

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Immigration Laws Are Evaded.

AGIRL being sent to marry a young man whom she has never seen or sold by unscrupulous relatives for immoral purposes poses as the daughter or sister in some family of chance traveling acquaintances. A half-dozen lads coming to fulfill labor contracts made for them by some relative in this country need only deny that they have any work in prospect. A cripple desirous of getting into the United States to enter some one of the thousand excellent hospitals, need only give some fellow passenger who is of good appearance or fairly well-to-do, a few dollars to swear that the cripple is his brother, and that he will support him. A criminal or an anarchist perjures himself as to his record or political beliefs. A disreputable woman in Berlin, whose two children were in her way, gave them to a young couple just departing, and for \$5 they represented them as their children and abandoned the little things in Cincinnati.

Now as to the plan for the elimination of the undesirable immigrants, which I first suggested in 1903, immediately on my return as an immigrant from a tour abroad as a peasant in the emigration centers. The truth as to whether a man, woman, or child is fit to enter the United States is to be found only in the home communities of the immigrants, and the easiest way to get that truth and keep the inspectors from being corrupted is to select by civil service process native-born Americans who can speak the desired languages. Organize boards of three, one a doctor, to take over an apportioned number of communes, and hold local examinations at stated times, issuing certificates with photographic identifications.—Broughton Brandenburg, in Harper's Weekly.

Grafting in Business.

WISCONSIN has attempted to prevent by law the bribery of employees. In Germany the courts recently decided a case of this character. A manager of a car-building concern accepted a commission from a firm for which he procured orders. He was discharged when this fact became known to the company which employed him. He claimed that he should not be, for such gifts were customary and worked no injury to his employers. The courts very properly held otherwise, deciding that his action constituted a gross breach of trust and that the manager was in duty bound to study the interests of his employers and not be influenced by selfish considerations. According to our consul-general at Frankfurt, who sends the story, German business is honeycombed with bribery of this character, the abuse having grown to enormous proportions of late. The Bavarian government has been urged to pass legislation that will suppress this bribing of employees, the Chamber of Trade and Commerce urging that both the giver and the receiver of the bribe be punished. The practice is first introduced by unscrupulous men, who thus seek to obtain an advantage over their trade competitors. The honest traders are in time forced to adopt the same policy or suffer the loss of a large portion of their business. All this is evidence of the intensity of the race to get money no matter at what cost that unfortunately marks the opening of the twentieth century.—Boston Herald.

Sing Us the Old Songs.

THE old songs are best, for they carry us back to the days that were radiant with sentiment, when we were part of poetry and romance. They stir our natures in their profoundest depths, and, reaching below the callous of our putrescent hearts, play strange accompaniments upon the long-disused strings of our remembrance. Who can resist the subtle potency of those old songs that stop the world in tear-smiles that we may wave a salutation back through a rift in the storm of years to the youth and maiden of the long ago?

That the old songs are best has been shown by the perennial popularity of Patti's "Home, Sweet Home," Emma Abbott's "Annie Laurie," Jenny Lind's "Kathleen Mavourneen," Christina Nilsson's "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and Melba's "Coming Thro' the Rye." We do not always associate these immortal songs with the great singers who have included them in their concerts,

but the singers are often remembered because of the songs themselves. There are few who can remember the many acrobatic arias of the splendid vocal artists who have commanded almost fabulous sums for their singing, but no one can forget when they yielded to popular demand for the old songs. Patti or Sembrich or Melba or Calve never had more sincere appreciation in the supremest moments of their triumphs than when they descended for the time from the classics of foreign composers and sang the simple love ballads that sent thrills through world-weary hearts and caused withered palms to stir in tremendous applause.—Kansas City Journal.

No Pardons for Bank Wreckers.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has no executive clemency to bestow on bank wreckers. Extraordinary pressure has been brought to bear upon him recently to secure the pardon of two bank presidents who are in the penitentiary for embezzling the funds of their banks.

The President is not a hard-hearted man. On the contrary, he has a warm heart and an impulsive and generous nature. He is not only intensely human but intensely humane. But he has also a strong sense of justice and a high regard for the majesty of the laws. The executor of the laws, according to his view, must know no distinction of men.

Moreover—the Rooseveltian idea is that where there is a great trust there is a great responsibility. The banker who voluntarily assumes the charge of the people's money must be held to a strict accountability. He trades on confidence. He is the only man in the community of whom no security, beyond that of his word, is required. His promise to pay is a sacredly binding obligation. In his case a betrayal of confidence is a major crime.

Roosevelt does well in such instances to refuse a pardon. There must be no bending of the federal laws to shield the rich culprits.—Des Moines News.

Cheaper Utilities.

IT is worthy of remark that a number of the great public service companies of our American cities are showing a disposition materially to reduce their rate of charges. The telephone companies in most of the Eastern centers and, for aught we know to the contrary, in the West, have made marked reductions in their scale of charges under conditions which tend to increase the volume of benefits which the subscriber to the system can obtain. Of course, the ideal condition in telephone service is when every citizen has an instrument, so that communication can be had at will with every one. This is no doubt impossible, but every reduction in the rate of tolls tends to increase the number of subscribers, and in this way add to the benefit of the entire service. The electric light companies in a number of places have reduced their rates of charge. In New York City the reduction has been notably large, this apparently growing out of the belief that the change would lead to larger usage and might in this way find a justification for itself in increased earnings.—Boston Herald.

Being Too Good.

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale has stated a truth that has too generally been lost sight of. Most of us have been content with talking about men being bad in the hope of reforming them; President Hadley has a word to say about the men who are too good. He has found students under his care who lived by rule, erecting an artificial barrier about them to such an extent that when their moral equipment sprang a leak—even a little leak—their whole career foundered.

What a man needs for the business of life is a series of sin-tight compartments that will at least keep him afloat until he can get back to his moral drydock for repairs and new supplies. We do not need in this country any creature "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." Some of our most pronounced sins have flown from that class—and they have come from the colleges, too. President Hadley is right. Give us morals and knowledge that will wash without fading.—Kansas City World.

How to Keep Cool.

Experience has shown that there is but one way in which the discomfort of very hot weather may be mitigated, and that is by thorough physical activity to start and maintain a wholesome perspiration. Absolutely the most uncomfortable way in which to pass a hot day is to be sluggish, and by that means pile up, so to speak, latent heat in muscles and tissues. The vaso motor nerves and the secretory nerves of the sudoriferous glands are the thermostats of the body. Anything which starts an abundant perspiration carries off latent heat and minimizes the discomfort suffered.—New York Times.

Glamour of the Footlights.

Mary Anderson Navarro talked also a good deal about the stage, and told me that no one who had not lived behind the scenes could have any idea how utterly, hopelessly wearisome it was to live in a world where all things from the sun and the moon downward were shams.—Grant Duff's Notes from a Diary.

A California View.

If the exclusion law is to be so construed or modified as to admit Chinese, students we'll probably find that about 100,000,000 Chinamen have suddenly become inspired with the most intense desire to study everything in the books from Confucius down to Laura Jean Libbey and Mary MacLane.—Los Angeles Times.

OLD Favorites

The Sword of Bunker Hill.
He lay upon his dying bed;
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he call'd
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said;
"I bow to heav'n's high will—
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And as he grasp'd the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name.
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill."

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band
A captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand.
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will—
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill."

"Oh, 'keep the sword,' his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.

The son remains; the sword remains;
Its glory growing still—
And twenty millions bless the sire,
And sword of Bunker Hill.
—William Ross Wallace.

Hushaby Sweet, My Own.
Fair is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
The night is fair; and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and to me

In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
And revelers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Mistlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Ah, little they reek of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons,
"Hushaby, sweet, my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons,
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

—Eugene Field.

ON A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

Some Experience of a Sportsman in German East Africa.

A sportsman gives an account in English Country Life of his adventures in German East Africa, where he found a great deal of game. He says: "It is by no means as easy as one would think to see rhinos at any distance, as they are generally the color of the earth of that locality, as a result of the matutinal mud bath. Near Baringo, most of them were a brilliant red, whilst in the German Masai plains they were mostly of a light gray khaki, which made them almost invisible, and, indeed, I got within forty yards of two rhinos on one occasion in the open without being able to distinguish them from the ant-heaps around. Many writers consider that when a rhino charges, in many cases he is merely rushing blindly in the direction which he imagines to be the least dangerous. I feel sure this is not the case, as I have invariably found them make an exceedingly good shot for the shooter, and believe that their first impulse is to attack, but, losing their heads, they rush madly along, and so give the sportsman every opportunity of escaping them. We also noticed that, whereas in the open a rhino is more likely to make off, in bush he is almost certain to charge if surprised, and we attribute this to the fact that he is unable to determine the distance he is from the danger, and so takes the offensive. A lion, I believe, will nearly always charge if one surprises him at close quarters. On one occasion I had to dress a native's shoulder, from which a large scoop of flesh had been taken by a lion which he had come upon on the grass, and which had sprung at him, given him a smack, and then rushed off. In this connection it is worthy of notice the lion seldom, if ever, uses his claws when wounded, relying entirely on its teeth; but when attacking a man, either for food or in an

impulse of self-defense, he invariably uses his claws, after which, as in this case, he often leaves his victim after knocking him down with a blow of his paws."

An ally of the rhinoceros is the rhinoceros bird. These birds come for the ticks and other parasites so plentiful on the rhino, and in return for the hospitality they receive, give warning of the approach of danger by jumping up, uttering shrill screams, and finally, when the danger becomes imminent, make off, after a final warning swoop overhead. The white egret is also frequently found in company with the rhinoceros.

ATTITUDE TOWARD AGE.

"Its Distinguishing Mark a 'Decline in Superannuation.'

A distinguishing mark of the modern attitude has been a "decline in superannuation," says Scribner's. It is not that people live longer on the average than they once did—a disputed point of vital statistics—but that they live longer during a normal life in maintaining activity of interest up to the last. This is evident, despite an occasional and perhaps growing tendency to impose an age limit of 40 in more strenuous physical service where, under pressure of competition, full bodily vigor is required for efficiency. In social life, notably, the peculiar badges and distinctions of age are increasingly discarded. The passing of a once-familiar type of grandmother, at least to the oldest of us, is an illustration—a lovely old lady in a black silk gown, wearing a cap with strings and a neckerchief, the inevitable book or work bag in her lap, conversation with her being supposed to be concerned principally with "what she did when she was a girl." It is this type a social chronicler pictures for us in an account of a reception given in New York about sixty years ago to the "venerable" widow of Chancellor Kent, a vigorous and alert woman of 70, who "sat in a chair of state in one corner of the drawing-room, all the evening. The guests, including many notables of the day, paid their respects to her, exchanged a few words and then withdrew." This conformed to what was then the ritual of life, to pay ceremonious deference to age according to an arbitrary distinction of birthdays.

This change in social attitude toward age truly reflects, as is widely recognized, the changed actual attitude, the attitude of encouragement in continued activity in business, professional or political effort, regardless of conventional limit. That such a change contributes greatly to the promotion of individual happiness in the aggregate, however it may handicap race efficiency in an industrial age, is hardly open to question.

MONEY IN A WOLF HUNT.

Michigan Man Clears \$364 for Two Days' Hard Work.

"The prize wolf story of the season comes from Ewen, Mich.," said A. D. Roth, of Grand Rapids, Mich. "About ten miles north of Ewen is a place where the deer are supposed to be numerous. It was a sort of a yard, so to speak, where the deer were wont to congregate in large numbers. James Colgin believed he could find wolves there.

"Partly to investigate, but prepared for action, he went to the scene. Wolves were there, and they were raising havoc with the deer, as numerous carcasses testified. Colgin had a quantity of suet, which he cut up and distributed about the place. In each piece he placed some strychnine. The following day he returned to the place and found that five wolves had taken the bait and died. This made him feel pretty good. But when he heard a pack howling near by, and coming in his direction, he made up his mind that he might easily add to this number if he went about it in the right way.

"It so happened that he was but a short distance from the lake. He figured that the deer would run out on the ice, with the wolves in close pursuit. This is just what happened, according to Colgin's version of the affair. The procession passed not more than fifty yards away, and he opened fire. With a dozen well-directed shots from his repeater he dropped nine of the savage brutes, thus saving the deer's life. For each wolf Colgin received a bounty of \$22, and he sold the hides for \$6 each, making \$28 for each of his thirteen animals, or a total of \$364 for his two days' work.—Duluth Herald.

Proper Way to Prepare Carp.

When fishing, if you catch a German carp clean it and hang it out in the sun six weeks to dry, then nail it to a pine board and cover it thoroughly with salt or mud. Let it stand for two months longer and then bake it two days. Remove the nails, throw the carp over the back fence and eat the board, but never eat the carp.—Clifton Hill (Mo.) Rustler.

We wonder if the girls know this: Wearing the sleeves short will cause hair to grow on the arms long enough to do up in curl papers, or to turn on an iron.

BISMARCK'S FOE BLIND.

Eugen Richter the Only Man the Great Chancellor Feared.

Widespread sorrow has been caused throughout the Fatherland by the news that Eugen Richter, the veteran Liberal statesman, parliamentarian and orator, has been stricken with total blindness in consequence of a long and painful illness. His enforced retirement from public affairs ends an active political career of over forty years, and removes from the arena of government life perhaps the most picturesque figure German politics have ever produced, with the single exception of Bismarck.

Richter is 67 years old. His chief claim to fame as a politician is that of having been Bismarck's most implacable antagonist. The Iron Chancellor always feared Richter as an opponent in the Reichstag, and frequently admitted that he was the only enemy whose mettle he respected.

For decades Richter has held unchanged place as the most brilliant parliamentary orator in Germany. He has always been in opposition, and although his party or "faction," as it is called in Germany—the "Freisinnige

Volkspartei" (Liberal People's Party)—has dwindled to numerical impotence, in consequence of the rise of the Social Democracy, Richter's forceful personality has remained as potent as ever, and no Reichstag speaker commanded more attention when he took the tribune than "silver-tongued Eugen," as he is familiarly known.

Of leonine cast of countenance and rugged frame, Richter looks the fighter he has always been. He had an intense dislike for Bismarck and opposed him tooth-and-nail. For years Richter specialized in financial legislation, and he caused more trouble for Bismarck's military and naval budgets than all the rest of the Reichstag put together.

Richter is a Rhinelander, having been born in Dusseldorf, the Pittsburgh of Germany, in 1838. He was graduated from Heidelberg and Berlin Universities, and while at the latter place spent more time studying parliamentary matters than over his books and theses. He entered the Prussian Diet in 1861 and was elected to represent a Berlin constituency in the first Reichstag formed after the establishment of the German empire in 1871. He has been re-elected continuously ever since.

"God bless papa and mamma," said little Avondale Appleton in her prayers last night, "and keep them from getting run over by automobiles."



EUGEN RICHTER.