

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

NEARING END OF ANTHRACITE?

A GRIM reminder of the approaching exhaustion of anthracite coal is furnished by the Grand estate. When the great philanthropist died an important part of his legacy to humanity was in hard coal lands. Mining from these big deposits has gone on steadily for seventy years or more. It was formerly the custom of anthracite mine owners to lay aside 10 cents for each ton of coal taken from the ground, which money constituted a sinking fund. When the mine should be exhausted this sinking fund was expected to equal the original cost of the property. But recently the Grand estate has put to the sinking fund account the total selling price of all the coal mined. That is to say, if \$1,000,000 worth of coal is taken out, the \$1,000,000 is placed to capital account as an asset, which has been merely transferred from under the ground in the shape of anthracite to above ground in the form of money. Only the interest on the \$1,000,000 is spent. Not only is this conservative policy another proof of the exceptional wisdom which has characterized the management of the estate which supplies Girard College its life blood, but it is a sign that anthracite must now be regarded as a most precious commodity.—Philadelphia Press.

NO ROOM FOR ANARCHISTS.

FOLLOWING the murder of a priest at the altar in Denver and an attempt on the life of the chief of police of Chicago, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor sent a circular to all commissioners of immigration and immigrant inspectors, directing them to co-operate with the police in securing the deportation of all foreign anarchists. The order does not mark the beginning of a new policy, but is in line with the course of the department since the passage last year of the new immigration law, which defines anarchy and forbids admission of anarchists to the country. Ill-balanced persons who have suffered under the rule of despotic government are prone to oppose all government and to urge the killing of all public officers. In the United States, where government rests in the hands of the people, there is not the slightest excuse for even the most unreasonable and unreasoning person to be an anarchist. The anarchist murders done here are crimes of so horrible a character that it is difficult to find words adequately to characterize them. The crime of one who is carried away by passion or out of his senses from strong drink can be comprehended; but when a man in cold blood shoots down another against whom he has no personal grievance, and no grievance at all save that his victim is a representative of organized society, all the forces of orderly society must be used. If necessary, to bring about his punishment. The anarchist, or the man of his type, is more dan-

gerous than a pack of wolves running wild—the wolves can be seen and shot. He is like the *fer-de-lance*, the poisonous reptile of Martinique, which strikes without warning and without provocation. The *fer-de-lance* is killed at sight. The anarchist is not punished until he has done some overt act, and then only after he has been tried by orderly process and convicted; but he can be banished from the country if he is an alien. When the civilized governments unite for his suppression, as they must do in the near future, the anarchist will have to abandon his pernicious principles or find refuge in some savage land where government does not exist.—Youth's Companion.

FLAT LIFE AND TUBERCULOSIS.

THE example of Paris seems to indicate that types of dwellings have much to do with the pulmonary health of the people. Indeed, a government commission which has been investigating the subject does not hesitate to declare that the appalling prevalence of tuberculosis in Paris is due chiefly to the general occupancy of "flats" and apartments. In London, where the mortality from that disease is not half as great, such tenements are little known, and cottage dwellings, with far more light and air, are the rule. Moreover, in Paris, as in New York, many houses seem to become infected with tubercular germs, so as to menace all their occupants. Thus in Paris in 1906 there were 9,573 deaths from tuberculosis, of which 7,807 were in houses in which deaths from the same disease had previously occurred. Of the latter number 4,838 were in houses in which fewer and 2,999 in houses in which more than five tubercular deaths each had occurred. The sanitary authorities reckon that there are in Paris 5,263 "contaminated" houses, in which occur nearly 30 per cent of the deaths. Thus in one group of 281 houses in twelve streets there were in 1906 no fewer than 114 deaths from the disease, and in 1905 there were 105 in the same houses.—New York Tribune.

DEVILIZATION IN AFRICA.

THE ordinarily sober-sided pages of Liberia (which it must be understood is the bulletin of the American Colonization Society, a survival of the ante-war attempts to set a backfire on the sweeping flames of abolition, and now under the wing of the American Missionary Association) are lighted up by this fantastic new word, "Devilization" is a pun on "Civilization" and represents its antithesis. The word is a native African product, first seeing the light in the *Lagos* (Gulf Coast Weekly Record, invented to describe the veneer of civilization imposed on natives of Africa at the whites' points of contact with them. This *Lagos* publication finds that "after a century of trial it is fitting that the native should call a halt, and in his own interest take stock of the result of this foreign system imposed on him."—Boston Transcript.

THE GROCERYMAN

"There ain't but four or five tenners out o' the whole basket you brought me yest'day that's any good at all," complained the pretty cook. "The celery is about the poorest I ever seen, too. You can take them right back with you. What's the reason you can't bring me vegetables that's half-way fresh?" "Search me," replied the groceryman. "I always pick you out the best there is in the store. I know that, and the boss picks out the best that there is in South Water street. I give him special instructions to, anyway." "I'll have to tell him a few things myself," said the pretty cook. "I'll tell him that he'd better get him a new man to fill the orders I give him." "That ain't kind of you, Evelina," said the groceryman, reproachfully. "I know you don't mean it, but it hurts me to hear you speak cross even in fun. These here tenners is all right as far as I can see. They're soft in places, but that's only because they haven't ripened even. These tenners come from down south an' the sun shines on them only in spots there. It's better to have 'em soft all over, though, than to have 'em soft in spots." "You take 'em back," said the cook, uncompromisingly. "What's the matter with the celery?" asked the groceryman. "Nothin', only it's green an' stringy," replied the cook. "That's because it wasn't left in the bed long enough," said the groceryman. "You take celery and if it ain't left in the bed until it's white it stays green. You take it upstairs and tuck it under the blankets." "Smarty!" said the cook. "I ain't smart," said the groceryman. "I wish I was. What I need is a smart wife." "What you need is a little sense," said the cook. "I've got a scheme, Evelina," said the groceryman. "What's the matter with me spadin' up a little patch right here in the yard an' plantin' a few vegetables in it for you? I could do it just as well as not an' I'd be tickled to death. I could do it in my spare time an' you could look out o' the winder an' watch me, an' when I got tired I could come in an' set down for a spell an' rest myself an' cheer you up." "Fine business," said the cook, indifferently, carrying her pan of potatoes to the sink. "I could set out some green onions an' some spinach an' tenners," pursued the groceryman, thoughtfully. "An' I could plant some string beans along the fence an' some radish seed an' lettuce an' some parsley an' things for flavorin' an' then you'd have 'em fresh all the time. How does it strike you?" "If they was as fresh as you are it might be all right," said the cook. "Wunst in a while if you had a pie you wanted me to sample an' tell you if it tasted right I could help you out that way," suggested the groceryman. "All I'd set you to do would be to wave your hand and smile out of the winder at me. I never done any-

SPOILED THE SCENE.

When Kimball Pointed the Way to His Own Future. As a delineator of the traditional Yankee character Mathias Currier Kimball, more widely known as Yankee Glun, long stood without a rival. Away back in the early forties, when he was a mere lad, a little incident with Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, started him in his career. Kimball was only 17 years old at the time and was at work as an usher in the Lowell museum. Booth, who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, was billed there for three nights. The play was "Richard III." Kimball had thoroughly studied the play and was considered a young man of promising dramatic ability. On the opening night the actor who took the part of Lord Norfolk failed to show up. Booth was in despair. At last some one suggested that young Kimball knew the lines of that part, and he was cast for it by Booth. Of the event Kimball himself said: "When I went on the stage, I was badly rattled. Booth was imperious and stern, which only complicated matters. However, I got along all right until we came to the battle of Bosworth Field. In my hurry I had taken the wrong place on the stage, when Booth hissed out in a whisper, 'Get into your place.' Then wheeling around he pronounced these words in thrilling tones: 'What thinkest thou, noble Norfolk?' 'That we shall conquer, my lord,' was my reply, but on my tent this morning early was this paper found.' Booth was marking out the plan of battle on the sand. When I had finished the lines, he drew his sword and with terrific force struck the paper from my hand, saying, 'A weak invention of the enemy!' "I was thoroughly frightened at his fearful expression and dodged back, nearly falling to the floor. Booth then repeated the words: "What thinkest thou, Norfolk, if the pardon was offered?" "By this time I was completely rattled and forgot my lines. Booth stood glaring at me like a tiger. The audience were holding their breath for the next turn of affairs. Suddenly I realized that something must be done. My nerve returned, and I think it must have been the devil that prompted me to balance myself on one foot and draw out with Yankee twang: "Well, I don't know, Mr. Booth. It may work!" "Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. As about after shout of laughter went up the black cloud on Booth's brow relaxed, and, wheeling on his heel, he left the stage, shaking his sides with merriment. After the play was over he came to me and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said in fatherly tones: 'Young man, you never played tragedy before, did you? Without waiting for a reply he continued: 'Take my advice and never attempt it again. You are a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it, and fame and fortune will be yours.' And I followed his advice."

Whenever a man gets to making money, his kin consider it is their duty to work him for just as much as he will stand.

The man who is always contemplating never gets any work done.

CANNIBALISM STILL PRACTICED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS



Investigation proves that cannibalism not only still exists, but that it is practiced to-day in maybe twenty spots on the earth's surface. The evidence brought to Seattle shows that the natives on many of the South Sea Islands of the Pacific have never given up their taste for human flesh. Within the past three or four years these shocking feasts have taken place in the Solomon group, in the Admiralty Islands, New Guinea, New Hebrides, St. Matthias, the Fiji Islands and elsewhere in the great western ocean. It is only a few months since an authentic case of cannibalism was reported to the New Zealand authorities from the Solomon Islands. A famous war chief named Onehunga was the chief culprit. A gunboat was sent to the scene and Chief Onehunga was compelled to pay a fine of indemnity in pearls of a value of \$50,000 and sign an agreement to abstain hereafter from such orgies. Chief Onehunga is shown at the right of the picture. Cannibalism in the Solomon group is common. The wives of the Solomon Islanders are their slaves, to fondle or kill, as they please. Should a wife displease her lord he promptly kills her, and with his remaining wives he feasts upon her remains. Conditions are much the same in the Admiralty group and in New Guinea. In some parts of the latter group the children are taught cannibalism at the age of 6 or 7 years. Native custom does not permit the intended victim to know his fate. He may have assisted in building the house and launching the canoe. In such event, he is simply knocked in the head from behind without a word of warning. The illustration shows a war canoe of cannibals and cannibal warriors shooting arrows from ambush.

CARRIED OFF BY A TIGER.

It is not often that a person who has been in the claws of a tiger can tell later how the experience seemed to him. John Bradley, an English sportsman, had the good luck to escape with his life from such a predicament, and in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport" tells what the sensation was like. He was hunting tigers in the eastern part of Burma when he met with the adventure. Two other Englishmen were with him at the time. We marched along carefully without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, "Beware, sahib!" and a full grown tiger went past us at a gallop. A straggling volley was fired after it, and although evidently not struck, he ceased to stop, and rearing up on his hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or a table. Mr. Grant and I fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws. Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jolted through the forest, I several times caught hold of the trees; but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, although quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to the danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances. How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life, for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance, it must have been fatal to me. The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, although as yet I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to escape to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant and with a terrible roar the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws. A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to aim too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful; and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and began to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but whom I could not see, owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my friend was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

Article Put Away to Keep Should Be Alphabetically Catalogued. The mistress of the house was looking for something that she had put away safely and securely. She thought she had put it in a certain trunk, and opened that trunk and scattered the contents all over the floor. But it was not there, and finally she put all the stuff back in the trunk and searched elsewhere. At last she found the thing she had been looking for in the right-hand corner of the top drawer of a bureau in another room. She did not seem much annoyed by the unnecessary effort, but the man of the house spoke up. "Why wouldn't it be a grand thing to catalogue things that you 'put away,' so that you would know where to find them?" he asked. "An actual catalogue?" asked the mistress, thinking of the boxes and barrels and trunks full of things that she "hated to throw away." "Why not?" demanded the head. "If you would make a catalogue of the things you put away from time to time, and arrange it alphabetically, say a page or two for each letter, you wouldn't have to go through a dozen or more trunks and boxes when you wanted to find something." "Yes," assented the mistress; "but I generally find what I'm looking for right away."

Apple Pie and Justice.

The routine of the criminal court proceedings had been marked by only one unusual incident, and that was the alacrity with which a certain hard character was sentenced for sixty days to the workhouse. "Judge," observed the district attorney at the close of the dreary session, "you seem to relish the privilege of sending that man to the workhouse. Did his case impress you?" "Now, look here," whispered the judge as he beckoned the attorney aside, "that man is a worthless fellow, always drunk and never contributes a cent to the support of his wife, who is a most deserving woman. I feel sorry for her, and whenever he is in prison she comes to our home and assists my wife in the kitchen. And," chuckled the judge as he tapped the attorney's shoulder cheerfully, "she does know how to bake apple pie."—Argonaut.

Full of Reminiscence.

At the different army stations in the West it is the practice for the officers on leaving their post for some distant station to sell off everything they do not care to keep. In connection with this custom in "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife" Mrs. Ellen Biddle tells an amusing story. There was a very estimable woman living at the garrison, a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. She told us of some jewelry she had lost, and among the things was a topaz chain with a beautiful "pendulum." The lady had an auction before she left, after her husband's death, and when some silver-plated knives were put up for sale she rose and in a sobbing voice said: "Oh, dear, no! I cannot sell them! They have been in dear John's mouth too often!"

If your mother was one of the kind who let the children play with everything in the house, you had a good time, but you haven't any heirlooms.

Somehow, we always dislike to see a cook smoke or chew tobacco.

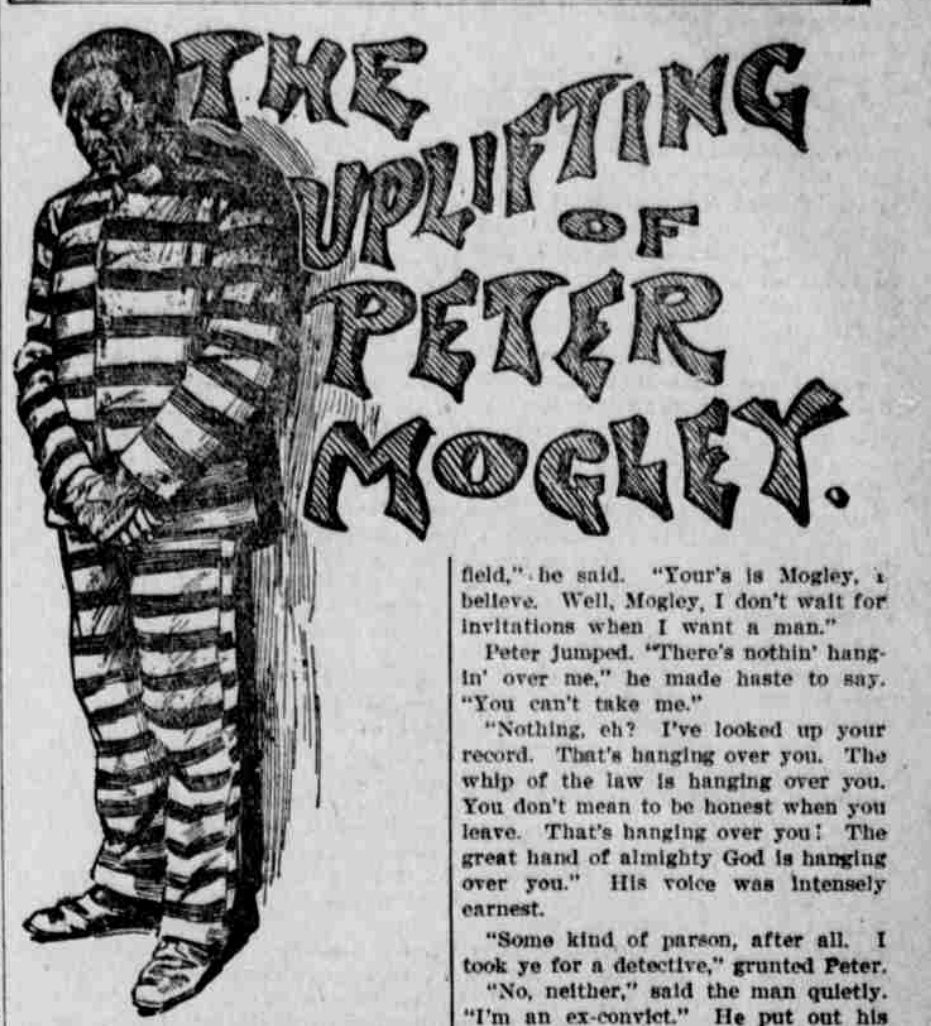
GLADNESS ON THE WAY.

There's green upon the hillsides, the willow's branches glow;
The robin's out there singing, the birds begin to show;
The April winds are blowing last summer's leaves away—
The world becomes a little more pleasant every day.

There's warbling in the hedges, the valleys ring with song,
The sun gets busy early and stays on duty long;
There's a piping in the marshes, the children shout at play;
The world becomes a little more pleasant every day.

The bridge whist clubs are ending their labors for the year;
Along the muddy highways dry spots will soon appear;
The maiden in the hammock ere long will blitely sway;
The world becomes a little more pleasant every day.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



Peter sat in his cell trying to think. Thoughts came slowly to Peter. He did not like them. It had become second nature to him to let others do the thinking. Prior to his three days' incarceration in the solitary on a very low diet he had been rather given to mental calculations with a view to making trouble for the jail officials. But these processes had brought him woe and a dismal experience, and he wisely decided to exist and obey without further brain work. However, that was long before and well-nigh forgotten. Since then he had eaten, slept, and made heels in the shot shop, and now was rather appalled at the prospect of speedy release. Therefore he sat upon his cot and gave way to unpleasant rumination. An old young man was Peter, and of stolid countenance. His form was stawar, and it is perhaps unnecessary to state that he wore his hair short and his clothes of one pattern. "Time's 'bout up," he reflected. "What now? Git out—git full—swipe somethin'—git back. Good place, an' winter comin' on. Can't do better." This moral and ambitious perspective was evidently satisfactory. His heavy mouth wrinkled into the semblance of a grin. Light sentences were his one hope in life. Outside that he did not go. He had no taste for great crimes and penitentiaries. A kind House of Correction was not a bad sort of home, and he was willing to work. Beyond a disposition to ascertain the temper of his keepers before settling down, he was considered a good prisoner, and had a grim sense of humor, as the following episode shows. The visiting clergyman (there was no regular chaplain) had called and labored with him. He might as well have talked to a mummy. Upon his disappointed departure Peter shouted after him: "Hi! parson, you've forgot your watch," and held it out through the bars. So he had, but did not recollect taking it off the chain. For this he passed twelve hours in a dark cell, where, as the warden suggested, he might guess the time of day. One hour of this punishment was spent in grinning at the remembrance of his visitor's facial expression; the rest, in sleep on the hard floor. Upon the whole he decided it did not pay. From time to time rumors reached his ear (how they got around is a mystery) of a man who called upon those about to be liberated, and this person held for him a faint curiosity. Would he come to see him—Peter Mogley? There was something out of the ordinary about this man; the recipients of his attentions did not come back. When discharged, they marched away with their heads up, a nicely foolish position in Peter's mind as giving opportunities for recognition. Yes, he half hoped this person might descend upon him ere his departure. Very probably he was a "softy" who could be worked in some way, and for that reason the boys liked him. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Mogley reposed upon his bed. Steps came ringing down the corridor. "Here's your man," came a keeper's voice. "Harmless, but no good." The door clanged open. Peter sat up, blinking. A stranger stepped in. The door closed. "One hour, sir," said the guard. "I'll be near. If you're ready before that, speak." The prisoner regarded his companion stonily, half insolently. He was a thick set, well-dressed individual with a big mustache. "Tain't the 'softy,'" thought Peter. "Who's he, I wonder?" The visitor sat on the bed, stuck his hands in his pockets without offering to grasp Mogley's expectant paw, and searched him with a keen gray eye. "Well," he began, "had enough of it, my boy? Going out next week, I hear. What's your plan?" "None o' yours," responded Peter surlily. "Who asked to see you?" The man laughed. "My name is Rhet-

field," he said. "You's is Mogley, I believe. Well, Mogley, I don't wait for invitations when I want a man." Peter jumped. "There's nothin' hangin' over me," he made haste to say. "You can't take me." "Nothin', eh? I've looked up your record. That's hangin' over you. The whip of the law is hangin' over you. You don't mean to be honest when you leave. That's hangin' over you! The great hand of almighty God is hangin' over you." His voice was intensely earnest. "Some kind of parson, after all. I took ye for a detective," granted Peter. "No, neither," said the man quietly. "I'm an ex-convict." He put out his hand, and the other took it wonderingly, noticing the little finger was gone. Sheffield pushed a part of his thick gray hair, and disclosed a deep scar. "Got that in Sing Sing, trying to escape," he observed. "Look here!" withdrawing his hand from Mogley's and rolling up his sleeve, the brawny arm showed a ragged old cicatrix. "Auburn," he added, sentimentally. "I was a ten-year man there—burglary and attempt at murder. Why, my lad, as I say, I've looked you up. You're a lamb beside what I was. To-day I'm a well-fixed, respectable citizen. I've come to make you one. That's why I'm here." Mogley was staring at him in a sort of fascination, the attraction of the big boy for the little one. He felt suddenly small and weak—he—Peter Mogley. Then he recovered himself. "No use," he replied, doggedly. "I'm no good." "No good! Don't say that, man! You've health and hands. A heart, too. All you need is a chance and the wish to be decent. I'll see you get that chance, but you must do the rest. Think of what I was with the chains on—and then tell me you're no chains. That's nonsense." "How did you do it?" The prisoner's eyes were shining with eagerness. "A good, strong man, God's help, and hard work—that's how. My boy, I was utterly hopeless, perfectly desperate, a hardened criminal brute when the doctor came fifteen years ago. I cursed him. He came again. Still I cursed him. Still he kept coming. He hammered right at one thing—that I'd got to be a man—it was in me. Says he, 'Jim, before I die, you'll come to me and say, 'Doctor, I've done it! There's hope and everything for you,' says he. 'Try for both our sakes, try!' Sheffield's deep voice broke. "And the next I heard, he was dying—doctor dying. I'll never forget that night. It came over me then what he'd done. And the pneumonia got him coming over in the storm to see me." The man stopped, lost in recollection, clenching his hands. "No matter," he went on presently. "I can't tell this—but my time was up, and I got to him—and—and, doctor as he was, he saw me. Says I, 'Doctor, I've done it!' and bawled like a baby, right on my knees by his bed, his thin hand patting my crooked head and him whispering, 'I knew you would, Jim. I knew it was in you.'" "And it's in all of us!" He rose, and put his fist on Peter's shoulder, almost making him wince. "I had nearly forgotten you, lad. Take this card. The minute you get out, come right to me. For ten years now I've been setting the boys on their feet, and I tell you this: Out of hundreds I've helped, only a few have gone back. You won't be one of that crowd, will you?" Mogley's stolid face was working strangely. "No! so help me God!" he said huskily. "I never felt like tryin' afore." "And you'll surely come?" "Sure! There can't nothing keep me from it. Mr. Sheffield, you—you—"