

Violation of the Law and the Law's Delays

By ARTHUR WARREN,
Author, Journalist and Business Man, Boston.



WE are the most law-abiding, law-loving, self-respecting people in the world," said an orator the other day in New York.

If he read his morning paper, as he probably did, he must have seen in the column next to the report of his speech, an account of mob-law at the polo grounds in Gotham, after a baseball match. Ten thousand persons rushed upon the field to attack the umpires, who escaped violence only because of Pinkerton men. Pinkerton men, he observed, "drew revolvers on the crowd," fired in the air and so attracted the attention and support of the police outside the grounds.

This pleasing incident attracted but little comment, because it is not novel. One of the most temperate newspapers in New York said: "Experience has taught the umpire to expect this treatment whenever the home club loses a close game. The crowd was in no temper to accept decisions counter to its wishes, no matter what the merits of the case."

It does not appear that the orator was present on this charming occasion. It is not reported that the 10,000 ebullient persons, who comprised half the crowd of the day, were immigrants newly landed. Immigrants have no yearnings for baseball. It is barely possible, of course, that the noisy and violent gentlemen may be "assimilated" citizens, of the sort we hear so much about, but there are reasons for doubting this. Whoever they were, they would probably cheer oratory, and applaud a reform candidate, and chuckle contentedly at all references to "the American love of fair play," about which we also hear a great deal.

Are "we" more "law-abiding" than the English, the Scottish, the Irish, the French, the German, the Dane, the Swede, the Finn, etc., or the Japanese? More "self-respecting"?

Let not the tongues of orators beat the air to this vain purpose. Nor let us twiddle our thumbs around abstractions. The great bulk of our people share in common with the great bulk of all civilized peoples the "law-abiding" habit, the respect for law and for self. But, for all that, we do not share in common with aliens the habit of enforcing our laws in the quiet and ordinary course of the day's doings. We manufacture more laws than anybody else, and have very effectively manufactured some laws which skillfully prevent us from carrying out others. The right of appeal should be sacred, and sacredly guarded, but as commonly employed it is a trick to defeat justice. And it commonly happens that the greater the scoundrelism the greater is the delay in awarding its proper penalties. These things are not so because the people have so willed it. We love theory, and we love practice, but practice is more troublesome than theory. And above all, we dislike being reminded of these wee-bit truths; 'tis unneighborly—worse, 'tis unpatriotic.

What the Submarine Should Be

By SIMON LAKE,
Well-Known Marine Engineer and Inventor.

submarine may carry mines and plant them right under the guns of the most powerful forts or ships. The latest method of applying the sighting instrument makes it possible to run the vessel below the surface so that not a ripple is seen, even in smooth water. The sighting instrument, without changing the level and depths of the boat, may be extended above the surface and quickly withdrawn for the purpose of taking an observation. This may be accomplished in less than two seconds. It would probably not be necessary to expose the sighting instrument more than once or twice for a few seconds' duration while making a submerged attack.

The standard of requirements set up by the government in 1893 for guidance of submarine experiments was as follows: First, safety; second, facility and certainty of action when submerged; third, speed when submerged; fourth, endurance, both submerged and on the surface; fifth, offensive power; seventh, stability, and, eighth, visibility of the boat to be attacked.

There are official records of 24 accidents to submarine vessels, seven of which have been attended with fatal results—117 lives having been lost. In looking over the list of accidents it is plain that the greatest number of lives have been sacrificed by reason of four causes, and, taking these in the order of their fatal responsibility, we have: First, lack of longitudinal stability; second, carelessness; third, explosions, and fourth, collisions.

On looking over the list of accidents it will be seen that the lives of the crews of at least three French boats have probably been saved by the prompt release of their drop-keels; and it is said that the French have generally adopted this feature in all their modern under-water craft.

The Kind of Proposal That Wins

By FRANCES G. INGERSOLL.

shine even if she knows there will be only a butterscrut.

If she be cold-blooded and calculating, any proposal less formal than a certified bank statement would be turned down.

But when a man really gets down to business, and is ready to take the plunge, he does not waste any time in stage setting or arranging spectacular adjuncts. That is, if he is a man filled with good red corpuscles after the original Adam, for whom there exists one Eve.

That's the kind real girls like; a fellow who mounts his steed and leaps the highest hedge in pursuit of his quarry; who cannot be "howled out" so often; but that he will be up and again ready for another "try," who knows the girl he wants, and does not fritter away his ammunition on any feminine "decoys"; who goes into the affair so well fortified on his one "special" feminine requirements in a prospective husband that he leaves her no loophole for a negative to crawl through.

It is not because they haven't been proposed to that there are so many old maids; it's because there are so few men worth saying "yes" to.

LITTLE CAUSE FOR WORRY.

More or Less Glistening Ball Held Out to Cow Punchers.

Over in the Salmon river meadow country, in Idaho, ranged a wild, woolly bunch of long-haired cow punchers, whose knowledge of the world was confined mainly to trips after cattle into surrounding counties. Into this reckless but verdant community there came the smooth-tongued representative of a wild west show, who hired several riders at a high salary to do a hat-trick act, the chief feature being that they should appear to be thrown from their horses and dragged by the foot.

After they had taken a corral for a while one of them loosened himself and rising from the dirt, disheveled and dazed, inquired: "Your mister, ain't this rather dangerous? We might get killed, dan?" "That's all right," chirped the show's representative cheerfully. "Your salary will go on just the same."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE REORGANIZED NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The new Board of Trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company, chosen by the policyholders under the Armstrong plan, has taken charge of the company's affairs and has begun the work of reorganization.

In choosing the principal officers of the company, the board has adhered to the idea that a life insurance company should be managed by life insurance men. The new president is Darwin P. Kingsley, a college bred man of good New England stock, who has been in the company's service for a number of years. In the parlance of life insurance, he began with the "rate book" and has advanced step by step up to his present position.

The first vice president of the company is Thomas A. Becker, who has served the company more than a quarter of a century—indeed, he has never had any other business connection.

Associated with these men are others long trained in the company's service, each an expert in his own department of work. Wm. E. Ingraham, who has for many years had charge of the company's great business in Europe, is the second vice president, and will continue at the head of the company's office in Paris.

Rufus W. Weeks, who has been in the company's service for nearly forty years, ranks next to Mr. Becker as vice president, and continues as chief secretary of the company.

The policyholders have expressed their belief in this company in no uncertain terms. The upheaval in life insurance within the last two years has resulted in a great deal of misunderstanding and policyholders, alarmed on matters which were not very clear to them, have been disposed to give up their contracts at a heavy sacrifice. This has not been true in the New York Life to any great extent. The company had \$2,000,000,000 insurance on its books when the life insurance investigation began, and while the laws of the State of New York now do not permit a company to write over \$150,000,000 a year (which is about one-half the New York Life formerly did), the company's outstanding business still exceeds \$2,000,000,000.

Policyholders generally will be still further reassured by this action of the Board, as it places at the head of the company to protect their interests men of thorough training and unexceptionable character.

The Mules Understood.

A story is told of Senator Knute Nelson, who spent some of his early years in a logging camp. He there discovered the necessity of certain emphatic language in order to make mules move. "All varieties of tongues were in demand in that camp: Scandinavian, German, Italian—but none of the words used seemed to have the explosive force to adjust the tempo of the mules to the desired pace. Along came a strapping Irishman, who used some popular expressions, better indicated in print by blank, blank, or ———. The mules moved! "There's a language all mules understand," said the Irishman—and it's not me mother tongue, either.—Joe Mitchell Chapin, in National Magazine.

Satisfied. A seedy-looking loafer, having ordered and eaten a large and sumptuous dinner, explained to the waiter that he had no money.

The waiter immediately told the restaurant proprietor, who sent for a policeman.

The proprietor, going up to the unwelcome guest, explained that he had sent for a policeman.

"Thank goodness! you didn't send for a stomach pump!" the seedy one replied, with huge contentment.—Illustrated Elit.

Good for Evil.

One Sunday a teacher was trying to illustrate to an inattentive scholar the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said: "Suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple—that would be one way of returning good for evil."

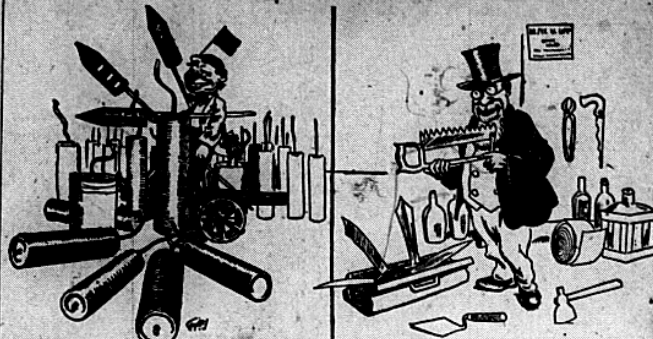
"To her dismay one of the little girls spoke up eagerly:

"Then he would strike you again to get another apple!"

Water Remarkably Pure.

The water of Loch Katrine, in Scotland, is wonderfully pure. It holds only quarter-pound of alluvial deposit to every 1,000 gallons of water; the Thames averages four pounds to the 1,000 gallons.

ALL READY



Mickey Finn's Big Fire Cracker

The explosion that wound up the Fourth of July celebration on Cooney Island.

Two mammoth firecrackers stood in the window of Casey's grocery. They were 12 inches long and proportionately thick.

For a month before the Fourth of July these gigantic indicators of enthusiasm had stood in the window like British soldiers on dress parade, while a predatory spider hung a filmy hamlet between them and calmly killed his buzzing victims over two powder mines.

The firecrackers were the admiration and the envy of all the boys in Cooney Island. It was seldom that a youthful nose was not flattened against the window pane in ardent covetousness.

But the price demanded by Casey for the thunderers was prohibitive, so far as the boys were concerned, and there was not one of them patriotic or courageous enough to invest 25 cents in a single ecstatic explosion.

Said Mickey Finn timidly one evening when he had been sent by his mother to get a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of pork:

"Mr. Casey, I suppose now, that when wan o' thin big fellows wint off it would blow the stars out of the sky?" his mind filled with blissful thoughts of mighty explosions.

Casey stopped measuring out a half pint of New Orleans molasses, raised a monitor finger, and replied:

"Mickey, my boy, 'd be afeard to tell you what would happen if it took wan o' thin big fellows out on the sidewalk and touched the stem wid the lighted end of a five cent cigar. The noise would be terrible, terrible, my son. 'T would make your head ring like an anvil, and you would see sparks like fireflies.

"Would it blow the house down?" asked the boy in an awed whisper.

"No, I don't think it would," said Casey. "It might shake the chimney down and break all the glass in the windows in small pieces, and there would be paper in the streets as would fill an empty barrel of four. Oh, but thin big fellows is mighty powerful, Mickey, mighty powerful. They use them in China to kill murderers and robbers. They put wan o' thin big firecrackers because the teeth of a murderer and make him light the fuse wid his own hand and blow his own head off. Thin Chinese is mighty clever, Mickey, mighty clever."

This vivid description inflamed Mickey's desire, which was Casey's motive

full of chuckles, he received his prize. No grass grew under his bare feet as he ran homeward, the precious purchase in his pocket.

Holding the big firecracker aloft as he darted through the kitchen door, he exclaimed:

"Mother, I have it! Ain't it a beauty?"

"Well, I don't see anything about it to be makin' a fuss over," said Mrs. Finn, who, like most mothers, had no love for fireworks. "Now, don't be bringin' it near me, as Mickey ran toward her. "I don't want to be blown into the middle o' next week. Throw the dirty thing away! I'm afeared o' me life while you have it in your hands! Now, don't be goin' near the stove wid it! Arrah, ye little spalpeen, will ye take it off the stove? Take it off afore ye blow the roof of the house!" and the frightened woman ran into the bedroom and peered through the keyhole.

With the recklessness of boyhood, Mickey exclaimed, as he lit a match and reduced his mother to hysterics by pretending to light the firecracker stem:

"You needn't be afeared, mother; I'll nip it out afore it goes off."

In this simple fashion the afternoon of the Fourth passed away in the Finn household varied by the boy with occasional visits to the neighbors, who he threw into a panic of fear by pretending to light the big explosive.

Two of the boys went head first through the window, while Mrs. Murphy tried to crawl under the kitchen stove.

All this excitement afforded the boy a good deal of delight, but he reserved for the evening the culmination of his joy. He intended to blow his father up as he sat in his chair on the back stoop.

Mickey thought it would be an interesting sight to witness his father flying across the back yard and plying up the ground with his nose. In

ready made upon the boy Casey permitted him to handle one of the twins. The boy's eyes had widened to their utmost capacity when he was outside the window, but now that he could feel the red jacket his hands trembled with the eagerness of possession and he would have given ten years of his life to own it.

"Take it along wid you, Mickey," said Casey, cajolingly. "Thin crackers were made in Chow Chow, in China, for the Cooney Island trade, and I want to get rid of them I have on hand before I send another order to Wan Lung, the hayrhin."

"But I have no money," said Mickey sorrowfully. "My father is goin' to give me three bunches of little firecrackers and a pinwheel, but I know he wouldn't buy wan o' thin big firecrackers for me."

"Well," continued Casey, "you come down here to-morrow mornin' and carry in a half ton of coal for me and I'll give you the big cracker."

The next morning Mickey was busy for two hours carrying chestnut coal in a nail keg and dumping it in Casey's cellar. Just after noon, with a smile covered with coal dust and a boom

"Boys, there will be no explosion to-night. I'm sorry disappoint you. It was afeared the Mickey might do some harm wid this big cracker, so when he wasn't lookin' it took Mickey the powder out of it and filled it wid clay. So, you see, that the show is over, and ye may as well go home and go to bed. There'll be no more explosions only what I give Mickey wid a shinin' new turn in. Good night to ye all. Come around some other night when there is somethin' goin'."

FOURTH OF JULY DON'TS.

Don't allow the children to bend over fireworks which will not "go off." They sometimes do it unexpectedly with unfortunate results to the little member.

Don't neglect to send for a physician at once in the case of a serious burn, to prevent a possible scar or worse still, blood poisoning, from ignorant or improper treatment of the wound.

Don't forget to have some remedies for burns at hand. When the skin is not broken by a burn, scrape a raw potato, place on a piece of soft linen and use as a poultice. Bicarbonate of soda—the ordinary baking soda—is excellent for burns. Whether the skin is broken or not, if it breaks apply the dry soda. If unbroken dampen the soda with water to make a paste and apply to the spot. The pain will be instantly relieved.

Don't leave the windows of a town house open if it is to be left for the day. They will rattle and sparks may find an entrance.

Facts About Firecrackers. The greater part of the almost \$2,000,000 worth of fireworks annually exported by China comes to New York. And the United States stand next to China in its use of them.

Thousands of Chinese men, women and children work at the making of firecrackers, for there are no manufacturing there, the work being done by hand. They receive only about \$1.00 for making 10,000 firecrackers, laboring from six in the morning until 11 at night seven days a week.

So a Chinese woman or child works like a slave for two days to earn what is spent on four bunches of firecrackers by theurchin bent on doing justice to the Glorious Fourth.

Making Colored Fires. To produce colored fire, metal filings are added to the gunpowder composition; steel filings for brilliant fire or cast iron filings for Chinese fire. Copper filings produce a greenish tint to flame; zinc filings give a fine blue color, powdered magnesium a dazzling white light; amber, colophony or copper salt affords a yellow fire. Lampblack produces a pale red color, with gunpowder, and a pink with silver excess, and it is used for making gold showers. Verdigris imparts a pale green, sal ammoniac a pale blue, green; barium sulfate, a grass green; potassium picrate, a whitish speed; camphor, a very white flame and aromatic fumes.

Nearly "Broke." Ella—My fate is my fortune. Stella—Haven't you ever had any more money than you have now?

Good Advice. Keep the wound open and send for the doctor.

In Ardent Covetousness.

In telling it, for the incident occurred on the back stoop.

Mickey thought it would be an interesting sight to witness his father flying across the back yard and plying up the ground with his nose. In

ready made upon the boy Casey permitted him to handle one of the twins. The boy's eyes had widened to their utmost capacity when he was outside the window, but now that he could feel the red jacket his hands trembled with the eagerness of possession and he would have given ten years of his life to own it.

"Take it along wid you, Mickey," said Casey, cajolingly. "Thin crackers were made in Chow Chow, in China, for the Cooney Island trade, and I want to get rid of them I have on hand before I send another order to Wan Lung, the hayrhin."

"But I have no money," said Mickey sorrowfully. "My father is goin' to give me three bunches of little firecrackers and a pinwheel, but I know he wouldn't buy wan o' thin big firecrackers for me."

"Well," continued Casey, "you come down here to-morrow mornin' and carry in a half ton of coal for me and I'll give you the big cracker."

The next morning Mickey was busy for two hours carrying chestnut coal in a nail keg and dumping it in Casey's cellar. Just after noon, with a smile covered with coal dust and a boom

"Boys, there will be no explosion to-night. I'm sorry disappoint you. It was afeared the Mickey might do some harm wid this big cracker, so when he wasn't lookin' it took Mickey the powder out of it and filled it wid clay. So, you see, that the show is over, and ye may as well go home and go to bed. There'll be no more explosions only what I give Mickey wid a shinin' new turn in. Good night to ye all. Come around some other night when there is somethin' goin'."

FOURTH OF JULY DON'TS.