

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## The White Mountain Forests.

An occurrence of great importance was that in the United States Senate recently, when Mr. Burnham, of New Hampshire, submitted the favorable report of the Committee on Forest Reservations on the bill to establish a White Mountain forest reserve, a measure which appropriates \$5,000,000, of which one-fifth becomes immediately available to establish a forest reserve of 1,000,000 acres among the granite hills. The Senate ought to pass it without question, and the House should concur as heartily.

The scenic glory of New England is the magnificently-wooded White Mountain region of New Hampshire. But how long could it continue to be so with the continuance of the frightful slaughter of trees that has been going on there? Of all the States of the Union the cutting was the greatest per acre in 1900; and it has lessened very little since. Even now the ax is denuding the bases of great mountains of their virgin forests, and spreading desolation and ugliness in its wake. A strong hand must stop this work or the beauty and charm of the locality will vanish, perhaps forever.

Nor is the question one of aesthetic pleasure only. Into it comes the very practical matter of stream regulation affecting very closely the Merrimac valley cities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The five important rivers of the section either rise in the White Mountains or are fed by tributaries that originate there. The New England Congressmen should stand as a unit for this bill that means so much for the people, and there is no good reason why it should not succeed.—Boston Journal.

## Vertical Handwriting.

THE Chicago Board of Education has discussed the abandonment of the system of vertical writing, taught in the city schools. This innovation, introduced throughout the country about ten years ago, is said that should be dispensed with. It has no justification in the reason of things. The whimsical notion is about as silly as anything could be and survive a whole decade.

What sort of sense is there in teaching a system of writing in schools that must be unlearned and learned again in practical life? No business house cares to have its books and accounts kept in the vertical style. Business men will not have it. So that after the pupil gets through public school he must go to a commercial school and learn how to write a plain business hand.

The passing fancy of the faddist in the schools is the cause of the poor penmanship of the younger generation. In trying to effect a compromise between the ridiculous vertical method and a sensible system, the chirography of the average school boy resembles the manuscript of Horace Greeley. How did the notion originate? No one knows. Probably the enterprising gentlemen who make and sell writing books could give a hint. Our system of public education is, in the last analysis, highly manipulated by our fellow citizens who manufacture school books for a living.—St. Louis World.

## The Celebration of Birthdays.

WHY should a man be glad on his birthday? If life be worth the living, then each annual birthday marks a diminution of the remaining span and brings him nearer to the grave, and for that reason, if living be worth while, each successive birthday should be the occasion of profounder sorrow than the last. If, on the contrary, life be not worth the living, why should a man mark with a white stone the anniversary of the day on which he commenced the journey through this dark world and wide? Why should he celebrate the event of his being pitched into this tumultuous existence, thick with troubles?

Whatever horn of the dilemma he chooses, whether he

hold that life be or be not worth living, the man who rejoices on his birthday lacks logic. The true philosopher sees in his birthday a suggestion for serious and rather sad reflection on the purposes and the pursuits, the ideals and the realizations of life. He compares his promise with his performance, his hopes with his achievements, and the comparison, in the case of an honest man who does not lie to himself, is seldom cheering.

What, indeed, is a birthday more than any other day? Each day adds twenty-four hours to the tale, and the natal day is neither longer nor shorter than any of its 364 brethren. Lives are not rightly measured by years, but by achievements. The interval between birthdays is an arbitrary unit. Not that we have survived another year, but that we have done deeds worth while, is the important matter. There is no glory and no reason for rejoicing in merely not having died, yet what more than that do most of us celebrate on our birthdays?—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Russia and India.

RUSSIA cannot have the least interest in possessing India, or even a part of it; but a campaign against India represents Russia's only means of defense in a war with England. Of course, Russia does not wish to undertake another war; it did not wish to go to war with Japan, and it will not itself begin a war; but Russia will, if it is attacked by England, seize naturally upon the only possible diversion open to Russia, which is a campaign against India. If Russia has not seized upon this diversion in England's former wars, the reason thereof lay in grounds which no longer exist. At that time Russia had not gained a firm footing either in Central Asia or in Trans-Caucasia, the latter of which had not been brought under Russia's yoke at the time of the Crimean War. But now both those regions are stages in Russia's hands on its line of advance towards India; they are connected by a direct system of railways with the whole of Russia, and they serve as the points of concentration of troops which are quite sufficient to undertake a campaign against India, and which, as may be taken for granted, is completely prepared for such a campaign. Naturally, it is just the possibility, and not the impossibility, of a campaign against India which at critical moments exercises on the British Government that diplomatic restraint and carefulness which are so displeasing to the English press and Chauvinists, but which are appreciated at their proper worth by sensible Englishmen.—London Globe.

## The Wounded Eagle of Waterloo.

EIGHTY-NINE years have passed since the great Napoleon—the incarnate god of war—was defeated and finally overthrown on the battlefield of Waterloo. In this epoch-making battle French valor shone brilliantly, and although the eagles of France went down in disaster no dishonor attached to their defeat. Recently a monument in memory of Napoleon's soldiers who fell at Waterloo was unveiled on the field of that historic struggle. The monument was placed near the farmhouse where the "Old Guard" made its last stand. The design of the memorial is a striking one—a wounded eagle surmounting a tall shaft. Since Waterloo the eagles of France have been stricken even more grievously than they were by Wellington in 1815. In 1870 an army of 173,000 men surrendered at Metz to the German conqueror. It is impossible to conceive of the first Napoleon giving up a fight with an army of 171,000 valorous Frenchmen to follow his lead. The "Old Guard" of 1815 was composed of men who were willing to die, but never to surrender. France honors herself in honoring the vanquished heroes of Waterloo. Sentiment is not extinct in the Gallic heart. It has survived Sedan and Metz. The "Wounded Eagle" may one day recover his strength and revive the glories of the "Old Guard."—Baltimore Sun.

of strife. On the cabin table lay cloth, needle, scissors and thimble—evidences of a woman's suddenly interrupted sewing. The pumps were dry, the cargo intact, and nothing wrong with the spars or rigging.

The brig was taken to Gibraltar and investigations begun. There was an attempt to prove that the captain intended to lose his ship on one of the reefs of the Azores, but the case fell through. Obvious objections to this theory were the presence of the captain's wife and child on board and the risk of all lives in the long boat, so far away from land.

The most possible solution is offered by the writer in the Post. He believes that the key is to be found in the nature of the cargo, in the quality of wood in which it was cased, and in the position of the fore hatch.

When the Mary Celeste was boarded, her sails gave evidence that she was abandoned while running before a strong breeze, and had been rounded to in order to launch the lifeboat. Her fore hatch was lying bottom side up on the deck. Her cargo was alcohol stored in red oak barrels. Red oak is very porous, and permits the escape of fumes under the pressure of high temperature. These alcoholic fumes mixing with the foul air of the hold may have generated a gas which blew off the fore hatch. Volumes of vapor pouring out would have caused the captain to believe the ship was on fire. Accordingly, he lost no time in taking to the boat, intending to lie out at a safe distance. There was no fire, but the vessel, caught by the wind, sprang away, and left the long boat to make a tantalizing and hopeless stern chase, and finally, no doubt, to sink beneath the waves. No one will ever know, but this is what may have happened.

The later adventures of the Mary

Celeste were quite in keeping with her ill-starred early promise. She was sold for debt, and proved a bad bargain. Then she was wrecked off Haiti, and her officers were arrested for intentional destruction of the brig. The case in barratry was dropped, but the suspicion still lingers that the owners and the captain had an understanding that the vessel should never reach port.

## Marriage in Japan.

Japanese marriage customs are very much at variance with Western sentiment. In the first place, love has no part to play in bringing youth and maid together. The aim and object of Japanese parents is to place their daughter where she will be well connected and well cared for. No Japanese mother would be so unwise as to give her daughter to a young man who has not a proper home ready for her. Before he could aspire to a girl's hand he would have to show a creditable family tree and prove that his means warranted his taking unto himself a wife. Unless he could do this he might love and love in vain, for whatever the young lady's sentiments might be he would not get her. In no case does the Japanese maid choose her own husband. Her marriage is the care of an interested friend, known as the "go-between."

## So It Is.

Miss Chatter—You seem to be quite an old friend of Mr. Brown's.

Mr. Chumley—Oh, yes; we went to college with him.

Miss Chatter—But why do you call him Mephisto?

Mr. Chumley—Oh, that's an old nick name.—Philadelphia Press.

There is one thing about working on a newspaper that is distressingly strenuous: When you use a word you have to spell it.

## OLD FAVORITES

I've Gwine Back to Dixie.  
I've gwine back to Dixie—  
No more I've gwine to wander;  
My heart's turned back to Dixie—  
I can't stay here no longer.  
I miss de old plantation;  
My home and my relation;  
My heart's turned back to Dixie  
And I must go.

Chorus—  
I've gwine back to Dixie,  
I've gwine back to Dixie,  
I've gwine where de orange blossoms grow;  
For I hear de children calling,  
I see their sad tears falling,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,  
I've worked upon the river;  
I used to think if I got off,  
I'd go back there, no, never;  
But time has changed de old man,  
His head is bending low,  
His heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie—  
My step is slow and feeble;  
I pray de Lord to help me,  
And lead me from all evil;  
And should my strength forsake me,  
Den, kind friends, come and take me;  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

Ruthless Time.  
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As they are done; perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright; to have done is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take th' instant way;  
For honor travels in a straight so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast; keep, then, the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost;  
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lies there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er run and trampled on.  
—William Shakespeare.

## OTTERS ON THE TOBOGGAN.

Animals Seem to Enjoy Coasting as Much as Human Beings.

It seems strange to think that any full-grown, four-footed animal should indulge in play like a child, and yet this is what the otter does. His amusement is tobogganing and his playground is on a slope, covered with ice or snow, that goes down grade into a pool of water. Here he takes his recreation, and no little boy with a new sled ever enjoyed a coast down an ice-bound hill more than this beautiful creature from the frozen north. The otter is perhaps the most interesting of the fur-bearing animals. He is quite large, sometimes weighing as much as twenty-five pounds. He resembles the seal and the mink, being, however, of heavier build, and is both supple and strong. Living for the most part in water, he preys on fish which his swimming and diving ability enable him to catch easily. The entrance to his home, which is a burrow in the bank of a stream, is under the water.

In the early spring, when the ice begins to thaw, these animals start on their travels from one stream to another, sometimes spending months on the journey. If they happen to see an inviting hill by the wayside they immediately stop their pilgrimage and prepare for some sport. One of the number leaves the water and slowly climbs the slope, making a smooth hollow in the ice with his body.

When the slide is prepared he lies flat on his stomach, thrusts his nose forward and, turning his forepaws under his soft sides, goes sailing swiftly down. The speed steadily increases until he reaches the water. Silently he parts the surface and is lost from sight for a few seconds, then his head appears above the surface and you can hear him give a call which sounds like a whistle. This is a signal. The next otter assumes the position and shoots to the bottom to join his companion, who has meanwhile crawled out on the ice. Then another whistle and the next in order slides and plunges, and the performance is kept up until each one has several trips to his credit.

The first makers of a slide will keep this up for an indefinite time, speeding down hill and then trudging up again to their positions at the top, where they wait for the whistle from below, in the meantime playfully biting each other or rolling in the snow. Finally though, when, like children, they begin to tire of their amusement, they go back in the water and fish.

Even then if they should happen to spy another slide, abandoned by a different band of otters, they would resist at least one trip. In fact, otters prefer the ready-made places; it is only when they are unable to find any such that they go through the laborious business of smoothing a hollow in the snow.

There seems to be no reason for this practice beyond that of pure enjoyment. The otter has his play just as the puppy or kitten, though perhaps more human in its methods.

## THE MORMONS' BIG ORGAN.

Ten Years in Building, and Five Complete Instruments in One.

It was in 1863 that President Young first spoke of building a big organ, one that would be in harmony with the mammoth tabernacle. Great difficulties were encountered in the building of the instrument, particularly in securing suitable wood for the gigantic pipes with which it was equipped. Some of these pipes took as much as 800 feet of lumber.

The mountains far and near were fairly scoured for the proper kind of pine, hundreds of loads of which were hauled by teams from a point nearly 300 miles south of Salt Lake. It required two months to make a round trip.

The workmen were all pioneer settlers. The method of uniting the wood was unique, the closest joining being done by means of home-made glue, the making of which consumed hundreds of cattle hides, while numberless calfskins were used in making the bellows.

Altogether ten years were consumed in the building. Since the time that it was first given to the public there have been numerous changes and additions, until to-day it is recognized as one of the very best organs in the world, if not, indeed, the best and the grandest.

A year ago a great many of the old pipes were taken out and thoroughly overhauled, and more than 4,000 new ones were added. The instrument's action is marvelous and more responsive than a grand piano, as it has no "inertia" to overcome. The repeating power of each key is 726 times to the minute. All of the latest mechanical devices have been incorporated in the instrument and any combination of tone desired can be distinctly brought out. Especially fine are the "string" tones, the violin, viola, gamba, 'cello and bass; the clarinet, two oboes, bassoon, eight varieties of the flute tones (each one true to its name), four piccolo stops, four trumpets, tube trombone, saxophone, clarion and the vox humana, which is the pet of the organ and makes "human" tones that deceive even the trained musician.

In all, the organ contains 408 stops and accessories—five complete organs, viz.: solo, swell, great, choir and pedal. The speaking length of the pipes varies from a quarter of an inch to thirty-two feet. In "full organ" passages the immense bellows displace 5,000 cubic feet of air per minute.—Deseret News.

## HUNGRY TROUT BITE WORST.

That Is the Theory of an Angler Who Offers Proof.

Every trout fisherman knows that there are days when trout will neither rise to any fly nor take any sort of bait, and nine out of ten fishermen believe that the reason for this is that the trout are gorged with the natural food of the waters they are in—"ain't hungry," as the homely phrase is. Here is the theory of an old angler on the subject:

Of course, even during these off days of the trout, one will be caught now and then, but always on bait, and if the angler could see the fish when it takes the bait he would notice that it does it in a very perfunctory manner. The trout does not move out of its way in doing it, but mechanically takes the bait in much after the fashion of the sucker.

Then, if the trout fisherman who makes a catch at such a time will open the trout and examine its stomach he will be surprised to find that instead of the fish being gorged with food, and hence indifferent to more, its stomach has not a trace of food in it. This will be found to be the case invariably, and disposes of the belief that when trout refuse to bite it is because they already are full of food. It would naturally be supposed that the best time to catch trout would be when they are hungry, and that the time when they are hungriest would be when their stomachs are empty; yet, paradoxical as it may seem to be, such is not the case.

It will be found that when trout are rising best to the fly, or are taking bait with most avidity, there is plenty of food in their stomachs, frequently so much, in fact, that it would seem impossible that any more could be taken in.

Why this should be no one can tell. It is a fact, nevertheless, which any fisherman may easily verify by investigation.

After a girl has been engaged for a long time, and has been all kissed up, she looks like a widow after the affair is broken off.

## AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

Of all unexplained happenings, none seems so mysterious as do those of the sea, for the waves keep their secrets. Among the many nautical mysteries which have been the talk of seafaring folk, that of the Mary Celeste has for thirty years taken the lead. All sorts of explanations have been attempted, and the incidents have been used as the basis of a well-known sea novel, yet no satisfactory solution has been offered. A writer in the New York Evening Post has recently summed up the facts of the case, and strange ones they are. The Mary Celeste was unlucky from the first. She was launched in 1869. Bad fortune attended her very start in the world, for, being built of green timber, she stuck on the ways and was floated only at great expense. Her voyages were unprofitable, and after a few years her captain, discouraged by continual loss, took his life.

On Dec. 4, 1873, the Mary Celeste, bound for Genoa, was found by the British vessel Del Gratia about midway between the Azores and Lisbon, adrift and abandoned. She was running under sail, her long boat was gone, and the chronometer and the ship's papers were missing. It was evident she had been deserted in haste. By the log book it was judged she had been cruising without a crew for eight or nine days.

The vessel was searched carefully, but the mystery only deepened. A naked, dark-stained outlass which was found on the cabin floor for a time caused a suspicion of mutiny, but a later examination showed the stains to be only rust. There were no traces