

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Alarming Immigration.

ALMOST every nation in the world is sending an increasing number of immigrants to the United States. Last month the newcomers numbered 123,200, being 30,000 more than for April of 1902. The total for the year may reach 1,000,000, or half the population of Chicago, the second largest city in the country.

Is so great an influx of foreigners natural or desirable? Many in a condition to know say that immigration is proposed largely by mineowners and railroad managers, who wish to be kept supplied with cheap labor, and who do not care particularly whence it comes or whether it will be desirable material out of which to make American citizens, or whether its presence may not contribute to social or industrial disorder.

Many of the great railroad systems approve of unrestricted immigration because it swells their profitable emigrant business. They have their agents in Europe soliciting that kind of business. The greater the number of men and women that can be induced to come to this country and to buy tickets to interior points the more money the roads make. They offer low ocean and rail rates, which tempt the emigrant and yet are profitable to the roads.

While some great employers favor unrestricted immigration because it gives them cheap labor, the labor unions may reach the conclusion that for that very reason unrestricted immigration must be harmful to their interests because it will lead inevitably to a reduction of wages. When the supply of labor is much in excess of the demand the maintenance of a high wage scale becomes impossible.

While a large percentage of the immigration is unskilled labor, it must be remembered that many unions are composed of men who do that kind of labor. Numbers of women and children are coming from "sunny Italy" and are offering their services to whoever will buy them. They come with no industrial experience, but there are hundreds of kinds of work requiring little skill they can speedily be taught to do. They have strength and willingness to work. Wages which seem low to Americans seem at first high to the Italians.

The adult Italian or Slav may be willing to spend his days in a coal mine or a railroad construction camp. The children will not be. They will look for occupations of a higher order. Some of them will learn trades and increase the number of skilled workers. When times grow dull there will be an excess of workers and wages will go down.

The labor organizations belonging to the American Federation of Labor asked the last Congress to bar out illiterate immigrants. The object was to keep down the undesirable cheap labor immigration. The steamship companies, which make money off their steerage passengers and drum up business throughout eastern Europe, and some Western railroads which are extending their lines, protested against and defeated the legislation. "Organized labor" petitioned for. Considering the swelling tide of immigration, much of it of an undesirable nature, the labor leaders probably will ask the next Congress in emphatic language to order the exclusion of illiterates to protect American labor and the high standard of American citizenship.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Word About the Quiet Life.

RUSH and strenuousness are the striking characteristics of life in this epoch. Success, according to the prevailing notion, consists in getting something, whether it be wealth, public office, social position, notoriety or power, which lifts the possessor to eminence. Failure, in the general opinion, consists of not rising above the ruck. To be undistinguished is to be unsuccessful; to be contented in obscurity is to be contemptible.

In all this jostling, pushing, scrambling, elbowing scrimmage which we call the strenuous life, a man has little opportunity to step aside and look at the burly-burly from the side-lines. Let a man stop a second for breath to get into the game. If he lags a moment, if he stands irresolute instead of following the ball, he is sent off the field and an eager substitute takes his place.

The best success, and the kind most worth having, consists rather in being than in doing or getting. To most men this knowledge comes with years and wisdom when it is too late to begin again. The men that have made the greatest success in the world's eyes have borne witness to the wisdom of those contemplative men who seek contentment in their own minds and not in striving for things outside of themselves. To grow inwardly is to be successful. Success comes from within and does not depend on circumstances.

It would be well if every man, once or twice during a year, would project himself, mentally, out of the melee and endeavor for a short while to get a broader outlook and take his spiritual bearings. Retiring into the recesses of his soul he might compare his present self with what he has been and what he hopes to be, and subject himself generally to inward scrutiny. His examination of conscience might be aided by the reading of some meditative book.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Good Roads.

A GOOD road is one that will reasonably meet the peculiar demands of the locality and its conditions as to character of traffic, topography, available materials and financial resources. For many routes a very narrow roadway will suffice. With infrequent travel of comparatively light vehicles only, a light construction at a corresponding cost will be permissible. At the other extreme, for roads over which many wagons heavily loaded with ore, metals or quarry products, and drawn by many mules or horses, even the most substantial form of the ordinary classes of construction, at all within financial possibility, is often inadequate, and in such places some form of steel road may be found more economical, in first cost as well as in maintenance. Some localities are favored with good gravel or stone with which hard roads can be built at small expense, and their topography and soil are favorable to easy and thorough drainage, an important consideration.

The people need, also, to be taught how to use good roads after they are built. One little example of what should not be done is the habit of following the same track in the middle of the road, which soon produces ruts by concentrating the wear both of the wheels and of the horses' feet. To meet this difficulty, in some parts of the country signs have been put up alongside the roadside with admonition: "Do not keep in the middle of the road," or some similar suggestion to distribute the traffic over the whole width of the roadway. Experience with various materials, implements, methods of construction and maintenance, and types of bridges and structures is yielding useful knowledge which should be made as widely available as possible for the benefit of those having charge of road and street work. The Engineering Record.

## War and Long Life.

IT is not always true that war shortens life. The sole survivor of the Greek War of Independence, who was brought to the notice of King George the other day, is said to be 105 years old, and the last survivors of our wars have often reached a much greater age. Sir Joseph Fayrer, one of the King's physicians, has spoken to a man who fought in the battle of Buxar, which took place in 1764. William Gillespie, who saved the colors at Preston Pans, and is on the roll of Chelsea pensioners, died in Dumfries at 102, and the last survivor of the capture of Gibraltar lived to be 115. Thomas Winms, who died in 1791, near Tuam, in Ireland, had fought in the battle of Londonderry in 1701, and Phoebe Hessel, the Amazon, who received a bayonet wound at Pontenoy in 1745, lived to be 108, receiving a pension from the private purse of George IV, until her death. A veteran of Culloden drew a pension for sixty years and died aged 100, and a man, whose horse was shot under him at Edgell in 1642, died, ninety-four years later, aged 113. There is now no survivor of Waterloo, but Madame Givron, of Viesville, Hainaut, saw the ground drenched with blood, and Napoleon riding "as if in a dream."—London Chronicle.

## Protection for Willing Workers.

THE cure for the paralysis of industry which is caused everywhere by the locking of horns between employer and employee is available whenever the public is ready to apply it. It consists of full protection for the thousands of laborers who always prefer work to idleness. Protection, however, does not lie only in long sticks carried by the police for use in moments of positive violence. It lies first in public opinion so general and so determined to give men their rights under the law that the misguided sentimentalists who keep pouring the encouragement of praise on the leaders of coercion shall not prevail against it. Where law rules idleness cannot last for any length of time in any civilized community.—New York Sun.

## THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER;" AN EPISODE OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

THE music ceased. Every man listened. There was a hush in the air, and the descending sun cast long shadows in the field. Through the tangled masses of trees that hid the Philippine musicians, a few figures could be seen moving boldly out on the enemy's works.

Then a beautiful thing happened: From the distant camp came a rolling throb of drums, and the insurgent band swung grandly into "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a moment of yawning surprise, and then the whole Kansas regiment, stretched out for nearly a mile, leaped from the trenches and stood on top of the earthworks. Every soldier drew his heels together, uncovered, and placed his hat over his left breast.

It was the regulation salute to the national anthem. As the music rolled forth, clear, high, splendid, the Kansans straightened themselves and remained motionless while the enemy continued to play the one supreme psalm of America.

The whole line was exposed. Not a man carried a weapon in his hand. Yet not a shot was fired. The Filipinos watched the bareheaded American regiment, and played on. It was one of those psychological moments when some profound sentiment unites thousands of hearts when the pentecostal spirit descends, and the passions of men are stilled in the presence of a common altar.

"Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner still wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?" What was it that stirred the insurgent Asiatics to play that anthem? What was it that inspired a whole regiment to bare its breast to the enemy in order to salute the music? What power held the forces of death in leash while Kansas and Malay faced each other that burning day? Why did the rugged men in khaki shed tears? And when the anthem was done, and the splendid line still stood erect and uncovered on the breastworks, why did that roar of applause ascend from the Philippine camp? Never was there a loftier scene on a field where men were met to shed each other's blood—a noble challenge, nobly met. When it was over there was an interval of silence; but as the light died out of the sky, and the stars appeared, the sound of rifles was heard again.—The Great Highway.

vey the sap, iron ones are now used, and instead of a hollowed half-log to catch the sap, the modern maple sugar maker uses an iron pail. This may seem like an improvement, and the same old sap, of course, flows into these modern receptacles. But it was by that maple sap, like other delicate fluids, takes part of its flavor from the vessel that holds it. In boiling down the sap sheet iron are used in place of the old generous kettle. And there is a complex gas pipe apparatus through which the sap passes from the steering tank to the warming pan. The syrup of to-day, made in the wholesale fashion of all modern food production, is light in color, thin and clear, and has not that smell and taste of the woods which belonged to that made in the cruder way.

## Science AND Invention

A lately tested section of the submarine cable, laid twenty years ago between Cienfuegos and Santiago, is in excellent condition, proving the durability of rubber-covered cables.

Modern science seems to show that leprosy, the loathsome scourge of many lands in the past, is among the disorders that may be easily prevented. His late investigations in South Africa and in India have convinced Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson that the disease is rarely, if ever, transmitted from one person to another, and have confirmed the theory that the cause is the eating of badly cured and poorly cooked fish. The Kaffirs, who furnish very many victims, have a depraved appetite for rotten fish.

The gradual disappearance of locusts in Rhodesia and other parts of South Africa is attributed by J. M. Orpen, a writer on the agriculture of the region, to a rapidly growing mould. The invisible seeds are scattered by the wind, and in favorable weather the growth attacks and destroys vast swarms of the insects. Since the discovery during the last locust invasion, the mould has been regularly distributed by the Department of Agriculture. The disease thus artificially spread has been very effective, but dryness has caused some failures.

A crystalline lens taken from the eye of a bullock has been found especially useful, says Prof. W. F. Watson, for photographing objects which are too small for the common camera lens and yet too large for ordinary photography. Good photographs of insects have been made with such a lens, but the manipulation is difficult. Even the composite eye of a beetle, which in some species consists of as many as 25,000 separate lenses, each producing an independent image, can be used for making photographs which are curious rather than useful. They raise the question: "What does the beetle gain by having thousands of images of the same thing projected on its retina?"

Quite astonishing is the rapidity of working of brain and nerves in modern piano-playing. At the conference of musicians in Dublin it was shown that the ordinary player must cultivate the eye to see about 1,500 signs per minute, the fingers to make about two thousand movements and the brain to perceive the 1,500 signs while issuing two thousand orders. In a part of Chopin's "Etude in E Minor," the rate of reading must reach 3,000 signs in 2½ minutes. This is equivalent to about twenty-six notes per second, and, as the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, it appears that in very rapid music the notes must be read in groups instead of singly.

A scientific investigation of extraordinary interest is about to be undertaken in the Philippines, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Ethnologists aver that the various tribes in those islands represent a mixture of the blood of all the races and varieties of mankind. The white, the black and the brown have each contributed a share. In the combination of bloods are found the Negro, the Papuan and the African; the Malay and the Polynesian; the Chinese, the Japanese and the Cambodian; the Hamite, the Semite and the Aryan; the Caucasian, and even, in a slight degree, the American Indian. The proposed research into the origin and development of this blending of races involves a study of habits, relics, prehistoric remains, tribal legends and occupations.

## CONSIDERATION FOR PEOPLE.

How the President is Always Showing His Big-Heartedness.

"Here are instances of one day in President Roosevelt's itinerary which show that he has a great big heart," was the remark of a western representative the other day. "The President was passing through the lower tier of counties in Iowa. It was raining, but at every station there were thousands of people who had come many miles in their wagons to see him. Several speeches had been scheduled, and open stands erected, so that a good look at the President might be obtained. At the other towns where not even steps had been arranged, the President ordered his train to pass through at the pace of a man, and he stood on the rear platform. At a watering station where the train stopped only a minute, there was a large crowd and the President was asked to make a short speech. Mr. Roosevelt began, but all of a sudden he stopped talking. 'I will not go on until that old gentleman is given a seat,' he declared, pointing to a decrepit old man standing in the center of the crowd. Some one rushed away to a nearby house and back again with a chair, and the President concluded his little talk amid a general exclamation of approval for his act.

"When the town where a speech had been arranged for was reached, it was raining hard. The stand was only a few steps from the train, and the President might have stood on the train platform and have kept dry, but the people could have not seen him so well. Without hesitating he got off the train and stood in the rain and delivered his address. At the next place, where a mile and a half carriage ride was a part of the local program, and it was still raining hard, a closed carriage had been provided. 'Can't this be opened?' asked the President. 'If these people can stand out

here in the rain to see me I guess I can ride in the rain to give them the opportunity.' The carriage top was thrown open and the President rode in the rain during the entire distance."—Washington Star.

## MONSTER LOBSTER IS CAUGHT AFTER A FIGHT.

This fish story is about a lobster, but it's all right and its veracity is vouched for by Capt. Emery Gray, one of the most hardy and daring fishermen on the island of Vinalhaven, off the Maine coast. In fact, Capt. Gray is the hero of the story, or, at least, shares first honors with the lobster.

One morning, so the tale runs, the doughty captain was strolling along the shore near the mouth of Indian creek with a clam hoe in his hands, when he caught sight of a lobster claw protruding from the sand. The unusual sight to this discovery was that the claw was about a hundred



CAPT. GRAY AND HIS LOBSTER.

times larger than any whole crustacean the captain had ever encountered. Thinking it was but a lifeless relic of some species belonging to ages ago, the captain gave the claw a sharp blow with the hoe.

It proved to belong to the very active present, however, and snapping its claw on the offending weapon, the lobster nearly wrenched it from Gray's hand. The timely appearance of another fisherman enabled the captain to dig up the giant beast from its hole in the sand. Seizing the lobster with heavy fishing, the men dragged it home, where it immediately became the center of a group of astonished natives. The lobster was fastened to a pile supporting a dock, but the following morning there was a pile missing; also the lobster, which had been named Hercules because of its immense size. A search soon revealed the crustacean's whereabouts from the rocky water caused by dragging the heavy pile, and he was recaptured after another fierce struggle in which the fishermen's boat was nearly wrecked by the beast's tremendous struggles. The animal died soon after being recaptured, however, not standing captivity well.

## TOMB OF A KING OF THEBES.

Last Resting Place of Thothmes IV, Unearthed in Egypt.

T. M. Davies, an American, who has for two years past been excavating in the valley of the tombs of the kings at Thebes, Egypt, has just discovered a previously unknown royal tomb, that of Thothmes IV, a pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. This king's mummy has been for some years in the Cairo museum, having been found in the tomb of Amen-hotep II, to which it had been conveyed for concealment, probably in the period of the twenty-first dynasty. Mr. Davies found in the new discovered tomb various wall paintings, a magnificent granite sarcophagus with texts from the Book of the Dead and mummified ducks, geese, legs of mutton and loins of beef—offerings made to the dead king some 3,500 years ago.

Clay seals attached to the door show that the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty had to some extent anticipated the printer's art, as the raised part of the seals had been smeared with blue ink before being impressed on the clay. An inscription dated in the eighth year of King Hor-em-het stated that the tomb had been plundered by robbers, but restored as far as might be by that pharaoh. The robbers doubtless "got away with" the jewelry and other precious objects deposited with the mummy, but much was left for the archaeologist of to-day. The floor was covered with vases, dishes, incenseburners, symbols of life and other objects in blue faience, nearly all wantonly broken. Among the rest were cups and vases of blue and variegated glass and also of opaque white glass with pieces of what looked like modern beer bottles.

There was also a piece of cloth in which hieroglyphic characters had been woven with wonderful skill. The chief "find," however, was the actual chariot of Thothmes used by the king in his daily drives at Thebes. It was of wood, covered with papier-mache and stucco, carved inside and out with scenes of the king's battles in Syria. Along with the chariot were found the pharaoh's driving gloves.—Baltimore Sun.

## Winter at Cape Henry.

It is announced that the government will erect the greatest wireless telegraph station in the world at Cape Henry. The principal use of the station will be to communicate with war vessels at sea. Tampa, Key West and Dry Tortugas and northern navy yards. The poles will be 200 feet high.

## His Turn Too Often.

Fligg—I see they're going to open a "treasure tavern" in New York. Flagg—Well, that will be a treat.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When two women talk the subject of their conversation is conspicuous absence.

## WEEDING THEM OUT.

How the Minister Found the Man Who Didn't Sign.

"I smile over it even now," declared the well-known minister of the gospel who was in a reminiscent mood. "It was my first church and I was ambitious to make a good showing. We were sadly in need of a good church and I decided to make an attempt to get one. The congregation was not a wealthy one and I fully realized that it would be a difficult matter to secure the needed funds. Knowing that many are sensitive over the fact that they are not able to give as much as others, I tried the plan of having them write the amount they were willing to give upon a card and put it in a small envelope that I furnished.

"Well, I collected the envelopes and took them in my study to look over. The amount pledged was very satisfactory but there was one card calling for \$100 that was unsigned. At first I thought this was an oversight then thinking I recognized the writing, I was not so sure. There was only one member who wrote a hand like it and that was Deacon Jones, a man who had a reputation of being very close. Now \$100 was none too much for him to give, although I had not expected to get more than \$25 from him. I distinctly remembered seeing him make a great show of dropping his envelope in the hat when it was passed and as there was no card with his name I felt sure that the unsigned card was his and that he was aware that he had not signed it.

"Well, the next Sunday—remember I was young—I resolved upon a bold plan," continued the minister, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I arose and requested all those who had handed in an envelope the Sunday before to stand up. This they did, the deacon among them. Then, as I read a list of givers I had made from the cards, I requested them to be seated. One by one they sat down, and when my list was exhausted only the deacon was standing, and he was pretty red in the face. I blandly explained matters, invited the deacon to sign his card, and after he had done so, much against his will, I announced the hymn 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

## THE HOME-MADE BALL.

Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready-made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week, the other grinned—'more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?'"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em, Do you remember how we used to watch for old rubber boots so we could use the heels?'"

"Yes, indeed. Real rubber, they were then, too. Made a fine core. If you didn't start with a good core, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."

"And another used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extravagant to her, although maybe she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."

"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma, as pay for holding five skeins."

"Did you put hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?'"

"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fish-line. That was a little more expensive, but—well, I made great balls!"

"So did I. My brother taught me to cut the cover from old boot tops, quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."

"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two dumb-bell-shaped pieces, like those balls in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."

"Say I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-by!"

"Good-by! I suppose I shall see you at the directors meeting at four?"

## "Real Indian."

A young woman recently received instruction in the art of Indian basketry, and had made several copies of Indian baskets of which she was very proud. A friend, who had been living in Arizona, called upon the young woman, who showed the baskets with considerable pride.

"They are really very well done," commented the visitor, "but of course they are not the real Indian baskets."

"Why, Mrs. Sawyer, indignantly exclaimed the maker, "how can you say that, when I just told you that I made them myself?"

## Diplomacy.

Mrs. Housekeep—It's almost impossible to get a servant girl these days. You've got to keep telling them what they must do and even then they won't stay!

Mrs. Hakt—Gracious, no! I only manage to keep mine by constantly telling them what they are respectfully requested to do.—Philadelphia Press.

When some women get into the back-number class they visit a beauty parlor and have reprints made of themselves.