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Die Auswanderer.

A STORY OF OLD LOVES AND NEW FORTUNES.

By JAMES B. CONNELLY.

(Continued from last week.)

She protested at that. "So soon to lose him for long weeks, and now not to see him while he is washed." So vehement was she, that the superintendent and surgeon threw up their hands and allowed her to have her way. So she took little Michael into the women's apartments and gave him so fine a warm bath, with such a plenty of soapsuds, that he crowded like a young rooster.

"Such a boy," said Esther's mother, and held him up rosy for all to see, and later, with his glowing face confronted the superintendent triumphant.

It was against all the rules that Esther's mother should go in the train to Hamburg. But she hung on to little Michael, to whom she was so soon to say "Good-bye"—hung on so tightly that when the train started the superintendent said something to the guard, and handed him a paper, the guard in reply said, "Very good—Berlin," that and something else, and Esther's mother, happy and smiling, stayed onboard.

Everybody in the car felt sorry for Esther's mother, and smiled at her and the baby when they saw that she had had her way.

All that night and all next morning they were confined in the rickety car, in the side of which, in large black letters, were the words "Russische Auswanderer." At times along the way there were stations where the guards' vigilance relaxing, the more active of them might have had time to run out and procure needful things, but if their own guard was careless, others were not so, and they were soon rushed back. Everybody seemed to think that whoever else were accorded privileges, these lowly strangers at least, should be given no liberty.

The young fellow, Ivan, who had been to America before, explained how it was. "Some years ago, some people—not our people, but others of Russia—carried the cholera to Hamburg, and so on to America. And since then none of our day are allowed to leave the cars, until we are in Hamburg, and there we leave them only for the "Anwanderhallen," and there it is lock and key also until we are on the steamer. I know, for it was so when I went before also, although by St. Nicholas, it seems harder now. Next time, should I ever come back again, I return third class—no less.

At Bromberg, which is well on toward Berlin, a boy having grapes for sale, halted under the window of the car. "Ah," sighed Esther, "if the babies had but a handful!" Old Joseph, leaning, leaning out, motioned the boy, and handed down a rouble. The boy shook his head.

"He will have none of your Russian money," said Ivan. "He wants German money. I remember now that it was so before."

"But I have no German money," said poor Joseph, and was drawing in his head disconsolate, when they were perceived by a young fellow, whom they had themselves already noticed as one who seemed to have no other business than to walk the platform and observe the people about him. He was neither German nor Russian, they saw at once. To him, when he came over, Ivan handed Joseph's rouble and spoke some words in the stange tongue with which he used to converse with the superintendent at the control-station, when he wished to show that he had been to America.

The young stranger nodded, and for Joseph's rouble, handed back German money. Two mark and fifteen pfennigs—they knew that much of German money—and then, stopping the fruit boy, he purchased the platter of grapes and handed it to Esther's mother. Further, he ran off and came back with a precious orange for each of the children. Little Michael's hand was not large enough to hold his.

"There," said Ivan proudly, "that is the American kind. Money—they have it like dirt to spend—these rich Americans. You will find them every where."

"Not many of them come to Poland," said old Joseph; "or, if so, I never saw them in our village."

Esther's mother fed the orange to little Michael. Between mouthfuls she hugged him tight, and in his ear whispered: "Ah, my little Michael, some day—who can say—you also will be rich, with money to spend like that, and with the money, there will also be horses and carriages and grand houses and servants. And maybe I shall live to see it, and if so, it may be I shall be allowed there—in the grand house—in a little back room up under the roof, with nobody to see me, but from where I can look and see all, knitting your socks, for the bad weather and putting the letters on the fine linen you will have then. Is it not so, my little Michael?" and little Michael held his mouth up for more orange.

Not long after that it came to an end—at Berlin—where the train made a long halt. Esther's mother had almost forgotten that she was not to go, and was beginning to believe that she would yet be allowed to stay. But here was a new guard, one with less kindness than the other. He poked out a paper, and bade through the railing loudly her name:

"Sarah—I can not read it—but Sarah something, an old woman." She had no cause to answer—the pitiful look that came to her worn old face would have made her known out of a multitude.

She pleaded with this one, even as she had with the doctor and superintendent, and up to the last moment hoped that she might win him over. But this was one who dared not, or could not go beyond orders—out of the car he lifted her as the train moved—out and on to the platform.

And after her came old Joseph. He had stopped not for bundles or boxes, but jumped off like a youth of twenty.

"You must tell her all," called Esther after him.

It was a most unheard of thing, this leaving the car by one against whom no objection was made, and the astounded guard, with no precedent to help him out, was at a loss what to do. He gesticulated in bewilderment, but the train moved on.

Joseph. She had eyes only for little Michael with his arms reaching out of the window toward her, out over his mother's shoulder, as though for something he missed.

Long after the train was out of sight, she stood there, despairing. Only when fatigue compelled her did she move to a bench, and then only to cast her weary body down and hold a tight hand to her aching eyes, and heart. Joseph, saying nothing, sat on another bench.

By and by, the train that was due to take her back to Russia came, and, arising, she saw him sitting there.

"You, Joseph? And why? Why, oh, Joseph, did you turn back, too?" "Why? Why? As if you did not know. You in Poland, and I stay in America? I am old, Sarah."

"And I am old too, Joseph—so old, and never knew till now."

It was on the control station on the frontier, that she was told the worst. It had to be told her. She had to be made to understand why it was that she was not to be allowed to stay there until the ticket should come from America—if all the tickets in the world were to come—why she could not go.

It was old Joseph who told her. "So," she said, "oh, Henry, you were a good boy. And Peter, Paul, Joseph—good children, all. And Esther, my daughter, you were good, too—Esther—yes. But Michael—oh, my heart! Oh, my little Michael!" And then the tears came.

"That is better," said the surgeon.

"But she will need care, old uncle, when she is back in Poland again—for all her days, it need be."

"She shall have care," said Joseph, "and for all her days, if need be."

Between the control station and their old home in Poland she spoke only once. Without lifting her head she reached out her hand.

"Joseph!"

"I am here."

"When the letters come from America it may be that my eyes—you have heard what the doctor said—my eyes—and in the letter may be things that are not for others to see—but I do not mind you, Joseph—and, also, there will be such things as little Michael will write when he grows up—you know Joseph."

"I know, Sarah."

"And I may need eyes, Joseph. It is hard to say only that, to be only a burden to thee at the last but I may need eyes, Joseph."

"Thou shalt have eyes, Sarah."

The end.

ONE IMPRESSION OF IBSEN.

Liked a Glass of Whiskey, Flowers and American Women.

Ibsen, the son of a Danish skipper, who retired from sea to keep a shop in Norway, and of German mother, had the impulsiveness, says "Truth," of one whose forebears had drunk deeply of beer and ardent spirits. He himself drank freely (but not to the tipping degree) of whiskey, gin and grog.

I saw him take in the coffee room of the Grand Hotel, where he held daily levee, what I may call a Scotch glass of whiskey, neat, and in about three-quarters of an hour a nip of Most Norwegians of his years would not have noticed these pointers, they did not affect the poet's head in the least. I dare say that a spirituous stimulant unloosed the ideas that had been collecting in his head and enabled him to make a satisfactory start in writing, for he did not take up his pen to answer letters until he had taken the pick-me-up.

I noticed that he never took drinks with Americans who had made his acquaintance and that he preferred conversing with fair Americans. They generally brought flowers to present to him on being introduced or on introducing themselves.

Ibsen had no mock modesty in receiving these acts of homage to his genius. Garden flowers, such as tea and La France roses, are not to be had for the asking in Christiania and I should fancy must be imported as cut buds. Ibsen liked carnations which have the perfume of the clove pink. On the day of my presentation I followed the American ladies in offering up a bouquet on the altar of genius—that is to say, on the little table behind which he sat, at the far end of the coffee room of the Grand Hotel.

As an homme-pontiff I thought him immeasurably below Victor Hugo, but still extremely interesting, and somehow uncommon and striking, though he might have been a country lawyer, or a doctor, or a minister attentive to externals, carefully dressed in superfine black cloth, with a buttoned up coat, which gave his small figure a spruce appearance, and a cravat, immaculate in its whiteness and tied in a perfect bow.

I almost think he talked better than he wrote. Speaking of women, he said that in a hidebound community they rose far higher in mind and spirit than the male clods around them. They had always some fresh original ideas to bring out and were really more inclined to heresy than attached to orthodoxy but were not prepared to fight for what they preferred. Their worst enemy was gentility, which perverted the moral sense and placed morality where it did not exist.

The French appeared to him in a better moral condition than the English. There was less self-deception in France and a fairer practice of austere and stoical virtue.

THE BIALYSTOK MASSACRES IN DETAIL.

The Jewish Exponent of Philadelphia is in receipt of a lengthy communication from the Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden containing information about the causes and the events

of the recent riots in Bialystok. It seems that Berlin knew of the massacres even before St. Petersburg. The Hilfsverein received a dispatch from Prostken, a small town on the Prussian boundary, on the night of the 14th, with information about the beginning of the riots. When another telegram from St. Petersburg confirmed the horrible report, the Hilfsverein immediately sent two delegates to Bialystok, one by way of Prostken and the other by way of Warsaw, to investigate the matter and see whether any immediate assistance could be given. Only one was thus far successful in reaching Bialystok, the other still being detained in one of the neighboring towns. From the various reports that reached the Hilfsverein from various sources, the following is a description of the terrible "pogrom."

Details of the Pogrom.

The Jews of Bialystok were in constant fear since the riots of last year, although the 60,000 Jews have always lived in peace and amity with the 20,000 Christians of Bialystok, the dark forces that infest Russia have been constantly at work to incite the population against each other. On Sunday, June 10, Chief of Police Derkatchew was murdered. The Jews were greatly distressed over the death of the man who was always kind and considerate to them and offered to lay a laurel on his coffin, which the widow promised to receive. When, on Tuesday afternoon, the Jewish deputation came with the wreath to the dwelling of the murdered chief of police, they were met by Shermietew, the new chief of police, who forbade them to lay the wreath on the coffin, saying: "I will accept no wreaths from you. You first murdered our chief of police. Now you wish to cover the crime with flowers. You will see next week what there is in store for you." When the Jewish deputies asked what all that meant, a judge who was standing near by, Wisniewsky, said to them: "That is perfectly clear. Shermietew promises a pogrom for next Thursday." The Jews immediately sent a commission to the Governor in Grodno, explaining to him the conditions, and the Governor promised them protection until Thursday, but would give no guarantee for that day.

About two o'clock on Thursday, there began a Catholic procession consisting of about 10,000 persons. A Greek-Catholic procession, of about 500 persons, consisting mainly of laborers from the interior, began to wend its way in the opposite direction. Suddenly there started some confusion in the orthodox procession. An explosion was heard and the rumor was spread that a bomb was thrown from a window in a house on Alexander street. It is now certain that the explosion of the bomb was a sign for the hooligans to begin their work of destruction, for hardly five minutes had passed when the plunder and murder began. Two children, who carried the holy icons, were slightly wounded and the icons were thrown on the ground, where they remained lying for many hours in order to incite the fury of the mob. In companies of 50 the hooligans, armed with iron bars and stones, began marching on the Jewish district. About 200 houses and stores, especially jewelry shops, were plundered and demolished in the course of two hours. The police and soldiers accompanied them, and whenever some heroic Jews would oppose them, they were shot down by the soldiers.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the commanding general, Boganjenski, appeared on the street and the plunder immediately ceased, but the plunderers were not disturbed and they divided the spoils among themselves without any interference on the part of the police. The most terrible scenes were witnessed at the railroad depot. In the presence of other passengers, Jews were dragged from the cars and shot on the spot by army officers and policemen.

On Friday the riots were renewed. The report was spread that Jews threw bricks at a funeral of a murdered Christian woman. The riots only ceased when the deputation of the Douma arrived in Bialystok. The fate of the 6000 Jews who fled to the woods is not yet known.

What of the Future?

The Hilfsverein has reliable information that the Bialystok riots are

only a precursor of many other riots that are about to take place throughout the Pale. In many places the Jews have been informed by their friends of the forthcoming troubles, but when assistance is asked of the local authorities, it is invariably refused. The only remedy is in a concerted effort to compel the authorities in St. Petersburg to stop the atrocities. Mr. Lucien Wolf, in a letter to the London Times on June 29, is practically of the same opinion. He informs the public that massacres are being planned all over Russia, and that he had received a dispatch from Uman, in the Government of Kieff, which states that during the past two weeks local agitators have been arming a "Black Band," 1500 strong, with knives and that the Burgomaster and the local clergy visited the neighboring villages in order to incite the peasants to join the projected massacre. He concludes by saying: "It is hoped that the prompt disclosure of these facts in the foreign press may still avert the threatened outbreak."

Who Threw the Bomb?

The world has been made to believe that the Jews themselves have provoked the anger of the populace by throwing the bomb in the procession. Most representative newspapers have followed the report of the Associated Press and repeatedly referred to the fact. This is now absolutely refuted on the highest authority. The Governor himself issued a proclamation and had it spread in the neighborhood, stating emphatically that the Jews had no share in the disturbance of the religious procession on the 14th. From St. Petersburg comes the report that the Minister of the Interior, Stolypin, publicly declared that the dispatch that attributed the throwing of the bomb to the Jews was falsified. After an investigation was conducted, the telegram to that effect was sent by an army officer, Stukalyn, who thus wanted to give the world an explanation of the atrocities. The Jews thus stand entirely exonerated of the crime attributed to them.

In a letter to the Alliance Israelite Universelle, dated June 14, apparently before the massacre, the reply of the Governor to the Jewish deputation is given in full. He said: "On June 30 last year forty Jews were killed in Bialystok, and after that we had six months' peace. Now 1000 Jews will come to grief, and thereby we shall have quiet for a longer period still. For massacres and outbreaks that now take place I accept no responsibility."

HE CAUGHT ON.

"The best Alaska story I've heard this season," said general Jack Hughes the other day, "is a true one and vouched for by some of our leading citizens."

"You see, it was just this way. A Russian Hebrew came to Fairbanks about a year ago and established a dry goods and notion business. He was so successful that he sent for his younger brother and started to educate him in the business. They boy was slower to learn the ways of the world than his brother had been, and the latter sometimes grew impatient. One day he said:

"Now, schist wait and see how I do. Dere was a lady."

"The lady asked to see some silk, which was shown, a piece at \$2 a yard."

"But I saw some like it a few days ago for \$1.50" she said.

"I don't doubt it, madam; but dot was some days ago. I was selling dese goods at dot price until yesterday, ven we got vord dot all the silk-vorms in China was dead, und dot goods vill cost us more as \$2 now."

"The lady was satisfied and purchased the silk."

"Now, you see how dot was done. Dere was a lady now; you wait on her," he said to his brother.

"The lady entered and asked for tape. The young man was all attention, and the desired article was speedily produced."

"How much?" the lady asked.

"Ten cents a yard."

"Why, I saw some for 8 cents."

"I don't doubt it, madam, but dot was some dime ago. Shust to-day ve heard that all the tape-vorms was dead, und dere would be no more tape less as 20 cents a yard."

DAY DREAMING.

By the Bentztown Bard.

I.
They come to me in the shadows, they come to me in the sun, I chase them over the meadows where the wild oxalis run, I follow them up the hillsides, and down in the dewy dell Where the woodland springs are flowing and the tides of the river swell;

I go with them in the morning, they follow me all day, I lean to the lure of their lilt, I step to their roundelay; I time the tune of my singing to the sweep and sway of their gleam, And, oh, but the world is a beautiful place when one can dream his dreams!

II.
They come to me in the gloaming, they follow me down the lane Where the lilac clammers the little porch and the rains of the roses rain;

They carry me over the places that seem so hard on the way, And they take the load from my shoulders till life seems only a play; They sing to me in the summer, they walk before me in the spring, And ever and ever a lilt lay to the heart of song they bring; I trip to their toxie measure, I dance to their daedal gleams, And all the world is a palace fair that I build in the lands of dreams.

III.
They come to me 'mid the tolling; the task, so hard, seems light; The workday would be a fairy realm seen far through the dreamy sight;

They bring the years that have vanished, the old street friends I knew,

The loves that blossomed with their cheeks of red and their eyes of the azure hue; They dance with me to the music of a golden present time

And a future filled with the fairy note that flutes on the lips of rhyme; I move to their merry magic, I sway with the sweep of their streams And the world grows young with the tender grace of the beautiful, beautiful dreams.

IV.
They come to me in the cities and down in the sweet byways, They come where the lilies blossom, where the honeysuckle strays;

They come when the moon is mystic, when the stars are swinging low And up and down in the Milky Way the wings of the white clouds go.

I toil to their tender touches, I rest in their sweet allure, When over my pillow they hover, fragile and friendly and pure;

They wait for me when I'm waking, and all of life's melody seems A song from the lips of the roses deep down in the garden of dreams.

V.
They come to me out of the dawning, they scatter they highway with bloom;

I follow their fairy-fine dancing, their music and mirth and perfume; They build me tall castles of wonder and citadels far in the clouds;

They lift me above the lewd echoes that drift from the roar of the crowds—

But, oh, there is nothing so pleasant as the dreams of the day when they bring

The faces of loved ones that linger at home till I come with a swing Up the path by the vine-covered cottage, where faithfully, tenderly gleams The love-light, the life-light, the bright-light, the face of the child of my dreams.

—Baltimore Sun.

Some go to Shule just for a walk, Some go there to laugh and talk, Some go there the time to spend, Some go there to meet a friend, Some go to spoil the Rabbi's game, Some go there to spoil his fame, Some go there for speculation, Some go there for observation, Some go there to doze and nod; But few go there to worship God. To work thus gives one great pain; But be happy—v'n—r Omane.

M. T. HEAD.

KIRKLAND NOTES

The shingle mill resumed operations on Monday with a non-union crew.

Mr. A. O. Weaver is rejoicing in the arrival from Illinois of his brother and family. Mr. W. W. Weaver's family of seven children would gladden the heart of our President Roosevelt.

Mr. Leslie Lowe is visiting former friends. Since his departure as a seaman on the Wisconsin about four years ago he has cruised in Oriental waters, visiting the cities of China, Japan and the Philippines.

Mrs. Mildred Mead of Everett is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. W. K. Adams.

Mrs. R. H. Collins is recovering from a severe illness.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church held its regular meeting on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Charles Andrews.

Dr. W. D. Hall and wife, of North Yakima, are visiting Mrs. W. C. Sharp this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davis and Mrs. W. C. Sharp entertained in Seattle friends from Barren, Wisconsin, Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church met at the home of Mrs. L. C. Andrews Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. R. H. Collins, who has been ill for some time past, is recovering her former health.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Russell of Woodville visited friends and relatives in Kirkland Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Rosa Tompkins visited friends in Seattle last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Minnie Sample, who has been enjoying a short vacation, has again resumed work in Seattle.

Frank Rogers of Houghton has given up his position with the steamer Falcon, with a view to entering the Kirkland shingle mills.

Mrs. Wells Green and Mrs. Harry Graves of Houghton visited Mrs. H. H. Brooks of Seattle last Wednesday.

Miss Irma BBlau, who has been attending school at Bellingham, is home for a vacation.

The old Steel Works Hotel, rented by James A. Moore, is now being gotten ready for use by Mr. McDonald of Latona.

A. T. Cartwright and several friends, of Seattle, contemplate a trip to Snoqualmie Falls Sunday next, on a picture taking tour.

The steamer Falcon, of the Lake Washington Transportation Co., ran ashore Saturday night near De Mott's Landing, the passengers being obliged to go ashore and transport their freight by foot.

Mr. Greene Beeman is erecting a water tank on the property of Mr. Snow, near the Four Corners.

Capt. H. E. Tompkins and cousin, H. Turk, are visiting in Aberdeen.

The Tolt stage, running between Kirkland and Tolt, is now making a round trip daily, under the management of Mr. Starks.

Virgil Beeman of Juanita recently purchased John Grigg's logging outfit and is now doing business on a large scale for himself.

Bert Woodruff is exercising as deckhand of the steamer Dorothy in the absence of H. Turk.

The Kirkland shingle mills is again in operation with a non-union crew.

Miss Viola Hurd, who has been in the Providence Hospital for some time past, is improving in health.

Wright Brothers, of Juanita, have purchased another team, with which to further their logging interests.

The genial, good humored face of our old time resident, Thos. Duncan, was seen on the streets of Kirkland last week.

Elsworth Starks has given up his work in the woolen mills to accept a position in Kirkland Livery Stable.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson of Fremont visited Mr. and Mrs. Knight last Saturday and Sunday.

Balch & Beba sent out a large boom of logs recently, Craven Bros., of Latona, purchasers.

J. G. Slavin of Juanita is confined to the Seattle General Hospital.

Mrs. Minnie Sample and Miss Edith Knight have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Munson of Shelton. They report fishing and clam digging healthful and beneficial exercise.

Lake Lodge No. 10, D. of H., A. O. U. W., held its regular meeting last Tuesday evening with a large attendance. At this meeting a new law was introduced under which any worthy woman may become a member of the lodge without being closely related to a member in good standing of the parent order, the A. O. U. W., provided that she must be over 16 years of age, to become a social member, and over 18 and under 45 years to obtain the rights and benefits of a beneficial member.

This law, commonly known as the "Open Door," has long been advocated by the Washington lodges, and was recently approved and passed by the Superior Lodge, which convened in Montreal, Canada. Lake Lodge No. 10 extends a welcome to anyone desiring to further the cause of humanity by becoming one of her members.

Mrs. H. Gill of Redmond left her home Thursday last on an extended trip to Eureka, California.

Mrs. G. Beeman and daughter visited friends in Juanita this week.

Press readers will be glad to note that active operation in reference to erection of the steel plant have at last begun in the opening of a boarding house for the crew-to-be, in the Steel Works Hotel.

Miss Edith Knight.

GOOD IMMIGRATION NEEDED.

While some of the lesser daily newspapers have been favoring practically prohibitive restrictions of immigration the really great journals, those with national reputations, do not find the present volume of newcomers at all alarming. As an exposition of their views we present, from the Springfield Republican, the following:

The worry over foreign immigrants.

It is the opinion of Luther Burbank, the great California breeder of new kinds of fruits and edible tubers, that the human race in America several generations hence will represent the highest plane of development yet attained by mankind. This result is being brought about by the marvelous race mixing that is now going on in this country and that will continue for years to come on account of the westward tide of foreign immigration. Mr. Burbank sees in the American process of race mixture, which has never been equalled in scale and variety of ethnic factors in the previous history of the world, something very like the process of developing a new potato. He works on a huge scale in his fields, and thus the law of natural selection has ample range. The American people of the twenty-first century are being bred also on a huge scale, within enormous and constantly increasing population.

One can not but revert to this aspect of the immigration question, in view of the failure of Congress to enact a more stringent immigration law with an educational test for the newcomers from foreign lands. Viewed in a somewhat remote scientific way, there is evidently nothing alarming in the additions to our population from abroad. It may be true that the ultimate type of American will be all the stronger and all the nobler the more diverse, within certain well-understood racial limits, are the people from which the raw material is being drawn. It is a plausible theory of the sociologists that people with strength, enterprise and courage enough to break all ties with the homes of their ancestors and settle permanently in distant and alien lands must be, in the mass, excellent material upon which to base a posterity which shall have the advantages of a high type of civilization. This is the pioneer theory, but evidently it can be applied more or less to the foreign immigrants who still come in such numbers to our shores. It must be true in numerous individual cases, for it is within the personal observation of nearly all the older residents of this country that illiterate foreign immigrants, themselves with nothing but their power for manual labor as an asset, frequently have children, who, in force, intellect and honorable achievement, are a credit to the republic.

A commission for the study of the question of foreign immigration which the House has sought to have appointed as a compromise, could make a valuable study of the problem if it were to attack it from these higher points of view. The views of scientists might well be sought in forming a national policy. The whole question of the migratory movements of populations is profound, and the world's history offers a good deal of material

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bearing upon the subject. In our own case, the question for the time being seems to be really one of distribution more than ought else, for there are great sections of the country where labor is so scarce as to interfere with the production of wealth. Our assimilative capacity as a nation would not be seriously strained if the stream of immigrants could be scattered over the whole land, as a stream of water from a hose is sprayed over a lawn or garden. But when the stream pours solidly into one spot mischief may be done. In New York City today there is by far to great a concentration of foreign immigrants, particularly of Jews from Europe. We neither need nor desire foreign colonies planted here and there in America. Too much attention can not be given to the subject with our ports receiving over a million immigrants a year, and the discussion aroused by the efforts to impose an educational test and a higher head tax is excellent for the country. So far, however, as Massachusetts is concerned, there are no alarming signs of overstrain in the assimilative process. This state has absorbed a large foreign element in the past ten years, yet in the same period the number of inmates in our prisons decreased. And even in the United States as a whole, according to a former assistant director of the United States census, who read a paper on this point at the recent National Conference of Charities and Correction, crime is decreasing, relative to the increase of population. If these may be accepted as facts—and there can be no question as to Massachusetts prison inmates—the need for much more stringent regulations regarding the entrance of the newcomers did not seem very urgent. It is quite as important, probably, to regenerate some of the descendants of the old settlers. The country needs, first of all, a strong race already established here to absorb the immigrants. If the native inhabitants are degenerate, the newcomers may absorb them.

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MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF WATER AND LIGHT.

The recent application for a franchise to furnish Kirkland with water and electric light suggests the possibility and also the advisability of the town itself building them. We do not suppose the town authorities will grant any exclusive franchise for such purposes, but in order to induce anyone to put in either system it would be necessary to grant a 20-year franchise at least.

The question arises if private parties can secure the money to build a water system or a light plant why can't the town do it, and make the profit the promoters expect to make?

If the town makes the growth we anticipate both the franchises will be valuable money makers for the owners. Such being the case would it not be a wise plan for the town to put in at least a water system suited to the immediate needs and enlarge it as needed?

Water and lighting plants should belong to the people so that these necessities could be furnished at the lowest possible cost to the consumer.

The trend of public opinion is universally toward municipal ownership of all public utilities and almost all municipalities sooner or later find it desirable to own at least the water and lighting systems.

Would it be wise and prudent for the people to put in such systems as are needed now and not put ourselves and our children in the position where they would in the future have to buy a system already installed and pay a profit to the owners?

The town certainly needs a water supply badly; a good water supply is an absolute necessity, not only for present population but to induce other people to locate with us.

At present a water plant would not, of course earn enough to make any profit for the town but we think a system might be put in that would prove self-supporting, and ultimately be a profitable investment for the town.

If we are to have a town of 5000 to 10000 people within the next five years a water plant would certainly yield the town a good revenue and at the same time furnish consumers at a low cost. Should the town own the water plant, if it is possible to raise the money to build it?

We are not advised as to the cost of a water system or the ability of the town to raise the necessary money, but suggest that before doing anything the town authorities investigate the question.

If, after such investigation, they find an adequate system can be built by the people, report and outline some plan which can be submitted to the people for consideration. If it is possible for the town to build a water or lighting system the writer, a resident of Kirkland, is heartily in favor of it, and believes many of our people would also favor it. Let us have more light

on the question before giving the franchise to private parties.

A Subscriber.

Premier Seddon, the Great Reformer.

The sudden death of Hon. Richard J. Seddon has called out many tributes to this remarkable man, who began life as a common miner and worked his way up to the highest honors of New Zealand. The St. John, N. B., Sun says of him:

"The death of Premier Seddon of New Zealand removes from public life the world's most radical legislator. Under his administration the Australasian colony has outstripped creation in its laws for the betterment of social conditions.

"There woman suffrage flourishes. In the last general election nearly one-half the voters were women. Benevolent institutions care paternally for the poor and afflicted. An old age pension system frees from want the declining years of men no longer fit for hard work. Compulsory arbitration prevents labor strikes. The railways, telephones and telegraphs are owned and operated by the government and operated at a profit, too. And if Mr. Seddon had lived, another step toward Socialism would soon have been taken by the establishment of government coal mines, government fish and meat markets, and government measures to fix the level of rents."

In 1893 Seddon carried the bill which struck sex out of the constitution of New Zealand. Every argument now used against equal suffrage in America was used there. It was even said that women, being by nature conservative, would vote against the Seddon ministry. But the women were loyal to Seddon and the party which had given them the ballot, and from that day to this they have supported "Seddon and Reform."

He was a great leader. Yet, without the support of the women's vote it is doubtful if he could have carried the reforms. Australia has copied New Zealand, and has given her women equal rights with men. An illustration of his tremendous energy and appetite for work is the fact that at the time of his death he held, besides the premiership, the offices of colonial treasurer, minister of labor, minister of education, minister of immigration and minister of defense.

FALLACY, NOT REASONING

Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, Canada, one of the world's great political economists, has undertaken to essay the Jewish Problem, and like many men who attained a wide reputation along particular lines of research, when they undertake to go outside of their particular sphere, by their inability to comprehend the subject thoroughly and their ignorance of the causes underlying conditions, expose to the world their lack of versatility.

The article appeared in the June number of the "Independent," and is extensively quoted in the Literary Digest of July fourteenth; our quotations are from the latter. In describing the dispersion of the Jews and their subsequent migration to and wanderings in Christian countries, he speaks of them as "the wandering of a parasitic race in pursuit of gain over the abodes of natives with which, clinging jealously to its tribalism, it did not unite." This kind of wandering is very apt to get the wanderer into trouble, a number of bitter persecutions, from the Middle Ages onward, including those in Russia, to show that, like many other evils, the love of money may be discovered at the root.

"Take any race you please, with any

reason you please, but with an intensely tribal spirit; let it wander in pursuit of gain over the countries of other nations, still remaining a people apart, shunning intermarriage, shrinking from social communion, assuming the attitude assumed by the sect and Talmudic Jews toward the gentiles, plying unpopular, perhaps oppressive, trades, and gleaning the wealth of the country without much adding to it by productive industry; you will surely have trouble. Offense will come. If it takes the form of violence or outrage it will be criminal. But it will come, and it will be the consequence, not of a fiendish disposition on the part of the people of the invaded nations, but of a calamitous situation."

The correctness of any conclusion depends, of course, on the premises on which it is based; the trouble with the learned professor's conclusions is that they are based on incorrect premises.

The Jews did not become a wandering race from choice, but from necessity; expelled from the land which had been assigned to them almost two thousand years before by Jehovah himself, they faced the unpleasant necessity of finding another home in some other land.

That they didn't wander for gain, but were ready to settle and follow the ordinary vocations of life, creating and adding wealth to the country of their domicile, is, we believe, conclusively proven by the large Jewish population to be found in the countries where the Jews were allowed to settle and the diversified character of their occupations.

The numerous occupations followed by the Jews of Spain during the middle ages and the rapid decline of all industries after their expulsion from that country is, we believe, the most eloquent testimony as to who were the creators of the wealth and the backbone and the prosperity of that country. What is true of Spain is equally true of Poland, Holland and Germany. Wherever and whenever they were allowed to settle in any country and given the same protection as their non-Jewish population, they engaged in all occupations, whether commercial, manufacturing or agricultural, engaged in by their Gentile neighbors, and by reason of their superior intelligence, added far more to the wealth of the country.

The term "parasite" is applied by a professor because some Jews engaged in the business of money-lending, and a great many of them in purely commercial pursuits; if he had taken the trouble, however, to would very easily have obtained the correct data, showing that purely commercial pursuits were followed by them only in countries where all other occupations were closed to them by law, and that but a small proportion of them were at any time engaged in money-lending, the great mass of the Jews being too poor to engage in it; also that by far the greater number of the money-lenders, and certainly the most unconscionable ones, were the Lombards, professedly good Christians.

To the charge of intensity of tribal spirit and shunning inter-marriage and social communion with natives of many countries, we will have to plead guilty.

If our memory serves us correctly the learned professor has at different times been a speaker or attendant at banquets, in which the purity of the Anglo-Saxon blood of the English and American people and their race pride was referred to with great pride and approval, and we believe has coincided with that sentiment; the intensity of the "tribal spirit" among the Jews, to which he takes such decided exception, is nothing more than the proud



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Anglo-Saxon spirit among certain classes of English and Americans.

The shunning of intermarriage is but an outgrowth of the intense "tribal spirit," and unless the professor has entirely disregarded or forgotten his early training he will probably recall that Jehovah selected the Jews as his "chosen people;" if that meant anything it must mean that he intends them to be a people apart from all others.

As to their shrinking from social communion with the non-Jewish population, the difference in the degree of civilization easily accounts for that; the Jew had been for countless ages a highly civilized people, possessing habits, customs and manners which, so far as the refinements of life went, only the early Greeks and Romans possessed; on the other hand, from the downfall of the Western Roman Empire in 476 A. D. until the period of the Renaissance in the 16th century, the manners, customs and habits among the middle and lower classes of Christian Europe were, to express it mildly, primitive.

The same reason which induces the social set in which this learned gentleman probably moves to shrink from social communion with the newly arrived Italian or Slavonian immigrant, caused the Jews during the Middle Ages to shrink from social intercourse with their Christian neighbors.

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