

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Triumph of Forestry.

**A**CCORDING to United States Consul Tourgee, of Bordeaux, the growth of the "pin maritime," or marine pine, in the Landes and adjoining departments of France, "undoubtedly marks the most remarkable achievement ever wrought by human agency in the modification of natural conditions of soil and climate for the benefit of mankind."

A century ago the region between the Gironde and the Pyrenees was in most of its extent "not only one of the most barren in the world, but apparently altogether hopeless of reclamation." Sand dunes were advancing from the sea at rates varying up to 200 feet a year, swallowing up fields, meadows, vineyards, houses, churches, villages, and leaving nothing but a gray desert. The old forests had been destroyed, and now nature was taking its revenge. There seemed no hope for the heart of France, when it occurred to Bremon-tier, a native of the threatened region, that the devastation might be arrested by planting the "pin maritime."

The idea was submitted to Napoleon, who saw its value and ordered its execution. The result, says Consul Tourgee, has been the greatest of his victories. "Today the dark squadrons of the pin maritime are posted on thousands of sandy slopes, faithful guardians in the shelter of which the vineyards and wheat fields rest secure." They give not only protection, but profit. "Lumber, firewood, turpentine and all the by-products of resinous distillation are now produced in such abundance here as not only to prevent the need of importation, but to make southwest France a considerable and profitable exporter," even to the United States.

Meanwhile, by permitting the reckless destruction of our own much richer long-leaved pines, which formerly protected our coasts and which asked only to be let alone, we are bringing upon ourselves the same desolation that threatened France a century ago.—Milwaukee Free Press.

## Our Bad College Spelling.

**M**UCH is said in the papers about college English. The people within and without college walls declare that students write badly. But there is a thing more fundamental than their poor English style; it is the matter of their spelling. Many college men, as proved by their essays, cannot spell. They frequently make the mistake of transforming writing into writing, and of lining into lining—an echo probably of the noise of a college dining room.

But poor spelling is not confined to college students. College professors are not free from the blame. A letter lies before the writer in which the distinguished head of a most important department in an American college declares that a certain candidate, whom he has recommended, is "competent." A New England college professor has recently said in making applications for a place in English several candidates wrote of the salary. Of course, also, a man may lack culture and spell correctly. Spelling is more or less a matter of an arbitrary bit of knowledge. But whatever may be the psychological relations of the art, the schools should teach boys and girls to spell. By incorrect spelling the higher ranges of learning are rendered less impressive.—Leslie's Weekly.

## When Divorce Is Not an Evil.

**W**HOLESALE and reckless denunciation of divorce, so often heard from the clergy, is not in keeping with reason or with public policy. Divorce is not always an evil. Often it is a blessing.

The woman with a brute for a husband would be in sore straits, indeed, if there were no escape through the law from a union worse than death. The wife who found herself hopelessly bound to a drunken sot might well despair if she could find no relief in divorce laws.

In most States of the Union divorce is not so easy to procure as the ministers would intimate. Most State laws provide that there must be good and sufficient reasons before a husband and wife can be legally separated. Every

lawyer of experience knows that almost invariably when couples are divorced there are the very best of reasons why they should be. The inside history of unhappy marriages, as told in the private offices of attorneys, is something appalling. Even the ministers, who deal in theories often instead of actualities, would stand aghast at the revelation.

The indissoluble marriage of mismatched men and women would be an unnecessary hardship which the people, whose influence makes the laws, would not stand. Nor is it to be presumed that an indissoluble marriage law would make any difference in the matter of hasty marriages. The couple who embark on matrimony do not look forward to or take into consideration the matter of escape, should the tie become burdensome. The thought of divorce, like remorse, comes later.—Chicago Journal.

## The Wonders of the Wireless.

**T**HE time is coming when the ardent newsgatherer will go to a hilltop, rig up a small jointed pole, point it heavenward, and read the happenings of the world on a dial; when the curious man will thrust his wireless instrument into the azure and pick therefrom the doings of the nations. But just at present Russia is objecting, and raising questions as to the legality of such measures on the part of the Japanese and British—particularly the British, who have a fondness for getting authentic news no matter to whom it belongs. Russia says the correspondent who purloins any wireless messages shall be treated as a spy. We pass up the question of just how she is to enforce her demands, seeing her navy is mostly in winter quarters for the war.

Everybody has an opinion about the woman who takes down the receiver on a "party line" and studies up on her neighbors. But here is another problem: Is it gentlemanly, according to international law, to speak over the heads of the censors, and, as the injured New York Times puts it, "cast dispatches on the uncoventanted air?"

Our own government does not feel called upon to settle this little question. The Department of State prefers to wait till some American citizen is involved before it decides on the justice of the Russian claims. But this simply means that public opinion will step in and determine whether it is a breach of neutrality for a man who has something to tell to say it through the atmosphere instead of by copper wire through a strictly guarded office. At present the London Times, whose correspondent is the person in evidence, prefers to speak of the three-mile limit and neutral waters. It contends, with British mildness, that if the British flag flies on the correspondent's ship, there can be no question that it is all right. In the cabinets of the governments there is pondering and palavering, and the result may be a joint note agreeing to the Russian contentions.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Politeness and Crime.

**O**UR language and vocabulary, with our growing slackness, are changing. We are carrying things (otherwise insupportable) with a laugh, and coining phrases for the purpose. As has been said, we are still sensitive to such coarse words as "thief" and "steal," but it is vain to deny among ourselves that certain unchallenged doings of to-day forcibly suggest those terms. So we save our face with an indignant gayety not devoid of humor. We give a twist and a turn to the rapidly changing English language, and the ugly words disappear in the process. When a conductor steals a fare we jocularly remark that he is "knocking down on the company;" when we steal a ride from the same company and conductor we laughingly refer to our success in "beating the game;" when we bribe we merely "influence" or "square things;" when we are bribed we collect "assessments" or "rebates" or "commissions" or "retainers," and so on until we reach a grave definition of "honest graft," which would be more humorous if so many people did not feel that the term applied to them with a long-felt want. Now, these expressions and others like them may bear a strong resemblance to thieves' slang, but they merely reflect the language of a people unconsciously retreating to a lower moral level.—Everybody's Magazine.

## OLD FAVORITES

**The Girl I Left Behind Me.**  
The dunes of France are fond and free,  
And Flemish lips are willing,  
And soft the maids of Italy,  
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;  
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,  
Their charms fail to bind me,  
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,  
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,  
And purer than its water,  
But she refused to be my bride,  
Though many a year I sought her;  
Yet, since to France I sailed away,  
Her letters oft remind me  
That I promised never to gainay  
The girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home,  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else abroad with you I'll roam  
A soldier stout as any;  
If you'll not come, nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me."  
My heart nigh broke when I answered  
—No!  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling;  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on;  
But, were it free, or to be freed,  
The battle's close would find me  
To Ireland bound—no message need  
From the girl I left behind me.  
—Thomas Osborne Davis.

**Opportunity.**  
Master of human destinies am I,  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and sense remote, and, passing by  
Hovel and mart, and palace, soon or late  
Knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Have death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to fallow, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,  
I answer not, and I return no more.  
—John J. Ingalls.

## BOY REFORMED BY SURGERY.

**Furgeon Removed Part of Skull Pressing on His Brain.**  
London is just now very much interested in two surgical cases which promise to render valuable assistance in pointing the way to the reformation of criminals, says the New York Times. One of the patients was a boy of good family who had developed brutal instincts which seemed to be beyond control. He gave his time to the invention of malicious mischief, delighted in killing or wounding, was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived and promised to grow up a desperado and a criminal.

A surgeon took him in hand, examined his head with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a portion of the skull and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The change was immediate. The lad forgot his previous tastes and habits and was restored to his parents a normal and lovable boy, the complete antithesis of his former self.

The other was a soldier who was injured in a skirmish and after his discharge for disability became a thief and burglar. His previous character had been unexceptionable, his military record was the best and the change was naturally attributed to the injury to his head, caused by a blow from the butt of a musket. When he was taken in hand by the surgeons he had about come to the end of a career of crime, being paralyzed on one side and unable to get about except on crutches. A depression in the skull sufficient to bring an abnormal local pressure upon the brain was found and an operation was decided upon, which restored his physical powers as well as his mental and moral faculties. His discharge was secured and he has since lived an industrious and honest life, with no evidence of a disposition to go wrong.

## RED LYNX IS FEROCIOUS.

**When Fumishing It Is an Animal to Be Shunned by the Traveler.**

California has in her hills the largest, and most kind-hearted of the great gliters, the grizzly, and at the same time the smallest and most treacherous, the red lynx. Most hunters call them "wildcats," but they are not. The real wildcat has a long tail and lives only in Europe—in fact, he's about extinct now—and old hunters dread the wailing midnight cry of a hungry lynx more than they do all the growls a grizzly ever let out. For when a lynx is maddened by hunger he fears neither man nor beast, and most of the animals of the forest give him the road without waiting for him to ask it. In Canada and even in the northern row of States of this nation the lynxes grow to be much larger than they do here, in the warmer climate of the southwest. There, too, they are hunted for their fur, but here that fur is worthless, and, save for those killed by an occasional hunter, the lynxes hold undisputed sway in the foothills.

No matter how soundly they may be sleeping, you can never "catch one napping," for at the slightest sound of your approach he will clear the ten or fifteen feet between his nest and the ground and be off like a flash in the undergrowth. About the only way to get these fellows is with hounds, and then generally one or two of the dogs gets pretty severely chewed up. In the hills the lynxes usually get—

in thick underbrush or in caves during the day, coming out to work havoc in the night, coming out by moonlight. Then if the night be bright, the hound hunter has real sport rousing the round-eyed owls with his shouts of encouragement to the dogs, which are not always ready to rush into the teeth of an angry cat.

It is almost impossible to trap a cat, though a hungry lion may occasionally be caught in this manner. Now and then a cat can be run into a trap previously set along a runway, and in this way the lumbermen of the Canadian pineries take many of the cats that infest the great forests of the north. The further south you go the smaller the lynxes become, until the family winds up with the little pampas cat of the South American plains. Our lynx, however, is the most savage of all, and the hardest for any dog, no matter how good he may be, to master. In a fight a cat has an immense advantage over a dog, in that he can fight with all fours, and usually does so. There is little worse can befall a green pack of dogs than to shake an old lynx out of a tree into their midst. When a lynx fights he doesn't bite and let go like a wolf or dog, but bites and hangs on like a bulldog, while his claws keep up a sort of snare-drum accompaniment on the dog's ribs. It takes a mighty good dog to do up a lynx, and when a thoroughbred hunter gets such a dog it takes a mighty good price to buy him.—Los Angeles Times.

## ODD FACTS IN TELEPATHY.

**Experiments that Add Greater Mystery to the Occult Phenomena.**

That telepathy or mental communication of persons at a distance from each other is more than a fiction has frequently been demonstrated by well-authenticated facts. A writer in a Paris scientific journal relates some circumstances coming under his observation that will interest those who may be investigating the psychic phenomena.

In my efforts to discover the mechanism of telepathic communication," he says, "I used a Roman medium, Politi, taking him to the house of M. De Albertis at Joinville. Having read that Mesmer had at one time put a woman to sleep by placing his cane in a basin of water, the woman having placed her umbrella in the same basin, I decided to see if the same effect could be obtained with my medium. I went one morning with Politi to the border of the Marne, and requested him to place his cane in the water, where I also placed my own stick at some paces upstream, at the same time making a muscular effort. This effort on my part produced a violent contraction of the arm of the medium, who nearly fell into the water, although I subsequently discovered that the interposition of a boat between myself and the medium succeeded in arresting the effect. We then returned to the garden of the house and proceeded to make a series of tests.

"M. De Albertis joined us in our promenade, and the following is his account in an Italian journal of the experiments: 'De Rochas, Politi and myself went to the border of the Marne, a river with a breadth of 180 feet and a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet, being very rapid. De Rochas was rowed to the middle of the river, while Politi and myself took another boat and descended the current, stopping at a distance of about 1,200 feet from De Rochas. I had agreed with De Rochas that when he made a signal by raising his cane I was to request the medium to place his own stick in the water, the back of the medium being toward De Rochas. All of this was done. De Rochas gave the signal, I gave the order to Politi, who placed his cane in the water and waited. A few seconds passed before the medium felt any effect, then suddenly his arm was violently shocked, his hand contracted; he resisted with all his strength, but it was evident that the cane was powerfully drawn toward the bottom of the river. This experiment was repeated many times, and gave with every trial the same result. The following day experiments were made on the tracks of a railroad, which experiments seem to indicate that the effects may be transmitted for a much greater distance along this sort of a conductor.'

## Something in Names.

"I have always contended," said the observant man, "that there is more in a name than our revered friend, Bill Shakespeare, ever dreamed of. For instance, I once knew a fellow named Cheatem, who was so unwise as to go into the auction business. Of course, he went broke, in spite of the fact that he was as straight as a string; but his name was against him. There was another chap named Ketchem. I went to school with Ketchem. He was always reading dime novels, and when he grew up he got a job with a private detective agency. He lasted about three months, and failed ignominiously. A German friend of mine named Booser, who is a chemist, wanted to start a drink-cure establishment, but I dissuaded him on the strength of his name, as delicately as I could. Just the other day a new barber shop was opened up in my neighborhood. The proprietor's name is Buggy. Imagine my surprise when, after the window decorations were placed, I read the sign, which, by the way, was not punctuated: 'Buggy Hair Cutting and Shaving!'—Philadelphia Record.

## Unselfish.

Alice—Yes, I accepted George at once. I knew when he proposed to me he was wholly unselfish.  
Bertha—Oh, nobody could ever have any doubt about that.—Boston Transcript.



Elizabeth Robins' novel, "The Magdalen North," is shortly to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is said to be a striking creation.

Lady Burne-Jones is preparing a biography of her husband. It will contain reproductions of many of his pictures—of some pictures of which no reproductions now exist.

The American Booksellers' Association has agreed to accept the net-price system on the understanding that it is the publishers' intention to include within it "as rapidly as possible" copyrighted fiction.

The Macmillan Company is bringing out "Radium and All About It," by S. Bottomo, author of "Radiography," "Wireless Telegraphy," "Electrical Instrument Making," etc. The book is in brochure form.

In proof of the statement that literature is a paying profession, the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, author of "Barbary of the Guard," can be pointed out. During eleven years Mr. Merriman made \$25,000.

One of the most important publications of 1904, if not the most important of its class, will be "The Psychology of Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall, President of the Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

"The Paradise of Dominic" is the title of the new novel which is to be published by Lucas Malet in the autumn. The work, it is said, is largely concerned with the doings of the nouveau riches in English society.

"The Watchers of the Trails," a nature book by Charles G. D. Roberts (somewhat of the same order as his famous "The Kindred of the Wild"), is one of the most interesting of the publications to be made this season by L. C. Page & Co.

Charles G. D. Roberts is soon to publish a new novel, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," with the scene laid in that land of Acadia which he loves so well. The story is based on the famous siege of Louisbourg and possesses much of the witchery found in "Barbary."

Through the late Dr. Smiles, author of "Self-Help," was in good physical health up to the last, yet he had been dead to the world for several years. When still able to write he prepared his "Memoirs" and put the finishing touch to them shortly before he ceased to use his pen. It is probable that the English publisher, Mr. Murray, will soon publish them.

In a list of great men of the day, which a contemporary puts before its readers in order to have them vote on the "greatest man living," we notice the following literary names: Tolstol, Swinburne, Nordau, Kipling, Lew Wallace, Alfred Austin, Ibsen, Rowland Matierlick, Stenckiewicz, Lester Ward and Stephen Phillips. Why omit Meredith, Hardy and Bjornson?

Two books, it is said, will be the outcome of Henry James' visit to this country—one is to be a new novel on American life and manners, the other a collection of impressions of his countrymen. He expects to spend several months in travel through these regions. It is sixteen years since he has seen the home of his youth, and in that time there have been many extraordinary changes in American habits and American ideas.

## STORKS HAVE NO VOICES.

**Greet Each Other by Clapping Their Long Bills Together Noisily.**

Storks are not often seen on the American continent, but are commonly found in nearly all the countries of Europe. In Holland, where they are particularly numerous and are protected by law, their nests are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. A Dutch gentleman has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. He was seen there one day standing in an empty receptacle exactly like a would-be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right.

The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw, the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days they ascend spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they look no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another, and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded.

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klopping" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head till the upper mandible rests on the neck, but occasionally "klopping" is performed with the head and bill in the former position.

## An Americanism.

It takes two to make a bargain, but sometimes one finds a bargain so thoroughly bad that it is hard to believe two people combined their intelligence in making it.—Baltimore American.

## IN A TIBET NURSERY.

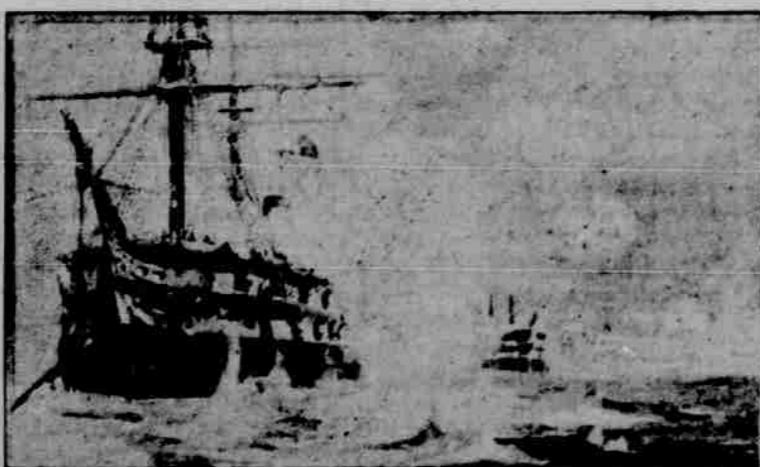
**Rock-a-by-Babyism in the Forests of This Little-Known Country.**

Our first meeting with the Sifans presented many ludicrous features, says a writer in Collier's Weekly. We were plunging through the gloom of the forest when our ears were assailed with a concourse of yells which echoed through the supernatural silence with ghostly weirdness. In this forbidding wilderness we had not looked for signs of human habitation, so hastily arranging ourselves in position we prepared ourselves for what seemed an inevitable hostile attack. Long and anxiously we awaited the onslaught of our supposed hidden assailants, when again the peace-disturbing sound echoed almost, it seemed, over our very heads. Glancing upward, the mystery was soon explained, for in the lower branches of the tree we could descry numerous small bundles, each too large for any ery and too small for a wind-fall.

Both my Klangs and Gharikaese escort, with their superstitious natures roused by these ghostlike sounds, visibly paled beneath their dusky skins, and gazed furtively round in order to seek means of escape from this enchanted spot. Even I was not a little puzzled and awed until, peering more closely, I became aware of the fact that the disturbing elements which had caused so much concern arose from the fact that we had unwittingly stumbled upon an aboriginal nursery, and that the weird and ghostlike sounds emanated from several hungry and lusty-lunged infants. Then the solemn stillness was broken by our hearty laughter, the Klangs and Gharikaese, as if to make amends for their credulous fears, making the woods ring with their forced guffaws.

The Sifan Tibetans, as we subsequently learned, place their children in this cradles and hang these from the trees in the forests near to their villages, for two reasons—the first, to a hint that they will be in-

## PROOF OF THE NECESSITY FOR IRONCLADS.



Helplessness of the Wooden Ships "Agamemnon" and "Sanspareil" Under the Shell-Fire of the Sebastopol Forts, 1854.

structed by the deities; the second, that their full existence may not be endangered by the abominable stink and squall of the settled regions. Several times in the day they are visited by their mothers, who provide them with food and remain with them during the night, and in this forest home the child remains until it is 2 or 3 years old and has grown strong and healthy enough to stand the rigors of hardship and disease.

## Mormon Missionaries.

According to the Mormon authorities, upward of two thousand missionaries are constantly in the field, most of them young men, and all under the supervision of experienced leaders and directed from headquarters established at central points. Hardly a week passes that the newspapers do not contain some item concerning this invasion: Mormon elders stoned in Ohio, a rich convert in New York, a new irrigated valley opened and settled in Wyoming, a strong new church organized in Illinois. Utah is, of course, under Mormon political control, but it

is not so generally known that the Mormons also control, or at least hold the balance of power, in Idaho, in Nevada, and possibly in Wyoming and Colorado, with a strong following in Arizona, Washington and other States, thus electing, or at least influencing, not a few United States Senators and representatives. Nor has the growth of the church been confined wholly to the United States. The Mormons are migrating in considerable numbers to the newly opened Alberta country in Canada, and they have taken up for irrigation considerable tracts of land in Mexico.—Century.

## An Americanism.

A good way to find out how small the world is to do something crooked and try to hide. To get an idea of the earth's immensity try to spread the news of a good deed all over it.—Baltimore American.

Biggs—My, but you have large ears! Diggs—Yes. All I lack is your brain to be a perfect donkey!—Chicago News.