

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## THE VINDICATION OF DREYFUS.

**T**HE Dreyfus drama is closed at last with a triumph of justice. To say that the triumph was complete would be an error, because there has been act after act in which irremediable injustice has been done. Dreyfus himself has suffered so terribly in mind and body that no human tribunal could ever rectify his wrongs. Men who rallied to his assistance received injuries from which recovery was impossible. An unspeakable clique of rogues prospered far too long while the innocent and the true were subjected to persecution.

These are facts that should not be overlooked when the vindication of the accused is considered. The restoration to his rank in the army is an insurance for the future, his reputation and the reputations of his supporters have finally overcome calumny, but atonement for the cruelties of the past is impossible.

The impressive decision of that great court of forty-nine judges must be regarded as though it concerned another defendant, namely, the Republic of France, and in this view it is a confession. The judges say, in effect, that the French army was dominated by contemptible scoundrels and criminals; that ministry after ministry aided or condoned the offenses of these villainous conspirators; that the legal trials of Dreyfus were a mockery, and that the infamous "affaire" was a stain upon the honor of the nation. It is impossible to develop much enthusiasm over such a retrospect. The most that can be done is to dig up excuses out of political conditions, and these were long ago wasted on foreigners. But "better late than never," and France will profit in reputation by the action of the Supreme Court.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE FALL OF THE FORESTS.

**I**N the very near future this country will be suffering a lumber famine. The once mighty forests have gone, or are going, like grass before a scythe.

The lumber cut in this country in 1905 is stated by the Department of Agriculture at 27,738,000,000 cubic feet. The vast proportions of this slaughter of the forests may be appreciated by imagining the lumber to be all of inch thickness, making a "board walk" 2,000 feet wide from New York to San Francisco.

Black walnut has almost disappeared. Oak has become a rare wood. Georgia pine, once cheap, is costly. There is little more white pine, and one of the difficulties of building now is that there is no substitute of quite such versatile usefulness. Only 3.5 per cent of the year's cut comes from this noble tree. The once despised hemlock furnishes almost three times as much. In the scarcity of better lumber, poplar and basswood, which the American of 1850 did not consider fit for firewood, furnish more than white pine.

Maine and Michigan are no longer the great lumber States. The Pacific slope and the Gulf lead to-day, Washington being the chief lumber State and Louisiana second. Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, Texas, Alabama, Georgia and Virginia make with Louisiana eight Southern States, each of which leads Maine in the amount of lumber produced.

How the huge annual cut of lumber and the ravages of forest fires as well shall be replaced is one of the most important problems with which this country has to deal.

Some of the great railway companies are planting trees by the millions to provide ties for the future. The government has been feebly attempting experiments in forestry. But far more thorough measures than any yet undertaken must be resorted to, and that speedily, if the next generation of Americans is not to be left without lumber.—Kansas City World.

## THE COUNTRY TELEPHONE.

**T**HE farmer's wife has a new resource. Her lot has been improved in many ways in the last ten years. The "separator" and the creamery have relieved her of the severest toll of the dairy. The rural free delivery brings magazines and newspapers to her door. Lately the telephone has put her within visiting distance of her neighbors.

The nearest farmhouse may be half a mile away, and the village three miles. The lines of poles and the wires, perhaps merely the wire fence, have suddenly drawn her into an intimate relation to both, unknown to her before. To one who has never experienced the solitude of the farm it is hard to realize the joy of the wife and mother at being able to consult a friend about the cut of the baby's coat, the recipe for mince pies, or the dose of cough syrup.

The demand for the telephone in the country is imperative. "Everybody's got one," said the village storekeeper to a city visitor. "Why, there's three families that's being helped by the town, and every one of 'em has got a telephone. Old Mrs. Beauce says she'd rather go without her victuals than have the telephone taken out!"

What a testimony to the desire for human companionship! The gossiping instinct, some cynical critic will say. But, after all, what is that but the wish to compare notes on the perennially interesting study of human nature—a study as fascinating to the unknown countrywoman as to the famous psychologist?—Youth's Companion.

## THE VULGAR RICH.

**M**ANY years ago George William Curtis wrote a little parable that now reads like a prophecy. He represented himself as having been asked to the house of a rich man, and when asked by another whether he was going, he said: "Will he give me any of his money?"

The man to whom he spoke was astonished at the question, and asked why he supposed that this would be done. Curtis went on to say that when he went to see a literary man or an artist or a distinguished social leader or a reformer or a scholar, he got something from his host—information, pleasure, inspiration, the charm of fine society, etc. In other words, every man gave him of that of which he had most. The rich man had only money, therefore, so the essayist argued, he should give it to those who visited him. There is, of course, no flaw in the logic. For society exists that men may give something to it and get something from it. If this condition be not fulfilled there can be no society. And this means that a man who has nothing but his money has no social value of any sort. When he steals his money—as many rich men do to-day—we have only another reason for excluding him. A fortune based on bribery and corruption, on bought franchises, on traffic in foul food and drink, is a vulgar and detestable thing. It is time that this truth were enforced on our people.—Indianapolis News.

# OLD Favorites

## We Have Drunk from the Same Canteen.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers  
And true lovers' knots, I ween,  
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk

And sometimes apple jack fine as silk;  
But, whatever the tipples has been,  
We shared it together in bane or bliss,  
And I warn to you, friend, when I think of this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,  
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine

From glasses of crystal and green,  
But I guess in their golden potatoes they miss

The warmth of regard to be found in this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together

And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,

And hungry and full we have been;  
Had days of battle and days of rest,  
But this memory I cling to and love the best—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope

With my blood flowing fast and but little hope

Upon which my faint spirit could lean—

Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,

And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died.

We drank from the same canteen!

—Gen. C. G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Reilly).

## Patriotism.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"

Whose heart hath never within him burn'd  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, conceal'd in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

## THE FELLAH'S YOKEMATE.

Some Occupations of the Egyptian Girl and Woman.

Her lot has improved vastly since those dark days of superstition when, in order to propitiate Serapis, the deity who presided over the waters of Father Nile, she was liable to be given as a sacrifice to the flood—custom which was until quite recently commemorated at the annual cutting of the Khaleg at Cairo by the erection of an earthen "bride," which was swallowed up by the rushing waters, says the Fort-nightly Review. Albeit the fellow's lines have never been cast in pleasant places, very early in her existence does her round of drudgery begin, for while still a tiny child she is allotted a variety of tasks. In the clover season one sees peasant baby girls posted as sentinels over the horses and cattle tethered in the vividly green herseem fields; mere children, placed in authority near a harshly creaking water wheel, follow with toddling steps the wiry little donkey or gaunt, ugly buffalo harnessed to a wooden prop which is attached to the cogged wheel of the sakeeyeh. The little nites by voice and whip urge the weary blindfolded beasts to keep jogging along in the worn circular track, that the slowly revolving earthenware pots cease not to pour the fertilizing water into the trough.

The same little maidens, their hair generally plaited and the wisps and braids decked with coins, are often seen tending small herds of goats. At times, too, they are sent to forage for rare windfalls of firewood (rare, because in the delta wood of any sort is scarce), which, if they find, they carry homeward across the fields on their heads, the strings of beads and glass bracelets on their fat little necks and arms glistening in the bright sunshine; while those who dwell in woodless provinces are employed to collect manure, which, mixed with chopped straw, is pounded into round cakes and when dried in the sun forms the staple native fuel called "gelleh." Active little maidens carry diminutive hods or baskets of mortar or bricks when building operations are in progress, or are set to destroy caterpillars at seasons when these pests threaten destruction to the maize or other crops.

Should their village be within easy distance of a railway, girls of tender

age are sent to hawk goolans of cold water, hard-boiled eggs or fresh dates, figs or oranges, up and down the countryside stations; and these bright, clamoring, smiling, pearly toothed maidens are pleasantly familiar little figures to all travelers throughout the Delta. The bigger girls in time of wheat harvest will join with the older women in field labor, which is very fatiguing, as in many districts not only do they pluck and bind the corn, but afterward carry the sheaves to the threshing place. Not infrequently a bevy of women laborers who have the leisure will proceed at harvest time from village to village, and so add a few more shillings to the modest family chest.

Few Egyptian village scenes appeal more forcibly to the cultivated taste or artistic sense than that of the village maiden fetching water from the river or the well. The lithe, elastic, well-developed figure of the peasant damsel seems singularly noble in its homely simplicity, draped in its loose dark blue garment, the beautifully molded earthenware pitcher poised upon her shapely head. Her long veil of coarse srape, it is true, is half drawn to conceal her face from prying eyes, or, when she wears no veil—and often, owing to the exigencies of field labor, the burko (face veil) is dispensed with—its office is performed by gathering a fold of her head covering into a corner of her mouth. Yet the very poor are not always punctilious about keeping their faces hidden from strangers, and so sometimes one sees the indigo or greenish-blue tattoo designs on the forehead or below the under lip. On reaching the river, where her shadow seems to kiss the ripples, the modern Rebekah tucks the skirts of her raiment between her knees, enters the water to cleanse and fill her water jar (baluss), and then, with a last feminine touch of adjustment to the folds of her dress, she raises the heavy burden into position and bears it away, spilling nothing of its limpid contents. She never loses her balance, having made a practice from early childhood of carrying all burdens on her head and having thus acquired a naturally upright carriage and statuesque gait.

## A CUP OF TEA.

Buying a cup of tea may be a tragedy or a comedy. Much depends on the sex of the buyer. This is the way a man buys it, says a writer in the London Sketch. He slides sheepishly into the shop, takes the seat in the draft of the door that everybody else has avoided, and says to the waitress with a diffident smile:

"Oh, would you bring me a cup of tea?"

The waitress, who returns the smile or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment in regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a check and sails away.

The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill and hurries away from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea.

She marches into the shop with a little boy on one side of her and a little girl on the other.

"I want a table for three," she says, in the manner of one about to order a dinner at ten guineas a head.

"Yes, madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way?"

"Mummy," says the little boy, when at last the party is seated and the attendant is waiting to take the two-penny order, "mummy, why has that lady got a turned-up nose?"

"Want a scone," complains the little girl.

"A pot of tea for one," orders "mummy," "and would you mind bringing an extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?"

"One tea and one milk?" asks the attendant.

"No, thank you. I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one and an extra cup. That's all."

"Yes, madam," says the meek attendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, let the stage be what it may.

"Just one moment," says "mummy," when the tea has brought. "I should like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a pitcher of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk."

Half an hour later she marches proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful, and who sat in a draft.

## Hitting Both Ways.

"There is one big advantage in this matinee-idol business," mused the handsome actor, as the curtain went down on his thirty-third encore; "when you hit a miss, you are always sure that you will never miss a hit."—Baltimore American.

## AUSTRALIAN MESSAGE-STICKS.

They Served as Vouchers in Primitive Forms of Trade.

Considerable mystery has always attached to the so-called "message-sticks" used by natives of Australia, bearing marks that are often supposed to take the place of written characters in the transmission of information. There is no doubt that these curiously marked sticks are carried by messengers from one body of natives to another, but it is asserted by Walter Roth, who writes on the subject in one of the ethnographical bulletins of the Queensland government, that they do not serve in themselves to convey information, but are merely used for purposes of identification. Says Mr. Roth, as quoted in Knowledge and Scientific News:

"The limited quantity and portability of a native's personal goods offer little or no opportunity for the use of property marks. If weapons are of the same cut, there are minute, yet sufficient, differences which are recognizable to the owner; even if similarly ornamented, no two are so alike that they cannot be distinguished. In a general way, each having sufficient for his own wants, and no person having more than another, there is nothing to believe and hence the lenity with which theft, even when it occurs, is regarded. Only in cases of trade and barter, through an intermediary, where it is essential that one individual's goods should be distinguished from another's, is there a necessity for a definite property mark, this taking the form of a so-called 'letter' or 'message-stick.' Under such circumstances the 'stick' may be put into use as follows: Charlie, residing at Bouilla, wants, we will say, some pituri, but being prevented by sickness or some other cause from going himself, sends some relative or friend Peter to the nearest market on the Mulligan River to get some for him, and gives him a 'message-stick.' Arrived at last at his destination, Peter is asked his business, tells who has sent him, hands over the 'stick,' and establishes his bona fides. The bagful of pituri being at last forthcoming, the vender returns the 'stick'

to Peter, but not before taking careful mental note of it, so as to be sure of recognizing it again. Peter returns at last to Charlie at Bouilla, and delivers up both pituri and stick. It now remains for Charlie to pay for the pituri with spears, boomerangs, etc. If he can prevail on Peter to take a second trip, all well and good, but if not, as is usually the case with so long a journey, he either proceeds himself or sends another messenger with the goods and the identical 'message-stick' as before. He, or the second messenger, arriving at the Mulligan, finds the vender and gives him the spears, boomerangs, etc., together with the 'stick.' Recognizing the latter, the seller accepts the various articles in payment for the bagful of pituri which he parted with some few weeks previously, knowing now that he has been paid by the right person, probably personally unknown to him—i. e., the sender of the original 'stick.'"

Mr. Roth states his absolute conviction that the marks on the sticks do not convey any communication, in the ordinary sense of the term; the same message may accompany different sticks, or the same stick different messages, and the stick may bear no marks at all. He goes on:

"I have been given a stick to take with a certain message to another district, and purposely mislaid it temporarily, in order to secure another specimen. Again, 'second-hand' sticks may be used over and over again by strangers, who certainly have had no knowledge of the original manufacturers. Sometimes a broken twig is sufficient, without any incisions whatever, and I have often seen a piece of tea-tree bark, or even a rag, just tied round and round with twine, to constitute the so-called letter. To put the matter plainly, the message is taken verbally, the stick serving only to accentuate the bona fides of the messenger; if the messenger is known to both parties, no stick is sent. On the other hand, there is more or less uniformity recognizable in the shape of the sticks manufactured in different areas; the flat feather shape of the Bouilla district bears a strong contrast to the

squared form of the letters met farther north. Occasionally the stick may be affixed with twine to a handle, carried vertically in front, and the suggestion has been offered that this expedient is resorted to when the messenger is traveling through hostile country, so as to give him immunity for trespassing; my experience is that, under such circumstances, he would avoid any risk of being seen by traveling only by night. I have often seen a civilized black boy on the road holding in front of him a short twig, in the split extremity of which an envelope, etc., has been inserted; at a distance it resembles a flag somewhat."

## Gen. Grant's Joke.

Secretary Taft, in discussing a certain hoax, said:

"It reminds me of the story about Sir Richard Owen, the famous English scientist. A footman came to Pembroke lodge, Sir Richard's residence, one morning, with a large bone wrapped in a cloth, and with a note from his master, Lord John Russell, asking if Sir Richard would please say what animal the bone belonged to.

"It required but a glance from the scientist to convince him that the bone was nothing but a ham bone from an ordinary pig. He sent a message back to that effect, and, meeting Lord John the next day, said:

"Why on earth did you send me a pig's ham bone yesterday?"

"I'll tell you," said the other, "General Grant, you know, is a great joker. He made me a present of what purported to be that rare delicacy, a grizzly bear's ham, but, as I had my doubts, I sent you the bone."

## Not Sterling.

Mr. Gaddie—The Poormans celebrated their silver wedding last night, didn't they?

Mrs. Gaddie—Oh, no; I saw all the presents.

Mr. Gaddie—Eh? What do you mean?

Mrs. Gaddie—It seems to have been a silver-plated wedding.—Catholic Standard and Times.

All that glitters can't be measured by the golden rule.