

# Forestry: A New Career

By J. Russell Smith.

THE young forester has prospects of a salary that equals, or slightly exceeds, that of the college professor, and the location of his home will usually make his necessary living expenses less than those of the teacher. Within a decade, he may be in the employ of a railroad company, and have the care of many pieces of woodland which he will be able to reach easily by rail. He may secure a position as a State forester, or as member of a State corps. This is a promising field. Several of our forested States are coming into the possession of abandoned stump lands, and the care of them requires a forester who can supervise the work, look after the public interests, and disseminate information among the people. The State of New York is even buying up hundreds of square acres of woodlands to add to its forest reserve. The United States Government has a constantly increasing need for men. The public holdings are tremendous. For each of the last three years the forestry appropriation has been doubled, and the work that is being done for the private citizens is growing as rapidly as are the appropriations. These Government foresters are in attendance in the Department at Washington during the winter, but with the coming of spring they are scattered throughout the United States. They go to the woods of New England, of the South, of the West, and return in the fall to make out their reports in the office. Eventually, they are transferred to various stations in the various parts of the West nearer to the center of the greatest activity in public forestry.

Another class of positions will be with the lumber and paper companies. From all sections of the country, the companies are inquiring into the methods of conservative forestry, and, as has been shown, are already employing foresters, while others will probably follow their example. The men so employed will spend a large part of the time in the forests under their care, but in the winter season some of them, busy with their office work, will be located for a few months in the headquarters of the corporation. This will enable their children to have the advantage of better schooling than that afforded by a paper factory town or a sawmill town.

Wherever he may be, the average American forester during the next thirty years will have a very different task from that of his European counterpart. In Europe everything is carefully worked out and reduced to a system. The forests are cropped as regularly and as methodically as a farm. One forest crop is followed by another in regular rotation, and every phase of the question is carefully known and recorded in a forester's manual. In America the field still lies open for original work.

# The March of Humanity.

By Benjamin Kidd.

WHEN we look back to the days of primitive man upon this earth—the days when each lived for himself, and every man's hand was against his neighbor—and compare such a state of things with the vast social fabric of the twentieth century of our own era, the mind is almost in wonder and awe as it thinks of the duration and the strenuousness of the discipline that has alone made the present result possible.

What, we ask, has been the agency at work? The first requirement was that the individual must be subordinated to the State. This involved a condition of absolute militarism. This condition reached its climax and perfection in the military power of Rome.

The second great requirement—the second lesson man had to learn—was the sacrifice of the present to the future. Only those nations have triumphed who have deliberately subordinated the interests of the present to the interests of the future.

The future belongs to the nations who have learned the lesson of self-sacrifice. It belongs to the Anglo-Saxon people, provided they remain faithful to the ideal which they are gradually coming to realize. Almost the first sign of a nation's subordination to the future is a growth of tolerance. As a nation's tolerance so broad as to be intolerant of nothing save what tends to destroy that tolerance. As an example, let us look at the religious tolerance of the Anglo-Saxon people of to-day, the result of centuries of fire and sword.

# Volcanoes Still a Mystery.

By Israel C. Russell, Professor of Geology.

PLAUSIBLE cause of the rise of the molten rock in a volcano is still a matter of discussion. Certain geologists contend that the rise is due to the weight of the rock above, while others consider that the lava is forced to the surface owing to pressure on the reservoir from which it comes. The view perhaps most favorably entertained at present, in reference to the general nature of the eruption, is that the right outer portion of the earth becomes fractured, owing principally to movements resulting from the shrinking of the cooling inner mass, and that the intensely hot material, reached by the fissures, previously solid owing to pressure, and which is thickly imbedded in the surface. As the molten material rises it invades the water-charged rocks near the surface and acquires steam, or the gases resulting from the decomposition of water, and a new force is added which produces the most conspicuous and at times the most terrible phenomena accompanying eruptions.

The volcanic outbreaks on Martinique and St. Vincent are eruptions of the explosive type, similar to the explosions that have occurred from time to time in the interior of the earth. The succession of events recorded in hundreds of instances has been repeated, though the recent eruptions have been disastrous on account of their proximity to cities and thickly inhabited lands; monuments in the earth's crust caused a fresh ascent of lava from deep below the surface, and the molten material came in contact with water in the rocks it invaded, and steam eruptions resulted.

These volcanic events were similar to what would happen if water should be poured on a mass of molten slag such as comes from iron furnaces. The succession of events recorded in hundreds of instances has been repeated, though the recent eruptions have been disastrous on account of their proximity to cities and thickly inhabited lands; monuments in the earth's crust caused a fresh ascent of lava from deep below the surface, and the molten material came in contact with water in the rocks it invaded, and steam eruptions resulted.

# New Views on Soup Question.

By Dr. Carolyn Geisel, Vegetarian Expert.

IF you must have soup for your dinner let it be the best course instead of the first. In point of fact, liquid and solid food should be served at the same meal, but it is less harmful when the liquid is taken after the solids. Soups for dinner are a matter of fact, and should be removed from the little food value, as, in the usual course, and a great many general means to be desired. Vegetable soups are really food, and are especially useful for lunch. They are an accompaniment of hard, dry toast or crackers. This is not a contradiction of the fact that solids and soup should not be taken together, as a small quantity of solid food requiring mastication is needed for the secretion of saliva to assist digestion. The reason for this is that a first course is undesirable in that the liquid dilutes the digestive fluids in the stomach, and by retarding the process of digestion causes dyspepsia.

# Humanity's Greatest Need.

By Edwin Markham.

THE greatest need of man to-day is the old, old need of the world since time began—less of selfishness, more affectionate justice for the other man. Humanity's greatest need is that man should rise out of selfhood into otherhood, should blossom out of self-seeking into self-forgetting. There is a deep ethical significance in the cry of the street: "You are not so many," or that other cry: "We are others."

It all comes to this: We need to find some way for making the Golden Rule in the world for human welfare, and to say much, chief among the needs that are pressing is the need that every man and woman should be secure in the right to make a living by labor.

The right of man to work is a right that civilization seems to have forgotten in some way society should secure to every earnest citizen the right to work—more than that, the right to rest from his work.

**New Universal Speech.**  
"Have you noticed," asked the observant citizen, "that people nowadays don't pronounce numbers as they did when you and I went to school, or even a few years ago? We used to say one hundred, for instance, but we don't any more. We say 'one-0-0.' If we want to tell somebody we live at 1030 'Blank' street, we tell him our number is 'one-0-5-0.' If the number is 123, we tell him it is '1-2-3,' and so on."

The reason for the change is plain enough—it's the telephone. One needs to speak plainly in telephoning, and in figures in any communication is especially important, we have learned to pronounce each one separately, and to avoid any mistake. Everybody sees telephones now and so everybody has caught the habit of pronouncing each figure of a number separately. Even the children talk that way. "New York Herald."

In their efforts to get in the swim some people merely find themselves in hot water.

... dealer in umbrellas believes in carrying profits.

# Talks About Womankind

Smart Neck Chains.

Smart neck chains are of rather large ebony beads strung close together.

The Favorite Model.

The shapely seven-footed skirt remains the favored model for women of generous proportions.

Outlines of Mrs. Peary's Home.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary will have made her fourth trip to the Arctic regions, where she joins her husband this summer, and expects to return with him about the last of October. Mrs. Peary has spent three years and a half of her life in the frozen regions, and her little daughter, Ahng-ah-lo, was born farther north than any white child of which there is record.

Her home in Washington in a big frame cottage surrounded by garden grounds, the inside of which is a regular museum of Arctic curiosities. The hallway and walls are decorated with carvings and relics brought home by Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary from former trips. About the floors of the drawing rooms are mounted skins of the arctic bear and other animals that cold region. On the walls are hung Arctic scenes, the various implements of the Eskimo, and the picture of little Ahng-ah-lo, Peary's only child. A cabinet in one corner contains miniature snow shoes, snow sleds, piles and Eskimo dogs—Washington Post.

**Tribute to Palma's Mother.**  
One of the first duties of President Palma when he landed in Cuba was to find the body of his mother, who died during the war of 1895 when their home was broken up and the family separated. The burial place of his mother, Guacayo farm at Cauto was located with the assistance of Angela Santana, who was with the mother of Señor Palma in her last hours and marked the grave with stakes.

The body was exhumed and taken to the cemetery at Bayamo. On the next day the remains of the mother were placed in a coffin and the new grave was thus inscribed:  
"Candelaria Palma, you fell here tired and sick while following your son who was fighting for the liberty of his country. Thirty years you have slept under the solid layer of earth which covered you.

The people of Cauto come to awake you and to say your son has come with his head bowed with laurels as a reward of his virtues to take away your precious remains.

" arise, your country is free, and is in the hands of your son."

**If You Own a Shawl.**  
The big lace shawls of Limerick or Honiton which many have stowed away as cherished possessions will be able to see the light again this winter, and shine forth in much of their original glory. Those who have the knack, which is a precious gift, of being able to sew such things with telling effect propose using them as they were originally meant to be worn, as shoulder scarves, pure and simple.

Others are employing them folded into peluche shape, edged with furry trim of chiton or downer petals, while the present state of theatre cloaks allows of them being used in many other ways. One turned over to make a shawl, cape or collar, the lace itself being mounted on a foundation of chiffon or muslin.

In spite of the beauty of which machine-made lace has attained, real lace is being mostly employed on the best evening and fête gowns. Irish guinea, Venetian guinea, Honiton and Brussels laces are being greatly used, while the effective tulle of Paris lace plays an important part on dresses, blouses and military hats.

**Destroy Your Bitter-Heart.**  
The first impulse of those who would become civilized is to rid themselves of things, and they hasten the hour of freedom by presenting their unholy possessions to less enlightened neighbors. A cheap way to acquire them is a gilded broker, with blue ribbons and used as paper rack, to come in person to your door, and to be found finally selling and breaking up the purges the original owner of the horror, but it only passes it along to afflict humanity. There is but one road to freedom—destruction of things.

A fire in the back yard, fed with wooden shavings, can be relied upon. Purple jars, not being combustible, might be destroyed in the depths of the sea, brass dragons with curly tails, candlesticks, awkward to hold, with no human touch of imagination or handicraft about them, therefore neither useful nor beautiful, might be disposed of to the junk man; plain things with out a name seem to demand the ash barrel, for the vital quality of fire repels; titles are prehistoric, but if any have survived, the ash-barrel is also their true home.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

**Summer Sunshades.**  
The popularity of a great almost amounts to a fad. These terraces are most favored in plain green taffeta or a grass linen crash or similar fabric lined with green.

In past seasons lined sunshades were the exception rather than the rule; this year this has been just reversed.

For every-day use nothing is more serviceable, as well as stylish, than a plain one-tone taffeta parasol, with a narrow contrasting hemstitched edge and two-inch wide border of heavy silk French knots. A green sunshade and black border and edge is a very pretty yet durable combination.

A novel feature of the Parisian style is a hand-painted parasol. The Vogue is confined to the women who afford several sunshades, and can get another as soon as one becomes in the least passé. Elaborate floral designs on a black background are often seen.

Very tiny buttons, used in most original fashions, are very smart adjuncts to the more elaborate sunshades, and are often used in applying lace medallions.

A strikingly new effect is produced by an unusually long hemmed handle, attractively braided, that is a novel feature of some of the latest parasols.

White more antique parasols for midsummer use are much favored because of the wide verge of white tissue.

As opposed to the extremely long handled sunshade for dress occasions the plain conchoid parasol, with very short handle and rapid frame, especially designed for packing in a trunk

or grip, is in high favor for morning use.

**Charming Time For Leisure.**  
There is no time that should be impressed upon every young wife the very beginning of her married life—that is, to cultivate time for leisure. Young wives are frequently heard to complain that they have no time to do this or that useful work, and that they will breathe more freely when their children have grown out of the house, and they can devote their own time to their own work, when the wifery is done, and so on. With such it would seem that time is always borrowed, with the view of paying it back in the future.

It would be idle to lay down a certain set of rules by which wives and mothers may rid themselves of this evil genius of haste and unrest, yet we would earnestly endeavor to persuade the unhappy victims that the fault is most always their own, and springs from the very nature of their position. It is an evil spirit which is to be dreaded. It is an evil spirit which is to be dreaded. It is an evil spirit which is to be dreaded.

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**Shopwork, heresses** are seldom placed on the matrimonial bargain counter.

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THE TUNEFUL CAT.

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**Something About Tops.**  
Any one can buy a top if he can get a few pennies from his father or mother, and any one can make far better and finer tops with a little trouble and industry. Here are some interesting tips that you cannot buy anywhere, but which you can make with very simple tools and cheap material.

The very simplest of house tops to be spun on top of a table, or some other smooth surface, is made by putting a sharpened stick through the center of a piece of pasteboard cut into a perfect circle. Care must be taken that the wood is turned above the disk than below, so it will keep its balance. If the disk is decorated in water colors it will be prettier as it spins. Quite a game of tops may be played by making these tops for a number of children, and letting them

Games of Ancient Years.  
The little cavages of savages were very much more fond of games and sports than we are nowadays. Perhaps that was because they

hadn't as much to do as the people of modern times. The dagger the game was the more they liked it. The ancient Australian's most popular sport was a wild game called "Yarn Crook." It was very much like football, only it was played on a ball that had a hole in the middle, and if they were no goals and the object of the game was for each side to keep the ball in its possession, and this often resulted in a small battle, for as many as liked could play, an even number being on each side.

**Indian Snake Signals.**  
The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood at a signal and not taken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by blowing into a tin can, which he held over the fire. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every nation within thirty miles: "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smoke built close together meant attention. Two smoke meant, "Camp here!" and one smoke meant, "The usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent."

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For every suffering heart there is at hand or can be found some noble ray into the energy necessary for the doing of which it can transmute the dregs of grief and pain.—John White Clendinning.

He who is faithful over a few things is lord over cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful—the faithfulness is all.—George Macdonald.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to the ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.—Success.

You picture to yourself the beauty of heavy and staid fashions. And then comes little wretched, disagreeable ditty, some which is your martyrdom, the lamp for you, and if you do not do it your oil is spilled.—Phillips Brooks.

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# CONGRESSMAN FITZPATRICK

Says Pa-ru-na is a Splendid Cathartic Tonic.

She Was Unruffled.  
The young married couple who work off all of their mutual recrimination in public had been scrapping in a low tone all the way out on the trolley car. She claimed, it appeared from the occasional words, that she had been treated low and tense, that she had caught him in the act of making goo-goo eyes at a young woman standing at the transfer station, and he was dampening his collar until it looked like a deck swab in a frantic effort to square himself by claiming that she was suffering from ophthalmia, or some other affection of the eye. He didn't appear to be able to get away with it, however, and there was a hard, chill look on her face as she stepped off the car at the station. As she started to walk off the platform, he accidentally trod upon the lacquer at the bottom of her footed dress. There was a sharp ripping sound, and the husband saw that he was in for more grief. "Now, don't get excited," he exclaimed, soothingly.

"Oh, I'm perfectly unruffled," she replied, picking up the torn, low-cut high skirt ruffle, but she bestowed upon him a wait-till-I-get-you-home look that was so dark and dire that the married man involuntarily shivered in the hot air and batted up his coat.

**One Thing Certain.**  
"Do you know, said the thoughtful man, who was devising some way to become fabulously rich in a short time, that the two great oceans contain about five billion tons of silver in solution?"

"Is that so?" returned the practical man. "It is," said the dreamer. "Does not such an extraordinary fact as that bring some wonderful new idea to your mind?"

"Yes," admitted the practical man. "It gives absolutely convincing evidence of something I have long suspected."

"What is it?"

"That silver is not good for drink."

**He Told Her So.**  
During a recent performance at one of the theatres a