goose is susceptible to a certain amount of domestication. It readily consorts with the tame flocks, learns that no harm is intended and will come to feed as readily as its companions. It never loses its inborn desire for wandering, however, and in autumn and spring will honk constantly to bands of former companions passing over in migration.

Why Soldiers Carry Sticks

ENGLISH TOMMY ATKINS IS NEVER SEEN WITHOUT A CANE

(A) It is a question that has often been asked in barracks—who first suggested it? Nobody knows. From time immemorial drill sergeants have carried sticks, and drum majors, too, and possibly the practice first emanated from that fact.

Soldiers nearly always have to buy the canes, or "swaggers," as they are called. Some regiments provide sticks for the me, but if you lose the first you then have to buy the second and subsequent ones.

It is in the regulations to carry canes, and when a soldier goes out—that is, in walking out order—the guard at the barrack gates would challenge him if he didn't have a stick.

A soldier one day couldn't find his cane, and knowing that he would be challenged if he didn't have something in his hand, he passed through the gates all right with a poker in his first. Some regiments—the rifles, for instance—have canes with the badge of the regiment stamped on the head.—Pearson's Weekly.

When Cronje surrendered and his sword was taken from him, according to the custom of war, he made up for the material loss of the weapon by sporting a thick club stick of large our officers at the front, who, when in undress uniform, usually carry small, smart-looking canes, but as he was a general, while the officers he saw carried that have a different of his rank should have something bigger and more tangible than a mere delicate stick, hence his appearance one day with a huge club in his hand—a large, unwieldly, he had a stick as a set-off against slouching, as many civilians do who carry nothing in their thands. Privates generally carry light and, private generally carry light and solders of the queen carry sticks.

Emperor William a Sthining Illustration of Howa Monarch Can Serape and Save—Oneen Victoria Quite Theitty—Trince of Wonders Becoming More Frudent.

Monarchs who save money! To the average mortal, who associates unlimited resources with the idea of royality, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, the assertion that not a few of this world's rulers are just as saving in their personal and household expenses as the average housekeeper—in some cases more so— will be surprising. Of course, in this respect the person of the king or queen must be separated from the official character, whose "representation" requires expensive splendor for reasons of State, for courtesy's sake, or because custom so decrees. The king is, officially, eminently a public character; his household affairs are as much his own affairs as those of the private citizen are to the latter. In fact, the common mortal can enjoy much greater privacy than royalty.

Emperor William II. of Germany affords a striking example of this distinction. The world at large undoubtedly is of the opinion that the German monarch, much given to spectacular display and expensive journeys, and a great lover of art in all its branches, spends fortunes in the mintenance of his private establishment. The reverse is the case. William II., as a private individual—If this epithet can be used of a monarch—is of quite a saving disposition, and in his household every branch is regulated by agives. Each department has so much; to spend annually and no more. The appropriation for each of the departments is calculated to a nicety; not beggarly, of course, but quite within bounds of reason. In fact, many members of the tilted or moneyed aristocracy are "high flyers" compared with the head of the house of Hohenzollern. As soon, however, as a "representation" begement and the proportion of the respect of the contraction of the contractio

means an expensive "gentleman farmer," but an agriculturist who looks to results as fully as much as to appearances.

The saving disposition of William I., the grandfather of the present Emperor, is well known. A little episode is illustrative of this fact. When the first child of "Unser Fritz" was born—the present Emperor—William I., in the first of yo of being a grandfather, sent for the court jeweler to select a present for the Crown Princess, the present Empress Dowager Frederick. Several costly ornaments were submitted for the inspection of William I., the prices ranging from \$25,000 upward.

"No, no! my dear sir," exclaimed the King. "The things are very pretty, but much too dear for me. Why, if I expended \$25,000 for a present for my daughter-in-law at the first child, and half a dozen children more are to come, why, I would have to spend a fortune. No, no; take the pretty things away, and let me see something cheaper."

Many other stories of a similar trend could be told of the saving turn of William I. Yet he was by no means stingy, but a cheerful giver. Personally, he was altogether unpretentious and not even given to display in point of the army, the reorganization of which was the work and the ambition of his life. He appeared in dress uniform only if circumstances demanded. Otherwise, he rested content to be called "the greatest non-commissioned officer."

In years gone by the saying in court circles was that the Prussian court was the most saving, but the house-hold of Queen Victoria of England now is undoubtedly the most economical

KINGS ARE ECONOMICAL,
RULERS MUST LOOK OUT FOR WAYS
AND MEANS, TOO.
Emperor William a Shining Illustration of Howa Monarch Can Serape and Save—Queen Victoria Quite Thritty—Prince of Wales Becoming More Prudent.
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the State.

Her personal entourage is most simple, and strietly confined to the court charges established by law and custom. Not long ago a delegation of London merchants had it represented to the Queen that her long periods of absence from London hurt fashionable business. The delegations of the London guilds were told that her Majesty was too far advanced in age to stand any great amount of entertaining besides the customary court events.

"Aye," the speaker of the delegation is reported to have said, "her Majesty is old, and we surely wish her long life, but the longer she lives the shorter will be our business lives, because the absence of the court kills business."

The Princess of Wales does not fill the void caused by the saving propensities of the Queen. The future Queen of the British Empire knows no finery, no luxury, no representation. She appears almost invariably in tailor-made gowns. At home she sits down with her private secretary and figures closely on receipts and disbursements, of course, simply for pastime, ais the courters assert. She looks quite rigidly to detailed accounting, for in point of cash the Princess has an account separate from that of her husband, Albert Edward of Wales, who used to be a high-flyer. "Used to be" is correct, for the Prince of Wales is no longer the "rounder" he formerly was. He is not as "near" as his royal spouse, but he has become much more careful in personal expenditures.

The only expensive penchant of the Princess of Wales is lace. That is, she likes to buy and own rare laces, but she wears them rarely. When she does appear "at court" her costumes, however, are dreams in Valenciennes and Mechlins. Not long ago the Princess sent a trusty messenger to Amterdam to purchase a rare handker-chief, said to be the oldest and most unique pattern of Mechlin lace from an impoverished Flemish family, and she paid \$15,000 for the piece. Truly, "a Queen's lace handker-chief."

The Italian court is saving; indeed, extremely so. The high life of the court of Victor Emmanue

merchants in Rome complain even more bitterly than those of London.

New Idea About Congeniality.

A recent marriage gives a new idea about real congeniality. The young man and the young woman first met at a yacht club meet. Each was already engaged to be married, but in each case there was something lacking. But these two discovered that their souls were in full sympathy. They both liked yachting; that was the first straw. They both delighted in canoeing; second straw. They both were enthusiants over swimming; by the time this discovery was made they were head over heels in love. The last straw came when they confessed to one another that five hours swimming a day was as nothing. The other engagements were snapped, broken, and in a short time the wedding came. For a wedding journey they chose a trip in a sailing yacht, over the sides of which they would dive now and then to swim, getting in their five hours a day in the water without the slightest trouble.—New York Sun.

rouble.—New York Sun.

About a "B" and an "E."

Messrs. Gaze, the London tourist agents, had occasion to send a cablegram to "Abbacey, Parls," recently.

Page, their clerk, left a "b" out of the address, and this mistake was followed by the postoffice, who also made noe of their own, by turning a "c" into an "e." Consequently, the cable reached Paris as for "Abacey," and went astray.

nched Paris as for "Abacey," and ent astray, dessrs. Gaze dismissed Page beuse he refused to write to the postice in certain terms referring to
mself which were dictated by them of
disliked by him.

He sued his employers in Westminr County Court, and obtained judgnat.

ment.

A new trial was applied for by Messrs. Gaze, but this Judge Lumley refused, zaying the jury had found their order to the clerk was unreasonable.

Birth Notice by Code. Nuneaton doctor raised some mer-nt in the Divorce Division yester-says the London Mail, by de-oing an arrangement he had made

cribing an arrangement he had made vith a client for the secret announcement of a birth by telegraph. If the expected child proved to be a toy, the client—Charles William Tureer, a cycle agent, living at Lutterworth—was to wire to the doctor Gentlemen's safety bicycle arrived." fit were a female, "Lady's safety bicycle arrived" was to be the form. The latter was the signal that the vent called for.

When the Vanderbilts Were Farmers.
In the first directory of New York
City, published over a century ago, the
Vanderbilts whose names appear were
not of the old commodore's ancestry.
At that time the forbears of the present family of multi-millionaires were
farmers on Staten Island.