



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Waste of Forests Means Ruin.

THE people of the United States can derive an object lesson from Brazil as to the climatic effects produced by the destruction of forests. No more striking illustration could be found of the fact that trees make the weather.

In northern Brazil large states have been brought to the verge of ruin through the devastation of the timber lands. United States Consul General Seeger at Rio de Janeiro calls attention to the chronic droughts and torrefaction in the states of Rio Grande do Norte and Ceara, where the parched country has brought such suffering that relief measures have been put in operation by the government. The consul general points out that the situation there can be definitely traced to the wanton destruction of the timber, once abundant in those regions. Now the states are being depopulated, and desolation reigns where once nature offered every inducement to the settler.

The United States in recent years has taken steps toward the protection of its forests, but the laws are still far from stringent. The government was slow to awake to the urgency of the matter. The waste of timber in this country during the past fifty years has been almost beyond belief. The continental railroads alone destroyed millions of acres of forests. They slashed and burned recklessly in building their lines, and their engines set fire to and ruined vast areas. Settlers, with no thought of the future value of the timber, added heavily to the waste. In one way or another, the ruthless hand of the destroyer has done damage that can be repaired only at the expense of many years.

The forestry department of the government is one that should be built up and strengthened by laws designed not only to foster the growing of trees, but to protect the timber now standing.—Chicago Journal.

We and Our Neighbors.

IMMIGRATION is a subject of infinite possibilities. We had 939,830 immigrants last year; Canada had 128,000. Who is the more advantaged? Of our 655,000 came from the south of Europe—Latins and Slavs—a class that all authorities on the subject say is little to be desired. Of Canada's comparatively small amount 80 per cent came from Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries and the United States—the best material in the world to build up a country and make it richer materially and morally. Not the kind to people the slums of the cities, live from hand to mouth, increase the drain on pauper care, and, in large part, to get out of the country when they have got all out of it that they can or want.

Canada has millions of acres, and she is setting about their disposal in a way to attract the good citizen. She offers, too, a stable government; peace, order and law, where, alas, we have and offer turbulence and a liberty that, becoming license, infringes on rights like a tyranny. Is the great republic losing its charm? Is the glamor passing off? Our immigration total does not look like it. But again comes the question of quality. What boots it that we get the offscourings of Southern Europe and part with some of our best blood to build up our neighbor to the north, where fruits of their industry are absolutely lost to us?—Indianapolis News.

The Cost and Folly of War.

THE war in the far East, according to the computation of a well-informed newspaper of Paris, is costing the Russian government at least \$1,000,000 a day, and the expense is increasing daily. If the war continues for years, as the experts say it is pretty sure to do, Russia will accumulate a burden of debt that will rest heavily upon many future generations.

Of course, \$1,000,000 a day is not a surprisingly great sum for a first-class power to pay for the conduct of a war. Our war with Spain cost us considerably more than that. But it was a short war and our financial condition was very strong. Russia, on the contrary, has been throwing millions after millions since the new policy with regard to the Asiatic portion of the empire was put into operation. Nobody knows how much the Trans-Siberian railway has cost. But it is an enormous amount; and the expenditures on Port Arthur, Dabny, Harbin, Vladivostok, and the other outposts have run into the hundreds of mil-

OBEYING ORDERS.

During the war with Spain 47,000 soldiers were at one time camped at Chickamauga awaiting orders for the invasion of Cuba. Some of the regiments were made up of the finest and most earnest young men of the communities from which they came. The exigencies of camp life necessitated duties with which they had been unfamiliar. From one cavalry regiment two young men, cultivated, well-bred, and graduates of colleges, were detailed to assist in horseshoeing; and so faithfully did they do their work that within a month they were able to make as good a horseshoe, and shoe a horse as well, as men who had been trained to the trade from youth.

"It was not exactly what we had in mind when we enlisted," said one of them, "and it was as near the battlefield as we ever got; but it was our way of serving our country then, and we tried to do our duty."

A harder duty still was assigned to another man in the same regiment. The major detailed him to keep the regimental canteen. Not only was he a total abstainer, but he was opposed to the canteen on principle, and in his conversation with his comrades had made no secret of his feeling in the matter.

He hotly resented his assignment to this hateful labor, and could easily have risen in rebellion at what seemed a gratuitous insult to his well-known principles. But he said to himself that the responsibility for his assignment to the task rested with the major, but the responsibility for the way in which he performed his duty was his own. So he took up the unpleasant work amid not a little curiosity on the part of his comrades concerning the way in which he would obey the major's orders.

"I will give you the beer if you want it," he said to the first man who asked for a drink of beer, "but I have something better here in the finest lemonade to be found in camp." Removing the cover, he disclosed a generous vessel filled to the brim with rich lemonade, and a large lump of ice in the middle. It was too tempting to resist, and the lemonade was purchased instead of the beer. Before noon of the first day his lemonade was known throughout the camp, and the run upon the canteen was such that he was kept busy making more, and he took pains to keep the quality up to the mark.

The major came by and saw how he was conducting the place, but he raised no objection. The men of the regiment understood the reason for supplying the lemonade, and although at first there had been some disposition on the part of the rougher ones to make merry over the uncomfortable

lions. Indeed, it was pretty well known to the Japanese as well as to the rest of the world that Russia's treasury was in an extremely bad way at the time war was declared.

But the \$1,000,000 a day is, after all, only a small part of the bills Russia has to face. Her losses of battleships have meant the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property that must be replaced, and the prospective capture of her great towns with their armaments must make the Czar's heart sick.

Considered as a plain business proposition, the war with Japan does not seem to be a very good investment. Even though Russia should win at last, she will have to defend her possessions more expensively than ever, and how many years of ownership of Manchuria will be required to make up her losses?—Chicago Journal.

Railroads in Darkest Africa.

IT seems only the other day that explorers were gaining fame by penetrating to regions of Africa through which one may now ride in a drawing room car. The other day the first through train left Cape Town for Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, near where Livingstone died, and on the edge of that region the exploration of which made Stanley famous. With the opening of traffic of this southern section of the Cape to Cairo road half the splendid dream of Cecil Rhodes—a dream which caused men of lesser minds to say that he was touched with madness—becomes materialized into a prosaic, working fact, a matter of freight rates, time tables and tips to the Pullman porter.

From the north one can now travel more than a thousand miles to where only a few years ago, "the fires of hell encircled in the desert lost Khartum" as easily as one can travel to Chicago, and south of Gordon's reclaimed capital the railroad is creeping along the banks of the Upper Nile. From Cape Town to Victoria Falls is another thousand miles, leaving something like 2,500 miles more of road to be built, but much less than that if use is made, as it will be at first, of the long stretches of lake navigation available. A section of only 750 miles will carry the southern stretch of the road to Lake Tanganyika, from the northern end of which a short section will connect with the head waters of the Nile.

Before we fully realize what is being accomplished, the scream of the locomotive whistle will scare the infant Nilus in his cradle and the realm of the Pharaohs find an outlet along the shores where Table Mountain looks out toward the Antarctic seas. All the schemes of ambition cherished by the dead Egyptian kings had no vision of expansion so great as this. The dream of Cecil Rhodes was greater than the dreams of the Pharaohs.—New York Press.

A National Peril.

THERE is more in the toleration of recent automobile performances on the highway than the mere ignoring of the rights and the safety of other people, since the thing would not be possible unless we had forgotten part of the spirit of our institutions.

For instance, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the only reason some of the men who drive racing machines escape gaol is that they are conspicuous in some way, generally the possession of a good deal of money. The average man would serve a term behind the bars if he caused the needless annoyance and danger and damage which these men do.

But if this is true, where is the practical equality before the law of which we have boasted for years? And without that what becomes of the basis of our system of popular government?

It is not merely in the matter of sport that the change has come. It is commonly observed that it is almost impossible to punish individuals or corporations of a certain prominence for some offenses. Between the complaint and the exactness of the penalty there is almost always a way of escape for these people, although there would not be for smaller fry. The exceptions are just about enough to prove the rule.

It is a more or less clear perception of the fact which causes much of the discontent which existing in ignorant men, takes queer and unreasonable forms, but is none the less founded in a certain degree of justice, and which among wiser men leads to apprehension of the future, unless we can bring about a more general regard for sound principles of justice and for the authority of law against one exactly as against another.—Harford Times.

situation in which the young man had been placed, even these came to admire the spirit in which he obeyed orders, and they rallied to his support. When his duties at the canteen were over, he was found at the camp Young Men's Christian Association, helping in the religious work of the regiment. But the popularity of his lemonade proved so great as to demand a steady supply of it, and in proportion as the lemonade was consumed, the sale of other drinks diminished.

The young soldier had obeyed his orders, and performed a task which his soul despised, but he did it in a way that helped to give his regiment the reputation of being one of the soberest and most orderly in camp.

Mechanism of Gasoline Engine.

It can be understood to what a nicety the mechanism of a gasoline engine is adjusted when it is stated that to make 1,000 revolutions a minute means that in a four-cycle engine there are 500 sprays of gasoline forced into the cylinder, 500 times the electric battery makes a spark and 500 times the escape valve is opened to let the gas out.

Too Much to Expect.

Brookeleigh—I don't know what time it is.
Ascum—Isn't your watch running?
Brookeleigh—I don't think so. I could hardly expect the pawnbroker to keep it wound up.—Philadelphia Press.

OLD FAVORITES

Farmer John.

Home from his journey Farmer John Arrived this morning, safe and sound, His black coat off and his old clothes on, "Now I'm myself," says Farmer John; And he thinks, "I'll look around." Up leaps the dog; "Get down, you pup; Are you so glad you would eat me up?" The horses prick up their ears at him; "Well, well, old Bay! Ha, ha, old Gray! Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John; "The cattle are looking round and sleek; The colt is going to be a roan, And a beauty, too; how he has grown! We'll wean the calf next week," Says Farmer John. "When I've been off—

To call you again about the trough, And watch and pet you while you drink Is a greater comfort than you can think!" And he pats old Bay And he slaps old Gray. "Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," said Farmer John, "The best of the journey is getting home! I've seen great sights—but would I give This spot, and the peaceful life I live, For all their Paris and Rome? These hills for the city's stifled air, And big hotels, all bustle and glare; Land all houses, and road all stones, That deafen your ears and batter your bones?"

Would you, old Bay? Would you, old Gray? That's what one gets by going away!"

"There, money is king," says Farmer John; "And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer

To see how, sometimes, while the man Is raking and scraping all he can, The wife spends every year, Enough, you'd think, for a score of wives, To keep them in luxury all their lives. The town is a perfect Babylon To a quiet chap," says Farmer John. "You see, old Bay, You see, old Gray—I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—

"That happiness is not bought and sold, And clutched in a life of waste and hurry.

In nights of pleasure and days of worry; And wealth isn't all in gold, Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent, But in simple ways and sweet content, Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends, Some land to till, and a few good friends, Like you, old Bay, And you, old Gray! That's what I've learned by going away." —J. T. Trowbridge.

WHERE NATURE SPORTS.

Queer Things to Be Seen in the Bay of Trieste.

Around the head of the Gulf of Trieste, in the southern part of Austria and extending across the base of the Istrian peninsula, is a plateau of limestone which presents some peculiar phenomena, says the New York Tribune.

Full-grown rivers issue from its side, disappear under other hills, to reappear later at some distant point. Mysterious springs rise through the bottom of the Bay of Trieste, in time of heavy rainfall bubbling up with a violence sufficient to endanger small craft. In the heart of Cherso Island, which is in the middle of the Gulf of Quarnero, is the Lake of Vrana. It is surrounded entirely by hills and lies in a basin said to be 45 fathoms deep. The level of the water is reputed to be at least 40 feet below the level of the sea about the island. It has no apparent affluent or effluent, yet the waters are always fresh and cool.

It is believed the lake is fed by some subterranean passage, leading out under the bay from the Istrian Alps, possibly from Monte Maggiore itself. Some distance to the northward is a lake which disappears for weeks at a time. This sheet of water, known as the Lake of Zirnitz, is about four miles long and from two to three miles broad. Villages, chapels and castles are reflected in its waters. Frequently in July, although not every year, the waters begin to disappear, and in August the bed, 50 feet below the surface at some points, at times gradually appears. From 20 to 25 days are required for the entire lake to be discharged. When the bed is revealed the peasants plant crops of barley where only a short time before they were drawing their nets. The bed remains uncovered sometimes for many weeks. The peasants gather their barley and hay from the bottom in the meantime. Then, with a rush, the waters return, the basin being refilled sometimes in a period of 24 hours.

The limestone which forms the bed is perforated with a vast number of caverns and fissures. Nearly 30 of these are visible. They are 50 feet deep. The peasants give them names such as the Kettle, the Sieve, etc. There are 28 openings which draw water off, only 12 of which both draw off and discharge water. They connect with caverns and subterranean pas-

sages penetrating beneath the surrounding mountains.

In this neighborhood also is the grotto of Adlesberg, the largest known cavern in Europe and one of the most beautiful in the world. It has been explored for a distance of four or five miles. Through a portion of it flows the River Polk, which takes this subterranean method of reaching its destination.

Besides the fantastic caves and grottoes are deep pits, varying in diameter from a few feet to several miles, some of them having forests and agricultural lands at their bottoms.

NEVER HAD A CANDIDATE.

Hawkeye State Is Never Doubtful, That's the Reason.

Iowa first took part in a national election in 1848 and it has since grown to be one of the most important States of the country, with more than 500,000 voters, and, from its geographical position, exercising great power in the West. Some of the most important political agitations which have swayed the action of other Western States have had their origin in Iowa, notably "the Granger movement," "the anti-railroad fight," and "the sealed package" agitation as applied to the prohibition question.

But, though Iowa has been abundantly recognized in all other lines of political preferment (it has now two representatives in the President's Cabinet, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Agriculture, and had in the last Congress the Speakership), it has never been recognized by either of the great political parties for a nomination to the Presidency or the Vice Presidency.

Twice the Democrats took their Presidential candidate from neighboring Nebraska, twice their Vice Presidential candidate from neighboring Missouri, twice their Vice Presidential candidate from neighboring Illinois, the States which make the western, southern and chief eastern boundary of Iowa. But from the State of Iowa it self no candidate for President or Vice President has come in a Democratic national convention.

On the Republican side the failure to nominate an Iowan has been equally marked. The Hawkeye State has voted in turn for every Republican candidate for the Presidency since and including Fremont, but though it has a long line of Cabinet appointments—Kirkwood, McCrary, Harlan, Hatton, Belknap, Wilson, and Shaw—it has never received a nomination for President or Vice President. The most natural explanation is that Iowa has never been considered a doubtful State.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

JEWES ARE MADE GENERALS.

Two Receive Signal Promotion in Austria and One in France.

The Austrian army has received two Jewish generals at the same time, says the Israelite. Eduard Von Schweitzer has been appointed general of the infantry and Naval Constructor Siegfried Popper was raised to the rank of a general, the first case in the Austrian navy. Popper was born in Prague in 1848, is a graduate of the technical college in Carlsruhe, and has been in the service of the navy since 1871.

General Von Schweitzer is a native of Hungary, entered military service as a plain soldier in the war of 1866, studied afterward in the cadet school, was made lieutenant and distinguished himself in the Bosnian insurrection of 1878. Being admitted to the military academy, he became staff officer, colonel of an infantry regiment, and is now raised to the rank of general. According to Oesterreichische Wochenschrift, this is supposed to be the first case of a Jewish general in Austria. There was reported, however, some time ago the appointment of another Jew, General Von Porges. He may, however, have been converted to Christianity before.

A French Jew—Colonel Valabregue—has been appointed chief of the cabinet of General Andre, the French minister of war. This extremely important promotion, of course, produced a spasm of furious excitement in the anti-Semitic papers. They declare that France and the army have been betrayed to the Jews and that Valabregue is cousin to the "traitor Dreyfus." "From to-day," exclaimed the Libre Parole, "Valabregue is the real head of the army. We shall soon see him minister of war and Dreyfus chief of the general staff. He is also the cousin of General Naquet, that other Jew, who, in a certain measure, is grand master of artillery."

Character Analysis.

"He is a great deal of an optimist," said one bright girl.

"Yes," answered the other, "and an egoist as well."

"Can one be both?"

"Certainly. He is cheerful because he firmly believes that the world cannot go wrong so long as he lives in it and looks out for it." — Washington Star.

Now up and up, when you take a good look at yourself in the glass, don't you think, "Well, I'm not such a bad-looking fellow?"