

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Abusing the Flag

HERE are two kinds of abuse of the flag, and both are objectionable. One abuse consists in using the flag to advertise goods, enterprises or occasions, without arousing a wholesome patriotism. Against this form of misuse the American people have raised their voices in emphatic and effective protest. But there is another abuse which arises from an improper conception of public duty, and such a case occurred the other day in Minnesota. There has been a local agitation around the city of Hutchinson against Sunday baseball, but no court processes have availed to prevent the games, the managers of the sport having won their cases. Finally, aroused to a pitch of high indignation, a woman, who is prominent in the community, sought to put an end to the practice by unusual methods. She attended a Sunday game with a large flag draped around her gown, displaying a placard with the words: "To attack the flag of the United States while it is being used in the enforcement of law is, according to the statutes, high treason." When the game was started she advanced to the center of the diamond and stationed herself, thus attired, between the pitcher and the batsman. In an effort to have the flag hit by the ball. After a ridiculous performance, the players trying to avoid striking her, and she dodging to and fro in order to get in the line of fire, the spectators, tiring of the unusual sport, took a hand and swarmed into the field, surrounding the determined woman and forcing her off the field. The game then proceeded without molestation. This woman's purpose was to enlist the federal authorities in the crusade against the Sunday ball players, but, of course, she would have failed to do so, even if she had succeeded in getting the flag hit by a ball. In thus invoking the aid of the national emblem she made not only herself, but to some degree the flag itself, ridiculous.—Washington Star.

## New Anti-Trust Decision.

IN accordance with Attorney General Moody's decision that the government may take rebates from railroads transporting material or machinery to be used on government works Secretary Hitchcock will accept reduced rates from all common carriers willing to give them in connection with the contracts for irrigation dams and other constructions in the arid regions. In the Attorney General's opinion, however, the right of public authorities, including those of States and municipalities, to accept rebates is dependent upon the fact that governmental works, as roads, water supply systems, etc., are not competitive. If a city or State or the United States should enter upon a commercial enterprise, as the refinement and sale of petroleum, for instance, the rule as to equality of rates to all shippers for like service would become operative.

When Kansas shall get its projected oil refinery going the State government would be under legal compulsion to pay the published rates for shipping and distributing the product. So would the Standard Oil Company, to be sure, but this concern could dodge the law by securing secret concessions from the railroads, whereas the State, which must conduct its business above board, could not. Somehow the anti-trust decision of President Roosevelt's administration seems to redound mainly to the advantage of the trusts.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Panama Canal and the Jap.

THE prospect of this country's being flooded by a tide of Japanese coolie labor, brought over in thousands to work on the Panama Canal, is anything but assuring. It is thought the Japs that come over will never go back, but will find their way into our Southern States and spread throughout the whole country.

It is a problem affecting American labor much more intimately than does even the proposition of the canal com-

mission to purchase its ships and supplies abroad. The one might force a reduction in the price of certain products of American labor, but the other would cause demoralization in the price of American labor itself.

If half that is said of the efficiency and quickness of the Jap coolies be true they would be dangerous competitors in the labor markets of this country. They can live a year on what would not keep an American family a month. And they are not content to remain in menial employment, but rapidly perfect themselves in skilled labor and obtain high positions.

There is no law to keep them out, and it is not likely that Uncle Sam, since Japan has become so great a power in the world, will care to inaugurate any policy of exclusion.

Just at present the Japanese government itself has the matter under consideration. A special Japanese commission to investigate climatic and labor conditions on the Isthmus and report upon the advisability of encouraging subjects of the Mikado to seek employment there has finished its inquiry, but has not yet made its report.

There are now between 7,000 and 8,000 government employes in the zone, but the number of Japanese among them is not given. So far the commissioners have depended chiefly upon the native and Jamaican negro, who is unsatisfactory. The gate is wide open to the Jap.—Indianapolis Sun.

## Tontine Insurance.

BY the new law which has been adopted in France for the regulation of life insurance companies and associations, the writing of tontine insurance is apparently prohibited—that is, it appears to be made impossible because in accounting of the profits, so far at least as French policy-holders are concerned, is made compulsory each year. There is not a little reason for believing that this is a proper precaution for the French government to take. Our own State has never justified tontine insurance—that is, it has not permitted companies incorporated under its laws to issue policies of this kind, but it has not considered it advisable to prohibit companies incorporated under the laws of other States from issuing these policies through their Massachusetts agencies. The ground taken by the State of Massachusetts in this prohibitory action has been that tontine insurance was contrary to public policy, in that it was a species of gambling where the gains went to those who were so fortunate as to live, and the losses to the estates of those who were so unfortunate as to die, or who were compelled by adverse circumstances to permit their policies to lapse.—Boston Herald.

## Why Germany Has No Tramps.

TODAY the lot of the laboring man in Germany is in many respects better than that of ours. The German state recognizes the right of every man to live—we do not. When the German laborer becomes old or feeble the state pensions him honorably. In Germany the laboring man can ride on the electric cars for two cents—we pay five. German cities have public baths, public laundry establishments, big parks, free concerts and many other features which soften poverty—although they may not remove it.

The corollary to this is that the Emperor permits no tramps to terrorize his highways. The police is organized for rural patrol as well as city work, and every loafer is stopped and made to give an account of himself. In England vagrancy has been a public nuisance for generations—with us it has become of late years almost a public danger. Germany has no tramps. The man who is without work in Germany finds no inducement to remain idle. A paternal government sets him to such hard work that the would-be unemployed finds it decidedly to his interest to seek some other employment as soon as possible.—National Magazine.

## FISHERIES OF JAPAN

In Many Respects They Take First Rank Over Those of Other Nations.

The fisheries of Japan are less valuable than those of several other countries, but they take first rank over those of all other nations (1) in the actual number of people making a livelihood thereby; (2) in the relative number of persons engaged in and dependent on the industry; (3) in the quantity of products taken annually from the water; (4) in the relative importance of fishery products in the domestic economy; (5) in the ingenuity and skill shown by the people in devising and using fishing appliances and preparing the catch for use; (6) in the extent to which all kinds of water products are utilized; (7) in the extent to which the fisheries of foreign countries have been studied and the best methods adapted to home conditions; (8) in the extent to which agriculture has been carried; (9) in the zeal and intelligence displayed by the government in promoting the development of the fisheries and the welfare of the fishing population.

From the earliest times down to the present day, fishing has supplied the staple animal foods and a large portion of the vegetable and mineral foods consumed in Japan, and none of the other great powers is now so dependent on the water for subsistence. So important are water products and so numerous are their kinds and the methods of preparation, that I venture the assertion, from what I have seen of domestic life in Japan, that every day in every Japanese family some form of fishery food is served—I am almost ready to say at every meal.

The Japanese fishermen as a class are hardy, skillful, energetic, sober, self-reliant, to which qualities is super-added a spirit of intense bravery and patriotism, which makes them invaluable, indeed indispensable, in the crisis through which Japan is now passing. With ingenuity and deftness which, it seems to me, are unsurpassed by any other people, the Japanese have devised apparatus and developed methods which centuries ago brought their fisheries to a very high degree of effectiveness; but not content with this, they have within our own time super-

imposed upon and adapted to their own already well-nigh perfect fisheries all that is best and most useful in those of other countries, so that to-day fishing with the Japanese is more than a mere industry—it is almost a fine art.

A striking feature of the Japanese fisheries, and one which might frugally be expected in a people so frugal and ingenious, is the utilization of all kinds of water products which in the United States and in many European countries are wholly or largely neglected. In the matter of eating aquatic animals and plants the Japanese have few prejudices, and what they



GATHERING SEA-WEED.

do not eat they utilize in other ways. As examples I may mention marine vegetables, and sharks, which are among the commonest and most wholesome of the Japanese food-fishes. They are sent to the markets in immense numbers, reach there in excellent condition, and are butchered as beefs are in our country. I believe the time will come when we shall have attained that degree of civilization which will make fashionable the eating of sharks, skates and similar fishes now generally discarded. Meanwhile many of us will be content to eat the so-called "fresh fish" of our markets, albeit days and weeks old, reeking with putrefactive bacteria, and kept "fresh" by

contact with melting ice when not exposed to the air of a dirty stall.

A branch of the fisheries in which Japan far surpasses all other countries as regards both extent and ingenuity of method is the seaweed industry. In the United States, notwithstanding our long coast line and sea-weed resources, not inferior to Japan's, the annual crop of marine vegetables is worth only \$40,000, whereas in Japan these products are worth not less than \$2,000,000, and are exceeded in value by only four animal products of the fisheries. Many kinds of algae are gathered and many uses are made of them. The local consumption is enormous, and large quantities of prepared seaweeds are exported to China, Europe and elsewhere.—Hugh M. Smith, in National Geographic Magazine.

## Headed Off by Eloquence.

It is generally difficult to find room for humor on the "field of honor," but the Washington Post succeeds in making the connection in a story of Senator Blackburn of Kentucky.

In the days of his youth Mr. Blackburn was asked by a friend to second a duel. He consented, and at the next sunrise the parties met at the appointed place.

It was Mr. Blackburn's duty to say the last words concerning the terms of the duel. One of the Senator's colleagues recently said at a Washington dinner that although Mr. Blackburn faithfully performed the duty, the duel never took place.

A murmur of "Why not?" went round the table at this remark.

"For a very simple reason," continued Mr. Blackburn's colleague. "When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel."

## Explanation by Pa Henpeck.

Little Willie—I say, Pa, what is an empty title?

Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—Glasgow Evening Times.

One reason we don't want an automobile is that we have been called everything else under the sun, and don't intend to stand for being called chauffeur.

## THE BROKEN GLASS.

When it was whole, across this mirror  
What images of strength and beauty  
passed!  
Here was the loveliness of woman  
glanced,  
Of children, too, and, only less divine,  
The forms of rocks and trees, the glorious  
shine  
Of suns and stars, and wondrously  
amassed,  
The journeying clouds; beneath them,  
ocean's vast  
illimitable surge of restless brine.

'Tis shattered now, and all these things  
and more—  
Great thoughts, imaginations strong  
and free—  
Are in this glass reflected brokenly:  
Crazed is the dance upon that polished  
floor.

Poor useless frame that held this sacred  
trust,  
Too soon thou canst not crumble into  
dust!

—Scribner's.

## RESCUED FROM THE ROPE.

I JOINED the Melville Comedy Company at Denver early in the fall of 18—. There were a great many hardships to be endured while playing in the Western territory, but they were lightened for me by the warm friendships I formed with several of the company. I became particularly intimate with Roy Carrington, our "first old man." He had a most engaging personality, and there was always noticeable in his demeanor a sort of gentle sadness, a quiet melancholy, that was hardly in keeping with his real good nature. We were fully aware that it was not the result of disappointed ambition, for we knew he had declined several handsome metropolitan offers, which would have brought him great reward. He seemed to prefer his lot as first old man of our company.

I had many friendly talks with Carrington, but he never touched upon the cause of this peculiarity, and it was not until we reached Leadville that I learned the story of events which had materially changed the current of his life. We were out walking one afternoon and Carrington suggested that we take a stroll through the cemetery.

I laughingly remarked to him that I was not particularly anxious to visit cemeteries, deeming the unavoidable occasions quite sufficient. There was something in his manner, however, which checked my levity, and I remarked, rather more seriously, that on this occasion I waived all objection. To the cemetery, then, we turned our steps. Carrington was silent until we had passed the gates, when he said:

"Clarke, I wanted to come in here, because I wished to see the grave of a woman I knew."

We walked on in silence for a few rods, when my companion made a detour from the main path. I followed him and soon stood before a small, neat lot, which had a single grave in the center. The grave was marked by a small granite stone, which bore this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
ALICE PAYNE,  
who died  
November 14, 18—,  
Aged 25 years.

"Who was she?" I asked.  
"I'll tell you," he answered with a deep sigh, as he turned and led the way to a rustic bench which was screened from the view of passers-by by a row of tall box-wood. After we had seated ourselves Carrington continued:

"I met Alice Payne five years ago, a few months before her death. I had joined the Baker Dramatic Company, of which she was the leading lady. I was doing leading business then, and of course played opposite to her. She was a refined and well-educated young woman, with one of those sad, sweet faces we sometimes see in pictures and once in a while meet with in reality. She seemed to avoid the society of men, and it was only on a few occasions that she allowed me to escort her from the theater to her hotel. And I think she only permitted it then because the weather was stormy and I had an umbrella, while she had left hers at the hotel.

"We had played for a few months on the Western circuit and at last struck Leadville. We were to play three nights here. On Monday night before we left the theater Miss Payne stopped me on my way to my dressing room. I noticed she was considerably agitated.

"'Mr. Carrington,' she said, 'will you kindly escort me to the hotel to-night?'"

"I replied that it would afford me the greatest pleasure to do so. I hurried into my street dress, but, quick as I was, I found her waiting for me. We passed out of the theater and started for the hotel, which was about a quarter of a mile away. We had only gone a short distance when we heard footfalls behind us as if some one was shadowing us. I turned and saw a man dodge behind a building. I glanced at Miss Payne, and saw that she had noticed the movements of the man behind us. Her agitation, which had been gradually increasing, now reached its intensity, and she burst into tears. Her form trembled and I had to support her until we reached the hotel. By this time she had ceased weeping, and asked me to step into the parlor. There were no occupants other than ourselves.

"'Mr. Carrington,' she said, turning to me with an anguished look, 'that man is my husband.'"

"I was greatly surprised, as I had always been under the impression that she was a single woman. Moreover, I knew she had come from the east somewhere, and this declaration, that a man haunting our footsteps in a far Western town was her husband, was rather startling.

"Then she told me her story. It was the old tale of a deceived woman and a human brute. Her parents had sent her to a Canadian convent to be educated, and while there she had somehow or other in her daily walks made the acquaintance of a dashing French-Canadian named Armand Lasalle. She was fascinated by his handsome appearance, and eloped with him. Her family were greatly incensed and refused to recognize her. It was not long before Lasalle began to show his true nature, and treat her so brutally that she was forced to leave him. After a bitter quarrel, in which he swore to have her life, she fled from him.

"She was too proud to look to her family for assistance. Knowing she had dramatic talent, she went upon the stage. Starting modestly, she had worked her way to her present position. She had never heard anything from Lasalle since the day she had left him until that night, when she was nearly overcome by seeing him leering at her from a front seat, while she was going through her last scene. That was the reason she had asked me to see her to her hotel. She asked me to keep this story secret. I promised this and assured her of my protection should Lasalle venture to make any trouble. I cautioned her to keep in her room all the next day.

"The next evening, before calling for Miss Payne to take her to the theater, I examined my revolver to see if it was all right. While doing so, it slipped from my hand and fell to the floor. A report followed and a bullet buried itself in the door. I expected every moment a rush of people into my room to see what was the matter. When this did not occur, I concluded the shot had not been heard on account of the noisy laughter in the street, where a crowd was watching a drunken miner trying to mount a bucking broncho.

"I escorted Miss Payne to the theater and waited to take her back to the hotel after the performance. Miss Payne did not see Lasalle in the house



"THE SIGNAL WAS GIVEN."

that night, but when we were walking the sound of footsteps followed us as on the previous evening.

"I looked back, and instead of dodging as before, the man came on almost at a full run for a couple of yards. He had a revolver in his hand. I had hardly time to pull my own, when he stopped short and fired. With a shriek, Miss Payne fell to the ground. Lasalle, for it was he, turned and dashed away in the darkness. I was burning with rage, and forgetting Miss Payne for the moment, I sprang after him. I fired at him once, and thought I must have missed him, as he continued running.

"I do not know how long we ran, but cries and footfalls, which had sounded distantly behind me, were growing more and more distinct. Lasalle doubled a corner on me, and, turning the same corner, my foot struck an obstruction and I went flying on my face. I lay stunned for a few moments. As I rose to my feet, dazed, rough hands were laid on me and I was dragged back to where Miss Payne was lying. By this time I had recovered my senses fully. I broke from my captors and knelt down beside her. One look was sufficient.

"'My God!' I cried, 'she is dead!'"

"'Yes,' said a rough voice behind me, 'and you're the man that killed her.'"

"Then I realized the horror of my position. The shots fired had alarmed the crowd of miners, who poured out of the different saloons to see a woman lying dead on the ground and a man running away.

"My protests were of no avail, as circumstances were against me. I was searched and my revolver was found in my pocket where I had thrust it when running. Two cartridges were empty! Two shots had been fired! No explanation would have any weight in the face of such evidence. Some of the rougher element were for hanging me on the spot, but wiser counsel prevailed and I was locked up for the night.

"In the morning I was tried before a local magistrate. Now that Miss Payne was dead, I knew that divulging her story would do no harm, and might perhaps save my life; so I told it. It had no effect, however, on the minds of a prejudiced jury, especially as no man named Lasalle was known in the town. It was evident Lasalle had an alias.

"I was sentenced to be hanged the next morning! The company, who be-

lieved in my innocence, visited me during the day and tried to cheer me. I passed the night praying for courage to meet my fate like a man. In the morning I was brought from the jail and taken about half a mile out of town. A halt was made in front of a large tree and a rope was thrown over a lower limb. The noose was adjusted around my neck and my hands tied behind my back. At my own request my eyes were not bandaged. The signal was given! The noose was drawn taut and with a jerk I was swung into the air.

"O God! What a sensation! I went through twenty helms in as many seconds! The last thing that met my swimming sight was a horseman dashing up the road! My head seemed bursting and there was a horrible roaring in my ears! Then I heard something like a faint report. The next instant I went sinking, sinking into space! Then there was a sudden shock! I knew no more!

"When I came to, I was lying at the foot of the tree. The crowd surrounded a man who held a rifle. When I had recovered sufficiently I was informed of the cause of my sudden bringing back to life. The rope by which I was suspended had been cut in two by a bullet from the rifle of the man who had ridden up so hurriedly.

"This man, Jim Winters, lived among the hills about two miles the other side of the town. The night before a man had fallen at his door apparently in a dying condition. Winters carried him into the hut and found he had been shot in the back. It was Lasalle, known to Winters as Duvalle. He was suffering agony, and thinking he was near death, confessed the story of the shooting to Winters. Winters, who had heard of my predicament, hastened to town, to inform the authorities of the real culprit. When he heard of the hanging he rode like mad to stop it. As he thundered down the road and saw me swinging, he shouted and raised his rifle, fired—and saved my life.

"I was brought back to jail, to be kept there until the truth of Winters' story could be proved. A deputation, among which was a doctor, was sent with Winters, and Lasalle's ante-mortem statement was taken. After an examination, however, the doctor told Winters that the wound was not a fatal one, and that the man would recover. A gleam from Lasalle's eyes warned the doctor that the conversation had been overheard, so he cautioned Winters to be careful lest Lasalle should make an effort to escape. Winters laughed and said he guessed he could hold his own against a wounded man.

"That afternoon I was released. When the miners heard that Lasalle would recover they vowed vengeance. A party started out the next morning at sunrise to take him from Winters' cabin and hang him to the nearest tree.

"When they arrived there, they found Winters lying on the floor dead. A bullet hole in the back of his head told the tale. Winters' rifle and Lasalle were both gone. It was marvelous how he escaped, wounded as he was; but I suppose desperation aided him."

"Did he leave no trace?" I asked.

Carrington paused.

"No," he replied. "Jack Holmes, though, who played with us, was in Canada a few years ago. I met him last summer. He told me he could have sworn he saw Lasalle once for a moment in a crowded street in Toronto."

"Who keeps the grave here in such good condition?"

"I do!"

"You?"

"Yes, Clarke. I loved her."

He was silent for a moment and then went on—

"Yes, I loved her. I have been accused of lack of ambition because I have refused New York engagements. But what is ambition when there is no one to share its rewards with you? I prefer to play out here where I once played with her. As I go over the old circuit I am reminded of her, and that is my happiness."

I grasped his hand in sympathy and we rose to depart. As we started to our feet we noticed a man kneeling at the foot of Alice Payne's grave. Suddenly he took a pistol from his pocket, raised it to his head and fired. He fell face downward on the grave.

We rushed to him. Carrington reached him first and raised him. As he did so he cried—

"My God! It's Armande Lasalle!"

He was dead!—Waverley Magazine.

## A Charm that Failed.

Major P. H. G. Powell-Cotton had some unique experiences during his twenty months of travel in little known districts in Africa. In telling of the superstition of the natives he says: "Among the week's washing I had given my boy a vest, which when the other things came back was missing. He made some excuse about mending it, and I thought no more of the matter till in the early morning I happened to catch sight of two of my men bringing it back from the direction of a Swahili trader's camp. Some time afterward I learned that the trader was regarded as a great worker of charms. The vest had been taken to him, and he had been asked to cast such a spell over it that when it next touched my skin any desire I might harbor of going far afield would melt away. When the charm was of no effect the explanation given by my men was that before leaving England I had acquired witchcraft potent enough to render their magic powerless."

Speaking of sure things, there is, in addition to death and taxes, the real collector.