

THE NEW INDUSTRY.

Why Activity in Forestry Has Become a Necessity.

Economic Considerations Demand That the State Prevent the Depletion of Our American Forests.

The forester, while not ignoring the demands of his own pocketbook, works for the remotest posterity. When he clears a tract of the wilderness of its century-old timber, he sows the seeds for a new forest, although the new crop will not mature for another century. He sees, even, by the scientific direction of Nature's work, to leave for posterity a better forest than he found. Barely, then, forestry is not an art to be practiced by an individual. The simple lumbering of our forefathers, making the most profit for today, and ignoring the morrow, is more attractive. Since the forester curtails his profits by making provision for posterity, forestry can only be practiced by the state or by great industrial corporations, operating on so large a scale that the distant future must enter into the calculations of this generation, writes Frank M. Pagan, in Success.

Strictly economical considerations demand that the state prevent the depletion of the American forests by lumbermen and pulp-makers. The yearly lumber harvest in this country now amounts to more than 60,000,000 feet. Great tracts of virgin forest land have been devastated and no provision is made for the future. The increasing demand for daily newspapers, and many editions of them, is having a marked effect on forests close to the centers of densest population. A single New York newspaper consumes 140 tons of paper every day, or 100,000,000 pounds a year. Every day in the year 20 acres of timber must be cut to feed the presses of this single newspaper. This is an exceptionally large consumption of wood pulp—the largest in the world—but other newspapers approach this consumption, and the yearly cut of pulp-makers is rapidly increasing. In consequence the available supplies of spruce are diminishing in the United States, and the pulp-makers are moving northward into the Canadian forests for their raw material.

By the creation of great forests and reservations by the national and state governments, like the 3,000,000-acre preserve in the Adirondacks, and the proposed Appalachian preserve, the state intends to set certain limits to stay the progress of lumbermen and pulp-makers. But the professional foresters point out that the best interests of the nation are not being served by the present policy of forbidding the cutting of trees on state lands. Alarmed by the denuding of American forest lands, the idea has gained ground that it is a crime to cut down a tree. "Woodman, spare that tree!" is the cry. But it is as idle to forbid the harvesting of wood crops, when they reach their maturity, as it would be to forbid a farmer to reap his grain. Man must have food from the fields and wood from the forests. He will stop the mining of iron ore as well as the cutting of lumber. Timber must be had, and millions of trees must be felled every year. What is demanded is not prohibitive legislation but scientific agriculture, so that new wood crops may be raised to provide for future demands.

MAKING THE DESERT BLOSSOM

What is Being Accomplished by Irrigation in the Western States and Territories.

Of vast importance to the country is the new irrigation law, of which an interesting detailed account is given in the New York World of recent date. It means the transformation of "arid America" upon a gigantic scale, the promise of a new and until now almost undreamed-of Western development.

In almost a score of states and territories the proceeds of sales of public lands which are expected to be more than \$2,000,000 a year, are to be used in constructing irrigation works. When these are completed the land they reclaim can be sold at from \$10 to \$25 an acre, instead of \$1.25 an acre under the homestead act. As the average cost of primary irrigation work is but \$10 an acre, the canal and ditches should pay for themselves, and the amount available for extension work becomes year by year constantly greater. The estimate that in one generation 30,000,000 acres may thus be irrigated by the government and twice as much by private enterprise seems moderate.

Whatever tends to bring people back to the farms, to make farm life pleasant and to develop the resources of the country is a powerful promoter of national well. It is fruitful to find in irrigation one of the most potent of these agencies to which we may look in the future as correctives of the cityward drift of population which is at present so remarkable?

Too Much. Mamma—Have you washed your face, Johnny? Johnny—Yes'm. "And your hands?" "Yes'm."

"And your neck?" "Aw, see here, ma, I ain't an angel."—Detroit News-Tribune.

London Hints on Sponges. It is said that the flint which forms the substratum of London is nothing but petrified sponges. An examination of the fo-ssil sponge, or flint, shows its structure.—N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Basaltic Lava Blocks are to be used for paving in Dundee, Scotland.

According to a German newspaper Americans have formed kerosene and tobacco trusts in Japan.

In many parts of South America the natives catch and kill butterflies for entomologists by means of the blow-pipe.

Besides the skylark, a number of other birds sing as they fly. Among these are the titlark, woodlark, water peeper, sedge warbler and wren chat.

W. J. Ryan, a blind man in Milwaukee, has invented a writing frame with wire lines, to enable blind persons to write with ease and symmetry.

At the end of the year 1901 the number of mining concessions existing in France was 1,483, of which 443 were granted for the extraction of combustible.

One result of the recent explosion of nitroglycerin at Ardeer, Ayrshire, was the breaking of 300 eggs in a shop at Orville, a mile and a quarter away.

A Cleveland scientist claims to have discovered a process whereby he can extract a chemical gas from ordinary air which will be both cheap and useful as a fuel.

According to statements of agents who are working the Mississippi field, the glazing machinery sold in the state during the present season is worth not less than \$1,500,000.

Col. W. Eckhart, of Toledo, O., is doing his best to prove that Yankees are not the greatest inventors. He has already patented 130 of his notions, and is bristling of ideas yet.

While stocks have always enjoyed the special favor of the Germans, there is a steady increase in the number of their detractors, because it is known that they destroy thousands of bees and of useful birds.

EASY AND CHEAP REMEDY.

One Doctor's Novel Treatment Prescribed for a Wife Given to Grumbling.

"Doctors generally get a great deal of ridicule and abuse from a humorous public," said a man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "but I overheard a conversation, an hour ago, which goes to show that not all doctors are so ready to snap at practice as is frequently supposed.

"While I was waiting for my doctor, he was engaged with a tall, thin, harassed-looking man who entered just before I did. The ante-room door was open, and I had to hear what was said.

"What ails you, Mr. Jackson," the doctor asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," the man answered; "that is, as all right as I ever will be. I can't eat much, and don't sleep much, but nothing seems to help me; I'm not sick, and I'm not well. But, doctor, I came to ask you about my wife.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Jackson?" the doctor muttered; "and what is the matter with Mrs. Jackson?"

"I don't know," said the anxious man; she complains all the time, from morning till night. She looks fat and hearty, doctor; she eats well and sleeps well; but she complains all the time. It worries me. What shall I do for her, doctor?"

"Hm," the doctor muttered again, "eat well and sleeps well, looks fat and hearty, complains all the time. Well, I'll tell you what to do for her."

"What is it, doctor?" the anxious husband asked.

"You needn't tell her I said so, but just don't pay any attention to her. A woman who looks fat and hearty, eats well and sleeps well, can't be very sick, so just let her grumble, and don't pay any attention to her. Grumble—a good deal yourself—that may help her; good day."

Eating Problem Solved.

A company has been organized in London which is expected to solve once and for all the eating problem as it faces the besetler and the servantless household. This company guarantees to send a hot meal anywhere, at any time, at a moderate cost; the dinner to be as good as can be got in any of the first-class restaurants. Not only is the dinner sent, but with it goes a complete table service, silver, glass and napery. The idea in itself is not particularly new, but the price for which it is done is surprisingly small. A dinner for one, comprising soup, entree, roast and sweet, is sent out for two shillings. Breakfast costs a shilling and lunch a shilling and sixpence. The company undertakes to supply all the meals of a household at a guinea per week for each one. It has a central kitchen, where the food is prepared, and specially constructed baskets arranged that the hot dishes will stay hot and the cold dishes cold.—Detroit Free Press.

A Kentucky Conversation. "Now, strange case, Counsel," said Maj. Giddley, looking up from his paper. "Hyuh" 's a story about a pusion down east who was wadeh watah foh half an hou', an' was finally resuscitated by the doctohs ateh fo' hoh's w'k."

"Suttenly strange," assented the colonel, pausing in the preparation of an appetizer, "but, sub, yo' mus' acknowledge that it would have been utterly impossible to have saved that pusion had he had the watah inside of him. It was only the fact, sub, that the dang'ous element was on the exterior of his body that enabled the doctohs to fetch him to life again, sub."—Baltimore American.

THUNDER AND MILK.

Speculations as to the Effect of Electrical Disturbances.

Foundation for the Theory That Antitoxins of Food and Drink are Spoiled by Atmospheric Conditions.

During serious electrical disturbances in the atmosphere it is well known that beer may become "hard," milk may go sour, and meat may frequently "turn." Considerable speculation has arisen as to the cause of this change. It has been suggested that an ozonized state of the air due to electric discharge has something to do with it, or that the formation of nitrous acid in the air is responsible for the change. It is, however, not probable that the atmosphere undergoes any chemical change sufficient to account for the extent to which certain foods "turn." Moreover, any important quantity of ozone or nitrous acid would be calculated to exert a preservative effect, as both are powerful antiseptics, says London Lancet.

It may be urged again, that the phenomenon is due to oxidation by means of ozone, but this can hardly be the case; in view of the large quantities of beer and milk that are soured in relation to the very small quantity of ozone which a thunderstorm produces. In the case of meat, at any rate, the "turning" can almost be attributed to the action of ozone or of oxygen. The change is probably due, not directly to chemical agencies, but purely to a disturbance of the electric equilibrium.

It is well known that an opposite electrical state is set up by induction, so that an electrical condition of the atmosphere induces a similar condition, though opposite in character, in the objects on the earth. Persons near whom a flash of lightning passes frequently experience a severe shock by induction, though no lightning touches them; and in the celebrated experiment of Galvani he showed that a skinned frog in the neighborhood of an electrical machine, although dead, exhibited convulsive movements every time that a spark was drawn from the conductor. In the case of milk "turning," or of beer "hardening," or of meat becoming tainted, it is probably, therefore, an instance of chemical convection, or, it may be, of a stimulus given to bacteriological agencies set up by an opposite electric condition induced by the disturbed electrical state of the atmosphere. Although these changes are most marked during a thunderstorm, yet undoubtedly they occur at other times, though not to the same degree, when there is no apparent electric disturbance.

But even when the sky is clear the atmosphere may exhibit considerable electrical tension. The electroscopie constantly shows that a conducting point elevated in the air is taking up a positive charge (as a rule) of electricity, the tension rising with the height of the point. This effect increases toward daybreak, until it reaches a maximum, some hours after sunrise. It then diminishes until it is weakest, a few hours before sunset, when again it rises and attains a second maximum value some hours after sunset, the second minimum occurring before daybreak. There are, accordingly, constant changes of electrical tension going on, changes, however, which are more rapid and much more marked during a thunderstorm and which are quite powerful enough to exert an evil influence on certain articles of food or drink susceptible to change, notably meat, milk and beer or cider.

There is no doubt that the unfavorable effects on the feeling of well-being experienced by many individuals, such as headache and oppression and nervous distress, on the advent of a thunderstorm, have a similar foundation and are due to the same electrical differences of potential, the effects passing away as the disturbed condition of the atmosphere, or the storm, subsides.

An Insultation.

It was a warm Sunday morning in church. Fans were fluttering, hymnals fopping, handkerchiefs mopping streaming faces, and the minister thought his audience a little lax in attention. Finally he led up to a rebuke on their lack of consideration for sacred and important things. Said he:

"People are prone to attend to the unimportant things of life."

And he gave a few examples to illustrate his idea. Presently he made his pertinent application.

"Now," said he, "you are attentive to your own comfort this morning, to the sinful neglect of the holy word. Take no thought for the heat," he said, dramatically, "for you may be dead to-morrow."—Detroit Free Press.

One Good Reason.

"I don't see," said the first intellectual gentleman, "why people turn their noses up at the thought of eating locusts, yet devour the soft shell crab with avidity."

"It is because," explained the second individual, who was a natural-born reasoner, "(the locust may be had for nothing, but the crab comes at a dollar a dozen, and hard to get at that."—Baltimore American.

Spot Appropriate to Speech.

"Ah, darling!" he exclaimed, "as we sit together under the spreading branches of this noble tree, I do declare on my honor that you are the only girl I have ever loved."

And just a suspicion of a smile crossed the dear thing's features as she replied:

"You always say such appropriate things, John; this is a chestnut tree."—Baltimore News.

WHAT WE HAVE TO EAT.

Such Food is to be Consumed in Modern Dinners as is Not Recognizable.

It still remains for some one to go, to write a book, "Exposition of Modern Cookery," in which it shall be told, with illustrations, just what are the mysterious things that are set before us at up-to-date luncheons and dinners and how to attack them, says an exchange.

Once a potato looked like a potato, but no longer; a salad was something green, with eggs, and easily recognizable. In the days of Jeffersonian simplicity, ices were included with "spoon victuals"—I have an old cook book which shows that they were—but now I would defy their classification, even by an expert, so many and strange are their forms.

Shortly after the dawning of the strange cooking era, Mr. Bok—or some other equally kindly editor of a woman's journal with valuable "heart-to-heart talks"—recommended that the guest in doubt "watch the hostess," and this we have been doing ever since. Therefore, it devolves upon the hostess to inform herself before the caterer does his most awful feat, and so not leave us wandering in doubt, with appetites unassated, or lead us astray.

There is a family in St. Louis with a boy of girl. The eldest presides at the table and is hostess always, since the mother's death.

The other day the girls gave one of the smartest small luncheons of the season. You may think so—her sisters have declared they do—that it was unparadiseable on the part of the merry hostess to play the joke, but she declares that she simply could not resist the temptation; and, since the guests have made no sign that they know they were tricked, perhaps it is not so dreadful, after all.

The luncheon was in honor of an engagement. The ice was in appropriate shape—heart, with a bright tin arrow jabbed in each piece.

The hostess, toying with the arrow, took it from the ice and began eating the ice from the barbed end. The guests, following the advice of Mr. Bok et al., watched the hostess and did the same.

"Follow the leader" is the game that society plays. But, then, what else are we to do—at least, at dinners and luncheons, when we eat by faith rather than sight, had even a potato is not recognizable?"

Said a bright and popular young woman to me a bit ago: "Mamma asked me what we had for dinner and I told her that I honestly did not know; that I had not recognized a thing in all the six courses. Once I had about concluded that I was eating chicken, when I changed my mind suddenly and concluded that it was some smaller bird, and the salad may have been made of apples or raw, sweet potatoes—I know not which, though it was good."

YOUNG DOCTORS IN DEMAND.

Youthful Medics Are Wanted by the Government to Replace Those Returning from the Philippines.

Either the examinations for commissions in the medical corps of the army are unusually severe, or the young doctors appearing before the boards which have been in session here for several weeks were poorly prepared, for out of a list of 129 candidates but 18 have been accepted and will be appointed assistant surgeons, with the rank of first lieutenant. The surgeon general of the army is greatly surprised and disappointed at the showing of the doctors, and almost despairing of filling the large number of vacancies now existing by the autumn, when the services of a number of young surgeons should be available to relieve

those whose terms of duty have expired in the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Record.

An army examination board has been in session here since last April, passing upon the applications of all young doctors, who have been authorized to appear, with the result that 43 vacancies still remain unfilled, but with few applicants on file to be passed upon. The present situation is most embarrassing to the war department, and is unprecedented in the history of the corps. Usually there is not the slightest difficulty in securing excellent material from the civil life for the medical corps, and generally there have been at least a dozen candidates for every vacancy existing. The medical corps of the army, in fact, has been considered one of the most desirable branches of the service for men just entering from civil life, on account of the rank and pay the new appointees receive.

Next October the army will hold another examination, and meanwhile an effort will be made to secure the attendance of a large number of candidates well qualified for commissions.

Would Tax Kisses.

Certain legislators in France are talking of imposing several new taxes, and a political opponent suggests that they put kisses on the schedule of the articles to be taxed. A statistician, he points out, has calculated that 73,843,407 kisses are given in France every day, and, if these figures are correct, the national treasury would receive a large amount annually even though only a small tax was imposed on every kisser. He claims, however, that children who kiss their mother, should be exempt from taxation, and that ten times the ordinary tax should be imposed on men who kiss married women.—London Chronicle.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Jones—"Have you seen the new serial story?" Smith—"No; what is it?" Jones—"Why, they've added another floor to the granary."—Princeton Tiger.

May—"Our links are the best in the country." Belle—"Why?" May—"They are so rough that a chaperon simply can't follow one around."—Town Topics.

A Flattering Ovation.—"So you made a great hit in your presentation of Hamlet, Mr. Barnstormer? I suppose the audience called you to come out before the curtain." "Called me? They dared me!"—Baltimore News.

It Sometimes Seems So.—"The trouble is," remarked the successful man, patronizingly, "that you don't seize your opportunities." "Oh, I grab 'em fast enough," returned the other; "but, darn 'em! they're greased."—Chicago Post.

"He must be put out of the way," said the feudal king. "But your majesty," protested the lord high executioner, "he is your first cousin." "I know; but I prefer to have him my cousin once removed."—Philadelphia Record.

Hope for the Future.—"Come, come," cried the candidate's friend, "don't be disheartened too easily." "But I'm sure to be beaten," replied the candidate, dimly. "Nonsense! Let your motto be, 'He who runs and lets away, may live to run another day.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Briggs—"I've got a great idea. I'm going to invent an open street car in which all the seats are end seats." Griggs—"Don't you do it. It would be a dead failure. It is the squeezed and sweltering people in the middle who make the end seats so delightful."—Boston Transcript.

Not on the Bill of Fare.—He had taken his country uncle into one of the fashionable city restaurants to dine. Casually he remarked: "Are you fond of ping-pong, Uncle Lem?" "I d'know," replied the old man. "Call it out in English and mebbe I c's tell whether I've ever or some 'y not."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN.

Ventriloquist's Dog Rebels at Being Described by His Master and Expresses His Anger.

The following story is told of a ventriloquist, now famous, but at the time of this happening so hard up he used to walk between the cities, where he was to appear. On one of these tours he came to Philadelphia on foot, and on the road he picked up a miserable little dog "because it looked so much like he felt." The story will explain what became of the dog, says the Philadelphia Times.

The first house he came to was a saloon, and, of course, he wanted a drink. He had no money, but went in anyhow to see what he could do. The proprietor, a German, said: "Well, what will you have?"

He said: "I'll take a little whisky," and then, turning to the dog, he asked:

"What will you have?" "The answer came very promptly: "I'll take a ham sandwich."

The German was so surprised he almost fainted. He looked at the dog a moment, and then asked:

"What did you say?" The dog replied: "I said a ham sandwich."

"Hans thought it wonderful that a dog should be able to talk, and asked who had trained him, how long it had taken, etc., and wound up with: "How much you take for him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Ventriloquist, "I wouldn't sell him at any price, but I am a little hard up now, and if you will lend me \$30, I'll leave him with you till I bring the money back."

"All right," said Hans. "I just want him for a little while so I can show him to some smart people I know around here."

So everything was settled, the money paid, etc., and, as the ventriloquist went out he turned and waved his hand to the dog and said:

"Well, good-by, Jack, I'll come back soon."

"You mean son of a gun, to sell me for \$30, after all I've done for you! So help me Moses, I'll never speak another word as long as I live!"

And he didn't.

"Baptized a Lettie." "Very amusing are the struggles our German friends have with the English vocabulary," remarked a gentleman I met on the smokers' platform.

"We had a religious revival in our neighborhood, and Annie, our German housemaid, decided to become a church member. It was a sect of a liberal creed, some of whose members favored baptism by immersion, some by sprinkling.

CROWS AND WEATHER.

And Some Sagacious Remarks on the Crow Crop by an Orange County Farmer.

"I dropped in on an old philosopher, Orange county friend of mine one day toward the latter end of last month, said John Gilbert, the New York Sun says John Gilbert, the New York Sun said he told me he had been taking drive about the country.

"And I was sorry to see so many crows in the cornfield," said he. "Bad for the farmers, of course, said I.

"Bad for the farmers how?" demanded the farmer.

"Why," said I, "because the crows are pulling up all the corn."

"Bah," exclaimed the farmer. "Pulling up nothing! That's an idea he doesn't go nowadays. Crows don't flock into cornfields to eat the farmer's corn any more. They drop down to dig up the worms that are making way with the farmer's corn.

"When a crow pulls up a hill of corn, he doesn't do it because he wants the seed kernel that are at the root of it. He knows there's a grub down there getting ready to devour the young shoots, and he is after that grub."

"Well," said I, "what difference does it make to the farmer, so long as the crow, in getting at the grub, gets the hill of corn, too? The hill of corn is gone just the same."

"There you go," said the farmer. "That's the way all anti-crow chaps argue! Can't you see further than the end of your nose? If the crow should let that grub alone the grub wouldn't only destroy the hill of corn, but it would come up out of the ground after doing it, soon become a winged creature which, flying about, would devote its week or so of life to laying thousands of eggs, every one of which would become a grub next year, ready to die on the farmer's corn, as fast as he put it in."

"I didn't say a word," "Now," resumed the farmer, "suppose the crows weren't on the lookout, and did not make themselves busy digging up and devouring these grubs? Why, there wouldn't be a farmer anywhere with corn crop enough to make a pot of mush! And if there wasn't corn crop enough to make a pot of mush, of course, there wouldn't be enough to make even a pint of it. You've heard of the blue grass country, haven't you?"

"I told him I had.

"Well," said he, "there wouldn't be enough corn crop to make even a pint of what makes life in the blue grass country—and incidentally elsewhere. I have heard—worth living."

"Well, well!" said I.

"Certainly," said the farmer. "I say I was sorry to see so many crows in the cornfield. Why? Because so many crows in the cornfields is a sure sign of a cold summer, and a cold summer isn't good for the farmers."

"Crows plentiful in cornfields in June means a cold summer. I can't tell you why, so don't ask me. The crows know. Crows know almost everything. But I've watched it, and I never knew it to fail. Fact, I assure you."

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that crows—"

"But the Orange county farmer cut me off.

"And now mind what I told you about crows," said he, "and notice if you see the moon get full in the south before September. Just notice. If you do, then either the crow sign or the full moon sign will be a dead failure, this year."

"Why? Because lots of crows in the cornfields early in June means a cold summer. The moon getting full in the south any time during the summer means that there will be at least three weeks of that month sweltering hot. See? Both signs can't be right, coming in the same season."

"Watch out, now. It may be that the first new moon may be the dry weather one. In that case, if it falls in the south, I'll have to fall back on the weather prophet's safeguard and say: "All signs fail in time of drought."

"But you won't see the moon get full in the south this summer. The crows have so ordered. Then, again, if the moon falls in the north, it means cold weather. That you'll see the moon do, sure. The crows have also ordered that, and I'm sorry for the farmers."

"The corn crop wasn't a failure, though, last year, so far as I've heard. And speaking of that blue grass country, will you—"

"I rose.

"Thought so," said the farmer. "Come along. And, hello, there, you, John! Pike down into the cornfield yonder, and fix up them scarecrows. The diag crows are dropping down in there to beat the hand."

Noah's Ark Found. W. A. Reid, secretary of the Skagway Young Men's Christian association, has returned to Tacoma, Wash., from the interior of Alaska, where he talked with the Indians, whose earnest statements confirm various reports that the Indians of the Lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship on Porcupine river, near the Arctic circle and north of Rampart, Alaska, says the Portland Standard. When asked regarding its size, the Indians traced its dimensions on the ground, indicating a length of 1,200 feet. Such Indians as are familiar with the Bible are convinced that the ship is none other than Noah's ark. Reid intends to return to the interior of Alaska this summer, when he will take some Indians and request army officers to detail soldiers to accompany him. The ship lies on a high hill, thousands of feet above the sea level.—Albany Argus.