

DISCOURTESY TO THE CHINESE.

By Secretary of Commerce Strauss.



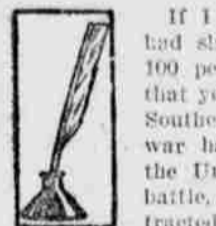
O. S. STRAUSS.

As the laws are framed it would appear that the purpose was rigidly to exclude persons of the Chinese race in general, and to admit only such persons of the race as fall within certain expressly stated exemptions—as if, in other words, exclusion was the rule and admission the exception. I regard this feature of the present laws as unnecessary and fraught with irritating consequences.

In the administration of laws so framed, notwithstanding the care taken to treat persons of the Chinese race lawfully entitled to admission with the same courtesy and consideration shown to other foreigners, it is impossible that persons who have to endure requirements and formalities peculiar to themselves should fail to take offense and to regard as a humiliation the manner in which by law they are distinguished from natives of other countries.

DEATH ROLL OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

By Railroad Commissioner Wood.



RAILROAD TRAIN.

If I were to tell you that an earthquake had shaken down San Francisco and killed 100 persons, if I were to read a telegram that yellow fever had become epidemic in all Southern cities, if I should announce that war had been declared between Spain and the United States and 1,000 men killed in battle, your attention would be instantly attracted. But I am not so sure of persuading your practical interest when I present to you the solemn, disgraceful fact of the railway death roll.

During the eight years from 1897 to 1904, inclusive, there was a steady increase in the number of casualties. The total number of killed during that period was 62,213—as if a community as large as Salt Lake City had been wiped out by a sudden and terrible catastrophe—while 451,282 were injured—as if every man, woman and child in Buffalo had been maimed or otherwise hurt.

If casualties continue to increase at the same rate for eight succeeding years, from 1905 to 1912, there will be 115,380 killed and 1,431,083 injured.

That is, at this rate there are upward of 100,000 people in the United States under sentence of death, to be executed on the railway before the close of 1912, and a larger number are doomed to be maimed or otherwise

injured than the entire population of the District of Columbia, Delaware, Montana, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada, Alaska, Idaho and the Hawaiian Islands.—Leslie's Weekly.

UNITY OF MANKIND IS ATTAINABLE.

By Annie Besant.



QUILL PEN.

Intellectual, artistic, spiritual wealth increases in the sharing, each who shares adding to the store. This is the fundamental reason why progress towards peace and contentment must be towards intellectual, artistic development and spiritual life, and not towards material splendor and the vulgar glory of outer ostentation. These are for the undeveloped; the others for the developed.

And, inasmuch as the ignorant will copy the more advanced and the lowly the highly placed, the example must be set by those who lead the social and intellectual world.

The dawn of the sixth race is yet afar in the future, and of that the keynote will be unity, not individualism; brotherhood, not combat; service, not oppression; spirit, not intellect. And the birthmark of the spirit is the longing to pour itself out in sacrifice, never asking what it can take, but only what it can give.

The fundamental unity of mankind is the central truth of the coming race, and the action which first grasps and practices that great conception will lead the future, humanity falling into line behind it. Those who see it, who teach it, may fail for the moment, but in their failure is the seed of inevitable success.

CLEVER WOMEN TO SURPASS BEAUTY.

By Marcel Prevost.



WOMAN'S FACE.

If some antiquarian of a century or two ahead should run through the pages of our present day journals he probably would conclude that we are greatly concerned with feminine beauty. In his investigations he would find many magazines and journals illustrated with pictures of the "most beautiful woman in the world." He would find that continents have been drawn into the search for the most beautiful women.

In Paris, and in all other cities which are under Parisian influence, beauty as such has ceased to be valued. Elegance, culture, rather than plastic beauty, count in present day society. A beautiful woman without other charming and elegant attributes does not count. A cultured, charming and clever woman, even if not beautiful, counts in accordance with her higher attributes. Tell a Parisian woman that she is beautiful, but that she does not know how to dress or to do up her hair, and she will bear you a grudge all her life long.

THE URCHIN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST 1908.



Small Boy (to youthful year)—Say, kid, wot you mean by puttin' all the main holidays at der end of the weeks, where they won't do a feller no good? 'N' with Christmas on a Friday, we won't have but one week out of school.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

Some Details of the Making of the Andes Photographs.

The Andes photographs of Mars were made with a large planetary camera which carries with it an amplifying lens, says E. C. Silpher in the Century.

The camera was fastened to the lower end of the large telescope of eighteen-inch lens and each of the many little lenses shown on the plates was taken separately. The telescope was adjusted so that the planet was in the center of the camera field; then the plate holder was placed in the carrier of the planetary camera and set in position for the first image, the slide then being drawn from the plate holder. A bulb in the right hand opened the shutter of the camera, allowing the light from the planet to fall on the sensitive plate. Then a bulb in the left hand shifted the plate a quarter of an inch for the succeeding image, and so on through the entire series of images taken on one plate. Sometimes the plate was arranged to shift from right to left and sometimes in a vertical direction.

Inasmuch as the photographs were made at night, virtually no light except that from Mars reached the plate, and the latter was not impunctuated by one exposure from receiving other sensitive impressions. About half an hour was consumed in taking the sixty images on some of the plates and eight or ten plates were exposed in one night's work. In all about 10,000 negative images were taken.

As the best "seeing" occurs in "flashes," the successive images on the same negative may differ somewhat in wealth of finer detail; to the skilled eye all show the larger canals with remarkable clearness, though the more delicate details are lost in reproduction. Of the 10,000 separate images of the planet none is destitute of canals and in some cases as many as twenty-five or thirty canals have been counted in a single image. Several of the previously observed double canals show their duality on the plates taken during the intervals of best atmospheric conditions.

The Whirling Derivatives.

Those spirits on the hunt for "sensations" in Constantinople will wish to "take in" the derivatives. The whirling clan have a convenient convent on the Grand Rue, where their circumnavigations may be witnessed at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening for the admission of 10 cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system

and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine the robed and turbaned derivatives commence their turning. With arms outstretched, the right palm upward to beseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapid revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the premiere danseuse. Very little space is allotted to each priest, and it seems strange that there are no collisions. The dance ceases in an hour or so with the men exhausted.—Travel Magazine.

Giants Not Long Lived.

Giants are not long lived, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine. "Of nearly 100 names recorded I have been able to find the ages at death of only eighteen, as follows:

Levi Wilkins 28
The Giant Constantine 30
Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant 22
Cornelius McGrath 23
James Toller 24
Thomas Hasler 25
The Minnesota Giant 18
The Norfolk Giant 43
Patrick Cotter 45
Clerk in Bank of England 32
C. Munster 35
J. Winkelmeier 37
Peter Tuchan 29
The Peruvian Giant 39
Antonius of Syria 25

"This makes an average longevity of barely twenty-eight years, or only a third as many years as they had inclusive. A giant living to a good old age is a thing unheard of."

What Dropped.

"I heard you let something drop in the kitchen, just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served.

"Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

An Index.

Knicker—What is their social standing?

Bocker—Do they call it a barn, stable or garage?—New York Sun.

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN.

The smile of a woman—it brings back the sun
When shadows drift down and the daylight is done!
The smile of a woman—it lifts and it leads
The heart that is heavy, the spirit that bleeds:
The smile of a woman in words that are light
With garments of winter, wind-driven, and white,
Downs down the dark valleys and over the hills
Till spring laughs again on the lips of the rills
And summer's soft morning comes back to the land
With a rose in its hair and a blossom in its hand!
The smile of a woman—it brings to the earth
The music of morn on the red lips of mirth,
The hope and the joy and the dreaming of rest,
Where Love holds a little one's face on his breast!

—Baltimore Sun.

THE TRESPASSERS

The young man paused before the cottage and stared at it in surprise. It was a pretty cottage with a well-kept lawn, and roses climbing on the porch, and white curtains at the windows. There was a red rug on the porch floor that gave a pleasing touch of color to the pale green tint that dominated the paint on porch and house. There were potted plants on the porch and a hanging basket filled with creeping things swayed from above.

The young man took in all these pleasing features with a quick glance and the faint lines in his forehead suddenly deepened. Then he went up the walk and ascended the porch steps.

But before he could ring the bell he was confronted by a young woman who suddenly came around the house.

The young woman wore a big sunbonnet and a simple frock and long gloves and she carried a pair of shears.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Her voice was very pleasant.

"I'm reasonably well, thank you," he answered as he removed his hat.

"May I ask if you represent Mr. Griscom?"

"Yes," he replied, "I represent Mr. Griscom."

She looked past him at the door.

"Would you mind sitting out here under the apple tree?"

"Why, no," he answered.

There was a bench under the apple tree, a stout bench painted the same shade of green as the house. There was a light rocking chair near the bench. The young woman motioned the young man to the bench and took the chair herself. Then she removed her sunbonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was a pretty young woman with her sunbonnet on, and even prettier with it off.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do with us?"

"Do with you?" he exclaimed.

She nodded.

"Let me know the worst. It's trespass, of course, but I don't think it's forcible entry because the door was unlocked. You can't make it anything property, because there's nothing destroyed. On the contrary, the place looks 200 per cent better than it did. You must admit that."

"It looks very attractive," he said.

"That's what I think. It seems to me that in its present shape it should sell for quite a little more than it would in its former condition. Are you a lawyer?"

"I know something about law."

"Then perhaps you know whether the crime of trespass carries with it a jail sentence or not—or is it simply a fine?"

"I would have to look that up," said the young man. "The laws change frequently, you know."

"Of course it doesn't make any difference," said the girl. "If it's a fine I couldn't pay it—so it will be imprisonment either way."

The young man, who had been looking at the girl in a somewhat surprised and altogether admiring way, suddenly stooped and picked up her sunbonnet and gently shook three predatory grasshoppers from the crown, then laid it beside him on the bench.

"Perhaps it would be well to tell me the story," he said.

"Do you think you care to hear it?" she asked. "I'll have to tell it in court, of course. You may find it monotonous."

"At the same time I think it would be well to hear it now."

She nodded and drew a quick breath.

"I suppose I'd better tell my real name. Otherwise you'd have to call me Jane Doe in the legal papers, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," he gravely answered. "I would have to be either Jane Doe or Roberta Roe."

"I don't like either name," she said.

"I'm Helen Deering. My mother is Mrs. John Deering. We are trespassers, one of us being deliberately guilty and the other entirely innocent. Please sign this distinction in your mind. I alone am guilty."

He nodded.

"Are you aware that what you say may be used against you?"

"Yes. And I realize, too, that I am acting without advice of counsel. But now for my story. My father is Prof. John Deering. He has been in ill-health for some time and not able to work. He had when he left the university several thousands of dollars. Most of this he put into an Alaska mining scheme, by the advice of a friend. There were others who invested at the same time, and when returns failed to come they held a meeting and decided to send my father to the mining district to investigate. When my father started for the far Northwest my mother and I moved into this suburb because it was cheaper. We had a small house about a mile from here. My father left with my mother five hundred dollars for current expenses. Four hundred of this, without consulting me, she loaned to an irrespon-

sible relative. The place where my father is going is quite remote from postoffice facilities. We knew we might not hear from him for several months and we haven't heard from him since he left the steamer. When our money was exhausted our landlord told us to move. Of course we didn't know where to go. I looked around and found this place. It was shabby and unkempt. It had not been for rent for many months, they told me. I went home and told my mother that I had found a place we could live in until a purchaser could be found for it—the condition being that we put it in good order. Of course I was a little desperate. The neighbors told me they hadn't seen Mr. Griscom, the owner, for a long, long time. I simply took my chances, hoping every day to hear good news from father." She looked at him suddenly. "That's all."

"May I ask how you live?" he presently inquired.

"You haven't any designs on our income?"

"No, no."

"It amounts to just twenty dollars a month. It comes from my grandmother Stark. She was a great-granddaughter of General Stark, of Bennington. She invested a sum of money in bonds for me and I draw interest monthly at the bank in town."

"And can you live on that?"

"Nicely. But we can't pay the rent."

"I understand."

"I can't promise you we'll move, because we have nowhere to go."

"I understand that, too."

"What will you say to the owner?"

"The owner?"

"Mr. Griscom."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Griscom isn't well. That's the reason I came down in his place."

"Do you look after all his places?"

"To some extent."

"Doesn't it harden you?"

"I hope not."

"They say he owns half the town. But that wouldn't prevent him from missing even so small a cottage as this. I wish you'd tell him that I have tried to improve the place. Look at my hands."

She held them out to him. He looked at them critically. There certainly were calluses in the little palms.

"I'm afraid this would be of no avail with Mr. Griscom," he said.

"He's very near-sighted."

She looked hurt.

"Do you know?" she said, "that I believe my story made very little impression on you. Rent collecting certainly has hardened your sense of sympathy."

"You can't mean the sort of collecting I am doing here," he said. "There is nothing hardening about this."

She looked at him reprovingly.

"You will leave us a notice to quit, of course?"

"I will leave you a notice," he said.

"How long will that give us?"

"Three days."

"And then?"

"If you are not out, a suit of ejectment will be brought against you."

"Thank you. You didn't notice any desirable-looking empty houses as you came along, did you?"

"No," he answered. He scribbled a few lines on a slip of paper. Then he arose.

"There is your notice," he said.

"Read it carefully."

The girl looked at him with a little smile.

"I hope you won't set us out on the sidewalk on a rainy day," she said.

"That will depend largely on the weather," he answered. He bowed politely and turned away.

The girl watched him until he disappeared. Then something seemed to rise in her throat. She half sobbed.

"He was a gentleman," she murmured. "What will he think of me? He doesn't dream that I wanted to cry all the time I was talking that nonsense."

"Who was that man, Helen?" came a voice from the porch.

"Somebody to look at the house, mother."

A little later the girl found the opportunity to open the notice and read it unobserved. This is what she read:

"Jane Doe, alias Helen Deering—You will hereby take notice that I desire possession of the premises now occupied by you, to wit, the story and a half cottage with a lot of land upon which it is situated, in the town of East Meredith. Your prompt compliance with this notice will prevent further legal proceedings being taken—always providing and expecting you take no action in this matter until further notification is personally served by the duly qualified agent of the owner of said property."

And beneath this somewhat remarkable legal document was the signature:

"PETER GRISCOM, by A. E."

The girl laughed hysterically.

"He wants an excuse for coming again," she said and laughed again.

Then she went down to the gate and waited until the postman went by.

Four days later the young man came again. She met him with a little nod.

"Not out yet?" he said in affected surprise.

"Nowhere to go," she answered. "All the empty houses seem to be filled. How is Mr. Griscom?"

"No better. He has turned this place over to me. It will be in my charge until he gets well."

"Did you tell him about the trespassers?"

"Certainly not. That's my guilty secret."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"My name?"

"Yes, that's not a guilty secret, too, is it?"

He flushed.

"My name is Arthur Evans."

"Well, Mr. Arthur Evans, will you accept a seat on our porch—I mean your porch—or rather, Mr. Griscom's porch?"

"Thank you. It will give me pleasure."

"But don't let any false hopes buoy you up," said the girl. "We have heard nothing from father."

So the young agent became a regular visitor at the home of the Deerings. He came expressly to see if the premises were in order, really to see Helen. And still no letter came from the absent father.

She had warned the young man that he might get into trouble in protecting them. He had laughed and said there was no risk. The house was not suffering from their occupancy. It was only a case of non-payment of rent.

Then one day she met him at the gate. He saw that her usually good spirits were depressed.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"We had a letter from father this morning. It is very discouraging. He isn't coming home for some time. And he says nothing about money."

He looked away across the pretty garden.

"I think it is time for you to move."

"Yes."

"Don't think I'm a brute. I—I have another house in view for you."

"But you know our circumstances. We can't go into another house as we have come into this one. You—you

"You haven't any designs on our income?"

"No, no."

"It amounts to just twenty dollars a month. It comes from my grandmother Stark. She was a great-granddaughter of General Stark, of Bennington. She invested a sum of money in bonds for me and I draw interest monthly at the bank in town."

"And can you live on that?"

"Nicely. But we can't pay the rent."

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"Who was that man, Helen?" came a voice from the porch.

"Somebody to look at the house, mother."

A sudden boom of thunder came across the valley. The rain fell faster.

"There is only one thing I fear," said the girl. "It is lightning."

And then a white glare filled the room and a terrific crash seemed to rive the roof above them.

"Arthur!" screamed the girl, and flung herself against the man and pillowed her head on his breast.

He held her close and soothed her with gentle words.

And then she suddenly drew away from him and burst into tears, and her pale face reddened with shame.

"Oh, oh," she said, "what have I done?"

He laughed joyously.

"You have saved me that difficult task of asking you to be my wife," he cried. "And now you can move into that new home without delay."

She looked at him through a mist of tears. The sky was clearing. The thunder faintly muttered in the distance.

"Would you take advantage of my silly terror?" she asked him.

"Yes,