



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Uncle Sam's Digestive Powers.

ABOUT one million steerage passengers arrived in the United States, looking for homes or work, during the fiscal year that ended June 30. This wipes out all past records. The largest number arriving in any previous year was 857,046, during the twelve months ending June, 1903.

Now that immigration has reached the 1,000,000 mark, it is small wonder that the authorities are redoubling their vigilance. The time has come to censorize the increasing stream of immigration under rules that will not work with undue harshness and yet will fully protect the nation. These steerage immigrants have more brawn than money, but poverty is not alone a good cause for rejection. A large proportion of present sturdy American citizens began at the very foot of the industrial ladder.

The portentous feature of the case is that the immense volume of immigration comes largely from Southern and Western Europe, instead of from the sturdier races of the North and West. The latter are still coming, but their number is dwarfed by an avalanche of less desirable immigrants, with almost startling averages of illiteracy and poverty. The present volume of immigration is equal in one year to the total population of a good many pretentious States of the American Union. The steerage output, in a single year, is greater than the population of any American city except New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

Uncle Sam's digestive apparatus is about to be severely taxed. Steamship companies that force immigration abnormally, for the sake of gain in traffic, are probably courted for severe reprisals at this government's hands.—Kansas City World.

Waste and Graft in Life Insurance.

LIFE insurance companies, whether managed by stock companies or not, are essentially mutual enterprises. The policy-holders pay in all the money, and they should take it all out again, plus interest and less the legitimate expenses of management. In no other sense should there be either profit or loss in the business.

Anything that does not make for the benefit of the policy-holder is by that very fact condemned. It is essentially wasteful. Mere bigness is of no advantage to the policy-holders, beyond the point necessary to protect the company against abnormal variations from the average death rate. Heavy expenditures merely for the sake of increasing business are, therefore, wasteful. We read of the extravagant commissions to hushing agents, of the scandalous and illegal "rebate" system, of the rage for deferred dividend policies at high premiums, whereby a big surplus can be accumulated. All wasteful. The atmosphere of bigness encourages a disproportionately large number of very big salaries and breeds temptations to the grafting official and director. It is, of course, not the bigness itself that is wasteful, but the rage to get big at whatever cost.

Policy-holders' investigations, if thorough, may drive out grafters, but they will not be nearly so effective against wasteful systems of managing the business. For both purposes regulation and inspection by the Federal Government is highly important. The possible difficulties in the way should not deter Congress from a serious effort to bring about radical changes in present conditions.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Missionaries and the War.

AREMARKABLE change in the attitude of Japanese officers and soldiers toward Christian missionaries has taken place within a few months. When the war with Russia began the Japanese Government opposed any effort to propagate our religion by approaching the army in the campaign or on the field. But it did not deter the missionaries from proffering courtesies to the troops on their way to the front, and when they paused for a few hours at cities like Okayama missionaries went in and out among them in a human rather than a professional way, evincing their own loyalty to Japan, comforting and cheering the soldiers, offering those who would take them, attractive leaflets and copies of the Scripture. Thus a bond of sympathy was created between the natives and foreigners, and to one of the women missionaries of the American Board a soldier sent back a short time after from the front a letter saying:

"I am from Sendai, and all my life I have been a bitter opponent of the Christian religion. I have regarded it as

only evil, and as a lover of my country felt it my duty to do all in my power to hinder its progress. I had the same feeling when I came to Okayama; but when I heard you speak so kindly to us soldiers, and say that you and other Christians were going to pray for us, it quite broke my heart, and I went into the corner of the waiting room and wept. My heart is entirely changed. I no longer seek for death, and if I am spared to return, I shall come to you as soon as possible and ask you to teach me Christianity.—Boston Transcript.

Girls Will Be Girls.

THOSE fearful souls who have become alarmed lest higher education, co-education, women's colleges and other educational agencies should deprive the world entirely of old-fashioned marriageable girls can take heart. Herbert E. Mills, Professor of Economics at Vassar College, who ought to know something about the effect of education upon the girls of the country, in a recent speech before the American Institute of Instruction at Portland, Ore., gave it as the result of his experience that the Vassar girl still possesses a perfectly normal interest in the other sex. In a word, he says: "She is generally a very healthy and a very lovable girl, who has general interest in school, sports, and social affairs; in domestic matters and marriage."

This coincides with the observation of others who have noted that, generally speaking, the girls of the twentieth century promise to be just as much like their mothers and grandmothers were as the varying changes of conditions and customs will permit. At heart they will still be women, the better half of the human race, willing to guide the households and rear the babies, thus insuring the perpetuation of the race, domesticity and civilization.

Of course, there were lots of old-fashioned people who never lost their faith that the primal feminine instincts were ineradicable, but for the reassurance of the timid ones who have become fearful that the modern feminine thirst for knowledge threatened to deprive the world of normal women it is well to point out that this is not the case. Hereafter they can sleep in peace, calm in the assurance that "girls will be girls" to the end of time.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

We Talk Too Much.

IN the United States we are prone to talk too much. We do not sufficiently appreciate the value and beauty of silence.

During the after business hours, at the lunch and dinner table we talk on and on without ceasing, as though there was nothing worth thinking about. We invented the first talking machine, and no American is considered properly equipped unless he can talk at all times and upon all subjects.

Information must be imparted and ideas exchanged; it is essential to mental companionship and develops our faculties of expression. But there is no necessity for the endless and eternal talk in which so many of us indulge.

There is a great force and value in silence. It enables us to think. It forms and expresses character. The great men of the world were relatively silent men; they talked only when they had something to say, and the greatest of them said but very little.

We should study the beauty of silence and develop our thinking power rather than our talking power.—Chicago Journal.

Short Names and Fame.

ALTHOUGH a great majority of the men in this country have three names, an unusual proportion of those who attain eminence in public life have only two.

Take the recent Cabinet changes as an illustration: Paul Morton resigned, John Hay died and Elihu Root is to return to the Cabinet. No middle name in any of these cases. Of twenty-five men who have held the office of President, only seven have had more than two names. Of the twenty-six Vice Presidents thirteen have had two names and thirteen have had three. The United States Supreme Court has had eight Chief Justices, four with two names, four with three. Of thirty-eight Secretaries of State, including Mr. Root, twenty-one have had but two names.

As every American-born boy has a chance to become President parents would do well to give names easily said and easily remembered.—New York World.

is usual. The party was overtaken by three camels bearing pianos the Sultan had ordered. His majesty had one of them unpacked in the rain and sat down before it with all a child's delight. A few weeks later Mr. Harris



SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

saw the same piano at the palace, rusty from the rain, and besprinkled with sand, looking like a discarded toy.

Palmyre resisters are not tolerated in Morocco, Mr. Graham went on, resuming his account of the tax-gathering expedition. The Sultan has a short way of dealing with resisters. If any of his subjects won't pay, or are even

suspected of withholding a portion of the tax, their heads are promptly cut off, or they are shot.

Yet he is not a cruel man. He keeps strictly to his religion as a Mohammedan. He does not smoke, nor does he gamble. He regards all cards as belonging only to Christian nations, and not to be touched by him. I doubt whether he has ever seen a pack of cards. He does not allow others to smoke in his presence.

During my visit the Sultan used to rise regularly at daybreak. He would go early to the mosque, then consult with his ministers, and after a walk take a short sleep before receiving foreign visitors and private friends. He sometimes tramps in the afternoon, but always retires early. He is amiable, and very kind and thoughtful, but altogether too weak a man for Sultan at the present crisis, though full of good intentions.

Too Soon or Alarm.

"I am afraid I may have to go to jail," wailed the prominent packer.

"Why so?" asked the sapient senator.

"I've been indicted."

"Pooh! Look at me. I have been convicted."—Pittsburg Post.

When it begins to rain in this country, it seems as hard to quit as the tobacco habit.



Samuel Hopkins Adams and Stewart Edward White are collaborating in the writing of "The Mystery," a sea novel founded upon actual incidents of nautical history.

A rather curious coincidence occurs in Burton Stevenson's "The Marathon Mystery," and May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire." Both books have a character of the same name, "Rankin, of 'The Pequet.'" The similarity is only in name, but seems none the less sad. And both books were published by the same house.

According to Mrs. Stevenson, it was Robert Alan Stevenson, an erratic genius and a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, who inspired many of the latter's most fantastic stories. It was he who suggested the idea of "The Suicide Club" and furnished the model for the young man with the cream tarts, for Paul Somerset in "The Dynamiter," and for Prince Otto.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, author of "The Cycle of Life," a book dealing with scientific questions of vital import, has always lived in England. His wife is the eldest daughter of Alice Meynell, the poet. He took his degree of M. D. in Edinburgh University, and won the prize given to the "most distinguished graduate of the year in medicine"—the result of five years' continuous labor.

Francis L. Wellman, author of "The Art of Cross-Examination," which has passed through several impressions in two years, was born in Brookline, Mass., in 1854, and is a graduate of Harvard and of Harvard Law School. He has held several important positions in New York City, and is a well-known corporation lawyer. His wife is Emma Juch, the well-known opera singer.

The Bookman pokes irreverent fun at the "Chats with Authors," which appear as features of certain newspapers, and which includes pictures of his library table, his front door, his legs and his library table, etc., declaring that "not a tumultuous or self-willed person at any time, the American author fades completely away in these interviews, becoming a jelly fish floating in the current of universal assent."

Most readers of "The Golden Flood," the remarkable story by Edwin LeFevre, recently published in McClure's, supposed him to be a new writer. On the contrary, he had some verse and a rather larger proportion of fiction to his credit before 1900, when he began writing "Wall Street Stories." Mr. LeFevre was born in Colon, Panama, in 1871 of old Huguenot stock, and was educated chiefly in San Francisco. He is at present connected with the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven is not content with the celebrity that arises from fortunate birth, marriage with a successful man and social prominence, but aspires to literary honors. She has done excellent magazine work, and is the author of two novels, "A Sawdust Doll" and "By the Waters of Babylon," and has translated Pierre Loti's "An Iceland Fisherwoman." Mrs. De Koven's home is in Washington, where her husband has an elegant residence.

When Rose Hartwick Thorpe wrote her famous verses entitled "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," she had in mind the historic bells of Chertsey Parish Church. An English newspaper informs us that these bells have lately stopped ringing, as the frame of the belfry has been pronounced unsafe and must be rebuilt. There are eight bells, of which two are at least 600 years old. One of these, called the Abbey bell, sounded the surfur in the old days when the sound of the curfew meant something.

THE BARGLE GENEALOGY.

One of the Aged Sisters Used It as a Sleeping Potion.

Some women are born genealogists; some have genealogies thrust upon them—usually unoffending relatives of the born genealogists.

Miss Myra and Miss Caroline Bargle, sisters, are of long descent, carefully traced, and with a wide-branched family tree, among the twigs of which it is Miss Caroline's joy to flit familiarly, even in casual conversation. She seldom talks for five minutes without some reference to the Silloman branch, or the Abraham Bargle descendants, or Great-great-grandfather Hiram Bargle, who she transported the gunpowder for General Washington, or Great-grandmother Judith Bargle—she who had nineteen children and died of smallpox.

To all Miss Caroline's disquisitions Miss Myra listens with a certain vague and gentle pride in worthy ancestry, but it is quite impossible for her to re-

member complicated lines of descent or to distinguish the personalities of assorted ancestors of a century or more ago. Sometimes even a bored expression steals across the face when Great-grandfather Bargle makes an unexpected entry into a conversation promisingly contemporary in its early stages. But lately she has discovered a new use for genealogy.

She is often troubled by wakefulness in the early part of the night. Now, instead of resorting as formerly to counting sheep jumping over a fence, or any of the other accepted sleep-inducing devices, she gently pokes the sister awake and inquires:

"Caroline, how is it we are descended from all three of those Inghram sisters? I'm afraid it isn't quite clear in my mind."

At once Caroline rouses with alacrity to reply, and by the time she is well launched upon her explanation she is far too well satisfied with it to observe that Miss Myra's thanks are no more than a sleepy murmur or a comfortable silence.

Another night it will be: "Caroline, dear, I'm afraid I never really understood about that powder Grandfather Bargle brought. It's very stupid of me, but would you mind explaining?"

Then Caroline willingly explains to the bed curtains for a half-hour or more, murmuring steadily on to the end of the story long after Miss Myra is breathing with suspicious regularity, and occasional mild whistling sounds begin to emanate from her aristocratic Bargle nose.

"If Caroline minded about not being listened to," Miss Myra confided, apologetically, to Cousin Jane, "of course I wouldn't lead her on to talk, but truly, Jane, she doesn't. Just going back in her mind among the dead-and-gone Bargles is enough to make her happy, and if it puts a live Bargle to sleep, too, I don't see there's any harm, do you? Genealogy is downright exciting to Caroline; but the best I can make of it is when it's soothing, so I might as well let it soothe."—Youth's Companion.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Is It Doing the Greatest Good to the Greatest Number?

The figures for the fiscal year indicate that the Postoffice Department will show a deficit to the extraordinary amount of \$15,000,000. This shortage has not before been equaled. It is largely attributable to the expenditure made for rural free delivery. This branch of the service obviously brings very little revenue. It is maintained for the public convenience, and the benefits it affords, especially to the farming class. The institution as questionable is beneficial, owing to the line of modern progress. Still, there is a limit to the money the country can afford to expend for this work, and now that it has become so costly as to be a burden to the department, there are questions which might wisely be inquired into—whether other branches of the postal service are not suffering because of the absorption of so much of the funds by this one, and whether the expenditure is apportioned in a manner to do the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of the people, or, as has been seriously charged, to further political interests and strengthen party position by the enlistment of a host of missionaries in the uniform of rural carriers. The routes are alleged to be multitudinous in sections represented by Congressmen of powerful influence at Washington, and again often very few in sections where rural free delivery is as fully desirable. There is reason for suspecting that in many cases free delivery routes have been established quite for the sake of making places for applicants for the positions as carriers, rather than because of a demand for the service by the people of the neighborhood.—Buffalo Courier.

Prices of Diamonds.

In 1750 diamonds were sold in Europe at \$40 a carat, says the Philadelphia Record. In 1770, when Brazilian stones were poured on the market, first quality diamonds sold as low as \$5 a carat, and in 1790 they had increased to \$30, and remained about this figure until 1848, when from \$15 to \$20 a carat was asked.

From 1860 on the price of diamonds advanced, according to the Indianapolis News, and with the world's diamond mines practically in the control of one company during the last ten years, the price has steadily increased until the present time, when first-water diamonds are quoted at \$140 a carat or more.

Natural Mistake.

Farmer Foddershucks—Well, them actresses is pretty, an' they're certainly rigged out scandalous enough for anybody, but I can't understand more'n half they say. They're all talkin' at onet. What's the show about, nay, how?

His City Nephew—Sh-h! Why, unct, the curtain hasn't gone up yet—you're looking at one of the boxes!—Cleveland Leader.

There is no contempt equal to the contempt men have for the man who goes about delivering lectures for "women only."