

The Lexington Advertiser

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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 3,559,000. 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 \$25.75 per head, or more than \$20,000,000 in the aggregate, and as they must have had from \$5 to \$95 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 633,000 arrivals, 359,000 people departed in the steamer. 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 solid 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 Panuili, who built Panuili 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! I wish to rebuke him kindly, she came to his bedside and said: 'I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of His daughters. 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 superiority that is most irritating to a good many people in Russia and is overwhelmingly oppressive, says our informant, to the masses.

MARSH LIGHTS.

From the marshes and meadows they rise
When the last ray of daylight expires;
With a vast constellation of fires
They peep the dusk of the skies.

In an intricate kind of a dance,
In a mystical maze they are led,
And I watch them as noiselessly tread
With eyes that are heavy with sleep.

And, watching, I dream that our life
Is a mirthless dance that we tread,
Ne'er pausing to number the dead
That vanish away in the strife!

We are sparks from the marsh that are
Nipped by the wind of the strife;
For a moment with impulse, desire;
A moment is ours to aspire,
A moment—then all is still;
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

By Way of Illustration

"D. MORRIS MOORE," was the announcement.
"High-lo!" was the sigh from the sofa.
"If I intrude—"
"How can you intrude when you are asked to come?"
"Anyhow, I am demanding premature welcome, I am the first comer."
"Some one must be first, and I fancy—"
"That I intended to be first?"
"I was about to think so."
"And for asking that question that I have already asked many times. You know what it is?"
"I know."
"And your answer?"
"To what?"
"You said you know."
"Not what to answer."
"Then let me tell you what to answer, Stella."

"It will be a dull dialogue if you play both parts."
"It is no play with me. Do you mean that I may not hope? Is your answer the same as always?"
"It must be the same since my life, my mission, my talents must be given all for progress, for advancement, for woman's emancipation."

"Mrs. West?"
"Ah, Mrs. West! so glad to see you!"
"So happy. I came early. It is so hard to see anything of you. Such a crowd about her always, doctor."

The doctor was still absorbed in acceptance of Stella's rejection. He could not see lightly into divine moods. Stella thought she had never seen him appear so heavy.

"What has our star been doing lately? Writing! Ah, genius!"
"Truly, I have been writing a story of the revolution," admitted Stella, "and that was why I sighed."

"Sighed!" queried Mrs. West.
"Ah, was it?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"I was grieved," explained Stella. "Because I feared I could get

"And you let me boast to you of my former girl ancestor with her pail of foamy milk?"
"She was one to boast of, brave, simple, true."

While the guests gathered about Mrs. Augustine Sheppard to hear for the hundredth time her favorite story of the revolution; how Col. Will Sheppard rode neck and neck with the captured Tory across the How Fields, the doctor whispered to Stella:

"I will tell you now that I was I who pawned these continental which I now wear."

"Not really?"
"To buy a decent coat in which to read my graduating thesis."

"And now?"
"And now I have had success enough to feel warranted in asking you again that question."

"But Mrs. West? You loved her once? I heard her say to you as you held her, oh, so closely. 'It seems so long.'"

"Since you had kept us playing the fool while you worried with the camera."

"And you, gazing at her so ardently, said: 'At last!'" —N. O. Times-Democrat.

"Landscapes, I might. But dramatic scenes?"
"Why not?"

"Ah!" cried Stella, warming with an artistic fervor. "You give me an idea. If only you, Mrs. West, and you, Dr. Moore, would pose for me. I have two correct, genuine colonial costumes. One is the wedding dress of my ancestor, Miss Nancy Doyle, heroine of my story, the farmer's daughter from whose piggin of milk Washington quaffed a draught as he rode to Yorktown."

"If I had a single ancestor who had done a deed worth telling!" Stella, boasting such an ancestor, smiled indulgently on the little widow, and looking toward the doctor sighed. He had not the ambition to even express a wish for an ancestor, of course he had none, only plain mothers and fathers and forebears with never a celebrity among them; proof positive, he never told of any such.

"The other costume was that of a Col. Morris, a genuine continental uniform it is. I was lucky enough to get it at a private auction when I was at school in the city."

"Quick! Quick! The costumes! The camera! Before the other guests arrive," cried Mrs. West with pleasurable excitement.

Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when Mrs. West, arrayed in the old wedding garment, reentered the library. Never had she appeared so advantageous. Stella, in her up-to-date gown, felt that and commonplace beside the wearer of that glistening, rose-odored antique costume.

The doctor, in all the glory of continental, entering just behind the widow, flashed at her a look of amazed admiration.

He himself had the ill-grace to declare that he felt uncomfortable while he looked kindly.

"Now, who are we? And what are we doing?" cried Mrs. West.

"You are Nancy Doyle herself," said Stella. The artist's fervor gave her warmth, in spite of the discomforting admiration that the widow's fetching

appearance created. "You are her true and faithful lover."

"Yes," assented the doctor, fervently. "Patriotism only burns brighter in each breast than does the love of each for each, pure, true, changeless."

"How truly you tell it," breathed Mrs. West.

"It is the moment of parting before the decisive battle."
"And the pose?"

"Take that of the Huguenot lovers, already immortalized; the costumes will give the needed difference."

"We must be quick about it," declared Mrs. West. "The other guests will be arriving in a moment."

Stella was frowning.
"Ready," she called.

The doctor seized the widow's hands in his and pressed them to his heart. She lifted to his, eyes entrancingly beautiful, for the moment brimming with expression of devotion; his own (what man's could not?) met hers with an equal ardor. Stella peering through the lens caught the glance and felt a great sob rise to her throat.

"It seems so long since—so long—" murmured the widow. Stella felt as if the black cloth over her head were stifling her.

"But now—at last!" breathed Moore. Stella's hand shook so that she could scarcely draw out the plate holder. It was plain that these two had loved in the long ago. Possibly the little widow had come early this afternoon looking to find him here. They were renewing the old affection right under her eyes. She had repulsed her persistent lover just once too often, and now her heart told her—too late.

"Any other pose?"
"Too late," said Stella. Her voice frightened her as she uttered the words beating in her heart. Too late.

"But you are content with your work?" queried Mrs. West. Not if it was to give over her lover to the widow.

"You do not need me now? You do not want me?" The doctor was eager to lay aside the continentals.

"I can't tell until—until later developments."

But here the guests came. They were captured with the grace of the old costumes.

Was there magic in the ancient uniform, Stella wondered. Had she ever fancied the doctor heavy? Only Hercules. Had she ever thought him stiff? Only stately. Clumsy? Only courtly.

Tales of the brave days of the revolution were rife in Stella's parlors that afternoon. Each told a tale of his or her own until Mrs. Clitheral, wearing her gray hair like a duchess' coronet, and across her breast as many badges and insignia as a field marshal may boast, turned to Dr. Moore.

"You say nothing," she announced, "and you are the only one among us whose ancestor was a signer."

"And you never told me," murmured Stella in his ear.

"But you were so interested in progress, in advancement, in emancipation from all old customs, how could I know you would care for such old things?"

"And your father's family," continued Mrs. Clitheral—her D. A. R., Colonial Dame, Daughters of Colonial Governors, Child of Royalty badges tinkled as she talked—"are, if I mistake not, of the Moores of North Carolina of name and fame, closely connected with the Moore, present marquis of Drogheda Castle, Ireland."

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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 hewm drum legislative inquiry—eight sleepy statesmen behind a high bench, a lawyer drumming long questions at a forgetful witness—that is not a picture of the legislative inquiry into insurance and corruption which the state of New York has reluctantly undertaken.

It is 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 improved 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 Defectives.
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 much 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 about 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 People Are Aroused.
UT there are reasons why the committee cannot whitewash the dishonesty which has smirched the Equitable company and others. Policyholders in every part of the nation are interested. The state of New York has chartered the company 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 of 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, unconnected with politics, unpledged 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 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 professionals.

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 proudest hour of the life of the latter when he confronted the polite captain of a Spanish man-of-war who visited New York in the twilight days just before the war.

McClellan is happy in his name, his ancestry, his wealthy wife, his friends, his literary ability, his state-mannered 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 nearest intelligence. The city suffers from this; yet McClellan is personally popular and is hailed as a good mayor.

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RIGHT SORT OF HOUSE.

The Kind That Keeps to Morris Ideal of Discarding Everything Lacking in Beauty or Utility.

One of the eternal quiseons is this: How shall we, on our incomes, make our home as we want it?

The characteristics desired are comfort, convenience and a measure of beauty. To attain the last is usually the hardest problem. Some few are able to build their own homes, planning every room and nook according to their idea but most people must live in houses of flats built by others—rarely persons of artistic susceptibility—and it is there that the woman needs most the exercise of thought and ingenuity if she would have her home a consistent and fine expression of herself. She is responsible for it—often her very character will be judged by the imprint which her individuality has left upon it—and it is her part to make her environment an adornment by which she may be fairly judged.

In this connection let me say that cost has nothing to do with it. A pretty and harmoniously decorated home does not necessarily mean the outlay of large sums of money. It does mean a large outlay of rightly directed thought and care, and with this a hovel might almost be beautiful.

Decorating can be done artistically without following rigidly all the rules of "high art," but there must always be found fitness, proportion, simplicity, harmony and durability in every home which pretends to beauty.

"Have nothing (in your house) which you do not know to be useful or which you do not believe to be beautiful."

The famous rule of William Morris should be emblazoned on the mind of all would-be house decorators. If it were to be enforced all at once in one of our large cities, what tons and tons of bric-a-brac, ornaments and pictures—would go to the dump heap, drawn from every home.

It is just this tenacious clinging to ugly and useless things which gives so many homes the aspect of old junk shops in which ruins the harmony of an otherwise beautiful room. —New York World.

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS
Instead of Laboriously Basting Hems One Can Flatten with an Iron on Some Goods.

If one has several shirtwaists to make for the same person, it is a good plan to make a diagram on a piece of paper and write in the measurements—length of shoulder seams, distance from back of neck binding to belt, length of sleeve and neck, etc., these measurements to be taken from a shirtwaist which is exactly right. Then if one has a pattern that fits, the waist can be made with but one trying it on—that once to see to the setting of the sleeve. One is inclined to think she can remember all these little details, but if she waits long before the next waist is made, she is almost sure to forget, so if she writes down all these little points, she will be saved much time and vexation of spirit.

Did you ever do your basting with a flatiron? It works nicely on some kinds of goods—ginghams, percales, prints, etc. Hems may be turned and ironed flat fully as quickly as they can be basted, and all the time used to pull out the threads is saved. —Rural New Yorker.

NURSERY HINTS.
Be Careful About the Food and Observe Scrupulous Cleanliness in All of Baby's Surroundings.

When baby sleeps outside see that the sun is not beating down on his head or shining into his eyes.

Unripe fruit—Be very careful not to let children eat fruit which is at all unripe. This is most dangerous.

In summer mothers must be especially careful in the matter of all-round cleanliness of feeding bottles and of babies' alike.

Fruit for little ones—In giving children fruit avoid the skin, stones and pits, and be careful that the fruit is absolutely fresh.

Too many sweets—Too many sweets are very liable to decay the teeth. The first set of teeth should be watched and attended to, as the second are very apt to be infected by the decay of the first set.

Baby's meal time—Baby should have his meals as regularly as grown-up people, only that the meals are oftener. Every two hours during the day and three times during the night is quite often enough for an infant during the first two or three months.—Boston Globe.

Lamb Pie.
Bone three pounds of the breast or loin of lamb. Stew the bones with one pint of cold water, one sliced onion and a blade of mace for one hour. Mix together on a plate one tablespoonful flour, a spoonful of chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Divide the meat into small pieces two inches wide and one inch long. Boil these in the seasoned flour, roll up each piece, put them into a baking dish, add a cupful of water. Line the edges of the dish with puff pastry then cover and decorate. Paint over the top with egg, bake in a hot oven for one and a half hours.

When ready, strain the gravy from the bones, add half a teaspoonful of gelatin, pour into the pie. Allow to set and serve when cold, ornamented with a little parsley.

Lemon Pie.
Cream a tablespoonful of butter with a cupful of sugar; beat into the mixture the grated rind of one large lemon and its juice; beat the yolks of three eggs very light, and whisk to a froth the whites of two, reserving one white for a meringue, fold in the whites thoroughly, and bake with lower crust only.

When done, cover with a meringue made of the white of one egg and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, flavored with two drops of lemon extract. Set in the oven to brown palely. This makes one pie, and to our notion, a much better one than where cornstarch is made to take the place of eggs. Try it and be convinced.

Raisin Pies.
To two cupfuls seeded raisins add three cupfuls hot water and cook ten minutes. Then add two-thirds cupful sugar, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful corn starch and a small piece of butter. Let come to a boil and cool before filling pies.