

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE:

- 1-It aims to publish all the news possible. 2-It does so impartially, wasting no words. 3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE:

- 4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans. 5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique. 6-It asks no support but the people's.

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Protection for the Worker

In many countries the question of insurance for workmen is considered important, and in at least a dozen countries a practical solution of the question has been found and applied.

The United States Consul Haynes, at Rouen, France, has gathered and sent to the Department of Labor and Commerce the main facts concerning workmen's insurance in a dozen countries.

In Belgium the insurance against accident and disability is obligatory for miners. Moreover, since Jan. 1, 1900, the government has a national fund for retiring pensions which is voluntary, and insures to each of its members when sixty-five years of age a pension of \$69.50 annually.

The insurance of miners has also been compulsory in Austria since 1889. The minimum insurance is, for men, \$41, for women \$20.50. Insurance against sickness and accident is also obligatory for those engaged in industrial and agricultural pursuits.

In Denmark the needy who have reached sixty years of age receive help in varying proportions, the state and commune contributing equally.

For the past fifteen years a workman's insurance committee has existed in Sweden, and since 1886 the Riksdag has put aside yearly the sum of \$428,800 to cover the first expense when the law for insurance of workmen is voted.

In Norway accident insurance for the industrially employed workman whose salary does not exceed \$200 a year is compulsory.

Insurance is obligatory for industrial employees of either sex in Hungary, and for those engaged in commerce, if their wages do not exceed \$215 a day. All members are as-

ured (1) free medical treatment, with medicine, for twenty weeks, (2) food for at least twenty weeks, (3) aid in childbirth and (4) burial expenses.

There is obligatory accident insurance in Italy. There is also voluntary insurance against sickness and disability pension one must be sixty years of age and have been insured for twenty-five years.

In Finland there is insurance against sickness, the cost being borne equally by employer and employee. There is also insurance against accidents for industrial establishments.

A pension of \$87 is allowed by the government of New Zealand to the indigent aged who have lived in the country uninterruptedly for twenty-five years without any legal condemnation. Every old person who has come to the pension age gets the entire pension if he has a personal revenue of \$164 or less. For each \$1.50 above \$164 the law diminishes his pension accordingly.

There is perhaps no country in the world where workmen are so protected by the state or are so cared for as in Germany, says Consul Haynes. Even clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure. This insurance is effected by pasting into a book stamps every week, and it is the duty of employers to see that this is faithfully done.

In the German Empire there are three insurances for workmen, all of which are obligatory and under the authority of the Imperial Insurance office. They are accident, sickness and old age, or infirmity. The insurance is mutual and its administration embraces, without distinction of nationality, all persons working in Germany.

Discover Secret of Japs

In the nursery of "Fruitlands," on the outskirts of Augusta, Ga., stands a peculiar orange tree which has had a more romantic history and is represented by more varied descendants than any other tree in the country. It is a thorny bush, green even in winter, although its leaves are gone and looks more like a hedgeplant than an orange tree in spite of the tiny yellow balls which ornament its branches.

When Japan was thrown open to western commerce its quaint plants and shrubs were among the first things to attract attention to it. Tiny orange trees so small that they grew in tubs and could be set on a stand in an ordinary room, yet so perfect that they produced blossoms and fruit in season and so garlanded that they were evidently very old, were brought to America to ornament the conservatories of plant lovers. American gardeners sought in vain the stock which was the basis for these dwarfs. It was evidently a grafted tree, and from its seeds a variety of things, none of them like the root stalk, were obtained.

Some of the earliest of the importations came to Fruitlands. Many died. One of those which died was thrown out on a heap of rubbish, became buried and was forgotten. After

awhile, however, an odd plant was discovered to be coming up in the rubbish heap and on investigation it was found that the dwarf tree had sprouted from the roots. This new stalk came from below the graft and was one child of the root—a bit of the genuine, long-sought stock.

That carefully nursed and guarded sapling is the odd-shaped bush in the Fruitlands garden. As soon as it began to bear fruit its seeds were planted and guarded as carefully as the original stalk. Year after year all the seeds were planted and even the seeds of the new plants till at last the nursery was well stocked with the thorny citrus trifoliata.

Citrus trifoliata is extremely hardy and productive. So upon the seedling of this tree has been grafted almost an infinite variety of other fruits to obtain commercial trees. Orchards all over the country, and in fact in all parts of the world, where oranges are grown, are stocked with descendants of citrus trifoliata, although, of course, not all are from this stock so oddly obtained, for about the time this fortunate accidental discovery was made in Georgia other gardeners succeeded in wresting the secret from the Japanese and bringing over seedlings.

An Antitoxin for Laziness

According to Berlin reports, a scientist of that city has discovered what has been facetiously termed an antitoxin for laziness. The doctor thinks his discovery will be of importance in the treatment of neurasthenia or nervous exhaustion and the convalescence from acute diseases. His experiments are described as follows: A guinea pig was drawn backward on a rough carpet, by means of a string, until it no longer resisted interference with its motion and was totally exhausted. Stimulation was continued, by means of electricity, until the animal was in a state of autoinjection, that is to say, a condition of infection from the toxin or poison generated by itself. During the experiment, the temperature of the guinea pig fell very greatly. When exhaustion could be carried no further, the animal was killed. Immediately after death, the toxin (or poison) was obtained from the crushed muscles of the animal. When dried in a space exhausted of air, the toxin was found to consist of yellowish-brown scales, that were not very stable and had to be kept in sealed glass tubes, preferably in liquid air. This toxin or poison, injected into other guinea pigs, produced symptoms of exhaustion followed by death within twenty-four hours. The same poison could not be obtained from the muscles of non-exhausted animals.

Antitoxin corresponding to the toxin in this procured by injecting the toxin into the circulation of horses. When dried in a vacuum, the resulting scales—unlike those of the toxin—are permanent. In fact, the substance retains its activity even after months. It is readily taken up by the stomach, but is generally injected under the skin by means of a hypodermic syringe.

Small animals, into which the toxin was injected, remained in a perfectly normal condition when treated with the antitoxin, but succumbed to the poison when the antitoxin was not administered. The introduction of the antitoxin did not produce any disturbance whatsoever; on the contrary, it was followed by increased vigor and energy.

Marriage in Ancient Rome

Not only was the "bachelor evil" well recognized in ancient Rome in the days of the early Caesars in much the same way that it is today, but many other phases of the marriage question were not unlike the problems that are up for solution in this present year of grace. The matter of divorce was one. People had an idea even then that it was not good for the state, but no effective means to check it was ever discovered. "We are assured by Seneca," says the historian Inge, "that there were women in Rome who counted their ages not by their years, but by the husbands they had had. Juvenal tells of one woman who married eight husbands in five years. Divorce was granted on the slightest pretext. Many separated merely from love of change, disdaining to give any reason, like

Aemilius Paulus, who told his friends that he knew best where his shoes pinched him.

"Rich wives were not much sought after by wise men. Their complete emancipation made them difficult to manage. Accordingly, since both rich and poor wives were objectionable, the large majority of men never married at all. In most cases a Roman bridegroom knew practically nothing of his wife's character—until after marriage. Marriage for the Roman woman meant a transition from rigid seclusion to almost unbounded liberty.

"She appeared, as a matter of course, at her husband's table, whether he had company or not. She could where she liked, either to the temples of Isis and Serapis or to the circus and amphitheater. She had her own troops of slaves, over whom she ruled without interference."

STORY of FREAK TRAVEL



Here is a travel story somewhat differing from the parlor variety: A son of ex-Treasurer Harmon of Virginia, with but three cents cash capital, but with millions in love of excitement, adventure and nature, he thought himself, when in San Francisco, to take a stroll across the continent. He induced a friend—like himself, an educated man—to accompany him, and in three weeks they reached Los Angeles. Five weeks more brought them to Albuquerque (N. M.), where they decided to walk the rest of the distance by proxy, as they had earned a few dollars and could buy a rickety covered cart and a span of three donkeys, one of which gave birth to a colt, thus the wagon entered New York as a four-in-hand. That, however, was after a two months' pause in St. Louis, so that the travelers might take in the World's

fair and, incidentally, add to their exchequer, for to get across Ohio, ferrisage must be paid (at Steubenville) to evade which would not be possible. As it was, they came near breaking down there for lack of one cent necessary to complete the toll, but 96 per cent of which they were able to produce to the ferryman. They had favorable weather to Pittsburg, thereafter it was otherwise. Illinois country people, they claim, are singularly inhospitable, refusing even water to the wayfarer.

Between San Francisco and New York they collected over 2,000 autographs on their wagon top of canvas. Otherwise their long trip appears to have been disappointingly uneventful, for they tell no tales of adventures, nor of half-brave escapes.—From the magazine "Travel." Illustrations from Brooklyn Eagle.

DOG THOUGHT IT ALL OUT.

Circumstances That Provoked the Animal Reasoned.

"I see," said the St. Louis man, "that the question of whether animals think or not is now being much discussed in the papers."

"And which side do you take?" was asked. "I know they think. When I was a boy I went after harvest apples once and the farmer's dog drove me up a tree and kept me there for five hours."

"But that doesn't prove that he had thoughts."

"Hold on. The farmer was away from home and didn't return until sundown, and then he took me down out of the tree and gave me the walloping of my life. In the first place, the dog knew his master was gone; in the second, he knew that he wouldn't be back until sundown; thirdly, he knew that if he came back and found me, I'd get a hiding; lastly, if it wasn't all reasoned out, why didn't he leave me at the end of four hours to bite a tramp who was stealing turnips farther down the road? I still have one more reason."

"And that is?"

"That three months later, when I met that dog on the steps of the meeting house of a Sunday, he barked for home like a streak of greased lightning. Would he have done that if he hadn't thought I had a brickbat under my jacket?"—Chicago News.

Should Have Known Sooner. Two women, the one a private secretary and the other the ruling power of the telephone exchange of a big downtown building, went into a restaurant the other day to get their luncheon. They had been taking their noon-day meal at this place for about a year and were surprised when the table was set with a brand-new set of dishes.

They examined the new ware critically and when they stepped up to the desk to pay their checks were ready to give an opinion in response to the cashier's question, "How did you like our new dishes?"

"Why, I don't think much of them," replied Miss H. "I don't like the color."

"You ought to," replied the cashier with a smile as she handed their money back. "It was decided that the first party that ate from the new dishes should have the meal free."

"Well, why didn't you tell us that before we ordered," they both shouted. "Just think what we could have eaten if we had known it was not to cost anything!"—Philadelphia Press.

Welcoming a Kentuckian.

Ex-Congressman Asher G. Caruth of Kentucky tells this story of an experience he once had on a visit to a little Ohio town.

"I went up there on legal business," he says, "and, knowing that I should have to stay all night, I proceeded directly to the only hotel. The landlord stood behind the desk and regarded me with a kindly air as I registered. It seems that he was a little hard of hearing, a fact of which I was not aware. As I jabbed the pen back into the dish of birdshot I said:

"Can you direct me to the bank?"

"He looked at me blankly for a second, then, swinging the register

OVER MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL



The bridge, connecting Lancashire with Cheshire, a detour of about thirteen miles round by Warrington. A lattice-work bridge is hung between two high towers, and along this runs the transporter—a car for the conveyance of vehicles and foot-passengers. The car receives its complement at

the level of the ordinary roadway, and is then raised to the rails on the bridge, 82 feet above the estuary of the Mersey. The great height is to allow the passage of ships on the Manchester ship canal, crossed by the bridge at the Chester end.—Illustrated London News.

around, he glanced down swiftly, caught the 'Louisville' after my name, and an expression of complete understanding lighting up his countenance, he said:

"Certainly, sir. You will find the bar right through that door at the left."—Harper's Weekly.

Japanese Woman's Generosity. No Japanese in the struggle before Port Arthur ever showed more generosity and courage than did an obscure Japanese woman far from the scenes of war. When Miss Helen Keller was at the exposition in St. Louis she visited the Japanese tea house, and for a few minutes shook hands with some of the waitresses, little olive-skinned women who spoke almost no English, but expressed their interest and intelligence without words. Many weeks after Miss Keller had returned to Boston she heard from an official of the exposition that one of the Japanese waitresses had gone to a St. Louis physician and asked to have one of her eyes taken out and given to Miss Keller. When she told that such a gift was impossible, she wept in bitter disappointment.

Died of Improvements. A good, poor German of Saxonyville recently sent his sick wife to the Framingham hospital. For many days he wended his weary way there to find out how she was getting along. He was told each day that she was improving. Though he called daily for three weeks he regularly got the same answer—"improving." At last a telephone message informed him that she was dead.

He was sent going along with head bent with grief, and when one of his neighbors asked what his wife died of he answered: "Died of improvements."

FOUND IN OLD OAK

WAS WILL OF NATHAN WEATHERSBY OF NEW YORK.

Title to Much Valuable Property Involved in the Discovery—Plate and Jewels Also in Receipts Strangely Brought to Light.

Concealed for a century and more, the will of Nathan Weathersby lay in the heart of a giant oak that long had been a landmark of the old Dale place, opposite the Lackawanna station here, says a Lincoln Park (N. J.) correspondent of the New York Press, until Charles Gulickson this morning chopped down the tree and lay bare the secret of 116 years. The musty testament, signed in 1789, lay among other time-yellowed papers in a battered tin box at the bottom of the tree's hollow.

It looked like little more than a scrap of paper when Gulickson turned it out of the box, yet it may be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, for in it Weathersby bequeathed to his sons Charles and Andrew twelve acres of land on Manhattan island, now supposed to be a valuable part of Harlem of Washington heights. Save that the land left to the sons is in the borough's upper part, its location is not known, but if it is anywhere in Manhattan its value logically has increased hundreds of times.

That the will is a serious document and yet may be the basis of extensive litigation is evident from the fact that a deed to the land lay beside it when Gulickson opened the box. In the second instrument it is stated formally that the twelve acres are at the northern end of the island, and at the corners of the plot are set forth in the dotted legal phrases of the period, but they are not clear when read in the light of the modern metropolitan platting system. It is said, and much difficulty doubtless will be experienced in establishing their accuracy to the satisfaction of the courts. Nevertheless, laymen who have seen the deed believe it ultimately will be accepted.

Other papers were found in the box, but they were not the whole of the end. A dull glow at the bottom of the hollow when the Swede's ax let the first ray of sunlight into the cavity betrayed the presence of pieces of silver that plainly once were the treasure ornaments of a colonial home. Battered, dented, tarnished, the silverware still showed its fineness under the coating of decades. It included twelve teaspoons, as many table spoons, the same number of forks and a gold-lined tea set, consisting of a sugar bowl, spoonholder and cream ewer. A faint sparkle glinted from gems crusted with the dust of many years, most of which were in heavy gold settings.

The box lay close to the plate and jewelry. The documents, in addition to the will and deed, were mostly re-

Few "Find Their Work"

The writer for the World's Work who inquired of twenty clergymen if they would choose the same occupation if they had their lives to live over, need not have been surprised to find nine who replied that they would not; nor the investigator for Leslie's Monthly who asked eleven teachers a similar question to find only one who was willing to say yes. Such expressions of disappointment can be got out of men and women of any and every vocation, says the New Bedford Standard. The person who wishes he were something else than what he actually is can be found at almost any minute of the day by any one who takes the pains to inquire. Not much is proved by it, except that, in the first place, there are too many square pegs in round holes, and that, in the second place, there are more pegs for which there are no appropriate holes than is good for the community. We have no question that the nine clergymen and the ten teachers who wish they had chosen some other manner of life were not conspicuous successes in the occupations they had selected, and it is rather to be doubted if all of them would have been successes in any of the occupations which they wish they had selected.

It is not difficult for a clergyman to dream that he would have made a great lawyer, or for a school teacher

to fancy that he would have been a splendid captain of industry. But the great lawyers and the splendid captains of industry might, if they would tell some stories of disillusion about the business. They would certainly say that if unsuccessful preachers and teachers put no more effort and interest into the law or into industry than they have put into preaching and teaching, the end would be the same disappointment and the same longing for something else.

"Happy is the man who has found his work." It is a pity that so many persons have apparently not found the work that they could best do and be happy in it. But sometimes it appears to us as if those who complain because they did not choose rightly, and who give up their thought to speculations of how much better they could have done if they had done something else, are not quite doing themselves and their opportunities full justice.

The secret of happiness in an occupation is usually in the worker himself more than in the occupation. And it mostly comes from the disposition and the determination to do the best possible, even if a mistake or bad fortune have made a wrong choice. Not in fancying that better could have been done, but in doing the best you can where you are found the recipe of contentment with a life-work.

"Peace Trust" a Possibility

An English writer has turned his eyes toward a group of the enormously rich men of this country and asks if it would be possible for the wealth and power they and others represent to be welded together in the cause of a world peace. He says: "Would a 'peace trust' be possible under the existing conditions of social and political life? A 'war trust' is not an unknown thing, since every great loan promoted for the benefit of a fighting nation is a proof of capitalist organization. The Rockefeller, Morgans, Vanderbilts and Carnegies of America, together with countless men whose absurd riches have been made less ostentatiously, have not inherited the tradition of making money for the mere pleasure of the making; they are likely to establish a tradition for themselves. They have ideas, and would like to be numbered among the immortals. The opportunity presents itself; they could combine their influence upon the world's stock markets to declare themselves the opponents of any financial group that sought to make war possible and in the moment when the strength of their attitude was recognized they would be hailed as saviors of mankind."

"Czars, kaisers, sultans and all of their kind," he continues, "would take their place in the tall of the new comet; the men who raised the preservation of peace to the level of the selling of low-flash oil, the collection of works of fine art valued chiefly for their price, and the packing of pork would send the echoes of their name and fame reverberating down the ages. Incidentally there would be money in the business. The greater demand for steel and corn and oil would add to the existing wealth; the general sense of security would encourage new industries—perhaps lead through the gateway of the trusts to the millennium of which Edward Bellamy dreamed."

"Finance started the present war in the east and can end it. The real power that makes or mars war is money. The people who wield the power can decide the fate of empires. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the time is near at hand when some man will wield the diverse forces into a solid mass, and will give the world the gift that is worth all the hospitals and free libraries in the world—the gift of permanent tranquility? Surely not."

Cremation of Hindu Dead

Toward the upper end of the ghats is the burning ground. There are no steps here, but a slope of beaten dirt. Stop half an hour and you may see every step of the cremation rites. Sitting on stone ramparts above, to right and left, are friends and relatives of the dead ones. The figure to the right, huddled up in a bright green wrap, is of the lowest caste of Hindus and keeps the mat shed near by where the sacred fire for igniting every corpse is for sale. You hear hoarse, loud cries of "Ram! Ramana!" and behold, a burial procession is coming down the slope. Four men carry the corpse slung between two bamboo poles, and cry to the god Ram. He is the personification of filial love, and thus it is meet that they should call him to witness. They swing down to the river and immerse the corpse. It is wrapped in a white shroud stained with red blotches. Then they lift the head slightly out of the water and

remove the shroud from the face, splashing water five times upon the mouth. Others, in the meantime, are building a wooden pyre, made of fagots sold near by, and when finished standing three feet or more above ground. The corpse, its dark color showing through the dripping shroud, is then placed on the wooden altar and covered with fagots. This done, all but two mount the ramparts and watch the final ceremony. Of the two remaining, one pours oil upon the wood from a small clay dish, while the other goes to the firehouse above. He soon returns with a long straw wisp, blazing at one end. He advances to the corpse's head, touches it with the wisp, and then circles the pyre five times, touching the head each time until the fifth, when he places the blazing wisp beneath the feet and the whole pile bursts into flame. When all is consumed the ashes are raked into the river and float away to bliss eternal.—F. J. O. Alsop in Outing.

Won Bet on Overdraft

"We often receive peculiar requests for overdrafts," said a banker the other day. "A client whose standing account had never exceeded \$1,000 requested us to grant him an overdraft of \$4,000, stating that he was not able to offer an explanation at the present, but assured us that at no time would the bank be in any danger of losing, as the overdraft would not be real."

"After some hesitancy we consented but stipulated certain conditions, and reserved the privilege of refusing if these conditions were not followed."

"Shortly after his departure a well-dressed gentleman came in and handed to our paying teller a check for \$5,000 bearing the signature of our client, and with it a letter requesting us to honor the check with cash. This letter was one of the conditions we

imposed for our safety. Still feeling that we were taking a chance, the teller asked what denominations he desired. He replied and the money was passed out to him. After holding the currency a moment in his hands he returned it, with a request for the check, which he destroyed before us."

"On the following day our client thanked us for our courtesy and waived the overdraft privilege, saying that he had no further use for it. He had with him a check for \$5,000, which he deposited. This he had won from his friend on a bet. He had bet that he could negotiate an overdraft for that amount without first explaining that it was a bet, and the nature of it, and his friend wagered that no bank would trust him for that amount."—Kansas City Star.

Sunshine in "The Boy"

The room is in disorder and the things are scattered round. Mixed up with books and playthings the comb and brush are found. The books are off the table, and the poker's on the floor— And view a scene of ravage as I open wide the door. But in a corner smiling up with saucy eyes at me, I see the inspiration of all this bedlam. And, with his hand a-waving, he toddles up—my joy. Our fiery bedroom buccanar, our looniac—"the boy."

He chews my editorials 'till they're in an awful fix— And yet, although his mission seems mostly to destroy, The sunshine's come among us with the coming of "the boy." His taste, I fear, is most depraved, and vitiated, too; He'll eat most anything from pins to a discarded shoe; And though I hate to tell it—yet must the tale be told— Once I caught him at the scuttles, eating up our winter's coal. Yet we wouldn't swap the reason for all this. There's laughter for the troubles, and there's smiling for the toil. And duty turns to pleasure, and tasks they seem a joy. As we think of the homecoming, and the meeting with "the boy," —Lagrange (188.) Graphic.