

Forestry and Fire.

Some reflections that were given much publicity about the time the congress of governors met last spring now comes back to memory, bearing a twisted look. We were all very virtuous just then. We had learned to our surprise and horror that our progenitors had been unparagonably reckless in their dealings with the property they should have left intact to us. We scolded them vigorously because they had cleaned off our forests until we were within a quarter of a century of national baldness. The ghosts of those pioneers must be holding their sides when they look down on their successors in this supposedly inexhaustible region of natural affluence and behold us figuring up our fire losses for this summer. The bureau of forestry at Washington estimates that the destruction in the forests so far would equal the cost of a whole fleet of first-class battleships. That would probably amount to more than \$100,000,000. Either our forefathers were not as extravagant as we have been calling them, or we ourselves have not profited by their example. The offence is the more grievous on our part since we realize how easily our forests may be exhausted. Our predecessors thought they would last forever.—Detroit Free Press.

Milk, and nothing else, is the latest cure for stout people. Prof. F. Moritz of Strasburg, the pioneer of this new dietary, declares positively that an exclusive diet of milk is the simplest, the most comfortable and cheapest remedy for obesity. A limited quantity of water may be taken, but, with this exception, the patient takes absolutely no food or drink but milk. The allowance varies in individual cases, from a little over two pints to 3 1/2 pints daily, taken at five separate "meal times." Milk is filling and satisfying, and the patient suffers neither from hunger nor thirst. The cure is easy for the doctor to direct, and makes no great demands on the patient to carry out. As for its efficacy, Prof. Moritz says that one patient lost 56 pounds in \$1 "cure days," an average of more than half a pound daily. The cure is said to be especially beneficial in all cases when the patient has any heart or kidney trouble.

The loss of money through the defalcation of M. Albert, former minister of justice in Denmark, heavy though it is, is not the greatest injury his course will cause. He was a tremendously popular man, the peasant in particular having confidence in his integrity and financial judgment. The failure of the bank of which he was the head, through his reckless speculations and embezzlements, means a total loss of about \$5,000,000, much of which consists of small savings of poor people. These people will suffer for the lack of their money, but they will suffer a greater injury in the loss of confidence in one whom they trusted, a loss that will be manifested hereafter by distrust of better men than he. The evil that such a man does lives after him.

Apropos of Prof. Darwin's theory as to the intelligence of plants, the interesting circumstance is recalled that in some lectures delivered by Prof. Josiah Royce before a class in metaphysics at Harvard a dozen years ago, he maintained that not only plants but all forms of so-called inanimate nature may have intelligence whereby they communicate with each other. He even went to the length of maintaining that we cannot logically say that those intelligences are lower than those of the human mind. We are thus again reminded that there is not much that is new under the sun nowadays either in the domain of fact or theory.

It is characteristic of Lord Rosebery as a so-called Liberal that, after attacking most of the reform policies of his party, he should propose the reform of the house of lords by the addition of a limited number of "eminent representative commoners" by election for the duration of any parliament, with eligibility for re-election. What is to be accomplished by electing only a guaranteed minority in the house of Tory lords? If the hereditary principle holds good clear through the peerage as by law conferring the exclusive right to legislate, the election of untitled members must be wrong.

The declaration of the boss dressmaker that three years are required for the proper promulgation of a new fashion in women's dress will surprise mere men who had supposed that the fashion changed instantly whenever the dressmakers took a whim.

Most of the New York papers look down with scorn on the proposition to limit the height of future buildings there to 15 stories. They take a loftier view of the subject from their higher altitudes.

"I shall win that cup eventually," says Sir Thomas Lipton. It is gratifying to not that Sir Thomas is no longer saying "lift."

The man who is successful as a political speaker is the one who says what everybody is thinking before anybody else has put it into words.

Spain is happy with an unusually big crop of olives. Olives are to Spain what corn and wheat are to the United States.

PENDARVIS, THE CRACKER

By ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN

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Joe Pendarvis was a Florida Cracker, born and reared, and himself in turn rearing others of his kind, in one of the most thrifty orange districts of his state. Outwardly and in the manner of living he did not differ materially from any of his kind, but in figures here on account of his childlike submission to the workings of a law which he was unable to understand, and therefore was unable to willfully sin against.

Now the Cracker is a singular creature, as singular in his character or the lack of it as in his tribal name. If you ask a southerner what a Cracker is, he looks aghast at your ignorance, then smiles and begins contentedly to explain, but presently brings up all helplessness in fitful merriment and stuttering, finally announcing in despair: "Why, he's a Cracker!" While no one knows where these "po' whites" acquired their name, it is conjectured that their long-legged gauntness may have suggested the heron known as a "corn cracker," and that this may by corruption have evolved itself into Cracker. In some localities in the south this species of humanity bears the name of Sand-hiller, which again may be derived from his similarity to the sand-hill crane. At all events, the Cracker is a curious creature utterly incapable of applying himself to any steady labor, and wholly proof against improvement through contact with others. He is a Cracker first and last, and as long as his race endures. His idleness, his wrong, his eccentricity, and when found guilty by other men's standards he regards himself as greatly abused, and in no sense bound to respect any code not applied with force.

Pendarvis, or Pen, as he was familiarly known throughout that section, was beginning to tilt his see-saw of life the other way at the time of which I shall speak. After many years of far too much work (according to Cracker standards), made necessary by the hearty appetites of his ever-increasing family, he was beginning to sigh for some windfall of fortune which should allow him to hire a nigger and buy a mule, when, one day, a northern man came along and began to set out a grove on land adjoining his own patch. Through this stranger Pen came into part of his long-dreamed-of windfall, for while he was not able to hire a hand to do his own work, he at least found ample excuse for letting the weeds grow at home, while for dollars he helped the northerner work on the new plantation. Time thus wore on in a happy and southern manner, until the young trees arrived at a stage where they could be safely left to stand alone for a time. Then one day the newcomer went north to bring his family back.

This was bad news for the Cracker. With rueful looks he regarded the rankness of his own kitchen patch, and bethought himself of the daily nagging he would have to undergo from his "old woman" until he should begin work there. Some weeks later, while Pen was engaged in his regular interval of hoe-handle napping, he chanced to think that it was almost time for "that Yankee" to return. From where he stood he could see that the young trees in his neighbor's orchard looked thrifty and handsome, but began to show the need of a little attention. Pen knew exactly what ought to be done for their relief, and calculated how many days could be spent over there, and just how many days of luxurious idleness would follow on the proceeds. Although it was still two hours before sundown and he had plenty of work to do on his little patch, Pen shouldered his hoe and strolled leisurely up to his front porch. There in the cool shade, tilted back in his rickety chair, he thought once more of his coming bliss.

"That Yankee's ternal slow," mused Pen aloud, about a week later. Since that afternoon of contemplation he had passed most of his time in similar speculations as to his approaching wealth. It was but a few days later that Pen heard of a man who was inquiring for healthy trees at two dollars apiece, and after that the Cracker's mind knew no peace until he remarked to his wife next day that he reckoned their neighbor "warn't comin' back no mo'." A pity, few, for leave them huzzum trees ter their bugs and lice," he continued. Poor Pen had lain awake all night thinking about those trees at two dollars apiece, and his crude calculations of the proceeds of 200 or 300 trees at that price had furnished him with visions of a sum of money sufficiently large to keep his family and himself in luxurious idleness for an incalculable period. A year, at least, in which to bask in the sun and feast to his fat and hominy! Who could resist so tempting a vision? Pen hadn't the power; and, besides, it seemed to him such a pity that those trees should be wasted.

His wife had never seen Pen so eager to get to work as he was that morning. He could not even wait to fill his after-breakfast pipe before setting out, but shredded his leaf as he trudged almost briskly away. Whatever conscience he may have had he had succeeded in stilling during his night of counsel with himself. What harm could there be in saving those young trees from certain destruction? Were they not abandoned, and to him as much as to anybody else? If he did not gather the harvest, another surely would. What could a man who had never been nearer than 50 miles to the county seat, with its court and jail, know about the finer points of proprietary rights?

It took Pen but a few days to remove the trees, which were quickly purchased and no questions asked. But when the long-dreamed-of prize was almost within his grasp, when his spade was in fact under the roots of

the last tree, fate wheeled upon him, and he heard the voice of the northerner behind him, saying, in amazement, rather than anger: "Pendarvis, what are you doing?"

Pen's rights in those trees were at once relinquished in favor of their owner, and without a word. Having convinced himself, with one long, open-mouthed stare, that this was a man of flesh and blood, Pen, without deigning so much as a single word of reply, slouched off toward his cabin, leaving his spade behind.

Next morning, when the sheriff drew rein at the door and said, simply: "Pen, they want you to go over to the county seat with me," the crestfallen man made no attempt at resistance. His case was soon disposed of by the court, and at the suggestion of the sheriff that he had always been a law-abiding citizen, and that his family was large, he was let off with only five years in the penitentiary. Pendarvis needed no manacles, but took his fate as calmly as he did his tobacco or his sleep; and as the penitentiary was almost 200 miles from this county seat, the sheriff, knowing his man, decided to take him home for the night.

The next day, as the sheriff had other and pressing business to attend to, he informed his prisoner that he had better go hunting for a day or two until there should be more leisure for the journey. But instead of two days, it was fully two months ere the sheriff found an opportunity to move his man. During all this time Pen had lived with the sheriff, split his wood, run his errands, and kept his table supplied with fish and game. Indeed, Pen began to think that his luck had not gone so much against him after all, when one morning the sheriff announced that he must be off



Pen Shouldered His Hoe and Strolled Leisurely Up to His Front Porch.

at once to the next county to attend a trial, and that as it was on the road to the penitentiary, he would take Pendarvis along. Several days were passed at the trial, and Pen, unknown in a strange county, attended the sittings of the court as a spectator. When at length the trial closed, the sheriff found that it would be inconvenient for him to escort his prisoner farther toward the prison, so giving Pen his own commitment papers and ten dollars for expenses, he started him off alone.

In due course of time—for it takes time for a Cracker to walk, and there being no railroad most of the way, Pen was obliged to go afoot—he turned up at the penitentiary. The warden was dumfounded, but took him in and undertook to put him to work. Unfortunately, this officer did not know the Cracker nature as well as had the sheriff. Pen "allowed" that he was a prisoner, but not a nigger, and simply refused to work. Neither threats nor promises had any effect. At last it occurred to the warden that a man who could be trusted to walk 200 miles and surrender himself with his commitment papers at a prison, simply because he was told to do so, must be a trustworthy person, and he thereupon appointed Pen warden's messenger. During his term Pen served his state on many important errands, bearing messages to neighboring county seats, and often making journeys which kept him away for several days at a stretch. But like a faithful hound, he never failed to return, and when at length his term was up, the warden, forsooth, was forced to kick him out. Why should a Cracker wish to leave this delightfully lazy, irresponsible life for one of toil and hardship?

Health and Morals.
The close relation of body and mind in the matter of physical health, of which so much is said by various religious and semi-religious organizations and by a class of professional "healers," is considered from a fresh point of view by an English clergyman. His argument is that no person who is healthy can be wholly bad.

The clergyman further expressed the conviction that there is a close connection between health and morals and that the man who has reached middle age in a sound bodily condition thereby proves that he has led a decent life. In support of his position he advanced the assertion that a large proportion of the convicts in English prisons are physical degenerates. From this it would seem that he does not confine his designation of "badness" to the vices involved in intemperance and other forms of sensual dissipation, but since convicts are guilty of many things apart from these, as theft, burglary, forgery and the like, holds that they are led to the perpetration of even this class of crimes by a defective bodily state.—Indianapolis Star.

MAKING THEM LAST

PROPER METHODS OF LAUNDERING DELICATE FABRICS.

Silk and Lace Centerpieces Easily Injured—Linen Should Be Shrunken Before It Is Stamped or Embroidered.

The table center of today is very different from that of a few years ago. There are many more varieties than the all-embroidered or all-lace centerpieces of the past.

Nowadays, different kinds of nets and laces are inserted in the linen, and combined with solid embroidery or fancy stitches and also with braids, which are coming into fashion again. These make centerpieces and embroidery in general much simpler, yet, at the same time, more effective.

They can also be made with less expense if the proper combinations are used. Solid embroidery done with silks, either in colors or white, is handsomer than any other kind.

For table centers for everyday use, which must be laundered constantly, the all-white linen center, worked in a series of plain cotton, with fancy stitches and simple braids, makes an effective and inexpensive article.

It is easy for anyone knowing little or even nothing about embroidery in general to make.

The linen should be shrunken before it is stamped or embroidered, especially any piece that is made to a special size or a particular shape. A circular center will not remain round unless it has been shrunken before it has been stamped, for linen shrinks more one way than another.

When a center or any embroidered piece of linen is laundered, it should be pressed while damp on the wrong side until thoroughly dry.

If the ironing board or table is covered with several thicknesses of blanket the embroidery will then stand out and look very handsome after the piece has been pressed.

It is best to use a piece of flannel when dampening the linen, as it is softer than linen or cotton and freshens up the linen wonderfully. Unless a piece of work has become very much soiled while being worked, it is much better not to wash it before it is pressed.

When finished, the center should be dampened and pressed before the scallop is cut out, thus enabling the linen to be cut closer to the scallop without danger of cutting the stitches or leaving a ragged edge beyond the scallop. This usually happens if it is cut out before it is pressed.

Fruit Pudding.

Molten half a loaf of stale graham bread, finely grated, with a cupful of hot molasses, adding half a cupful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a teaspoonful each of powdered allspice and grated nutmeg, half a cupful of brown sugar, and a saltspoonful of ground cloves. Mix thoroughly and then stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a scant teaspoonful of sour cream, with sufficient flour to form a stiff batter, adding by degrees half a cupful of seeded raisins, two tablespoonfuls of currants, a quarter of a pound of shredded citron, and two ounces of chopped candied orange peel. Pour into a large round pan and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven; serve with a hard sauce flavored as desired.

To Clean Silk.

For every quart of water to be used in cleaning a silk dress, either white or colored, pare and grate one large potato. Put the grated potatoes into the water, which must be cold and soft; let water stand two days without being disturbed and then carefully pour off the clear liquid from the sediment into a large vessel, into which dip the garments up and down. Silk must not be creased by wringing. When nearly dry, lay it flat on a table and wipe it first on one side and then on the other. If it needs pressing do so between flannel with a moderate iron.

Dried Apple Fruitcake.

Soak three cupfuls of dried apples overnight in cold water, enough to swell them. Chop them in the morning quite fine and put them on the fire with three cupfuls of New Orleans molasses. Stew until nearly soft, add one cupful seedless raisins and stew a few minutes. When cold add one cupful of butter, three eggs, three teaspoonfuls of allspice, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking soda and three cupfuls of flour. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven. This makes a rich cake and will keep for months.

Cook Beet Tops.

Take young beets, cut the leaves off and clean them well. Boil till soft with a little salt, strain and chop fine. Chop a small onion and brown with a piece of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, a dash of pepper and nutmeg. Pour enough boiling water over this to make a gravy. Mix beet leaves with gravy and let simmer together for a few minutes, then serve. Make a salad of the beets by boiling till soft, skin, cut in slices, add vinegar and water to cover, a bay leaf, and a few peppers.

New Salad Dressing.

Mix 1 teaspoon of mustard with 1 tablespoon of sugar and add to the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, then drop in slowly one-half cup melted (not hot) butter and one-half cup of mild vinegar, stirring all the time. Now add the beaten whites and cook in double boiler until it coats the spoon. Stir while cooking and when cold add 1 cup of thick whipped cream. Keep in a cool place. This is especially fine for a Waldorf salad.

Cincinnati Pancakes.

One egg, teaspoon of salt, butter, sugar, 1 pint of flour, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder or soda and sour milk when very light. Instead of greasing the skillet, put in a large spoon of lard. When piping hot pat in the cakes and they will splutter and spread and crinkle until a delightful brown. Eat with butter and sugar sirup. Fla.

Military Canteen

Effect of Its Abolition at Army Posts

By COL. W. B. HOMER.



ADVOCATES of the canteen claim that the abolition of the sale of beer at post exchanges has not been in the interests of temperance. I believe they are right. I believe prohibition does not prohibit.

For a number of years I had charge of the post exchange at Fort Monroe, Va., with garrisons varying from 6 to 20 companies of soldiers. During this period beer was sold in the post exchange to the soldiers, with very little restriction, and with no marked intemperance due to such sale. Since that time I have commanded army posts in the Philippines, Maine, New Jersey, on the Potomac and in Boston harbor, with complete restrictions as to sale of beer or any intoxicating liquor. I have always found about the same average amount of drunkenness among the men, increased, perhaps, by the fact that the inability of a soldier to get his glass of beer at his own post exchange often induces men, or the friends of the men, to smuggle poor whisky in quantity into the company quarters—a practice causing more indiscipline and trouble than any I know.

It is hard to check. It shows results without warning. There is no law for its severe punishment. A fine of \$5 or less is all that can be imposed on a man legally for introducing intoxicating liquor into the barracks, and that has no deterrent effect whatever. This most baneful practice upsets all law and order in barracks, causes lack of confidence in all men who drink, promotes drunken rows, riots, quarrels, fights, affrays, petty thefts, disrespect to superiors and disobedience of orders, and general unrest and discontent. Liquor in quarters is a great disorganizer, and is a less frequent source of trouble at a military post where beer is sold at the post exchanges, as the inducement to break the rules is less.

I believe an ideal army post would be one where no one drank beer or intoxicating liquor and where those articles were unknown. Unfortunately, we don't get that class of men always as soldiers. Whisky is an efficient recruiting sergeant. We have men who enlist who have riot in their blood, who crave indulgence in drink at times, and therefore cannot keep a steady job. They give good service and high grade work often. They lapse now and then, take their punishment and then take up the burden of life again. These men are born with a love for strong drink, and they will have it. "Thou shalt not" does not deter them. The canteen saved many of them from a prolonged absence from duty.

Woman the Natural Teacher

By JAMES P. MAGENIS.

The feminization of the schools, as it is termed, or, in another form, the question whether female instructors in large numbers tend to make male pupils less manly, has secured recognition in the forum of free discussion. A number of educators of prominence have taken sides, and the issue involved would seem to adjust itself in the category of woman's capabilities. Followed logically to its natural sequence it answers itself.

In womankind and children the Creator of the universe has seen fit to place strong ties of attraction and affection. The average woman is attracted to the average child by an inherent quality, that something which makes any child more to a woman than to a man; and the child in turn reciprocates. Man may amuse or entertain a child temporarily, but invariably the child tires of the man if the man does not first tire of the child. With woman it is different. Why? Ask the stars why they pursue unvarying courses. Ask the seasons the reasons for their round. It is so. That is all.

Thus with woman's established advantage at the outset, and with her natural gifts, she seems especially selected by a higher than human law to care for the young; and the world over, among the civilized and the savage, this is the rule. Thus woman is the natural teacher. Teaching is part of her natural vocation, whether it be in the schoolroom or the home. The question may arise, Is she the better one to do this? That is easy to decide. Her only possible competitor is man. Is man better adapted to train the young than is woman? Has he that peculiar insight into the little mind? Has he the intuition which latent motherhood provides? Has he the enduring patience, coupled with that gentle persuasion and perseverance which captivates, masters and controls the young? The history of humanity says no.

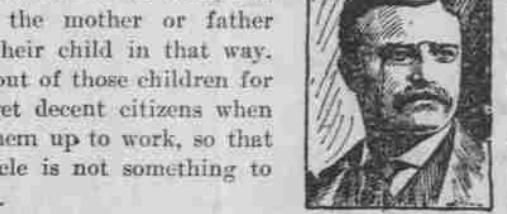
Bring Children Up to Work

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States.

No Sex in Politics

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL, Poet and Essayist.

My ideal of a boy is one who will grow up and be able to support himself and a wife and children. To be fit to be an American citizen he has got to preserve his self-respect and conduct himself so as to bring no one. Fathers need the most preaching. Frequently the mothers who have had hard lives take the unwise course in attempting to benefit their daughters by bringing them up free from hard knocks. Next to hardness of heart the next least desirable quality is softness of head, and the mother or father should not try to bring up their child in that way.



In our generation women have forced their way into almost every department of life. After you have let them work in your factories, in your fields and mines, in your bars and workshops, in your gardens and postoffices and counting houses, after you have let them practice medicine and study law, it is too late to turn back, or to refuse them the rights of their new position. Those who object to female suffrage, who say that woman's sphere is the home, should have kept her there. Too late to turn the key on her now—she is not at home.

Men and women pray in the same church and dance to the same music. Both sexes have far more in common than they have points of difference. It's nobody's business to inquire what sex a voter is, any more than what color the voter's hair is. Once get into your head that the claim of women rests not upon their petticoats but on their purses, not upon their being women, but on their being taxpayers, not on their being our rivals, but on their being our comrades, and you will escape tangling yourself in a whole network of fallacies.

A SUDDEN GOLD.



Miss Helen Sauerbier, of 815 Main St., St. Joseph, Mich., writes an interesting letter on the subject of catching cold, which cannot fail to be of value to all women who catch cold easily.

PERUNA ADVISED FOR SUDDEN COLDS.

It Should be Taken According to Directions on the Bottle, at the First Appearance of the Cold.

St. Joseph, Mich., Sept., 1901.—Last winter I caught a sudden cold which developed into an unpleasant catarrh of the head and throat, depriving me of my appetite and usual good spirits. A friend who had been cured by Peruna advised me to try it and I sent for a bottle at once. I am glad to say that in three days my phlegm had loosened, and in ten days my appetite returned and within nine days I was in my usual good health.

—Miss Helen Sauerbier.

Peruna is an old and well tried remedy for colds. No woman should be without it.

He Apologized.
Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to 'scuse me.'"

Expressions of a Cynic.

Walter Pater, an old man at 50, bald as a coconut and grotesquely plain, regarded every woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage?" a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

The Allurements of the City.

Mrs. Perkins and her daughter Mandy from the country were in the city one day, and as they walked along together they came to a window in which was displayed a variety of women's apparel. Mandy glanced wistfully at the different articles of clothing and started into the store. But a sign in the window which read: "Clothing One-Half Off During This Sale," caught Mrs. Perkins' eye. She seized her daughter by the arm, hurried her along down the street, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Why, land's sake, Mandy, that ain't no decent place for a girl to go!"—Judge's Library.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.



The Rejected—And will nothing make you change your mind? She—'Myes, another man might.'

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement."

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit."

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if all I had heard of it was true."

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved."

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time."—There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pligs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are groups, true, and full of human interest.