



# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Germany and Tramps.

**G**ERMANY has solved the tramp problem. It is announced that she is reasonably free from vagrants, and that such as are lurking about the byways are a relatively harmless lot, who seldom commit robberies and assaults of magnitude. And the way she has settled the difficulty is this: She arrests all tramps and puts them to work. She makes the work so much harder than the work of decent men that, after a trial of it, the tramps reform and quit the road. In our own country we have an army of the useless and vicious, from which is annually recruited a considerable addition to the ranks of the active criminals.

There is not so much in vagrancy itself which conduces to crime. Indeed some men would be in better health and morals if they occasionally allowed their legs to run away with them and carry them into the country, where they would renew the physical life that grows anemic at the bench and the desk. It is not the free and open air life that demerits; it is the effort to live without work; to get all and give nothing; to shift and sneak and steal in order to obtain food, instead of toiling honestly, even for an hour or two a day. Many of the tramps that are now idling along our highways and "hooking" rides on freight trains could pay for their meals by sawing a little wood, or weeding a garden patch, but they are extremely unwilling to do it, although not infrequently they work as hard at robbery as other people do at honorable employment.

Tramps carry moral corruption as they do physical contagion. Although mentally sodden and representative of a class that gradually eliminates itself, since it is an easy prey to the diseases that are invited by meager, un-governed life, with spells of dissipation and periods of exposure and hardship, they exert some influence over young people whose minds and habits are still unformed, and when a boy is found in their company prison authorities assure us that it would be better for him if he were dead. The boys who drift into the reformatories and jails of the land, after a season on the road, are among the most depraved that the authorities have to deal with. Our tramp army, then, is a missionary company that is going about the land preaching and practicing the most detestable of vices and often involved in crime.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Time to Close the Gates.

**L**ONDON newspapers are gloating over the fact that the slums of that city are being depleted by reason of the \$9.60 stevedore rate, which enables the riffraff of Europe to come to the United States. As a result this country is threatened with a deluge of the offscourings of the world. We are menaced with an overflow of the scum and dregs of pauperized humanity. The managers of the transatlantic steamship lines engaged in this despicable traffic apparently have no other thought in the matter than of the income it brings. Having landed a shipload of the refuse of Europe's population on our shores these steamship agents practically say: "Now, you beggars, shift for yourselves!"

The situation demands immediate and energetic action on the part of the immigration authorities at our Eastern ports. There ought to be a thorough sifting and winnowing of this horde of newcomers, a majority of whom are chronic beggars and professional criminals.

The stevedore rate war, which has brought the emigrant fare from Liverpool to New York down to \$10, is the kind of a rate war which no thoughtful American citizen can regard with satisfaction. On the contrary it suggests a deluge of pauper immigrants of the most undesirable type. It is easy to see how, under a possible continuation of these rates, several of the old world governments can well afford to pay the passage of countless hordes of their poverty-stricken, ignorant and turbulent subjects to America, making this country a dump for the refuse of continental Europe. Here is a subject which should arouse Congress to speedy action. When a person can travel from the Roumanian provinces to New York for \$15, it is time to set about putting up the bars in earnest.

This country welcomes thrift, intelligence and loyalty to law and order from whatever land they hail. But our republican institutions are already taxed to the danger

point in the effort to assimilate the legions of illiterate immigrants that are coming to our shores from southern and far eastern Europe. There is a general feeling that the time has come to impose greater restrictions upon the importation of this class of persons.

Those who assert that this would be a violation of the tradition that this country is the asylum for the oppressed of all races should remember that with nations as with individuals, self-preservation is the first law of nature.—Chicago Journal.

## "Passing of the Country Church."

**T**HE "Passing of the Country Church" is the title of an interesting article in the Outlook by James E. Boyle. From this article we learn, if we do not already know it, that the country, upon which we have been accustomed to look as the stronghold of organized religion, has lost its character as such in recent years. According to Mr. Boyle, the decay of the rural church is due chiefly to the tendency to schisms and divisions. The congregations divide and subdivide over some new religious fad or some difference in dogma, and with each division the amount of true religion decreases.

"The rural church," says Mr. Boyle, "seems doomed. Each time it changes name—now Baptist, now New Light, now Saint—it loses in membership and vitality. Its fire may be relumed temporarily, but its ultimate extinction is inevitable. Soon the little church stands by the wayside forsaken. The doorstep decked with tall weeds, the windows broken. Then it becomes a granary or a corn crib for some thrifty farmer, or is torn down and carried away. This process may take years, even decades, but it is inevitable."

Mr. Boyle does not think that the decline of the rural church is accompanied by an increase of vice and crime in the rural districts. The country school house is better and more influential than ever. The rural free delivery mail box is fast appearing at every front gate. Intelligence is more widely disseminated than formerly. There is less ignorance. The people are no longer interested by the kind of preaching that used to appeal to them.

The higher order of rural intelligence demands a better church than the old country church ever was or could be. In the future Mr. Boyle thinks the church people of the country will belong to strong and ably conducted churches in the towns and villages. Thus the building of good roads, the introduction of rural free delivery, the building of suburban trolley lines and the popularization of the automobile will have a good effect religiously as well as materially, for they will strongly tend to give the rural communities a better religious connection than they ever had in the old days of small country churches.—Minneapolis Journal.

## What Kills Men in War.

**I**N the last issue of the Army and Navy Journal some data are given as to the number of wounds actually inflicted by the bayonet and saber as compared with firearms and artillery. Of all wounds treated by medical officers of the Union armies in the Civil War about four-tenths of 1 per cent, or 922 out of 240,712, were saber or bayonet wounds. In the Crimean War the English and French had 2 1/2 per cent of such wounds; in the Schleswig-Holstein War about 3 per cent, while in the Franco-Prussian War the records show that the Germans received less than one-third of 1 per cent.

A striking commentary this upon the advance of modern military science, showing that with the general adoption of long range firearms the saber and bayonet are rapidly falling into disuse, and the time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when those old and honored weapons will become obsolete.

But it is not the bullet or the artillery fire which strikes down the largest number of men. It is disease. In the Civil War one man out of every 6.7 was wounded in action; one of every 38 died of his wounds; one of every 42.7 was killed in action. Of the total mortality among colored soldiers 90 per cent was from disease. Of the total mortality among the white volunteers, 70 per cent was owing to disease; among the white regulars, 60 per cent.—Chicago Tribune.

plained to them that Whitsunday is a great religious celebration, corresponding in importance with their Muharram, also an occasion of rejoicing. The festival proved infectious, for one of the women broke into what is termed "the mad dance." Her companions unconsciously became passive spectators of the woman's frenzied exertions.

A quick, eccentric and yet at times rhythmic step was maintained for the long period stated. Not for one moment did the dancer pause for refreshment or rest.

She collapsed at the close of the thirty-sixth hour. After an interval she was housed by the other Somali women, who, by beating their tambourines and by cries of exhortation, succeeded in encouraging her to another effort.

The second dance, however, did not last long and the woman again fell exhausted.

Following this bad attack another of the natives—a man—lost his head and frantically threatened the holiday-makers, who were startled by his wild conduct. He was taken in hand by the police, however, and eventually calmed down.—London Express.

## Andrew Gleason's Eloquence.

For twenty years Andrew Gleason, contractor and builder, was a member of the Republican National Committee for the District of Columbia. He controlled the Irish vote, and Perry Carson controlled the negro vote; and they were very successful, politically.

Carson, the negro, was a natural orator, but Gleason, rich and powerful, could not make a speech. One evening at a political meeting, where one hundred Irishmen mingled with about two thousand negroes, Perry Carson did not appear, and the crowd called on Gleason for a speech. He hesitated, shook his head, but finally arose and shouted:

"God bless the Irish, both white and black." It was his first, last and only speech; but it pleased the crowd all right.

## OLD FAVORITES

**Little Brown Hands.**  
They drive home the cows from the pasture  
Up thro' the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field  
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snowdrops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder blossom white;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful seashells,  
Fairy barks, that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-headed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land—  
The sword and the chisel and palette,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Anonymous.

**The "Old, Old Song."**  
When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;

Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maim'd among;  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

—Charles Kingsley.

## WASHINGTON'S FIRST MISSION.

Chosen by Gov. Dinwiddie as an Envoy to the French Outposts.

Like all Virginians, I was disturbed during this time by the news of the insolence of the French on the frontier, and began to feel that my brother's money, put into the Ohio Company, was in peril, for we were likely to be soon cooped up by a line of forts, and our trade in peltries was already almost at an end, and about to pass into the hands of the French. We learned with pleasure that the royal governors were ordered to insist on the retirement of these overbold French, who claimed all the land up to the Alleghenies, but I did not dream that I was soon to take part in the matter.

About that time, or before, there had been much effort to secure the Six Nations of Indians as allies. One of their chiefs, Tanacharison, known as the Half-King, because of holding a subsidiary rule among the Indians, advised a fort to be built by us near to the Forks of the Ohio, on the east bank, and Gist, the trader, set out on this errand. A Capt. Trent was charged to carry our king's message to the French outposts; but having arrived at Logstown, 150 miles from his destination, and hearing of the defeat of our allies, the Miamis, by the French, he lost heart and came back to report. The Ohio Company at this time complained to the Governor of the attacks on their traders, and this gentleman, being concerned both for his own pocket and for his Majesty's property, resolved to send some one of more spirit to bear the king's message ordering the French to retire and to cease to molest our fur traders about the Ohio.

It was unfortunate that Gov. Robert Dinwiddie, who was now eager to defend his interests in the Ohio Company, had lost the prudent counsel of his late lord, my brother Lawrence. He would have made a better envoy than I, for at the age of 21, a man is too young to influence the Indians, on account of a certain reverence they have for age in council. I was ignorant of what was intended when I received orders to repair to Williamsburg. To my surprise, and I may say to my pleasure, I learned that I was to go to Logstown. I was there to meet our allies, the Indians, and secure from them an escort and guides, and so push on and find the French commander. I was to deliver to him my summons, and wait an answer during one week, and then to return. I was also to keep my eyes open as to all matters of military concern.

Whatever distrust I had in regard to my powers as an envoy, I said nothing, for in case of an order a soldier has no alternative but to obey. Had I been in the Governor's place I should have sent an older man.—S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington" in the Century.

**MELANCHOLY OF RUSSIA.**  
Russia a Weak Nation When Viewed from the Inside.

The general Russian life, as I thus saw it, while intensely interesting in many respects, was certainly not cheer-

ful. Despite the frivolity dominant among the upper class and the fetishism controlling the lower classes, there was, especially in that period of calamity, a deep undertone of melancholy. Melancholy, indeed, is a marked characteristic of Russia, and, above all, of the peasantry. They seem sad even in their sports; their songs almost without exception are in the minor key; the whole atmosphere is apparently charged with vague dread of some calamity. Despite the suppression of most of the foreign journals, and the blotting out of page after page of the newspapers allowed to enter the empire, despite all that the secret police could do in repressing unfavorable comment, it became generally known that all was going wrong in the Crimea. News came of reverse after reverse; of the defeats of the Alma and Inkerman, and, as a climax, the loss of Sevastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet. In the midst of it all, as is ever the case in Russian wars, came utter collapse in the commissariat department; everywhere one heard hints and finally detailed stories of scoundrelism in high places; of money which ought to have been appropriated to army supplies, but which had been expended at the gambling tables of Homburg or in the Breda quarter at Paris.

Then it was that there was borne in upon me the conviction that Russia, powerful as she seems when viewed from the outside, is anything but strong when viewed from the inside. To say nothing of the thousand evident weaknesses resulting from autocracy—the theory that one man, and he, generally, not one of the most highly endowed, can do the thinking for a hundred millions of people—there was nowhere the slightest sign of any uprising of a great nation, as, for instance, of the French against Europe in 1792, of the Germans against France in 1813 and in 1870, of Italy against Austria in 1859 and afterward, and of the Americans in the civil war of 1861. There were certainly many noble characters in Russia, and these must have felt deeply the condition of things; but there being no great middle class, and the lower class having been long kept in besotted ignorance, there seemed no force on which patriotism could take hold.—From Andrew D. White's "Russia in War Time" in the Century.

**SOME MODERN ANNOYANCES.**  
Schemes Employed to Get the Money of the Public.

A possibly well-meaning habit among people who want your money is becoming a public nuisance, says the Hartford Courant. It has become customary nowadays when an entertainment is to be given, especially if it is a more or less charitable affair, to send a bunch of numbered tickets to John Smith or John Jones with a note informing him that these are to be sold and he is to account for the proceeds. Primarily the notion is to get some money, which charities, like the rest of us, can always find a place for, and the idea no doubt prevails that Smith or Jones will say to himself that it isn't worth while to hunt up buyers and will just draw his check for the bunch and let it go at that.

That served awhile and when the game was new, but now it has taken on chronic qualities and the public are wearying. One sufferer recently remarked in this office that his invariable rule as to all such inclosures was to chuck them into his waste basket on arrival. He hadn't asked for them and he wasn't going to use them, and they were in the way. When you come to analyze it, there is a lot of calm impudence in the proceeding.

Not long ago a widely and most favorably known publishing house sent by express to various addresses in this city unsolicited specimen volumes of a work they were bringing out, with circulars as to terms. These also invited the person receiving the volume to ship it back at the expense of the publishers in case it was not wanted. This involved opening it first for examination, then wrapping it up again and finally carrying or sending it to the express office. No doubt different people treated the episode differently, but in one case the book just lay where it was put on arrival. Successive inquiries about it from the publishing house were put with the book and at last along came the expressman under orders from the publishers to get the book and carry it back to them. Then it went, but it need never have started. Throwing things at people's heads is not the best way to make them attractive.

**A Boom Town in Manchuria.**  
Kirin province contains the largest and most prosperous of all Russian towns in Manchuria, Harbin. It is only three years old, and yet it had, in December last, a population exceeding 60,000 people, of whom half were Russians. It is splendidly located on the Sungari River, and is in about the geographical center of Manchuria. It is on the main line of the Russian railway, and the Vladivostok line branches off at this point. We are accustomed to boom towns in the United States, but I doubt if we can equal the Russian record in the construction of a town with great government buildings, brick and stone business houses, great flour mills and factories in 150 weeks.—Century.

**An Inhabitant of Alaska.**  
The Rev. W. Bompas, Church of England Bishop of Alaska, went to Winnipeg recently to attend a meeting of the synod. This was the first time he had been out of Alaska in thirty years.

You know how selfish you are? Well, you can judge from yourself how selfish others are.



Anthony Hope's new novel, "Double Farness," deals with marriage in a modern way.

Some of Booth Tarkington's new stories, soon to appear from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co., will be accompanied by his own illustrations.

Miss Henrietta Corkran, whose gossip book called "Celebrities and I" was widely read, has written another of the same sort called "Oddities, Others and I," which has been published in London.

In view of the approaching centenary of George Sand, it is thought probable that some of her hitherto unpublished writings will be printed soon. They include two complete plays and several fragments of stories.

It is announced that Margery Williams' novel, "The Price of Youth," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and is reported as having had a steady sale since its publication, has been dramatized.

According to a London dispatch, Thomas Hardy has given up writing fiction. He is devoting himself to the second part of his drama, "The Dynasts," the first part of which was recently published by the Macmillan company.

A life of Tom Hood, whose "Song of the Shirt" appeared in Punch in 1843, is being written by Walter Jerrold, a grandson of another famous Punch contributor, Douglas Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold has in his possession some interesting new matter relating to Hood's career.

The title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish this fall, will be "Traffic and Discoveries." This is the first book of fiction by the author since his "The Day's Work." It contains some of Mr. Kipling's most characteristic stories, several of which have appeared in Collier's Weekly.

About 3,000 Chicago school children were recently required to write answers to these questions: What books have you read since school began last September? Which one of these did you like best? Louisa M. Alcott's juvenile classic, "Little Women," headed the tabulated list of replies, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was second.

A little book with an attractive cover is "Hero Tales," by James Baldwin, an interesting collection and adaptation of several stories of Greek mythology, Norse legends, and old tales of France in the dark ages. The stories themselves are more or less familiar, but in the form presented they are far more interesting than in the usual run of books on mythology intended for school use. The illustrations are good.

Conan Doyle began his experience with the syndication of his literary output at an early age. He used to sell stories to his schoolmates, for which they paid him in jam tarts. Young Doyle had his own way of extracting the price he wished. He would get his story worked up to some such climax as this: "While holding to the rocky edge of the cliff with a grip of desperation, the hero could hear below him the continued growl of the enraged bear." Having proceeded thus far, he would refuse to proceed further unless the price paid in current tarts of the schoolboy realm was doubled.

Ford Maddox Hueffer, who has collaborated with Joseph Conrad in writing that stirring and adventurous tale of the West Indian buccaners, "Rance," which McClure-Phillips have brought out, collaborated also with Mr. Conrad in "The Inheritors," which appeared some years ago. Mr. Hueffer is a litterateur by birth, gift and inclination. He is a nephew of Rossetti, and has spent his entire life among literary men, artists and musicians. His life has been void of such hair-raising adventures as have fallen to his collaborator's share, but he has traveled widely, and even now is constantly roaming about the continent. He resides chiefly at Winchester, a quaint, old, walled town on a bluff overlooking the English Channel. Mr. Hueffer's first book, "The Brown Owl," was written when he was only 17 years old. It sold to fifteen editions and is still selling, though Mr. Hueffer received only \$10 for it.

**Self Sufficient.**  
A distinguished comedian who tells stories very well was invited to a dinner and for the greater part of the evening entertained the company.

When he returned to his hotel, thoroughly tired, his wife said: "Well, did you have a good time?"

"No, I can't say that I did. Indeed, if I had not been there I should have been bored."

**The Policeman at Paris.**  
Judge—Now, didn't I tell you last time that I never wanted to see you here again?

Prisoner—Yes, my lord, but I could not get the policeman ter believe it—fester.

If the picture in the family album were taken as long as thirty years ago, looking through it is almost as interesting as seeing a different tribe of the human race.

When a man carries his gloves, it is a greater offense than wearing them.