

# THE GATEWAY OF THE REPUBLIC

By STEPHEN S. WISE

THE Gateway of the Republic seems a big and imposing name for the immigration station on Ellis Island in New York harbor. And yet it is just that. Through that gateway more than 20,000 men and women and children have passed, and in all likelihood millions more will continue to pass.

Not far away is another little island, scarcely broad enough to form the base of Barthold's Statue of Liberty. The significance of this unique memorial is greatly enhanced by its nearness to Ellis Island. The man whose birth has given him American residence and citizenship can never understand the heart-hunger of European millions for the priceless things which he takes for granted—freedom of speech and worship and all the countless boons that together make up the rights of an American freeman. The blazing torch in the hand of the Goddess of Liberty is happily reminiscent of that gleam of light which first discovered the western world to the wearied, almost hopeless gaze of Columbus. I sometimes wish that every European ship nearing New York might approach the harbor in the hours of the night in order that the future citizens of the United States, looking upon the uplifted torch in the grasp of the Goddess of Liberty, might be moved to understand what it is that America signifies—a light to the nations of the world. But I find that I am wrong when I wish that the immigrant may, so I return to the island for a time.

### Tammany's Bad Influence.

Was it not Jacob Rills who deplored the circumstance that the first lesson in civic government to the immigrant in New York is Tammany hall? He attributed the occasional lawlessness of the immigrant to the demoralizing influence of Tammany hall methods in the administration of the city of New York—the stranger's first experience in so-called self-government. Thus, he rightly reasoned, Tammany doubly deserves the city, first by its betrayal of the city's interests and secondly, unwisely by its influence upon the newcomer, who is led to feel that citizenship spells an opportunity to sell one's

vote, and that office-holding is but another name for political corruption. If this be the teaching which reaches the stranger when he sets foot on Manhattan Island, then there is abundant cause for rejoicing in the circumstance that the first representative of the government with whom the immigrant is brought face to face upon shore is a man who in his life and personality embodies much that is best in America and Americanism. America, wrote the representative of the Kaiser, after months of painstaking investigation, is "the land of unlimited possibilities." We put the same idea rather differently and we say that America spells boundless opportunity. And this article of American faith—let not American faith seem strange to the immigrant—of the American democrat is as truly a religion as it is a political ideal—this article of American faith is incarnate in the man who guards the gateway of the United States, looking upon the uplifted torch in the grasp of the Goddess of Liberty, might be moved to understand what it is that America signifies—a light to the nations of the world. But I find that I am wrong when I wish that the immigrant may, so I return to the island for a time.

### Promise of New World.

Opportunity? Commissioner Watchorn himself passed through the gateway over which he now keeps ward, into the republic of the United States, and he tells us that he stood there 27 years ago, a poor, young, friendless Derbyshire collier, a group of them, "are standing there now. I am not at all proud that I have great up, but I am proud of the country that let me go up, that let me stay here, however poor and lowly, go up, if he will. I want every one of those young fellows to be full of hope, for this country is ready to say to every man who comes here, as it said to me, 'Go up higher.'"

and example of one with almost apostolic fervor of Americanism, one who has made what this language is so for a stranger and what a stranger may do for the land of his choice.

### Back to the Inferno.

I watched him for some time as he passed on several cases under appeal—cases which had been decided by the board of inspection pending the commissioner's decision. In the case of two of the men deportation was ordered with but little delay; the next two were admitted. That case, however, was a question of the justice of deportation in either of the earlier cases—both men were Russians, the one declared by the physicians to be slightly under the mental average and the other, physically enervated. It was horrible to think of these poor creatures being sent back to that inferno whence they had escaped; nothing less than inferno which had half crazed the one and virtually starved the other. As the men were taken back to the inferno, I could not convey the unutterable pain of the hopelessness written upon their faces as their doom was pronounced—a government official, lately returned from a tour of inspection in Russia, showed me a series of photographs of some Russian villages and towns wherein massacre and riot had taken place during the awful days of October, 1905, and after. It was right, from the law's point of view, that some men should be deported, but thought I could say anything less just in morals than to welcome the strong and to send back the weaklings to the hell from which they had come? Of the two men who passed muster one was a young Austrian locksmith, who was believed to have emigrated under a contract, which charge, if true, would have shut him

out. A moment's keen questioning by the commissioner, followed by reference to the testimony, brought to light the manner of approach to any contract expressed or implied was the belief of the young man, based upon letters from New York, that he could earn from \$10 to \$15 a week at his trade in New York.

### Kindness Tempered Justice.

Even-handed justice the commissioner meted out with the unshakable firmness of a man and the unflinching kindness of a gentleman. His most gracious word and manner were for the unfortunate whose deportation it was his duty to decree. Yes, there was something more than justice that something more, which at the risk of being dubbed Chauvinist, I would call Americanism. The commissioner in his rulings and decisions obviously obeyed the law to the letter, but he also proved that obedience to the letter need not annul the spirit. He fulfilled the letter of the law in its manifest spirit. Firm to the point of inexorableness in demanding compliance with the law governing the exclusion of the unfit and undesirable, he is humane in himself in dealing with the wards temporarily committed to his care. Is he right or wrong in holding that these strangers are our guests and that they are to be regarded as such? They are neither beggars nor criminals, and they ought to be treated with the kindness and the courtesy which the law of the human race exacts from host to guest.

He has, I learned, introduced a number of changes (some of them seeming less important than they are), and which he presides, and every one of them makes for the comfort and security of the beings in his keeping. Formerly husbands and wives, parents and children, were sometimes separated while passing to the inspection desks. The separation would not last for more than an hour, but the poor creatures did not know that, and such screaming and wailing ensued as would have

melted a heart of stone. That is changed now.

### A Needed Reform.

The families pass together to the inspection desks as a result of a simple change in the methods of booking in the offices of the steamship companies upon which Commissioner Watchorn has insisted. Up to this time the steersage passengers were permitted to carry as much of their baggage in their hands as they chose, with the result that the poor beings oftentimes staggered under loads of bedding and other household goods. Up to this time the steersage passengers were permitted to carry as much of their baggage in their hands as they chose, with the result that the poor beings oftentimes staggered under loads of bedding and other household goods. Up to this time the steersage passengers were permitted to carry as much of their baggage in their hands as they chose, with the result that the poor beings oftentimes staggered under loads of bedding and other household goods.

The sleeping accommodations for those detained pending exclusion or admission are shockingly inadequate. Within five days the commissioner, through the execution of an admirably simple plan, hopes in large part to remedy this condition. Enough is said if it is indicated that as many as 250 men are crowded into one large room—the baggage iron beds arranged in three long rows and that the lavatories are not arranged for more than one sixth of that number. One of the results is that the immigrants are compelled to arise every five or six hours for the purpose of arrangements, which will place no more than 15 persons in a room, will permit them to sleep an hour longer. Bunches have been placed in the aisles of examination in which men, women and children formerly stood for three hours longer while awaiting their turn. A parcels room is to be provided for the use of those who now drag their numerous and cumbersome packages about with them all the day, sometimes for days. The wheels of the little freight trucks have been rubber tired that sleep may be enjoyed by the immigrants, who, especially in the summer months, were made to walk by the din and rattling of the vehicles. The pavements throughout the night.

### Where Families Are Reunited.

But even this place is less interesting than the so-called kissing-block, the name given to the place of reunion. Here it is that husband and wife meet again after years of agonizing heart-breaking separation. The waters of the child are after almost interminable waiting reunited again in the embrace of love. If a man have any tears to shed, let him avoid that spot, which

describing the institution, I have been telling of the man who is its presiding genius. But, after all, an institution is invariably "the lengthened shadow of a man." Under the reign of partisan politics and the ceaseless shifting of office-holders to which it gives rise, no man may be said to be inseparable from the place by him filled. But if there be a man who seems a part, and the best and biggest part, of an institution, that man is he who began a life of toil at 11 in an English coal mine, worked underground in two continents for nearly 20 years, became leader of a miners' organization, one of the founders of the American Federation of Labor, the president of which today is John Mitchell, went into the immigration service as inspector and was named by President Roosevelt as commissioner of immigration more than two years ago. If I were asked to sum up my impression of the man and the quality of his service, I would say that, if Theodore Roosevelt were commissioner of immigration of New York, he would do the work in the way in which Robert Watchorn is doing it today. That's rare praise! He is a rare man who calls it forth.

If there be pathos and sorrow, including chiefly the grief of those denied admittance, at Ellis Island there is also immeasurable joy. I stood for some time in the hall in which are gathered the immigrants, whose admittance depends upon the decision of the man sitting there. The bliss of the recipient was contagious, even though disappointment came to those waiting and waiting for the "tidings of liberation."

### The Flag's New Meaning.

This spoke one not only peculiarly qualified to pass on the question by reason of his position, but also because he was for many years a member of the great army of American workmen, a leader in that army who would not knowingly let any evil befall the American worker through immigration or any other governmental policy. My last glimpse of the gateway as I returned to New York showed a huge flag floating in the great breezes of the December day. That flag had come within some hours to mean a little more than ever before. I had seen some Europeans in the unmaking, bowed and cowed by officials, they tried to walk north of the gates, but however quietly and courteously an official of the United States, I knew as the flag faded from my sight that it would not be very long before the stars and stripes of the stately flag would fill the sky of the new comers with the sunlight of hope, and their hearts with the joy of self-reliant, invincible American manhood.

## Women's Clubs--Women's Work

Edited by Mrs. Sarah A. Evans

### Crying Need of This Age Is Mothers.

Society received something like an electric shock when it was announced this week that Mrs. A. B. Sims of Des Moines, society leader and prize-taker, had publicly announced that she would never again renounce the game of which she held the national championship.

Society got its shock from the fact that one of its own members dare turn and attack one of the vital problems of the day, and that she should do so in its midst. Had Mrs. Sims's son—if she has one—committed a crime, the seeds of which were being sown while his mother was winning championships at cards, society would have reacted to such shock, and the mother would have been commiserated by a host of admirers for the disgrace brought upon her underving head.

The new year is not yet a fortnight old, and it has come, even by our own midst, tragedies that would stain the record of a year. "What is the world coming to," is so often repeated that the poor old world is really beginning to feel responsible for the crimes of the age, and the people in it whirl on in their giddy career without feeling the least personal responsibility except in isolated cases like Mrs. Sims, who will soon be looked upon as a social outcast.

If society—not alone the 400, but the mothers who form society in all its grades, could pause in life's pleasures and take a stern, honest look into the faces of the children, they would see they would realize that the crying need of the age is mothers—mothers in the old-fashioned sense of the word, mothers who do not think their obligation ceases when they bring into life a human being, and who feed and educate it, and a little later supply it with money to seek its own amusements. Motherhood should mean much more than this, it should mean above everything else, a mother's love.

Where does the present day tendency to cut loose from the mother's apron string originate? Certainly not with the child if it has been properly trained, and of course the child never really would never attribute it to the fact that she was away from home when the child came, tired, to the home nest after school. But every one who had a good mother waiting at home for him after school hours, and who knows that that mother's society was so real and the house was so warm and brightened by her smile and thoughtfulness that the desire to return to the street and the school companions never suggested itself.

There is no period of the day children need mothering so much as this time, when the poet has thus so beautifully described:

When the dusk and the daylight  
Between themselves do disagree,  
That is a pause in the day's occupation  
That is known as the children's hour."

Oh, that every mother might be home at that hour to romp with her: "Grave Alice, with her black and blue, And Edith with golden hair."

It would be one way to accomplish the boast of America's best loved bard: "I have you fast in my fortress, and will not let you go, dear heart. But put you down to the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart."

But Longfellow was from New England and there were no 10-cent matinees with Sunday performances, and scores of other things that now-a-days can take the place of mothers.

Cards may be a relaxation, and the stage elevating and Sunday a day of recreation, and all the other modern methods of thing the self-sacrifice of motherhood to the community may be an improvement on the old way, but results do not prove it. It would be a sorry reflection on the intelligence of the women of today if they did not make use of improved conditions, and of those things which science and study have brought forward for the benefit of humanity, and women deserve credit for going out of the home to study and learn those things that make for the betterment of the home, the social, scientific and intellectual life.

There is no class of people that need and should have relaxation from their duties more than mothers, and the generation of the age does not come comparable as it might be at times and under certain conditions, from the absence of the mothers from their homes nearly so much as from the utter lack of mother qualifications when at home. The domestic training of girls has become almost obsolete. If there are servants the mother sees no necessity; if there are no servants prepared food from the delicatessen, or canned food from the grocery is just as cheap and

so much easier. No question of its purity or nutritive properties is ever suggested, and such bodies are visitations of providence—or would be if providence hadn't departed with the Christian Sabbath.

Six days shalt thou labor and the seventh spend what you have made in riotous living is the modern version of the fourth commandment. If the mother rises at the children's hour, she sees the stream of young girls pouring out, singly and in groups, receiving the stares and taunts and, alas! attentions of boys often aged with vice, and they will realize that the crimson robes are not far off, and no mother in sight.

These are the things that are demanded of the world mothers—mothers. It needs be, of the old Puritanical stripe, and it needs be, of the old-fashioned type, the kind that the world men and women, not weaklings morally, mentally or physically. But in the light of the centuries no such stern laws are demanded, but more are expected, and more are needed, the unconcern, the indulgence of the child and the selfishness of the mothers the nation will have to pay the price. Indeed if the signs of the times are reflected in the new-year's resolutions, the nation is already upon it. The faint is touching those of both high and low degree and the weeping and lamentation will go on until the motherhood of the land awakens to its own responsibility for conditions as they exist.

Pure Food Legislation All Along the Lines.

The following letter which has just been received will indicate the general interest being taken and the organized work being done for pure food:

To the State President, Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs—Dear Madam: You are probably aware that a pure food law was passed by congress in 1906, largely through the efforts of the Consumers' League and the Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is very important that the administration of those laws shall be watched and a state law in harmony with them passed and administered in each state. For that work the pure food investigation committee of the National Consumers' League desires to form a general committee containing in each state one representative of the state and one representative of the Federation. The representatives to be nominated by the state chairmen of the respective organizations.

The work upon which the members of this committee will be asked to concentrate will include:

(a) Securing the passage of a model law similar to the law of which is thought by Dr. Wiley of the federal agricultural department to be the best. A copy of this law will be forwarded to each member of the committee.

(b) The publication by the department of the state entrusted with the enforcement of the law of a monthly bulletin similar to that published in Massachusetts, which will also be sent to each member of the committee.

(c) The voting by congress of an appropriation of a million dollars per annum for the enforcement of the pure food law.

Will you be so good as to find the person most suitable to represent your organization on this committee, and let me know her name and address? This will be a great help in the securing of pure food measures, and will be greatly appreciated by us.

JOHN NORTON, Secretary.  
Mrs. Ellen R. Miller of Portland has been appointed to this committee to act for the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs.

the advisability of organizing a "scholarship loan fund," as an additional branch of usefulness to the present varied club activities, and to make a report upon the same at this meeting.

The committee is composed as follows: Helen F. Spalding, chairman; Mrs. Grace Watt Ross and Mrs. Max Birch of Portland, Mrs. Frederick Dunn, Eugene; Mrs. E. W. Woodburn, Astoria; Mrs. Clara French, Weston; Mrs. Mary A. Farnham, Forest Grove; Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, Portland, ex-officio.

Partly by correspondence and in part by personal conference the following recommendations were made:

"First—That the Oregon state federation enter upon this field of usefulness.

"Second—That each club belonging to this federation be invited to make a contribution to the fund, the amount of which shall depend best in the furtherance of this object.

"Third—That such invitation shall not imply obligation or solicitation or any other kind of a contribution, but that it be a matter of a convenient and voluntary help.

"Fourth—That said fund when secured shall become a special part of the treasury of the federation, to be appropriated solely to the purposes herein specified.

Respectfully submitted,  
HELEN F. SPALDING, Chairman.

The recommendations of the committee were enthusiastically adopted and a further explanation arranged by the committee brought out the fact that this fund is to be loaned to young women without interest, and upon recommendations satisfactory to the committee.

It is not the purpose of the committee, at least not until the fund has grown sufficiently large to justify it, to make a loan that would carry a young woman entirely through a college course, but its purpose will be to loan such sums as will relieve young girls when the stress comes, or to enable them to take a special course which will fit them for more efficient services in life.

It is for this fund that a large card party is being given at the home of Mrs. W. E. Hall, 75 East Twenty-eighth street. The program, a continuation of the studies of Milton, will be in the hands of Mrs. Hayer and was rendered as follows: Review of books two and three, Mrs. G. M. Gilman; outline of book four, Mrs. A. A. Bailey; outline of book five, Mrs. A. J. Siles; outline of book six, Mrs. V. F. Adams; description of the Garden of Eden, Mrs. A. Crofton; "Satan's Rebellion," Mrs. Florence E. Stalling. General discussion was led by Mrs. Siles.

Refreshments were served during the social hour by the hostess, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Ball.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. J. C. Jones, 421 Seventh street, January 15.

## What Haines Is Doing to Encourage Immigration

well and receive the highest cash price for the same. The beautiful outlying valleys with their broad acres of rich alfalfa and grain fields, together with the orchards, vineyards, and other substantial buildings and good fences, bear striking testimony of the busy, successful farmer.

The western section is well watered from the numerous creeks and springs. As yet dry land farming is in its infancy. One man stated that 300 acres yielded him 15,000 bushels of barley with no irrigation; but conditions were favorable and the soil was properly prepared.

Many homeseekers are taking up land east of the town and are making paying investments of what was considered worthless land, on account of the expense of irrigation. However, these men are getting a well-kept water on their land by ditches, by windmills and by a pumping plant of 30-horse-power, which takes from a slough of Powder river. A large canal running parallel to the river, and which is being built and will be completed the coming year.

Stock does well here and the farmer who has cattle, sheep or hogs will make money as yet dry land farming is in its infancy. The stock is being raised and fed on the alfalfa and grain. They can be raised or bought for feeders at good profit. Hay generally sells at from \$5 to \$6 per ton.

The Rock Creek Flouring mills, situated on Rock creek, makes fine flour and feed stuffs and has a warehouse in Haines. The Rock Creek Creamery association owns and operates a creamery in town and the patrons are well satisfied. The sawmill furnishes lumber at reasonable rates, the mill, which is easily accessible, or at the yards in Haines, of which there are four. The Northwestern Granite quarry, situated one and a half miles east of the town, has a large company and the lights are steadily. The granite is of a superior

quality, as is testified by the many demands for it from other states, for monuments as well as for building purposes.

Radium Springs sanitarium beautiful one mile north of Haines, and opened to the public six months ago, is fast becoming a popular health resort. Baths of all sorts are furnished at reasonable rates and experienced nurses are in charge. The waters, being up from the ground, contain those peculiar health-giving elements that only Mother Nature controls.

Haines is headquarters for the rich mining districts in the Blue mountains, and is the center of the "forty states" Order of Washington and Women of Woodcraft.

Ex-Merchant Davis Wilcox can rightly be called the "father of Haines." 20 years ago he started the first store in Haines and was continuously there three years ago. Mr. Wilcox was the first mayor and has served since then with the exception of two terms, and is again our mayor.

librarian, Miss Effie Smith. The club organized it became a member of the state federation.

HE HAD TO PAY

Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was talking about Christmas dinners.

"If one is going to give a Christmas dinner," he said, "it is best to give a good even of champagne. One then doesn't get up from the table with remorse gnawing at the heart, as was the case with an Atlantic City young man."

praising. I knew our club had done a great deal of earnest work, but these records are something to be proud of. Hospital beds have been endowed, scholarships founded and maintained, women probation officers supported and paid, libraries started, child labor laws upheld, sewing and cooking schools conducted, and industrial union work carried on.

"One small club reported: 'We have raised the literary standard of our work. Is not that a work worth while?'"

"Genuines and the distinguished may not need clubs, perhaps; but the woman who has not had a chance, if there is some little hidden talent, does up in her napkin, needs the club to be fed for an occasional hour out of the blessed but confining home rut of daily duty into the open fields of outside thought and work."

Another Deserts Society To Enroll as a Worker.

Comes the news from Paris that another charming belle has deserted from the ranks of social ambitions and will devote herself hereafter to the pursuit of the muses. Miss Edith Shaw, elder daughter of the secretary of the treasury who has been abroad for the last 18 months, will continue her studies at the Sorbonne with a view of preparing herself for the chair of literature at her alma mater, the Cornell college of Iowa.

Miss Shaw took the degree of A. M. with the first honors in a class of 40 about three years ago. She made her debut in Washington the following winter in the brilliant, interesting, but little. She is a clever writer of verse, and she is now taking an advanced course in the early romance writings of the Latin tongue and modern English versers.

Miss Shaw is an unusually attractive girl, with the cordial, pleasant manner which seems the birthright of the western girl and is considered the finest conversationalist in the younger official set.—The Texas Woman.

Some Conclusive Proof That the World Is Round.

"Proof That the World Is Round" is the title of the leading article in a recent issue of the Pekin Women's Journal, the new daily paper published for the women of China. According to the article, a letter was received, because it was flat like a plate, and whirled around and around, as surely it did, the wind caused by the great whirling world swept all mankind off the earth. There is no wind caused when you whirl a ball in your hands,

but what if you should whirl a fan? "Our ancestors believed that the world was flat," continues the article, "and their belief should always be regarded respectfully, even though we may think differently today. We know now that the foreigners live on the other side of the world, and if it were flat the power to pull people off the earth would be before coming to us, it does on a round world, they would walk like flies on the ceiling."

The paper also moralized upon the "Evils of Obtaining Evidence by Torture."

A Pertinent Question for Portland Musicians.

The Boston Journal says: "The Women's Philharmonic society of New York City is holding an orchestra among its members and is holding weekly rehearsals under the direction of Miss Olive Mead. It has issued a general invitation to women players of string instruments to join the society and orchestra which is to be made permanent."

The musicians of Portland might inquire if, to make this great orchestra possible, it was necessary for the women to allow wearing the champagne saloons, as was so eloquently pleaded before Portland's city council, as one reason for wanting "little ladies" retained in them.

Forestry Club Will Meet Tomorrow.

The regular monthly meeting of the Forestry club will be held at the home of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, 215 Seventh street, Monday, January 14, at 3 p. m. A general invitation is extended to any one interested in forestry to attend, whether they are members or not. The club meetings this year have been growing in interest, and it is a subject every one should feel it a duty to inform themselves upon, and no better opportunity could be offered than these pleasant semi-social gatherings.

The Carlton Club Revives Its Activities.

Owing to illness in the family of several of its members, the Carlton club discontinued its active work something over a year ago. Things now being more favorable, a few days ago the club was again called together and it was decided to revive its activities.

The club has not decided upon what particular line of work to take up, but will determine this at the next meeting. The officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. E. E. Ellsworth; secre-

Unconscious Irony.

A New England man says that one night last winter when the thermometer fell below zero his wife expressed her concern for the poor Swedish maid who had an unheated room.

"Kiss," she said in the girl, remembering the good old custom of your youth, as it is bitterly cold tonight, you'd better take a nation to bed with you."

Wise caution as the authorities in guarding against harm to young women by questioning every man or woman who comes to Ellis Island to take away a woman immigrant and then questioning her in turn in order to ascertain whether the stories tally.

The officers of Ellis Island were particularly pleased with their recent Christmas celebration at which 1,275 gifts were distributed to as many immigrants and the Christmas greeting—spoken in 30 different tongues, successively, not simultaneously, by ministers of as many churches and people.

I am sorely tempted by closing this sketch of the gateway of the republic to consider some aspects of the great problem of immigration. Let me rather record the summing up of the question by one who guards that gateway.

"Of the army of immigrants which annually seeks admittance less than 1 per cent is rejected," he said. "No army in the world does better, and armies are recruited of the youth only of a land. I have yet to hear a valid reason for raising the bars against immigrants. What are the evil fruits of the immigration policy?"

The Flag's New Meaning.

This spoke one not only peculiarly qualified to pass on the question by reason of his position, but also because he was for many years a member of the great army of American workmen, a leader in that army who would not knowingly let any evil befall the American worker through immigration or any other governmental policy.

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