

THE EXODUS TO AND FROM EUROPE

Moneyed People from the New World, Penniless Folk from the Old—Ships That Pass at Sea.

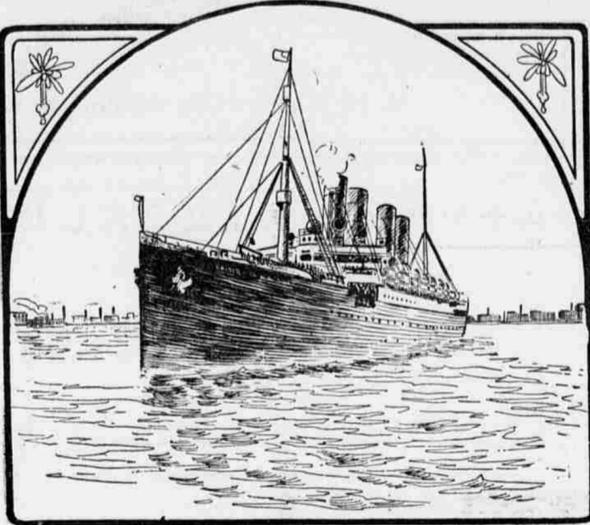
Now thousands on pleasure and "culture" bent are taking part in the great annual pilgrimage to the old world. Now thousands bent on seeking better fortune are patiently making their way to the new world. The one goes over to spend the dollars, the other comes over to make the dollars.

In this country the steamship companies appeal to their patrons by means of seductive itineraries, alluring pictures of life on the ocean wave and of charms of the great playground across the water. Over in the old world agents are at work with the common people, inciting them to dreams of a happy land of liberty and short hours and easy money.

The ship companies find the emigration movement very profitable, emigration authorities declare the companies are responsible for at least 50 per cent. of the departure for foreign lands. In refutation, the transportation lines deny they employ the sub-agents at work all over the continent, making use of unnatural means to bring about emigration; but it is more than probable the business is done

those with very full purses a private table may be obtained, one may make the whole passage without coming in contact with a person not of the party; one is not under obligations to exchange good morning with anyone—unless perchance the captain himself be excepted. And in this carefully guarded exclusiveness we have one of the sharpest contrasts to the emigrant's mode of "crossing"—the latter with sleeping room shared with many, perchance his portion of food eaten from his lap in the common sleeping quarters—entire absence of seclusion, either waking or sleeping. In some ships of the worst class old evils still exist; dangerous as well as unsanitary overcrowding; non-separation of the sexes; treatment of the steerage herds that would not be tolerated were the freight cattle.

When the pampered traveler decides to take the air, money secures the snugest corner for the great lounging chair; and wrapped in fur-lined, softest, wooliest steamer rug the pampered passenger veritably lies down in the lap of luxury. With the steerage folk it is not a choice of fresh air in



ONE OF THE BIG LINERS.

on a commission basis through general agents.

Last year over a million emigrants crossed the broad waters asking permission to step on shore and make a living here. Many people for a short year, and without question large numbers do not find in the new world quite the golden land of their visions. What a picture they make at Ellis Island, what pictures they suggest. Let us go in fancy to this famous spot, "the greatest gateway of immigration in the world"—and watch an incoming. Thirteen ships have arrived, 1,900 immigrants are awaiting inspection—a comparatively small number; hard work means seven or eight thousand to handle at once. Here they come, advancing patiently, stolidly, dumbly, like cattle; Russian Jews, Austrian Jews, Finns, Slavs, Italians, Hungarians, Germans, Scandinavians. The women carry or lead little ones, the men bear small trunks on head or shoulder. At a sign from an inspector the men drop their loads and remove their hats—for up there above them floats the American flag, and their first lesson is to be a lesson in reverence for an emblem of the new nation of which they are to become a part. The impressionable on-looker feels a mistiness about the eyes; it cannot but appeal to the feelings, the stream of old world failures, the hopes the new world asylum holds out.

Steerage conditions are better than they once were—as, for instance, when Stevenson came over steerage, when the immediate ancestors of some of our "first citizens" crossed—and Ellis Island conditions wonderfully good, considering. The strictest precautions are taken at Ellis Island to protect ignorant newcomers from falling victims to fraud and rapacity.

A study in contrasts of no small interest, the ships that pass at sea, the floating palaces, the emigrant vessels; the human freight so differently conditioned, and yet a human life, a human life, a human life. The pleasure seekers palled by luxury, the emigrants close crowded in the steerage.

Travel now for voyagers on the first-class liners—to say nothing of the seawest and most wonderful one of them all, with eight decks, with elevator service, suites with nothing suggestive of shipboard, all the luxuries of a luxurious hotel on land—is travel suited to a Sybarite rather than a hardy lover of sea-going—all softness and ease, and every want anticipated, it is really too comfortable, brings satiety, one almost envies the emigrants who at least possess desires unattained. There is nothing of the simple life preached as so desirable. The site, bathroom, bedroom and sitting-room, tempt to loitering inside, to idleness and a novel, while without the big ocean stretches away unheeded, as fresh breezes are unregarded. For

well ventilated rooms or on attractive open deck—it is a struggle for air enough to keep going. At the recent national conference on the vexed question of immigration, one of the resolutions passed made a demand for increase below decks of air space to each steerage passenger; another had reference to eating space provided with tables and outside of sleeping rooms.

The Fortnightly speaks of present emigration as a stampede, which gathers headway with every passing month. "This stampede has now reached such proportions as to occupy all the energies of a score of steamship lines in handling the travel, to warrant the establishment of new and more direct routes and the building of new ships especially designed for the carrying of this cargo. The business is profitable. There are comparatively few restrictions upon it, and in central and southern Europe there is apparently a vast amount of human freight needing only a start, and thus keep up for an indefinite term of years this gigantic industry."

But let us refer again to the tides of travel setting the other way, to the tourist and to the society folk going over for the London season and gayeties in other great European capitals. A writer in Harper's Bazar, treating of "Luxurious Days at Sea," remarks: "There are, indeed, a good many citizens of the United States left to whom Europe is still an unknown book, but as an offset to this list there is a constantly increasing number who have been over so many times as to have lost count of the journeys. One New Yorker made six round trips last year between January and December, and he is not in the importing business either. To the growing class of persons, men and women, who go over regularly, the voyage has become like any other journey regularly taken. They have tested almost every transatlantic liner, and they know the 'long ferry' in every season of the year and in all weathers."

And now let us go to the very considerable class that travel neither in expensive suite nor in impossible steerage. A small room may have to be shared by four, but when one has one's sea legs but little time will be wasted in sleeping quarters, so what matter? There are the fine long decks, the great lounging rooms, plenty of air and space. One has all the comforts that are good for one. Enough is better than a feast. And one has zest for pleasures and opportunities. It is no shame, but a joy to be crossing the first time—not the man that has crossed 119 times is the person to be envied. It is unseen Italy that has the brightest skies, the unclimbed Alps that are highest, unvisited Paris that is gayest, mysterious London that is most inviting. It is not the blasé traveler who really "goes to Europe." KATHERINE POPE.

A TALK ABOUT ROSES.

A Side Location Better Than Conspicuous One—Preparation of the Soil—Battle Against Insects.

No garden is complete without roses; fortunately there are varieties suited to all climates and conditions, but success with roses, as with men, means putting the right one in the right place.

Do not put one of the large-growing types where there is barely room for a small one; do not put a tall-growing sort where a low-growing would look better, and do not put a climber against a wall where the sun will beat on it for hours at a time.

Roses are more easily cared for when grown in rows or beds than as single specimens scattered here and there over the place, and make a much finer showing when in bloom. Roses are beautiful for a comparatively short time and do not make an attractive showing except during the blooming season. For this reason a side location is better than one more conspicuous.

Spade the soil very deeply and mix well rotted manure with it, using about one-third manure. If the soil is very heavy and sticky, mix a liberal amount of sand with it, and if the available spot for the bed happens to be where water stands during the winter dig the soil out to a depth of two feet or more, and put down a six-inch layer of stones, broken crockery or bones to serve as drainage material.

Mulch the rose buds early with old manure, chip-dirt or lawn clippings.

Cut out dead branches and dead or diseased tips to where the wood is healthy. Ever-blooming sorts bloom on the new wood, while almost every other variety produces its blossoms on the short lateral shoots that start out from the side of the old branches.

Sometimes roses are spoiled by mildew, though this rarely happens except when growing in damp and shaded places. Sprinkle sulphur over the leaves when wet with dew, and if this does not check the disease move the plants to a location where they get more sun and air.

The rose bug is a ravenous leaf-eater and the foliage should be sprayed with a Paris green solution (a teaspoonful to eight gallons of water) after the sun is done shining on the bushes for the day. Spray with clear water in the morning to prevent the sun from burning where the poison is. For the rose-hopper dust the foliage with pyrethrum powder, and for the rose slug (a little worm that eats both leaf and buds) use a whale oil soap-suds, after picking off all that can be found.

Aphis (lice) may be checked by spraying with clear water or any of the usual remedies. There are many good insecticides, including Bordeaux mixture, kerosene emulsion, tobacco tea, a tea made by steeping quassia chips, white hellebore in water, and many others, but always begin the fight early enough that a test of materials may be made. When planting and training roses keep in mind the fact that half the battle is in being able to make insecticides reach the under side of the foliage.—Farmers' Voice.

HOW TO GROW DAHLIAS.

Plant Tubers About Four Inches Deep, Do Not Disturb Eyes—Hot and Dry Weather Harmful.

There are few flowers more pleasing than the dahlia. It is particularly fit for cut flower purposes, as it continues to produce beautiful flowers longer than most other plants.

The tubers of a hundred different varieties, each with a charm of its own, may be purchased, or the plants may be grown from seed, but the easiest method is to plant the tuber-like roots. The tubers are separated into several pieces each, leaving one eye for each piece, and planted in a yard or field like potatoes, except that the time of planting must be delayed until all danger of frost is past.

Care must be taken not to disturb any of the eyes. The tubers should be planted about four inches deep and given a good watering immediately after planting. They grow best in very rich, heavy soil, and should be planted about two or three feet apart. They should be in a position which insures plenty of light and air, but where the plants will not be exposed to much direct sunlight. They will not endure a long season of very hot, dry weather. The plants should be tied to stakes about four feet in height. All but the strongest shoots should be removed as they appear, only the strongest being left standing, and the tying should begin when the plant is a foot high, being continued as it grows. In the fall, after the frost has killed the tops of the plants and there is danger of the ground freezing, the roots or tubers may be taken and stored in a dry, cool, frost-proof room or cellar. It is a good plan to examine the tubers occasionally during the winter and remove any decayed specimens.

The dahlias which may be grown by the amateur are numbered by the hundred and every year new varieties add to the list in beauty, form and color.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Macaroni and Cheese.

Into two quarts of boiling water break half a pound of macaroni. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and boil 20 minutes. Drain through a colander. Line your well-buttered baking dish with cracker crumbs, then add a layer of macaroni, a liberal sprinkling of grated cheese, dust with cracker crumbs, and use dabs of butter. Repeat this until your dish is full. Then pour over all a cupful of milk or cream if you have it. Brown in the oven before serving.

THE LAND OF DEATH

A STORY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scriptural Authority.—Exodus 12:29-36.



NO ONE in that gay throng in the palace that night realized the deep unrest of Pharaoh. With feverish eagerness he threw himself into the festivities, and seemed the gayest of the gay, but had there been any one present free from the fascination of the brilliant scene, and with eyes to observe he would readily have detected underneath the king's gay exterior a nervous apprehension, and noted that in the depths of the sparkling eyes which looked upon the scene there lurked an expression of fear and terror. And if one had watched him he would soon have noticed that not for an instant did he lose sight of his first born son in whose honor the brilliant function had been arranged. With an eagerness and intensity almost painful his eyes followed the young man's every move, and if for an instant he was lost sight of amidst the throng he would start up uneasily and shift his position until he had again brought him within range of his vision.

Two weeks had passed since his last interview with Moses, but try as he would he could not forget his solemn warning. He had made light of it. He had persuaded himself that he in whom the spirit of the Egyptian gods rested had nothing to fear. Day by day he had kept his son near him, quite confident that thus he could ward off any evil thing which might seek to overtake him. But as the days came and went the fear and apprehension wore on his nerves and on the day before he had sought diversion for himself and entertainment for his son in the present function.

But there was no thought or inclination on his part of listening to Moses or of heeding his warning, for his haughty, proud, unyielding spirit turned his heart hard as flint and in great anger he had driven Moses from his presence vowing if he should again show his face he would lose his life. But try as he would he could not forget Moses' word of judgment against the first born of Egypt and against his own son. He did not believe it, and yet he could not dismiss the thought from his mind. He had consulted the astrologers of the temple and his wise men who had assured him that the stars and all signs were auspicious for a long life and successful reign for his son. But notwithstanding these reassuring words he felt apprehensive and whether asleep or awake the vision of Moses was ever before him and the words he had spoken kept ringing in his ears:

"About midnight will Jehovah go out in the midst of Egypt and all the first-born in the land shall die, from the first born of Pharaoh even unto the first born of the hand maiden." "Midnight!" "The first born, even the son of Pharaoh!" How eagerly and intensely he had watched his son since then! How anxiously he had counted the time at the midnight hour. Thus the days had passed.

But he was not content to let the matter rest there, for he sent his messengers secretly to Goshen to spy on Moses and find out what was transpiring there. And when he had learned of the singular preparations under way he felt more than ever uneasy and troubled.

The last information he had received had been obtained the day before when his messenger told him of the preparations which the Hebrews were making for the sacrifice of a lamb, the blood of which was to be sprinkled upon the lintel and side posts of the doorways of the people, for, said they solemnly, "The Lord is to pass through the land."

"Said they that?" exclaimed Pharaoh, as Moses' words came with new force to him.

"Yes," responded the messenger, who had been deeply impressed with what he had seen and heard. "Yes, the Hebrews seem desperately in earnest, and they evidently believe that their God is about to do some wonderful thing. And as near as I could discover from their conversation, they expect the visitation at midnight, and have all been told to shut themselves in their homes, lest death should overtake them."

Pharaoh paled visibly, and silently and sullenly dismissed his messenger, and then moved by a reckless spirit of defiance he had planned for the brilliant court affair of that evening, thinking to so surround himself and his son with the thrill and throbs of court life as to defy even death.

But as the evening wore on Pharaoh grew more and more restive. The moments as they passed seemed like hours, and time and time again he sent his attendant to find whether the midnight watch had yet been set. The last time the attendant had returned saying that it still lacked some time of the hour his son had been standing at his side, and had asked, jokingly, why he was so concerned about the midnight hour.

scene at that time? They will have a hard task upon thy hands, for the festivities are just at their height, and thou dost know that to send the guests home unsatisfied is to incur their displeasure. And as for me there are many things I have in mind to do and talk about ere I am willing to see my friends depart." And saying which he had turned and went off in the direction of a group of his friends who were even then motioning him to hasten and share in the fun the leading spirit of the group had proposed.

And Pharaoh had watched him go with a lighter heart and a stronger assurance. And calling his attendant he ordered the wine and drank with great gusto to the gods of the Egyptians, and to the future favor and blessing of his son. So cheerful did his spirits grow that he forgot about the matters which had so greatly distressed him—about the midnight hour and the judgment of the Hebrew God—and as he threw himself into the gayeties that were now at their height, the time sped unnoticed.

"Once more let us drink to the gods of Egypt," he cried. "To the great god that smiles upon the land by day and that plans greater glories for his favored ones by night."

A great shout greeted the king's proposal, and again the wine flowed freely.

"And here's to the king's son," shouted a voice as the young man, the center of an animated group, was seen approaching.

Pharaoh smiled approvingly, and watched the young man with glowing pride. What a picture of health and beauty he was. With all of life before him, what opportunities! What possibilities!

So Pharaoh thought, and well he might, for the young man was well favored in form and face, and bore himself with grace and dignity. As the father watched him advancing across the marble floor of the great room, his heart leaped with pride and triumph, and he muttered to himself:

"Where is Moses' boasted judgment! The gods of the Egyptians still reign, and the God of the Hebrews is no god at all!"

Suddenly, and even while the words were warm upon his lips, he saw a deadly pallor overspread the face of his boy. He saw him lift his hands high above his head, while an agony of fear distorted his features, and with one piercing cry, he fell forward upon his face.

Paralyzed by the sight and the awful fear which seized him, the king looked upon the scene with eyes which almost started from their sockets. His hands gripped the ivory arms of his throne with an intensity which almost crushed the delicately-carved ornaments. The father's eyes never moved from the object lying there prostrate upon the ground, and he did not see that here and there throughout the vast room there were others falling to the ground. He did not seem to hear the cries of terror and anguish all about him. He saw but one thing, and that was the form of his son lying upon the floor. Could it be possible that he who was so full of life and animation an instant before was lying there now still in death?

"No! No! No!" he cried. "It cannot be; it shall not be." And leaping from his seat with a fierce cry of despair and grief, he hurried towards him. But as he rushed blindly forward, he stumbled and fell over another prostrate form, and looking around he beheld a sight which congealed his very blood and made him tremble, for on every hand the dead were lying, while the living, panic-stricken and horrified, rushed wildly about and filled the air with their cries. It was a sight to make the strongest man faint and falter. The king paused for but an instant and then throwing himself at the side of his dead son he called upon him to speak to him, to say just one word, and when there came no response, he staggered to his feet, wringing his hands and calling upon his gods to help, and cursing Moses and his God with awful oaths. At that moment a messenger hastily entered.

"Death! Death! Death, rules everywhere!" he cried in a high-pitched, horror-stricken voice. "Egypt has been stricken. Haste, O Pharaoh, send Moses and his people forth, or we be all dead men!"

Helpless, hopeless, Pharaoh looked about him. Could he do it? The last time the Hebrew leader had appeared before him he had told him he would see his face no more, and that if he did it would mean death to Moses, and now instead death had stricken his own home and the home of every Egyptian throughout the land. But even while he hesitated, the living among the dead about him cried insistently that Moses be called, and at last he yielded.

Between the rows of dead Moses passed up the palace hall and came and stood before the great Pharaoh, who, with averted face and trembling voice, exclaimed:

"Rise up and get you forth from among my people; both ye and the children of Israel; and go serve the Lord as ye have said." He paused.

"And how about our flocks and herds?" Moses asked.

"Yea, also take your flocks and herds as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also," he added, his voice dropping to a whisper.

Without a word Moses turned and as he left the palace the grief-stricken people thronged him and urged with piteous cries and pleadings that he would depart with his people at once. And so insistent were they that all the way to Goshen they followed him, bearing in their hands all manner of gifts, which they thrust upon the people, and urging that they delay not their departure, for, said they: "We be all dead men."

There is no Rochelle Salts, Alum, Limeor Ammonia in food made with

Calumet Baking Powder

Health—Economy.

THE CADDY'S COMMENT.

One That Was Not Very Complimentary to a Professional Player.

Walter J. Travis, the golfer, set up his ball, and then made half a dozen swishes at the short grass with the driver, relates the New York Tribune.

"I am not in good form," he said, "I am playing like a broker we had here last week."

"This broker played once around, making a dreadful exhibition of himself. Of this, though, he was not aware. He was doing pretty well for him."

"The man's caddy was an unusually quiet, stolid lad, a boy with a freckled face quite devoid of expression."

"And since the caddy never once laughed or sneered at his bad play, the broker took a fancy to him. And he said at the end of the round, in the hope of getting a compliment:

"I have been traveling for the last six months. I am quite out of practice. That is why I am in such bad form to-day."

"The caddy replied, calmly:

"Then you've played before, have ye, sir?"

DIAMOND DEALER'S MISTAKE

One of His Own Gems, But He Failed to Recognize the Sparkler.

"Will you please examine this diamond," said a man who had stepped into a jeweler's shop, "and tell me what you think of it? If it is a good stone, I think I will buy it."

The jeweler took the gem, which was unset, and looked at it critically for a moment. Then in a confidential tone he said:

"Well, to tell you the truth, that isn't a very good stone. It hasn't much fire, it is badly cut, and there is something here very much like a flaw." Then he held the diamond under a microscope and examined it carefully, finally observing: "No, it isn't exactly a flaw, but I shouldn't call it a perfect stone. Now, if you want something really fine, here—"

"Excuse me," the other man interrupted. "I don't think I'll buy a diamond to-day. This is a diamond that one of your assistants let me take Saturday on approval. I deposited \$40 on it. Please let me have my money, and we will declare the deal off."

One on the Doctor.

Lawyer—I say, doc, or, why are you always running us lawyers down?

Doctor (dryly)—Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?

"Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."—Illustrated Bits.

Voracity.

Angler—Do the fish bite around here?

Native—Bite? Say, stranger, we have to muzzle 'em so they won't chew up the innocent bystander."—N. Y. Sun.

BUILDING FOOD

To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food to bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."