

OUR Immigrants

New York the Great Port of Entry for Most of Them—How the Incoming Thousands Are Dealt with by Uncle Sam at Ellis Island—Less Desirable Aliens Now Coming . . .

THE remarkable prosperity with which this country is being blessed has the effect of bringing to our shores hordes of immigrants in ever increasing numbers. Last year the army of immigrants numbered over 648,000—an increase of 100,000 over the year before—and the present year will probably see a considerable increase in the voluntary evils who yearly set out from the old world to better their conditions in the new.

The great port of entry for these thousands is New York, and here the Government assumes jurisdiction over the alien as soon as his steamer has passed at quarantine. Inspectors go aboard from the revenue cutters down the bay and obtain the manifests of alien passengers, which the steamship companies must supply. These manifests must show: Full name, age, sex, whether married or single, calling or occupation, whether able to read or write, nationality, last residence, seaport for landing in the United States, final destination in the United States, whether having a ticket through to such destination, whether the immigrant has paid his own passage, or whether it has been paid by

brews stood at the foot of the list, bringing an average of \$8.58. After the French came the Italians from Northern Italy, with \$23.53 per capita; Bohemians and Moravians were next, with \$22.78; Scandinavians next, with \$18.16, and the Irish next with \$17.10. Next to the Hebrews the Italians from Southern Italy were lowest, with an average of \$8.67.

At the battery an employment bureau is conducted for the benefit of the immigrants by the German Society of the City of New York, and the Irish Immigrant Society, and here from 1,000 to 1,500 persons find employment monthly.

Relative Merits of Immigrants.

Roughly speaking, the North of Europe people make better citizens than those from the South of Europe. The better class go to the country and the worst to the cities. The Greeks are considered about the least desirable of all; the Italians from the southern portion of the peninsula also make poor citizens; but those from the northern part rank with the Swiss and other desirable nationalities. From 1821 to 1900, according to a recent census bulletin, over 19,000,000 immigrants land-

ant at the door and the elevator boy, and the tenure of these functionaries in their jobs depends partly on their ability to keep undesirable characters out of the building, says a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Then there is the fixed rule that packages cannot be delivered or taken out of the front door. This makes it awkward for the burglar to leave with his plunder, necessitating as it does embarrassing explanations and delays in leaving the premises. A police captain said that most of the thefts committed in apartment houses are to be traced to servants and that these were few in number. Family rows in apartment houses, he also says, are rarer than in separate dwellings. Flat dwellers seem to fall in with the unwritten laws of neighbors' rights more quickly than those who live in individual family houses. Quarrels are heard more easily through walls than across lots. Hence, against their wills sometimes, wives and husbands keep their tongues between their teeth, and during this enforced period of self-restraint recover their tempers. As a civilizing and refining agent the flat no doubt does many other things which will suggest themselves to dwellers therein. The observations are given forth because this phase of modern city life shows itself more prominently in New York than elsewhere.

Cured of Forgetfulness.

A maid servant employed in a gentleman's family was at first very forgetful. The fault was especially annoying at mealtimes, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the

ST. PAUL CHURCH NOW A WAREHOUSE

The fact that it had served as a place of worship for fifty-four years did not save the oldest church in St. Paul from falling into the despoiler's hands and being converted into such a place as once urged the Master to rid the temple of the money changers and to say: "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." It is already doing duty as a furniture warehouse and bids fair to continue so for years to come.

In 1849 the church was erected by the Methodists of the village, and until



OLD CHURCH, NOW A WAREHOUSE.

1875 it remained the principal sanctuary of the sect. Benjamin F. Hoyt occupied the pulpit as its first pastor. He was not a minister and attended to his worldly duties along with his religious matters.

The church was built with the first batch of bricks made in the State of Minnesota and was used at various times as a place for the getting of the "almighty dollar." At one time even it was used as a drilling hall for the militia. There is hardly any doubt that the edifice has been accorded its last chance of ever being again sacred to the uses for which it was intended.

QUEER STORIES

Cats and other beasts of prey reflect fifty times as much light from their eyes as human beings.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

The river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,595 feet long; the Fourth bridge has two river spans, each 1,710 feet long.

Of the 8,500 rural free delivery routes in operation June 30 last Iowa led with 771. The other States having the largest number of routes were: Ohio 741, Illinois 706, Indiana 654. The average number of pieces of mail handled on each of the routes each day was 132.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years' labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In case both President and Vice President die or become incapable of acting, the Secretary of State becomes President, if eligible; after him, the line of succession runs through the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture.

It has often been urged that man could not travel at a much greater speed than sixty miles an hour, as no driver could stand the strain upon the nerves. An experienced engineer has, however, it is said, declared that when a man is running his engine at a mile a minute he has reached the limit of mental strain, and an extra half-mile a minute could not add to his task. Further, the same authority gives the reassuring information that, if a train going at a rate of one hundred miles an hour were wrecked, the consequences would be no worse than if the speed had been sixty miles.



Mr. Howell—What's all that screaming in the parlor?
Mrs. Howell—Carrie is singing till Charlie comes, just to kill time.
Mr. Howell—Time seems to die hard.

If an old maid loves children, and gets as high as \$40 a month, every merchant she meets sells her something.

Shortly after a married woman inherits money from her kin, her husband embarks on some new business enterprise.

OLD FAVORITES

The Burial of Moses.
By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight,
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grown into the great sun—
Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Slightly down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car,
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battle won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his unconfined clay
Shall break again—Oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
On dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace—
Who says that He cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

A Familiar, Loved Figure that Will Abide with Us Forever.
"Where is the old-fashioned mother who, with her innumerable duties, found time to devote to her children; who felt that they were entrusted to her for a brief time only; that they, in turn, were to be history makers and that she was responsible for their early training; who was mother, sister, friend?" Thus wails a Jeremiah of the press, says a writer in the Housekeeper, bemoaning the substitution of hired nurses for maternal care and attention and continues: "Whence will come the strong men and women of our nation if the mothers are to fritter away the futures of their children at clubs and bridge whist and social dissipation? The queen-mother has abdicated the mightiest throne in the world, that of the nursery, for a kingdom far other than that where righteousness rules."

To the old-fashioned mother the mighty manhood of America doffs its hat. For the old-fashioned mother is still with us and to stay. Modern science has wrought many improvements that would make our ancestors stare could they return to earth, but one familiar figure they would still find here; that of the old-fashioned mother. For she cannot be improved upon. Before the mighty mystery of motherhood man stands hushed in awe; this silken cord of sisterhood that binds the mothers of to-day to those of all ages. What has been the mightiest power since the world began? The mother's influence. And is it likely that at this late hour the queens of America would willingly relinquish the jeweled scepter for a torch wherewith to chase the will of the wisps of social delights?

But there are no fashions in motherhood, so why speak of the old-fashioned mother? The dictators of women's wardrobe who send forth their royal commands every season issue no such bulletins of advance styles as these: "The correct thing for mothers this winter is to be seen frequently with their children in public. The latest fashionable fad is for mothers to kiss their children on bidding them good-night." Or "The newest wrinkle in

divulged in by fashionable mothers is telling them stories on Sunday afternoons, gathered together about the fire-side. Even ultra-fashionable mothers now permit their children to clamber upon their laps." No, the duties and the privileges of motherhood are dependent upon neither time nor the whims of fashion. Mothers faithless to their sacred trust there may be, but how happily few they are in comparison with the millions of noble mothers who to-day share the magnificent honor of training up the coming generation of American men and women.

READY FOR PUBLICATION.

Man Who Had Visited Montana Knew What Papers Wanted.

A Detroitier who had been spending two rothre months in Montana arrived home the other day, and when a reporter called at his house to interview him the little affair was found to be typewritten, and all ready for instant delivery, says the Detroit Free Press. It reads as follows:

"I gained fifteen pounds.
"Haven't felt so well for ten years.
"Climate of Montana is the most glorious in the world.
"Saw many Indians. Saw many Indians playing poker.
"Bought an Indian blanket to bring home. After boiling it for a week or so it will be left out for about forty nights to freeze.
"Bought several Indian arrows stained with blood. Didn't ask whether it was human blood or cow's blood. They never make any explanations in Montana.
"Rode a bucking broncho. Usual results followed. Broncho also broke his neck at the same time.
"Was impressed by the mountains. Have returned home dissatisfied with Michigan because she has none.
"Saw many genuine cowboys. Was rather disappointed to find most of them deacons of churches, but was assured that they couldn't help it.
"Was out after grizzly bears several times, but obtained no interviews. Was told that this was the season when they retire to the tops of the highest trees to hibernate. I did not argue the matter. They never argue in Montana.
"Heard the howl of mountain lion one evening when returning to camp. Was informed that he was howling to pass away the time and that he probably hadn't heard of my being out there. Made no remarks. Remarks don't go in Montana.
"Descended into a canyon 350 feet deep. Not being lighted by electricity and all the stores being closed, it was rather lonesome down there. Visitors to Montana are helped into the depths of canyons without extra charge.
"Saw the tracks of an elk. Might have seen the elk which made the tracks if I had followed the trail three or four weeks longer. Was neither encouraged nor discouraged by the people. They let you do as you want to in Montana.
"Saw a man hung for stealing a horse. It wasn't clear whether it was a horse or a steer, but as he wanted to be hung they didn't split hairs over it. The people of Montana are an accommodating lot. They would have hung me had I requested it.
"This is all. Do not fall to speak of me as an eminent citizen and one largely interested in the future of Detroit and see that the proofs of this article are read twice and are clear of mistakes."—Detroit Free Press.

TO MARK INGALLS' GRAVE.

Big Kansas Boulder Sought for Late Senator's Monument.
The grave of the late John J. Ingalls at Mount Vernon cemetery will be marked by a native boulder deposited in Kansas soil in the glacial period, according to an Atchison (Kan.) dispatch. This will be done in obedience to a letter written in the Senate chamber at Washington Dec. 10, 1890, to Mrs. Ingalls in Atchison. The letter follows:

"The cold wave has passed off and the morning is like April. The world is so lovely at its best; this life is so delightful that I dread the thought of leaving it. I have seen and experienced so little of what may be seen and known that it seems like closing a volume of which I have only glanced at the title page.
"What an unenvied host life is, to invite us to an entertainment which we are compelled to attend whether we like it or not, and then to unceremoniously take us by the arm and bow us into the night, stormy and dismal, to go stumbling about without so much as a lantern to show us the way to another town.
"Our ground in the cemetery should have a 'monument.' I hate these obelisks, urns and stone cottages, and should prefer a great natural rock—one of the red boulders known as the 'lost rocks' of the prairie porphyry from the north, brought down in glacial times—with a small surface smoothed down, just large enough to make a tablet in which should be inscribed the bronze letters of our name, 'Ingalls,' and nothing else."
A stone such as described, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is now being sought.

Overmatched.

"Now, witness," said the lawyer, "you say that your hearing is good?"
"Yes, sir."
"How good? Give me an illustration. Can you hear my watch tick?"
"No, sir. It's three days since I saw you going into the pawnshop, and the watch must have run down by this time."
When we see a girl wearing a waist buttoned down the back, we long to ask her: "How did you get into it?"



RUSSIAN JEWS JUST ARRIVED AT NEW YORK TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.

other persons, or by any corporation, society or government, whether in possession of money, and if so whether upward of \$30, whether going to join a relative, and if so what relative and his name and address, whether ever before in the United States whether a polygamist, whether under contract, expressed or implied, to perform labor in the United States, the immigrant's condition of health, and whether deformed or crippled, and if so from what cause. The census is a searching one and the questions must be all answered.

At Ellis Island.

When the steamship reaches her pier the inspectors discharge such immigrants as they may deem it necessary to examine—usually not over 15 or 20, says a writer in the World's Work. All the rest are transferred to barges and taken to Ellis Island. There on the main floor of the big immigration building they are divided into groups, according to the manifests, and separated. Each immigrant is questioned to see if his answers tally with the manifests. If they do not, he is detained for "special inquiry" by boards of four inspectors, who decide all questionable cases.

Only the Secretary of the Treasury can overrule their decision. The immigrants are kept in a big detention room until the railway agents take them to board trains to their final destination.

One of those who recently came over to become one of us was Florio Vincenzo, who hailed from Palermo, Italy. He was 44 years old and traveled light. When he opened his cheap paper valise it was apparently empty, save for a pair of discredited and disreputable old shoes. Florio bowed, cup in hand, and his white teeth flashed as he snavely smiled: "I am a poor man, moideman, seeking my fortune."

There was an odor that the old inspector knew. He picked up one of the old shoes and extracted from it a crumpled and crumpled hunk of Bologna sausage. The other shoe was stuffed with a soft, sticky and aggressively fragrant mass of Italian cheese. Those articles and a sum of Italian money equivalent to about \$1.80, and the clothes he stood in, formed the basis on which Florio expected to rear his fortune.

Another immigrant, Pietro Viadili, was gray-haired, round shouldered and waxen. He, too had come to make his fortune. His impediment consisted of a canvass valise, lined with paper and containing two striped cotton shirts, one necktie of yellow silk, a black hat, a waistcoat, two pairs of hose, one pint of olive oil and half a peck of hard bread biscuit.

At the examination the immigrants are asked to show their money, which, after being counted and a record made of it, is restored to them. In one recent year the French led all the others, with an average of \$39.37. The He-

ed in the United States. Germany sent 5,000,000; Ireland, 3,870,000; Great Britain, 3,020,000; Scandinavia, 1,246,000; Austria Hungary (including Bohemia), 1,000,000; and Italy 1,000,000. Once the stream came mainly from the north of Europe; now it comes chiefly from the south—from the undesirable countries.

OBSTACLE TO THE BURGLARS.

Flat Houses a Humanizing Element in Domestic Life.

Sociologists who study criminal life in large cities say that an electric light is as good as a policeman, the presumption being that crime is a creature of darkness. The flat building is now coming in for some study on the same lines. Certain kinds of crime, at least, are almost impossible in the modern skyscraping apartment building. "Porch climbing" is almost a lost art, and ordinary cases of house breaking are rarely reported from these socialistic dwellings. Men who follow the profession of burglary find many discouragements in plying their calling in a modern flat building. Surreptitious entry is practically impossible. "Gentleman burglars" who enter in the broad light of day must pass the scrutiny of the attend-

table. The New York Press tells how the head of the house effected a cure.

One day the family were seated at the table and the bell was rung as usual. The maid hurried to the dining-room.

"Maria," said Mr. Jenkinson, "just run and fetch the big, step-ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grant of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion.

"Now," said Mr. Jenkinson, "put it up at that end of the room and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, although she wondered what it all meant. When she was at the top of the ladder, Mr. Jenkinson quietly observed: "Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look around and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it."

What a surprising number of tragedies happen in the bible in which the principal was not a "society leader!"

There is nothing in a name unless it is well advertised.



BOARDING A TRAIN FOR THE WEST.