

the lower floor. They investigated and found that the top had been sawed through. The bottom was about half through. The prisoner readily confessed and showed the warden how he had accomplished the feat. The ravelings of his woolen sock he had twisted together as a tailor would pieces of thread. He had made them compact by frequent wettings. Dust and sand picked up in the quarry were kneaded into the string. When finished it was almost as hard as a piece of emery stone. It required two days, he said, to saw through the bar with the string, several new strings having to be made, as they wore out quickly. The warden doubted the statement at first. The prisoner offered to show him and made one of the instruments out of common twine. Small pieces of a broom stick were used as handles. With this the warden had the prisoner finish sawing through the bottom of the bar. When plans for the new penitentiary were made it was decided to use Bessemer steel for the window gratings, it being deemed harder and nearer saw-proof than the iron which had been used. The bars at his window were the ones sawed. The opening was large enough for a man to have crawled through. "The fact that Bessemer steel bars have been successfully sawed without using steel makes it more and more necessary that guards be constantly on the watchout," said Mr. Shipley yesterday. "Prisoners have made saws of tin cans and the like, but never before of common yarn."

NO PAGE IN HISTORY, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Record, reveals a migration as that of the Irish to America. This writer says: "The figures are astonishing. From 1840 to 1860 not fewer than two millions of Irish immigrants crossed the ocean to settle in the United States; from 1860 to 1880 an additional million made a fresh start in life in the great republic over the seas, and from 1880 to the present time another million was added to our population. Since 1860 the average has been half a million a decade. The twelve agricultural states, represented by Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, contain one-fourth of the five millions. Of the portion settled in the North Atlantic states, but one-fifth are on farms; but this tendency to crowd into the towns disappears when the surroundings are agricultural, as is shown by the large percentage—over 50—of those who have taken to farming in the twelve agricultural states above mentioned. It is only because the bulk of the Irish in America are not in the midst of farming districts that they are less an agricultural people than the other immigrant elements added to the population. They have found an outlet for their energies in the congested districts, and their wonderfully adaptive natures have allowed them easily to enter upon the industries of the people among whom they were thrown. It is in the eastern states that the Irish promise to ultimately constitute a majority of the population. This is already the case in three New England states and in many New England cities. In New York City they are barely behind the Germans, and also slightly so in Chicago."

THE DECLINE IN the price of wheat since the early part of July, is attributed by the financial editor of The Independent, of New York, to the unprecedented size of our own wheat crop, estimated at 759,000,000 bushels, and also to the abundant harvest in Europe. The Independent editor says: "Trustworthy estimates make the output in the importing countries of Europe greater than that of last year by about 90,000,000 bushels. This increase compensates for a shortage of about 90,000,000 in Russia. Large gains are reported in France, Germany and Austria, with smaller increases in Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal. The world's crop of wheat this year is the largest ever harvested. Beerbohm's Liverpool report makes it 3,500,000,000 bushels, against 3,366,720,000 in 1905. Our government's latest report points to a record-breaking corn crop of 2,780,000,000 bushels, and crop authorities whose opinions have weight say that the total will be nearly 3,000,000,000. The cotton crop will probably exceed 12,000,000 bales, and be second only to that of 1904."

AN ENGLISH WRITER declared recently in a London newspaper article, that there was a mystery surrounding the death of George Wash-

ington, about which Americans hesitate to talk. Commenting upon this statement the Utica (New York) Observer says: "George Washington caught cold when riding over his plantation at Mount Vernon on the afternoon of December 12, 1799. Forty-eight hours later he died. He was attended by three of the best physicians of that part of the country. He was bled no less than three times to relieve a sore throat, and he was dosed with calomel enough to deprive a healthy man of his life. But what is the mystery? Enlightened physicians frequently assert that General Washington was killed, that he was bled to death and poisoned with calomel. Tobias Lear, his secretary, says that after the doctor had bled him to the extent of half a pint Washington interrupted with the remark: 'The gash is not big enough; make it wider.' And the highly trained professional idiot proceeded to do so. 'Does your throat feel any better?' asked the learned leech. 'It's very sore,' murmured Washington. When the second physician arrived Mrs. Washington tried to stay his murderous hand by protesting that 'the general was too old a man to stand much bleeding.' 'Yes, yes,' said the mighty doctor No. 2, 'I'll be cautious in blood-letting.' And then he proceeded straight to rob his country's father of a full pint of life's most precious fluid. When the third physician had come he rolled his eyes solemnly and said: 'I will bleed him.' 'We both tried that,' said the other doctors. 'Yes, I know,' announced the consulting sage, 'but if blood-letting does not relieve him: I must increase the dose of calomel.' After the third bleeding—in which we are not surprised to learn that Washington's arm yielded its life-fluid more slowly than it had before—the sore throat continued, in spite of the last consulting doctor, and when his wearied body failed to respond to a heroic overdose of calomel the two consulting physicians retired and left Washington to die. Is there any mystery in his death?"

THE GENERAL AWAKENING of the public conscience is attested in a somewhat remarkable editorial that recently appeared in the Wall Street Journal, which is unquestionably the fairest of all the Wall Street financial publications: "The business world has a right to know of any business man not only where he spends his days, but where he spends his nights. It has a right not only to know his financial standing, but also his status in the scale of social decency. It matters not how profanely he may protest that his private affairs are not other peoples' business. But the protest is that of the man in the wrong. The man who is faithful to the duties of his office and false to the standards of domestic decency must have his financial credit marked down and the business confidence of his fellow men lowered to the class of extra hazardous risks. Such men are adventurers masquerading before the community as respectable people, under the belief that they are deceiving those about them. But a man who can neither be true to himself nor loyal to his family can not be a safe leader in industry, commerce or finance, because the very foundations of integrity have become rotten in his character. He is a man divided against himself. When the crack of a tall building appears we know that there is something giving away at the bottom. We do not need a detective service to find it out. As sure as night follows day, wrong wrecks its perpetrators, first morally, and then in business usefulness. Such a man may live out the full measure of years allotted to him, but from the time he has become a whited sepulchre, his presence in his country and his community, however great his wealth or high his station, is just so much of a burden to carry. Nature has her own slow way of destroying the individual who in his heart has turned traitor to his own better self and to the moral judgment of a self-respecting community."

ACCORDING TO A writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch "there are several European states, notably Russia and Austria that decline to surrender their own citizens whose extradition is asked by a foreign state, taking the ground that to them primarily belongs the right of punishing offenses committed by their own subjects upon foreign territory." The Dispatch writer concludes: "The United States, Great Britain and France, on the other hand, adhere to the principle that criminal law is territorial, and on this account refrain from calling their subjects to account for crimes committed abroad, except in instances where their extradition is demanded. Thus a Russian who robbed or

murdered another Russian or even an American in this country would be punished for his crime by the Muscovite tribunals on his return home, whereas if an American citizen were to commit a murder in Russia, or anywhere in Europe, he could not be punished by any American court for the defense, and would only be arrested on this side of the Atlantic in connection therewith if his extradition were applied for by the country in which he had perpetrated the crime. The only exceptions which the United States and Great Britain make in this respect are when crimes are committed by their subjects on the high seas, or in semi-civilized or barbarous countries, where they enjoy extra-territorial jurisdiction. Thus an American who rendered himself guilty of forgery at Constantinople would, by virtue of the so-called capitulations, be tried and condemned by the United States consular court at Stamboul, and would then be brought back to the United States to undergo his sentence here. France likewise punishes offenses committed against her safety, such as high treason, the counterfeiting of her money, etc., when perpetrated by her subjects on foreign soil. The one drawback to extradition is its expense and, owing to the latter consideration, hesitation often takes place before any recourse is made thereto. In fact, it leads in the cases of crimes against property to the feeling that a resort to extradition is merely an increase of the pecuniary losses already sustained and that it is preferable on this account to permit the criminal to escape without the further waste of money to secure his punishment. Few people have any idea of the thousands upon thousands of dollars that frequently have to be paid in order to secure the extradition of a clever criminal who possesses sufficient means to employ the service of shrewd and sharp lawyers cognizant of all the possibilities of the habeas corpus act. The latter in America, as in England, is justly venerated as the most potent of the bulwarks which guard the liberty of the citizens. But it may be questioned whether this admirable safeguard does not sometimes become an instrument in the hands of foreign criminals for baffling the pursuit of justice in cases which can of themselves admit of no reasonable doubt and for the prevention of their extradition."

SOME ONE HAS asked for the most justly celebrated passage in English prose literature, and a writer in Success Magazine says that this is like asking for the most justly celebrated sort of fruit in the orchard. This writer adds: "There are easily a score of equally worthy passages, each one making its especial appeal to a different mood of mind. Ruskin's description of Turner's Slave Ship satisfies our love for the majestic color and motion of the sea. DeQuincey's reverie on the Nebula in Orion carries a sense of the vastness and mystery of the sky. Pater's picturing of the Shield of Hercules re-buils for us the light and life of buried Hellas. Swinburne's eulogy of Rosetti astounds us with the splendor and speed of his words. Le Gallienne's prose fancy, 'The Twelve Wells,' stirs our hearts with the precious disquiet of old sorrows. Victor Hugo's oration in 'The Man Who Laughs' awakens in us the ennobling passion of humanity. Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Speech' hushes the soul with its fine appeal to the heroic in the heart of man. I might go on to mention Emerson, Poe, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lake Harris, Jeremy Taylor, as well as St. Matthew, St. John, Isaiah, Job and other peers in the parliament of words. But I content myself with making the one selection that is perhaps my favorite in most of my moods. I refer to that stately and sonorous passage from Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' where he sees history, as a stupendous procession, forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night and vanishing into pathetic and fathomless Silence. Here is the passage. 'Like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormily across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage; can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the Earliest Van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God to God.'