

The St. Tammany Farmer

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As to Immigration.

Railroad and steamship companies alike agree that the tide of immigration is again rising, and the record of a million people added to our population in 1904 by immigration is likely to be surpassed in the next few years. In the six years, 1900-1905, there have come to our shores 4,281,000 foreigners, while in the next preceding decade the number was 3,959,000. Many publicists view these figures with alarm and cry for increased restrictions. It is noticeable that those who have had the greatest experience with immigration are not for exclusion. Since 1820 this country has absorbed more than 26,000,000 immigrants, and deducting those who have returned to their own countries it can be seen that the remainder, with their descendants, constitute a large part of what we are always boasting of—our great and rapid increase of population—in fact, an important proportion of our total population of 83,500,000 to-day. There seems to be a very general impression in the public mind that these earlier immigrants, whose descendants to-day are among our most solid and substantial business men, political leaders and citizens, were of some superior class. The opinion has no warrant in fact. Under the earlier immigration laws, the bars were down, and the immigrants came in to seek new homes and develop the fertile lands and rich mineral resources of the west. Again, it is claimed that now the immigrants do not go west or south to help develop the country, but remain in the cities. It is difficult to prove or disprove this assertion, but it can be shown that the great growth of the cities is in a large measure due to the crowding of the country people to the city, as is indicated by the condition of our New England farms. But, as a matter of fact, while the immigration is very large, the proportion of immigrants per capita is much less than it was half a century ago. If there is a problem here it is one of distribution, not of exclusion. Leaving out of consideration such testimony as might be given by presumably interested parties like the steamship agents, it clearly has been shown that the arriving immigrants are not the "scum" of Europe. The immigrants who came last year declared an average wealth of \$25.78 per head, or more than \$20,000,000 in the aggregate, and as they must have had from \$35 to \$55 each to pay fares to this country from their homes, a family of six must have saved up \$500 before coming. Furthermore, the increase is not as large as assumed, because, while in the four ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore last year there were 693,000 arrivals, 359,000 people departed in the same period. Moreover, the laws of Europe are framed to prevent people from leaving the European countries—not to send them here, and the greatest immigration agent is the letter sent home by the so-called "foreigner," become a good American citizen, who has made a home and secured a competence under American institutions.

"Graft" Not New.

Grafting proclivities of the American people took root in the days of Washington, according to Prof. Francis W. Shephardson, of the University of Chicago, who declares this particular method of acquisition is not so bad to-day as it used to be—comparatively, of course, for the country has grown considerably since its father died. Besides, printing facilities of the present time are such as to give more space and wider circulation to the subject of graft. Prof. Shephardson is a recognized authority on United States history, and as one of the foremost historians of the country his views on "graft," delivered before a gathering of junior and senior students at the University of Chicago a few days ago, were at least theoretically convincing. Present day grafters did not appear so bad to the students when they heard from the professor's own lips that graft, tainted money and vulgar commercialism all flourished at the inception of this government. "Why, Peter Faneuil, who built Faneuil hall, which historians have termed the 'cradle of liberty,' was a liquor dealer who made his money by beating the government," the professor solemnly declared. "There is also proof that one of the signers of the declaration of independence was indicted for smuggling," the professor concluded, impressively.

A sense of humor and a delicate compliment was that of a Holton (Kan.) boy who was lying in a hospital. The pretty nurse overheard him exclaim: "Oh, my Lord!" Wishing to rebuke him kindly, she came to his bedside and said: "I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. Is there anything I can do for you?" He looked up into her lovely face, and with respect and admiration remarked: "Yes; ask Him how He would like me for a son-in-law."

Sergius Witte, the czar's plenipotentiary in the peace conference being held at Portsmouth, N. H., is said to be the handsomest of Russia's notable men, indeed, he is thought to resemble the magnificent Alexander III., father of the present czar. He is a very large man and remarkably well proportioned. As straight as an arrow, he carries himself with a consciousness of his superciliousity that is most irritating to a good many people in Russia and is overwhelmingly oppressive, says our informant, to the

DID A GOOD TRADE IN TRAMPS

Shorty and His Pal Prospered Until the County Law Was Changed

SAID the man behind the bars: "Yes, I'm in again, but I much prefer this nothing coming to me, like there was the last time I was in jail when I was released. It was in the Leland county jail, and there I met Shorty. Shorty got religion from the Sunday school reading a lady handed in to us. He got affected by them uplifting words and the drunkard's fate something emotional. "He comes to me and says, earnest: 'You ain't walking in the light, are you?' I say my business carries me out nights mostly. Then Shorty groans and exhorts on till I see the folly of my ways and groans with him. "Shorty says: 'I believe you, my brother man; I believe your repentance is as sincere as mine is. Then I'll help you. When I get out I know of a nice little business to go into, and I'll take you for my partner.' "Shorty and me was released together. Says Shorty: "All my plans is perfect, but a little capital to start matters must be forthcoming. We wait till night and it's dark and in a crooked street by a high board fence we see a prosperous-looking gent. "You hold him and I'll go through him," says Shorty. Which pleases me very much. Most of them that gets converted is narrow and prejudiced, but Shorty is the broad-minded kind. But we only lift \$3.85 off him, and take a sneak right out in the country, where our business interests is. "In the morning we meet our first customer out on the road. He's a young feller, and Shorty says: "My unfortunate fellow man, will



"Halt," says Shorty. "You come along with me, if I give you 50 cents and take you to a place where you can get as much more and tobacco and beer?" "That lad's reply is to cling so close to us it's hard walking. By afternoon we have six more hobo's in a procession, and can't get no more to do business, and because we give them 50 apiece, and it uses up our capital. "Halt!" says Shorty. "We're in front of a country barber shop, which is also a saloon and a candy store, and sells cheese. Here Shorty draws up his proposition. A little fat man darts out to us. "Hello!" he says to Shorty. "Then you really gone in the business you was speaking of last time I saw you? Seven of them? What you want for the seven?" "Here's the goods, all delivered to you, and I want my price, which is a dollar fifty apiece for them," says Shorty. And the holler that goes up from the little man is heartrending. "There ain't no consideration for others in business matters," says Shorty. "I had to pay them something to come along, and I must make my profit, mustn't I? Then here's my partner to share the proceeds. Then, if you won't pay me my price, we goes to Batsley's. Attention, boys!" "Oh, don't think of going to nobody else!" implores the little fellow. "I'll take the goods at your price." He hands Shorty a dollar and a half for each tramp, and the seven tramps, not knowing much of what is going on, is lined up, trying for all they're worth to make a fine impression on whoever's going to be good to them. "Well, boys," says Shorty, "you are now arrested, so make yourselves comfortable. This is Constable Blathers!" The little constable bows cringing to them. "You'll be tried and sentenced in just a little while now." "Well, then seven breaks ranks and sets up a holler. What are they arrested for? They want to know. And Shorty has betrayed them! Then just let them get at Shorty! "Now, now, boys," pleads the constable, "don't carry on so, please! I'd rather lose the price I paid for you than have any hard feelings against me in Leland county. I always tries to treat the boys right. If you do have to go to jail, it'll only be for a few days. Here!" and he runs amongst them, passing out a 50-cent piece to each. "There's tobacco for you, and, if you'll step inside and be arrested like gentlemen, there's a cool, refreshing glass of beer. So, now, do be gentlemen."

"And, as the goods we just sold and delivered is assured they won't get more than three days on the charge of vagrancy, you got inside with the constable, who rubs his hands saying they mustn't be mad at him, and remember they're gentlemen and will they have light or dark?" "You see," explains Shorty, "Leland county pays a bounty of seven dollars a head for every tramp caught and lodged in the jail. The judge and the constable goes shares on the bounty. These constables is most kind to the tramps, as you see, because they want them to come back and be arrested maybe a dozen times during the summer. While I was meditating over the cup of sorrows which I had drunk to the dregs, it struck me that here was a good chance to make a honest living."

"It's then along comes the judge. He's a nice, fatherly old feller, and greets us cordial, especially Shorty, who's been up before him before.

"The first morning we're back we start right out to do a little business. And all morning not a tramp do we see! We hunt up one road and down another and over others, but there ain't a tramp in sight, and we're beginning to feel sore. When afternoon comes we spy a hobo away off, but he's running for all he's worth, which is seven dollars, and is out of sight before we can hail him. A couple of hours later we spy another. His hair is standing out behind him, and he'll get in trouble for exceeding the speed limit. "There's something wrong," says Shorty, much apprehensive. "What's all this excitement about?" "Another tramp comes tearing down the road. "Don't stop me!" he implores, piteously. "The consequences would be more than I could bear. Lemme get out of this county as quick as I can. To-morrow will be the fust of the month."

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KIND OF EGGS THEY LIKE.
The Differing Tastes of Boston and New York as to Color of Shells.
"Boston prefers brown shelled eggs; New York white," says an egg dealer. "Why? It stumps me. There are a good many persons who insist that brown shelled eggs have a more delicate taste than white shelled ones. "But if it is true that they are more tasty, I can't understand why New York does not insist upon them, too, for however much the Hub may lead us in the intellectual race, New York's right up with the leading epicure cities of the world in the matter of a good table. Some people think that the brown eggs are prettier than white, and for this reason prefer them for table eggs. Boston is nothing if not a stickler for art. It may be that she believes that the brown egg is more beautiful than the white, and therefore insists upon it. "The soda counters of the two cities tell the story of this odd difference of preference. In New York bowls of white eggs tempt to egg shakes, egg-nogg, etc. In Boston bowls of brown eggs tempt to the same beverages. "There are those who think that brown eggs are prettier than white, and for this reason prefer them for table eggs. Boston is nothing if not a stickler for art. It may be that she believes that the brown egg is more beautiful than the white, and therefore insists upon it. "The soda counters of the two cities tell the story of this odd difference of preference. In New York bowls of white eggs tempt to egg shakes, egg-nogg, etc. In Boston bowls of brown eggs tempt to the same beverages. "As far as a difference of taste between the brown and the white eggs goes, it is an personal opinion that if the most ardent believers in the difference had an egg to eat which had been broken from its shell out of their sight they would not be able to tell whether it had a brown or a white cover."

JUST A QUERY.
They fill the windows with their blues. The rainbow is a fact of things. Beside the pinks and greens and blues. That riot on the hats of spring. The hats, of course, are "just too dear." But where are the styles of yesterday? The picture hats are gardeners' fair. With blooms of every sort and kind: They nod and blossom everywhere. In front and also stuck behind; They droop in clusters of each ear. But where are the blooms of yesterday? The hats are built of gauze and tulle. Of every shape and every name; They never fashion them by rule. For never are there two the same: Some droop, some jerk, some float and float. But where are the shapes of yesterday? The crowns, they say, will tower high. And this, of course, is rather nice. But crowns, no matter how they try, Can ever soar and reach the price. No matter how they climb and rear. But where are the hats of yesterday? The husband's note the handsome hats. The ribbons and the tulle and plumes. The peeks, the tall ones and the flats. The buckles and the brilliant bows. And then they get to shed a tear. But where are the hats of yesterday?—Chicago Chronicle.

Decanting Wines.
A deposit will often form in the bottles, making it necessary to decant them into other bottles. The utmost care should be taken not to disturb the sediment. In large wine cellars in Europe, and in the cellars of hotels and clubs employing a cellarman, a decanting apparatus is used. Decanting old wine is a delicate operation, which requires much care. The bottle should be carried in a horizontal position and, getting lifting it to a slanting position, insert a "power corkscrew" and remove the cork without shaking. Then raise the bottle so that you can see through the wine by candlelight and, in drawing it off, stop as soon as the cloud or deposit in the bottle gets to the neck. In this way you avoid having any deposit, cloud or crust flowing into the decanter.—American Wine Press.

Barber Wanted Talk.
"Now say something," said the barber to the customer in his chair whose beard he had just finished trimming. "What's that?" said the astonished customer. "That'll do," said the polite barber. Naturally, the customer had been sitting with his mouth closed, and what the barber wanted was to see him with his mouth open, so that he could detect any stray projecting hair ends of the mustache that he might have overlooked in trimming it.—N. Y. Sun.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

MIDSUMMER GOSSIP FROM THE EASTERN METROPOLIS.

COMING INSURANCE INQUIRY

Investigation Committee Cannot Do a Job of Whitewashing in Face of Public Sentiment—Jerome and Tammany.

NEW YORK.—A humdrum legislative inquiry—eight sleepy statesmen behind a high bench, a lawyer droning long questions at a forgotten witness—that is not a picture of the legislative inquiry into insurance corruption which the state of New York has reluctantly undertaken comes we spy a hobo away off, but he's running for all he's worth, which is seven dollars, and is out of sight before we can hail him. A couple of hours later we spy another. His hair is standing out behind him, and he'll get in trouble for exceeding the speed limit. "There's something wrong," says Shorty, much apprehensive. "What's all this excitement about?" "Another tramp comes tearing down the road. "Don't stop me!" he implores, piteously. "The consequences would be more than I could bear. Lemme get out of this county as quick as I can. To-morrow will be the fust of the month."

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UT there are reasons why the committee cannot whitewash the dishonesty which has smirched the Equitable company and others. Policyholders in the nation are interested. The state of New York has chartered the committee to do what it has done. The state itself is on trial. Failure to be thorough will hurt the state in a business way by arousing resentment against it in the west—and there is enough already. Finally, the voters will not have it. They are thoroughly aroused and determined not to pardon any slighting. The six republican members of the committee are of good average ability and repute; they know the public feeling in the matter; and while they may try for the name of the party to shield Odell, they will really do their best to recommend a good code of laws to prevent stealing in the future. Insurance men themselves are now convinced, though it took a four months' campaign of brilliant fighting on the part first of the World and afterwards of other papers to bring them to the point—that the work must be thoroughly done. The counsel selected typify the natural hesitation, the irresolution of the committee, confronted by tremendous scandals and half retreating before the storm. Charles E. Hughes, the senior counsel, is a legal bloodhound, relentless, alert, resourceful, unmerciful, unflinching, unpugged to anyone. He will, from instinct and from sense of duty and from professional pride, do his utmost to lay the festering wound open. The other counsel, Mr. McKean, was a year ago a better known lawyer; he is of a more showy oratorical type and has had rather more to do with politics. If Hughes represents the rigor, McKean is supposed to represent the mercy of the law. This is a case where Hughes has the easier part. The people who have invested in life insurance policies aren't hankering after mercy toward the very wealthy men who have practically stolen their money—millions of it.

So, for once, a legislative investigation is going to be a rather dramatic affair. Jerome and Tammany. HILE the pushing of District Attorney Jerome as a candidate for mayor is now seen to have been premature, it has plainly shown that no one cares 30 cents about politics in hot weather except the politicians. It is a queer situation. Most people like Mayor McClellan personally. He is honest, presentable, intelligent, makes a good speech, has a good, clean-cut face and meets the city's guests like a gentleman, not like

a boor, as did Van Wyck. It was the proud hour of his life of the latter when he confronted the polite captain of a Spanish man-of-war who visited New York in the ticklish days just before the war. McClellan is happy in his name, his ancestry, his wealthy wife, his friends, his literary ability, his statesmanlike ability, which is not small. But the gang that follows him! The leaders he has to placate! The following he has to satisfy! Jerome's challenge to him to deny that he had made appointments of unfit men for political reasons remained unaccepted. Half the great city departments are headed by utterly unfit men—men known to be unfit by the meanest intelligence. The city suffers from this; yet McClellan is personally popular and is hailed as a good mayor. If to be good is to be personally satisfactory and yet to surrender the city to the boss, the present head of the city government fills the bill. Nor would a partisan republican be much improvement at present. The bare fact is that the best men of the city are outside the machines of both parties. If Jerome only could smash both machines, the whole country would be merry at its downfall, including many very excellent machine men.

The Children Defective.
HE rest of the country may think of New York what it will, it does one great service. It acts as a catch-basin and settling pool for the huge stream of immigration, much of which gathers in New York and costs it uncounted millions. An instance of this is the report of the board of health that an alarming proportion of the children of school age in a poor section of the city are physically defective. These are foreign born, very largely. The revelations follow the most misquoted saying of Robert Hunter that thousands of New York's children are underfed. One child in 20 in the region examined is mentally not normal and should have separate teaching not in the common schools. New York must tackle the problem—practically as a trustee for the country. Superintendent Maxwell of the public school system long ago advocated free breakfasts for poor children, many of whom are too hungry to do their work in school. It sounds un-American—but what are you going to do? On the first of last January there were over 800,000 all-the-time paupers in England and Wales; besides hundreds of thousands receiving part-time assistance, a still vaster army getting private aid, and millions of the self-supporting but underfed. The latter class rises to one-third of the total population in a town like old York, whose picturesqueness so many American tourists admire. And yet the British are getting the best fed of the immigrants we get. The Irish, especially, who 50 years ago used to come to us gaunt with famine, are now so much more prosperous at home that the still flowing tide of immigration brings sturdy, well-nourished specimens. But "assisted emigration" from the British cities means immigrants who have to be assisted when they get here. And oh, the hunger of the poor Russian Jews, slaves of the sweatshop to men of their own race!

The Real East Side.
HERE is no place in the world like the East side of New York. Compare it with London. The people are better fed, more hopeful, less careless of appearances than those one sees in an English city; but also they are more crowded together upon the growing acres than a humanity anywhere else in the world except, I have heard, Bombay. And not even in Bombay, plague-stricken as it is, do the tall houses shut out the sun as in New York. The nine-story tenement has become a common feature upon New York streets; many of its middle-aged tenements were built under a law that permitted 90 per cent. of the lot to be covered by the building; and upon a single floor in a 25-foot plot ingenuity has cheated even the beneficent new law by crowding an unbelievable number of people. At times the population bursts out of the East side, like water out of a full barrel when a hole is bored in it. When the great new Williamsburg bridge was completed, 135 feet wide and a mile and a quarter long, piercing the very heart of the East side, it soon caught the name of the Jewish Passover. A hundred thousand people have literally swarmed over it into Brooklyn. Their coming changed, wherever they went, the very conditions they sought. Cheap rents? A corner plot on a wide street in Brownsville, a suburb six miles from the city hall, inhabited almost exclusively by Jewish tailors, rose in value from \$3,000 to \$22,000 in less than three years. What chance had cheap rents in a place like that? But the public bath and the private school for adults, and the hospital and the dispensary and the boys' club go where the people go. The wealthy Jews of New York pour out their wealth with the utmost liberality to aid their co-religionists. Strange to say, they are also as widely scattered in sympathy and understanding as are the poorer Jews and rich Gentiles. The rich German Jews and the poor Russian Jews are not much alike; can scarcely understand each other's familiar talk. And there is much bitterness of the poor who expected too much of a free country against their brothers who have been here longer and have done better.

If the city presently undertakes the Titan task of partly feeding the children of the very poor before they get out for school, no one need be surprised. Private charity is already doing this upon a liberal scale, and leaving the ethics of the case for theorists to argue about.

TO PREVENT ILLNESS
IT IS USUALLY OUR OWN FAULT WHEN WE ARE SICK.
"It is Too Much Trouble to Be Well"—Family of Six Killed by Decayed Vegetable Matter—Consumption Encouraged by Shade Trees Which Shut Out Sunlight—Preventing Colds—Poison from Defective Plumbing.
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
The time has long since passed when sensible people looked upon illness as a good matter. In nine cases out of ten it is much more probably a visitation from the Evil One. And indeed, why blame the devil? We need not be ill as a rule. We often have ourselves to blame when we are. We avail ourselves of the beneficent provisions of nature on every hand, and if we obey the laws of health, we shall keep well. Because we have had interrupted and laid aside by attacks of illness that might be prevented. Every illness from childhood on makes a draft upon the physical capital that should be sufficient for a long life. We are ill because it is too much trouble to be well. We are ill because we live amid unsanitary conditions, or willfully surround ourselves with death-dealing germs. Take, for example, the familiar experience of an epidemic of diphtheria, typhoid fever, or dysentery in a country village, in the later summer. Apparently everything in the place tends to health. The skies are bright, the air is clear, the fields and gardens wave with flowers, the trees in suburban beauty stand in the village street, or encircle the homesteads. Yet, in one house and another and another, old and young are stricken, and before long the village is in mourning. In this and the other home, now the strong man and now the little child has breathed his last. Why? Not in the least because Divine Providence has sent a mysterious scourge, but because with unparadiseable and wicked heedlessness, the contents of cesspools have been allowed to percolate through the soil, and trickle into wells, and poison drinking water, or because when the front of the house has blossomed like the rose, the back of it has, day after day, seen neglected garbage decaying in the sun. Some years ago, in a small eastern city, in a single week, a father and five children in one house died of diphtheria. The only members of the family who escaped were a mother and a nursing infant. The family was conspicuous for brains, intelligence and eminent purity. Yet they had been away from home for nearly three months, and had come back in good health to open their closed house. When the premises after the tragedy were examined by the board of health, it was discovered that the cellar was filled with enough disease germs to poison the whole street. All sorts of kitchen debris and decaying vegetable matter had been sealed up there during the weeks of a stifling summer. Many a time a city has been swept by a pestilence, and its population decimated, not because that city was unhygienic in itself, but because of its rich and field corruption. Civic neglect and gross ignorance encourage epidemics.

We are learning that there is now neither occasion nor excuse for the ravages once made by consumption, that great White Plague which used to carry off piecemeal entire families. I knew a beautiful old mansion built of stone, standing well back from the road, and shaded by oaks and elms, that had been growing during the lives of three generations. The walls were thick, the shade was dense, little sunlight penetrated into the stately rooms. Across that threshold at intervals of 18 months or two years, with a regularity that was like the formal execution of a sentence of death, were carried the sons and daughters of that family, until the venerable parents were left childless beside their desolate hearth. One by one the young people drooped and faded. People thought it strange and mysterious and wondered how it was that the children of that household had so little stamina. The truth was that the very walls and furniture reeked with infection, that the mansion, beautiful as it was, should have been shunned like a pest house, and that the old trees with their thick branching shade should have been cut down to let the sunlight in. The parents lived out their lives in grief and solitude, perhaps because they were naturally of stronger fiber than their children, and perhaps because, being older, they had taken less direct care of the sufferers. We fortunately know now that consumption may be fought successfully in the right climate by an open-air life, and by nourishing food, and that love does not require the sacrifice of every life in the household, if one be stricken.

There are preventable illnesses which nobody fears. For instance, the commonest of all infections is a cold. The general opinion seems to be that, there is no help if one takes cold. Yet a little care and forethought and much living in the open air will make most of us immune from this inconvenient and depressing malady. Note how many people are desperately afraid of a draught, how carefully they exclude night air from their sleeping rooms, except during the warmest weather. We live by the air we breathe, and it is impossible to take cold merely through breathing fresh air. If the body is in good condition and properly clothed, we may defy pure air to do us harm. Men and women too, go on long tramps through the woods, sleep on the ground with a rubber sheet under them, and only a tent between them and the sky, and take no harm. Our luxuries make us effeminate and are at the back of many a cold which comes out of space, we know not how, and fastens itself upon us in our moment of least resistance, the moment when we are tired, or have slept badly or have over-eaten.

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UT there are reasons why the committee cannot whitewash the dishonesty which has smirched the Equitable company and others. Policyholders in the nation are interested. The state of New York has chartered the committee to do what it has done. The state itself is on trial. Failure to be thorough will hurt the state in a business way by arousing resentment against it in the west—and there is enough already. Finally, the voters will not have it. They are thoroughly aroused and determined not to pardon any slighting. The six republican members of the committee are of good average ability and repute; they know the public feeling in the matter; and while they may try for the name of the party to shield Odell, they will really do their best to recommend a good code of laws to prevent stealing in the future. Insurance men themselves are now convinced, though it took a four months' campaign of brilliant fighting on the part first of the World and afterwards of other papers to bring them to the point—that the work must be thoroughly done. The counsel selected typify the natural hesitation, the irresolution of the committee, confronted by tremendous scandals and half retreating before the storm. Charles E. Hughes, the senior counsel, is a legal bloodhound, relentless, alert, resourceful, unmerciful, unflinching, unpugged to anyone. He will, from instinct and from sense of duty and from professional pride, do his utmost to lay the festering wound open. The other counsel, Mr. McKean, was a year ago a better known lawyer; he is of a more showy oratorical type and has had rather more to do with politics. If Hughes represents the rigor, McKean is supposed to represent the mercy of the law. This is a case where Hughes has the easier part. The people who have invested in life insurance policies aren't hankering after mercy toward the very wealthy men who have practically stolen their money—millions of it.

So, for once, a legislative investigation is going to be a rather dramatic affair. Jerome and Tammany. HILE the pushing of District Attorney Jerome as a candidate for mayor is now seen to have been premature, it has plainly shown that no one cares 30 cents about politics in hot weather except the politicians. It is a queer situation. Most people like Mayor McClellan personally. He is honest, presentable, intelligent, makes a good speech, has a good, clean-cut face and meets the city's guests like a gentleman, not like

a boor, as did Van Wyck. It was the proud hour of his life of the latter when he confronted the polite captain of a Spanish man-of-war who visited New York in the ticklish days just before the war. McClellan is happy in his name, his ancestry, his wealthy wife, his friends, his literary ability, his statesmanlike ability, which is not small. But the gang that follows him! The leaders he has to placate! The following he has to satisfy! Jerome's challenge to him to deny that he had made appointments of unfit men for political reasons remained unaccepted. Half the great city departments are headed by utterly unfit men—men known to be unfit by the meanest intelligence. The city suffers from this; yet McClellan is personally popular and is hailed as a good mayor. If to be good is to be personally satisfactory and yet to surrender the city to the boss, the present head of the city government fills the bill. Nor would a partisan republican be much improvement at present. The bare fact is that the best men of the city are outside the machines of both parties. If Jerome only could smash both machines, the whole country would be merry at its downfall, including many very excellent machine men.

The Children Defective.
HE rest of the country may think of New York what it will, it does one great service. It acts as a catch-basin and settling pool for the huge stream of immigration, much of which gathers in New York and costs it uncounted millions. An instance of this is the report of the board of health that an alarming proportion of the children of school age in a poor section of the city are physically defective. These are foreign born, very largely. The revelations follow the most misquoted saying of Robert Hunter that thousands of New York's children are underfed. One child in 20 in the region examined is mentally not normal and should have separate teaching not in the common schools. New York must tackle the problem—practically as a trustee for the country. Superintendent Maxwell of the public school system long ago advocated free breakfasts for poor children, many of whom are too hungry to do their work in school. It sounds un-American—but what are you going to do? On the first of last January there were over 800,000 all-the-time paupers in England and Wales; besides hundreds of thousands receiving part-time assistance, a still vaster army getting private aid, and millions of the self-supporting but underfed. The latter class rises to one-third of the total population in a town like old York, whose picturesqueness so many American tourists admire. And yet the British are getting the best fed of the immigrants we get. The Irish, especially, who 50 years ago used to come to us gaunt with famine, are now so much more prosperous at home that the still flowing tide of immigration brings sturdy, well-nourished specimens. But "assisted emigration" from the British cities means immigrants who have to be assisted when they get here. And oh, the hunger of the poor Russian Jews, slaves of the sweatshop to men of their own race!

The Real East Side.
HERE is no place in the world like the East side of New York. Compare it with London. The people are better fed, more hopeful, less careless of appearances than those one sees in an English city; but also they are more crowded together upon the growing acres than a humanity anywhere else in the world except, I have heard, Bombay. And not even in Bombay, plague-stricken as it is, do the tall houses shut out the sun as in New York. The nine-story tenement has become a common feature upon New York streets; many of its middle-aged tenements were built under a law that permitted 90 per cent. of the lot to be covered by the building; and upon a single floor in a 25-foot plot ingenuity has cheated even the beneficent new law by crowding an unbelievable number of people. At times the population bursts out of the East side, like water out of a full barrel when a hole is bored in it. When the great new Williamsburg bridge was completed, 135 feet wide and a mile and a quarter long, piercing the very heart of the East side, it soon caught the name of the Jewish Passover. A hundred thousand people have literally swarmed over it into Brooklyn. Their coming changed, wherever they went, the very conditions they sought. Cheap rents? A corner plot on a wide street in Brownsville, a suburb six miles from the city hall, inhabited almost exclusively by Jewish tailors, rose in value from \$3,000 to \$22,000 in less than three years. What chance had cheap rents in a place like that? But the public bath and the private school for adults, and the hospital and the dispensary and the boys' club go where the people go. The wealthy Jews of New York pour out their wealth with the utmost liberality to aid their co-religionists. Strange to say, they are also as widely scattered in sympathy and understanding as are the poorer Jews and rich Gentiles. The rich German Jews and the poor Russian Jews are not much alike; can scarcely understand each other's familiar talk. And there is much bitterness of the poor who expected too much of a free country against their brothers who have been here longer and have done better.

If the city presently undertakes the Titan task of partly feeding the children of the very poor before they get out for school, no one need be surprised. Private charity is already doing this upon a liberal scale, and leaving the ethics of the case for theorists to argue about.

TO PREVENT ILLNESS
IT IS USUALLY OUR OWN FAULT WHEN WE ARE SICK.
"It is Too Much Trouble to Be Well"—Family of Six Killed by Decayed Vegetable Matter—Consumption Encouraged by Shade Trees Which Shut Out Sunlight—Preventing Colds—Poison from Defective Plumbing.
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
The time has long since passed when sensible people looked upon illness as a good matter. In nine cases out of ten it is much more probably a visitation from the Evil One. And indeed, why blame the devil? We need not be ill as a rule. We often have ourselves to blame when we are. We avail ourselves of the beneficent provisions of nature on every hand, and if we obey the laws of health, we shall keep well. Because we have had interrupted and laid aside by attacks of illness that might be prevented. Every illness from childhood on makes a draft upon the physical capital that should be sufficient for a long life. We are ill because it is too much trouble to be well. We are ill because we live amid unsanitary conditions, or willfully surround ourselves with death-dealing germs. Take, for example, the familiar experience of an epidemic of diphtheria, typhoid fever, or dysentery in a country village, in the later summer. Apparently everything in the place tends to health. The skies are bright, the air is clear, the fields and gardens wave with flowers, the trees in suburban beauty stand in the village street, or encircle the homesteads. Yet, in one house and another and another, old and young are stricken, and before long the village is in mourning. In this and the other home, now the strong man and now the little child has breathed his last. Why? Not in the least because Divine Providence has sent a mysterious scourge, but because with unparadiseable and wicked heedlessness, the contents of cesspools have been allowed to percolate through the soil, and trickle into wells, and poison drinking water, or because when the front of the house has blossomed like the rose, the back of it has, day after day, seen neglected garbage decaying in the sun. Some years ago, in a small eastern city, in a single week, a father and five children in one house died of diphtheria. The only members of the family who escaped were a mother and a nursing infant. The family was conspicuous for brains, intelligence and eminent purity. Yet they had been away from home for nearly three months, and had come back in good health to open their closed house. When the premises after the tragedy were examined by the board of health, it was discovered that the cellar was filled with enough disease germs to poison the whole street. All sorts of kitchen debris and decaying vegetable matter had been sealed up there during the weeks of a stifling summer. Many a time a city has been swept by a pestilence, and its population decimated, not because that city was unhygienic in itself, but because of its rich and field corruption. Civic neglect and gross ignorance encourage epidemics.

We are learning that there is now neither occasion nor excuse for the ravages once made by consumption, that great White Plague which used to carry off piecemeal entire families. I knew a beautiful old mansion built of stone, standing well back from the road, and shaded by oaks and elms, that had been growing during the lives of three generations. The walls were thick, the shade was dense, little sunlight penetrated into the stately rooms. Across that threshold at intervals of 18 months or two years, with a regularity that was like the formal execution of a sentence of death, were carried the sons and daughters of that family, until the venerable parents were left childless beside their desolate hearth. One by one the young people drooped and faded. People thought it strange and mysterious and wondered how it was that the children of that household had so little stamina. The truth was that the very walls and furniture reeked with infection, that the mansion, beautiful as it was, should have been shunned like a pest house, and that the old trees with their thick branching shade should have been cut down to let the sunlight in. The parents lived out their lives in grief and solitude, perhaps because they were naturally of stronger fiber than their children, and perhaps because, being older, they had taken less direct care of the sufferers. We fortunately know now that consumption may be fought successfully in the right climate by an open-air life, and by nourishing food, and that love does not require the sacrifice of every life in the household, if one be stricken.

There are preventable illnesses which nobody fears. For instance, the commonest of all infections is a cold. The general opinion seems to be that, there is no help if one takes cold. Yet a little care and forethought and much living in the open air will make most of us immune from this inconvenient and depressing malady. Note how many people are desperately afraid of a draught, how carefully they exclude night air from their sleeping rooms, except during the warmest weather. We live by the air we breathe, and it is impossible to take cold merely through breathing fresh air. If the body is in good condition and properly clothed, we may defy pure air to do us harm. Men and women too, go on long tramps through the woods, sleep on the ground with a rubber sheet under them, and only a tent between them and the sky, and take no harm. Our luxuries make us effeminate and are at the back of many a cold which comes out of space, we know not how, and fastens itself upon us in our moment of least resistance, the moment when we are tired, or have slept badly or have over-eaten.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

MIDSUMMER GOSSIP FROM THE EASTERN METROPOLIS.

COMING INSURANCE INQUIRY

Investigation Committee Cannot Do a Job of Whitewashing in Face of Public Sentiment—Jerome and Tammany.

NEW YORK.—A humdrum legislative inquiry—eight sleepy statesmen behind a high bench, a lawyer droning long questions at a forgotten witness—that is not a picture of the legislative inquiry into insurance corruption which the state of New York has reluctantly undertaken comes we spy a hobo away off, but he's running for all he's worth, which is seven dollars, and is out of sight before we can hail him. A couple of hours later we spy another. His hair is standing out behind him, and he'll get in trouble for exceeding the speed limit. "There's something wrong," says Shorty, much apprehensive. "What's all this excitement about?" "Another tramp comes tearing down the road. "Don't stop me!" he implores, piteously. "The consequences would be more than I could bear. Lemme get out of this county as quick as I can. To-morrow will be