

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Germany and Tramps.

GERMANY has solved the tramp problem. It is announced that she is reasonably free from vagrants, and that such as are slinking about the byways are a relatively harmless lot, who seldom commit robberies and assaults of magnitude. And the way she has settled the difficulty is this: She arrests all tramps and puts them to work. She makes the work so much harder than the work of decent men that, after a trial of it, the tramps reform and quit the road. In our own country we have an army of the useless and vicious, from which is annually recruited a considerable addition to the ranks of the active criminals.

There is not so much in vagrancy itself which conduces to crime. Indeed some men would be in better health and morals if they occasionally allowed their legs to run away with them and carry them into the country, where they would renew the physical life that grows anemic at the bench and the desk. It is not the free and open air life that demerits; it is the effort to live without work; to get all and give nothing; to shift and sneak and steal in order to obtain food, instead of toiling honestly, even for an hour or two a day. Many of the tramps that are now idling along our highways and "hooking" rides on freight trains could pay for their meals by sawing a little wood, or weeding a garden patch, but they are extremely unwilling to do it, although not infrequently they work as hard at robbery as other people do at honorable employment.

Tramps carry moral corruption as they do physical contagion. Although mentally sordid and representative of a class that gradually eliminates itself, since it is an easy prey to the diseases that are invited by meager, un-governed life, with spells of dissipation and periods of exposure and hardship, they exert some influence over young people whose minds and habits are still unformed, and when a boy is found in their company prison authorities assure us that it would be better for him if he were dead. The boys who drift into the reformatories and jails of the land, after a season on the road, are among the most depraved that the authorities have to deal with. Our tramp army, then, is a missionary company that is going about the land preaching and practicing the most detestable of vices and often involved in crime.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Time to Close the Gates.

LONDON newspapers are gloating over the fact that the slums of that city are being depleted by reason of the \$9.00 steamer rate, which enables the riffraff of Europe to come to the United States. As a result this country is threatened with a deluge of the off-scourings of the world. We are menaced with an overflow of the scum and dregs of pauperized humanity. The managers of the transatlantic steamship lines engaged in this despicable traffic apparently have no other thought in the matter than of the income it brings. Having landed a shipload of the refuse of Europe's population on our shores these steamship agents practically say: "Now, you beggars, shift for yourselves!"

The situation demands immediate and energetic action on the part of the immigration authorities at our Eastern ports. There ought to be a thorough sifting and winnowing of this horde of newcomers, a majority of whom are chronic beggars and professional criminals.

The steamer rate war, which has brought the emigrant fare from Liverpool to New York down to \$10, is the kind of a rate war which no thoughtful American citizen can regard with satisfaction. On the contrary it suggests a deluge of pauper immigrants of the most undesirable type.

It is easy to see how, under a possible continuation of these rates, several of the old world governments can well afford to pay the passage of countless hordes of their poverty-stricken, ignorant and turbulent subjects to America, making this country a dump for the refuse of continental Europe. Here is a subject which should arouse Congress to speedy action. When a person can travel from the Roumanian provinces to New York for \$15, it is time to set about putting up the bars in earnest.

This country welcomes thrift, intelligence and loyalty to law and order from whatever land they hail. But our republican institutions are already taxed to the danger

point in the effort to assimilate the legions of illiterate immigrants that are coming to our shores from southern and far eastern Europe. There is a general feeling that the time has come to impose greater restrictions upon the importation of this class of persons.

Those who assert that this would be a violation of the tradition that this country is the asylum for the oppressed of all races should remember that with nations as with individuals, self-preservation is the first law of nature.—Chicago Journal.

"Passing of the Country Church."

THE "Passing of the Country Church" is the title of an interesting article in the Outlook by James E. Boyle. From this article we learn, if we do not already know it, that the country, upon which we have been accustomed to look as the stronghold of organized religion, has lost its character as such in recent years. According to Mr. Boyle, the decay of the rural church is due chiefly to the tendency to schisms and divisions. The congregations divide and subdivide over some new religious fad or some difference in dogma, and with each division the amount of true religion decreases.

"The rural church," says Mr. Boyle, "seems doomed. Each time it changes name—now Baptist, now New Light, now Saint—it loses in membership and vitality. Its fire may be rekindled temporarily, but its ultimate extinction is inevitable. Soon the little church stands by the wayside forsaken. The doorstep decked with tall weeds, the windows broken. Then it becomes a granary or a corn crib for some thrifty farmer, or is torn down and carried away. This process may take years, even decades, but it is inevitable."

Mr. Boyle does not think that the decline of the rural church is accompanied by an increase of vice and crime in the rural districts. The country school house is better and more influential than ever. The rural free delivery mail box is fast appearing at every front gate. Intelligence is more widely disseminated than formerly. There is less ignorance. The people are no longer interested in the kind of preaching that used to appeal to them.

The higher order of rural intelligence demands a better church than the old country church ever was or could be. In the future Mr. Boyle thinks the church people of the country will bring to strong and ably conducted churches in the towns and villages. Thus the building of good roads, the introduction of rural free delivery, the building of suburban trolley lines and the popularization of the automobile will have a good effect religiously as well as materially, for they will strongly tend to give the rural communities a better religious connection than they ever had in the old days of small country churches.—Minneapolis Journal.

What Kills Men in War.

IN the last issue of the Army and Navy Journal some data are given as to the number of wounds actually inflicted by the bayonet and saber as compared with firearms and artillery. Of all the wounds treated by medical officers of the Union armies in the Civil War about four-tenths of 1 per cent, or 922 out of 240,712, were saber or bayonet wounds. In the Crimean War the English and French had 2½ per cent of such wounds; in the Schleswig-Holstein War about 3 per cent, while in the Franco-Prussian War the records show that the Germans received less than one-third of 1 per cent.

A striking commentary this upon the advance of modern military science, showing that with the general adoption of long range firearms the saber and bayonet are rapidly falling into disuse, and the time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when those old and honored weapons will become obsolete.

But it is not the bullet or the artillery fire which strikes down the largest number of men. It is disease. In the Civil War one man out of every 4.7 was wounded in action; one of every 38 died of his wounds; one of every 42.7 was killed in action. Of the total mortality among colored soldiers 90 per cent was from disease. Of the total mortality among the white volunteers, 70 per cent was owing to disease; among the white regulars, 60 per cent.—Chicago Tribune.

and it is again a good railroad time-piece.

Besides the watches of the train crews, there are still the timepieces of all the station employes, the signal tower men, the thousands of hands working along the tracks and in the shops, to be looked after.

For these a special force of experts is employed to travel up and down the line, stopping at all stations. To the expert come the railroad men, watches in hand. From constantly visiting the various points the watch repairer knows the timepiece as well as he knows the men, and a short examination determines whether or not the watch is ticking to proper railroad time.

Part of the duty of the repairer is to see that the station clocks and the clocks in the signal towers along the line are ticking according to railroad time. If they are not doing their duty he halts in his progress long enough to make them register time according to the Washington standard.

The railroad company will not permit the employe to carry any watch his fancy suggests. He must purchase a watch that meets with the favor of the management. If a certain watch comes again and again to the repair department and proves to be always behind or ahead of the time it is condemned finally and the railroad man must provide himself with one to the liking of the company, or carry a watch that the company will provide at his expense.

DANCES A DAY AND A HALF.

Somali Woman Infected with Religious Frenzy in English Towns.

A Somali woman has astonished Bradford holiday-makers by dancing without a stop for thirty-six hours.

It was no part of her business thus to exert herself; she simply entered with excessive and unexpected heartiness into the spirit of the great Whitsuntide festival.

A number of women of the Somali tribe are proving a great attraction at Bradford exhibition, and it was ex-

plained to them that Whitsuntide is a great religious celebration, corresponding in importance with their Muharram, also an occasion of rejoicing.

The festival proved infectious, for one of the women broke into what is termed "the mad dance." Her companions unconcernedly became passive spectators of the woman's frenzied exertions.

A quick, eccentric and yet at times rhythmical step was maintained for the long period stated. Not for one moment did the dancer pause for refreshment or rest.

She collapsed at the close of the thirty-sixth hour. After an interval she was housed by the other Somali women, who, by beating their tambourines and by cries of exhortation, succeeded in encouraging her to another effort.

The second dance, however, did not last long and the woman again fell exhausted.

Following this bad attack another of the natives—a man—lost his head and frantically threatened the holiday-makers, who were startled by his wild conduct. He was taken in hand by the police, however, and eventually calmed down.—London Express.

Andrew Gleeson's Eloquence.

For twenty years Andrew Gleeson, contractor and builder, was a member of the Republican National Committee for the District of Columbia. He controlled the Irish vote, and Perry Carson controlled the negro vote, and they were very successful, politically.

Carson, the negro, was a natural orator, but Gleeson, rich and powerful, could not make a speech. One evening at a political meeting, where one hundred Irishmen mingled with about two thousand negroes, Perry Carson did not appear, and the crowd called on Gleeson for a speech. He hesitated, shook his head, but finally arose and shouted:

"God bless the Irish, both white and black." It was his first, last and only speech; but it pleased the crowd all right.

A SHARK ON BOARD.

Among the incidents of shark fishing narrated by J. F. Keane is the following, which occurred in a small bark on the home voyage from India. A shark was sighted astern, and the second mate immediately lowered a hook for the big fish. In less than a minute he had secured the shark, and with the aid of the man at the wheel, had landed it, "a gyrating, floundering, somersaulting, slapping and banging creature on the monkey poop."

Gratings, coils of rope, man at the wheel, second mate, and everything not built into the ship were slashed round in a mad jumble. The captain came on deck filled with wrath. "I'll soon run him forward!" cried the mate, jumping down from his perch on the poop. His first haul on the rope produced an ominous snapping of the shark's jaws. The next pull brought a writhing of the body that so jammed the shark into the narrow passage that the second mate's only prospect of moving the fish was to take hold of it bodily and attempt to turn it round.

Then ensued a hand-to-hand contest. The man's first attempt to carry his antagonist bodily across the ropes turned out abortive. In less than ten seconds the shark had dashed him into a mass of red pain just laid out, rubbed him across the vermilion, knocked him among the blues, and then wiped him all over about ten square yards of the white side of the house and bulwarks, also newly painted.

A scientific attempt to collar the shark by the tail was met with a sounding smack across the second mate's face. Then followed a heels-over-head splashing, dashing struggle which was sustained on both sides with fury. At one time both combatants appeared to be hooked by the jaws to the same hook.

How the man kept his leg or arm out of the shark's mouth no one can explain. Foot by foot, straddling, springing up and down, and tying knots in themselves, they came toward the end of the passage; and when at last they reached the open deck the one had become almost indistinguishable from the other, so similarly and completely were they besmirched with combinations and shades of the various colors among which they had wallowed and fought.

The man conquered. The captain's wrath had given way to roars of laughter. The dead shark was thrown overboard, and the hero of the adventure was ordered to scrape every particle of the spoiled paint off and repaint it with his own hands.

MADRAS WATCH TOWER.



The people of India do not use scarecrows to keep the birds away from their fields; they use far more effective methods. They build a small thatched cottage, and above that an open upper story with thatched roof, reached by a long ladder. From this high vantage point coolies keep watch and frighten away the birds with curious, piercing cries. During the season the families of the coolies live in the hut below, and the men take turn about in watching.

Art of Glass-making.

The art of making glass was introduced into Japan about one hundred and fifty years ago by a Hollander who settled at Osaka. For several generations the knowledge of the process was confined to a single family, and it was not until about 1879 that the employment of coal instead of charcoal and the construction of chimneys enabled the manufacturers to introduce improvements which placed the industry on a substantial basis. Osaka has continued to be the center of the industry, and now manufactures for export besides supplying the home demand.

A Business Term.

"Now, this is an old antique," explained the dealer.

The professor took off his glasses, smiled quizzically, and glancing at his wife to see if she was listening, said: "My dear man, that is tautological. If it is an antique, it must be old."

"In the dictionary, yes," conceded the dealer. "But we carry three grades—antiques, new antiques and old antiques."—Woman's Home Companion.

New Field for Co-legians.

Jaggies—Do you think the college graduate has a better chance than he used to have?

Waggles—Sure thing. Nearly all of the league nines have some of them on the team.—Judge.

Tags of Trades.

Japanese workmen are obliged to wear on their caps and backs an inscription stating their business and their employer's name.

WOMEN

Making Married Life Happy.

Probably the great reason why there are so many unhappy marriages today lies in the growing restlessness of the age. In the good old days before women were emancipated they were content to stay at home and minister to the needs of their lord, their children and their household. Matinees, summer sales and afternoon teas were not always racking their brains for some fresh diversion, some new way of killing time. They lived simple, healthy, frugal lives, and in spite of the swooning they are represented, in the novels of the period, as indulging in had a more tranquil nervous system.

The woman of to-day is constantly craving for excitement. If she is of the lower middle class she passes her nights in heated sale rooms, bidding frantically for articles she does not want; if she is of the upper middle class she disports herself upon some promenade or wears herself to pieces over parish work. To sit at home is the only thing she detests.

Now this is unfortunate, because man (a far more conservative animal than woman, by the way), likes nothing better than to sit by his own fireside, with his feet on his own fender, smoking the pipe of peace. While his fiancée pictures matrimony as a whirl of calls and parties, he dreams of a quiet haven sheltered from every wind which blows, a place where, once the turmoil of the world shut out, he can rest and refresh himself or the recurring struggle.

Just as long, dear girl reader, as your ideas of what constitutes a happy marriage differ so violently from those of the average man, just so long will there be dozens and dozens of unhappy marriages.

If you really wish to make your married life happy, you must give up all thoughts of your own pleasure, you must abandon the idea that rushing to and fro is desirable. You must settle down—never mind if it sounds dull—and determine to make a home for your husband. Never mind about the carpets or the curtains; these count for nothing; make it a place where the sunshine of serenity shines, a place where worries are kissed away and cares forgotten, a place where cross words and angry looks never come, a place where discontent cannot live, and, above all, a peaceful place, where he may gather strength for the struggle always going on—the struggle of life.

The Word "Obey."

Unquestionably the word and the idea "obey" as applied to woman alone are wrong. They belong to an age in which the man was the legal ruler of the house, and they should have no part of marriage as we now understand it, a sacred contract where the husband and wife are equal partners in the life of the family and meet on equal terms. Rev. S. U. Shearman, of Jamaica Plain, has endeavored in a letter to a contemporary to show that the promise of obedience is in the last analysis quite in accordance with what he terms "the nature of things." When differing judgments arise in the family, he goes on to say, a final decision must be made by somebody if harmony of opinion has not otherwise been reached. "By whom more naturally and inevitably than by the husband and father?" What Mr. Shearman fails to consider is that when any such dispute as he instances does arise in a family, the remembrance that the wife promised in the marriage service to "obey" has never been and can be a solvent of the problem. Divorce instead of obedience comes then.—Exchange.

Fresh Eggs.

It is an open secret that three perfectly fresh eggs will, in making cake, etc., do the work of four stale ones. "A new-laid egg sounds well when read of in books, but, in reality, one should not be eaten the same day on which it is laid. At first the shell is soft, and the flavor not so fine as when it is twenty-four hours old. By the time it has attained this age, the shell has a peculiar roughness, and then yolk and white are at perfection point. Distrust a smooth, glossy egg, as it is almost invariably so old that the air has had time to begin the work of disintegration upon the lime composing the shell.

There are various tests which you may apply to this very important and most uncertain article of diet. Among others is that of holding the egg between you and a strong light. If the interior has a clouded, opaque look, avoid it. Another test is that of dropping an egg in water. If it floats, it is not "doubtful," but undoubtedly bad! A raw egg that has the slightest disagreeable odor should be thrown away, and, if possible, buried.

She Would Not Do.

A Boston mother with the true Boston woman's born-and-bred horror of anything "vulgar" had to engage a nurserymaid to take the place of one who had married. An advertisement calling for the services of another maid was inserted in the papers, and an applicant appeared in the person of a demure-looking young woman, to whom the mother of the four young hopefuls said, "I am very particular regarding the language used by my nursery-maids. I am especially particular regarding the use of slang. I

never allow my children to use form of slang, and I hope you would not mind if I corrected any grammatical errors I might discover in your conversation."

"Well, I dunno," said the applicant, after a few moments' reflection. "I guess, lady, that I'd hardly come up to the scratch, so I might as well get a move on me an' look somewhere else for a sir. So long, lady."—Woman's Home Companion.

ABOUT THE BABY



Don't bundle up its head to suffocation. Don't cover up its head except in a blast of wind.

Don't let people outside the family kiss the baby. Never so trample on your child's rights as to make it submit to an unwelcome caress from anyone.

Don't fasten its clothes like a vise, and then think it is going to be comfortable. A child can't be happy unless it can move every muscle of its body freely.

Neglect or improper treatment in illness may cause unlooked for fatal results, whooping cough and measles, it is claimed, often being the starting point of consumption in the young.

A child's freedom to romp and play to its heart's content is limited if it must wear starched and be-frilled lawns and muslins and keep them immaculate, and it is a shame so to harass the little ones.

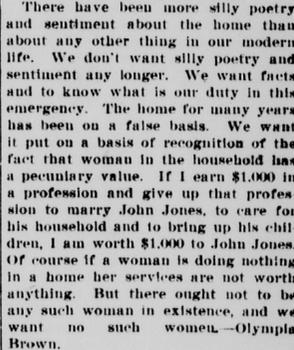
All normal children are born with pretty feet; it is the conventional shoe that mars Nature's handiwork in almost every instance. Let the children wear the sensible barefoot sandal, the next most beneficial treatment to going barefooted.

A peculiarity of boys' and men's ears especially, not of all, but of the majority, is their outstanding position; and another peculiarity is that the left ear curves forward. Both deformities are the result of careless habits and are preventable by due care on the part of the mother and the children. Where the left ear curves forward and the right ear only stands out away from the head, the mother or nurse has always carried baby on the right arm, and not been careful to see that its ear was in the proper position. A baby should be carried on the left as well as the right arm. An ear-cap is a very useful piece of head-wear for babies and small children, for it prevents the deformities mentioned. Another source of deformity, and the most universal, is the setting of the cap or hat down behind the ear, thus forcing that member out of place and making it stand away from the head. Crooked noses and mouths are largely the result of the way that baby is held during its earliest and most plastic months and years. Mothers are responsible for these blemishes on the face and head of their little ones.

A Woman's Money Value.

There have been more silly poetry and sentiment about the home than about any other thing in our modern life. We don't want silly poetry and sentiment any longer. We want facts and to know what is our duty in this emergency. The home for many years has been on a false basis. We want it put on a basis of recognition of the fact that woman in the household has a pecuniary value. If I earn \$1,000 in a profession and give up that profession to marry John Jones, to care for his household and to bring up his children, I am worth \$1,000 to John Jones. Of course if a woman is doing nothing in a home her services are not worth anything. But there ought not to be any such woman in existence, and we want no such women.—Olympia Brown.

Bay Window Curtains.



Plan for arrangement of curtains for a bay window.

Dry Herbs for Winter.

Herbs for storing should always be gathered on a fine dry day. Remove the roots and wash the rest in a solution of borax, so as to free the herbs in bunches and hang up in the sun to dry. Directly the leaves are crisp, take them from the stalks and pound them in a mortar. Then store in clean, dry bottles. Sweet herbs may be mixed, but tarragon, mint and sage should each be bottled separately.