

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 55 pounds in 81 "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 peasants 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.

Appropos 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 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 dress-maker 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.

WHEN the "RED DEVIL" CONFESSED—and DIED.

Sensational Climax in the Career of Reckless Carl Sutherland, Who Failed at West Point, Who Robbed, Killed, Married and Tried to Reform, Failed Again, Wrote a Confession and a Poem, and Put a Bullet Into His Brain.

LOS ANGELES.—"Red Devil" Sutherland, the late outlaw, was one of those stranger-than-fiction characters that Byron would have put into a Corsair poem, and around whom Robert Louis Stevenson would have woven a thrilling romance. The young bandit himself made a dash at both these literary bids for fame, but fate was closing in on him too fast. A man who really means business about killing others and then shakes hands with death itself can better express himself in deeds than in poetic numbers.

The strange, inscrutable, baffling truth remains that this same desperado was of the stuff that genuine heroes are made of—that his very crimes traced their inception to qualities which, when developed instead of perverted, cause other men to be honored, knighted, sainted and sung about. He had heart, courage, gratitude, loyalty to friends and chivalry toward women. His debut as a bandit was made out of boyish admiration for the train-robber who had taken his part against a bully. His last thought was to provide for the wife whose love and trust he had never forfeited.

Yes, Carl was a bad man, and deserved to die. But he owned up to it without a snivel, and took his medicine more bravely than some better men might have done. An amazing story of crime that recalls the daring escapades of Jesse James and the coterie of bandits who terrorized the whole country a quarter of a century ago has just been revealed in Los Angeles, after the murder of a brave police captain, in the cold handwriting of the murderer himself, who died a suicide rather than be taken prisoner.

Stirred by Recital of Crime. Not since the old days, when there were no railroads and men seeking their fortunes in the far west were compelled to cross the plains in prairie wagons and stage coaches, has the entire stretch of country west of the Mississippi been so stirred as by this astounding recital of crime by one who, in the closing chapter of his desperate career, penned his own epitaph in the following words:

CHASE AWAY THE "BLUES." Laughter is the Enemy of Dyspepsia and Kindred Evils. I know a family with whom it is a perfect joy to dine. The members of this family vie with one another in seeing who can say the brightest, best, funniest things and tell the best stories during dinner. Dyspepsia and nagging were unknown there. The announcement of dinner should be the signal for a jolly good time. Make the dinner hour the brightest, cheeriest, most sunshiny hour of the whole day. Fine all "knockers" and everyone who appears with a long face. Laughter and fun are the enemies of dyspepsia and the "blues." The home ought to be a sort of theater for fun and all sorts of sports—a place where the children should take the active parts, although the parents should come in for a share, too. Don't Mr. Business Man or Mr. Professional Man, cast a gloom over your home just because things have gone wrong during the day! Your wife and children have troubles of their own. They

will be taken dead, and I leave you this and I beg you to do the best you can with it and if you can make any money out of it I beg you to see that my poor little sick wife gets a third or fourth of it. I know I can trust you to do this, for I believe you to be honorable and it is not more than right, for my wife is a good, true, honest and hard-working little woman; a lady by birth and nature and from a good old southern and Kentucky family. She deserved a far better man than I.

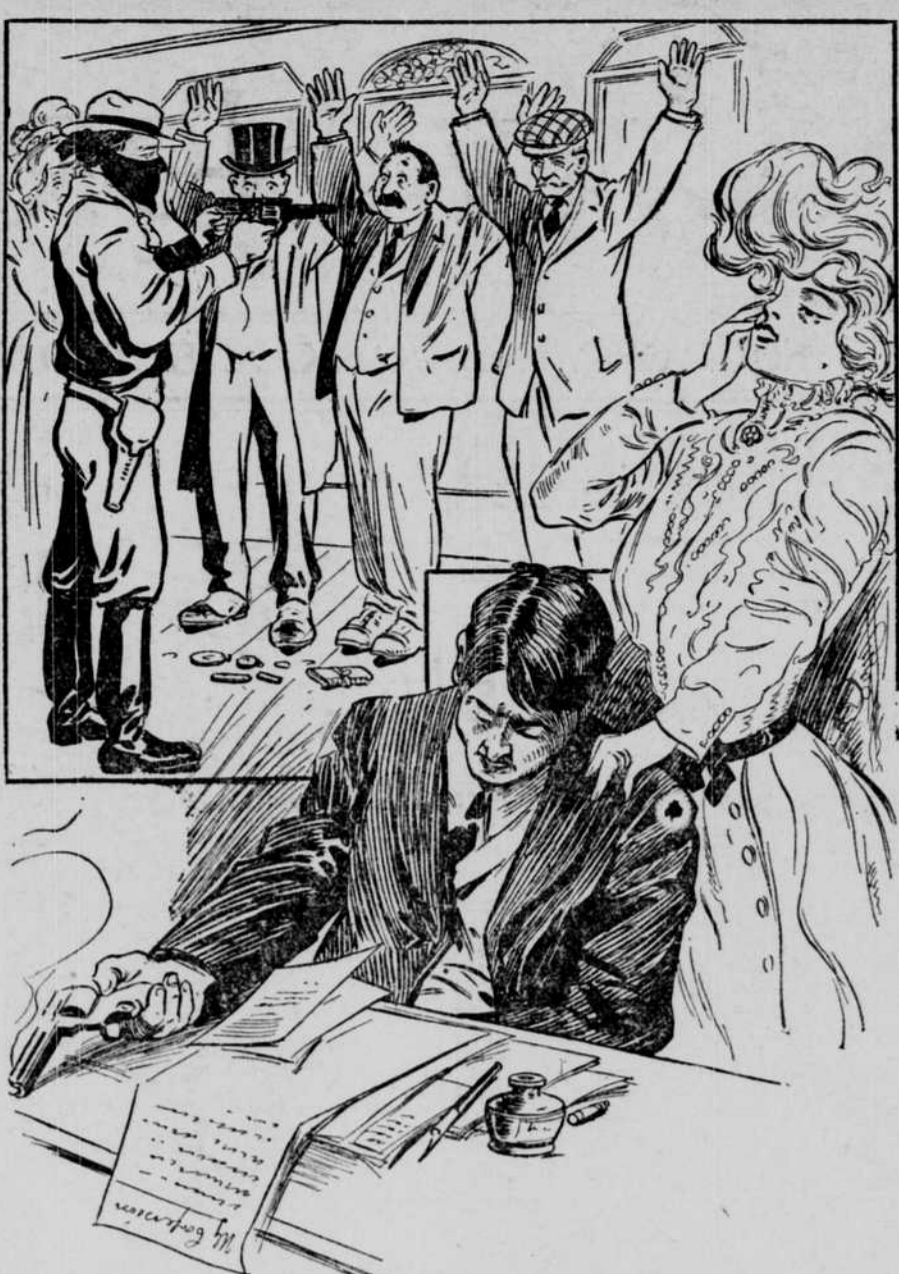
Modern Dick Turpin. But to return to the life of Carl D. Sutherland, scion of honest "black sheep" parents, who turned "black sheep" and died laughing, jeering, cursing his ups and downs, relating his "attempts at reform," and, finally, the change in the tide—the turn of the card—that ended his meteoric career. It is a story that is none the less frank than thrilling, yet one that almost curdles the blood and leaves the impression that, after all, Robert Louis Stevenson was, perhaps, milder in his treatment of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde than human nature itself.

Were Jesse James and the score of other outlaws of his ilk, who robbed, pillaged and murdered in the early days, alive, they might marvel at the story of Carl D. Sutherland, a modern Dick Turpin, written before he encountered Capt. Auble, laid the fearless officer low with six shots fired in rapid succession, then ran away to die a few hours later by his own hand. It was addressed to Jack Henderson, a private detective and guardian of Westchester place, a fashionable residential section of Los Angeles, and began:

"Dear Sir—You will, no doubt, be very much surprised to receive this letter. In fact, you won't receive it at all unless I, Carl D. Sutherland, alias Joseph Palmer, alias Jack Ames, alias Carl Sherwood, etc., am dead. The reason that I write this letter to you is because I was impressed with your personality, and decided that you were a brave and an honest man. In fact you looked a great deal like my father, and if there ever was a man that was the soul of honor, he was.

"Since I have been 15 years of age I have never yet seen the man I was in the least afraid of, and yet I have met a few whom I recognized as more than my match. When I saw you I knew in a second a man that would rather take a man alive if possible; but that would take him if you were after him unless he was quicker than you with his gun and killed you.

Life Saving a la Mode. The Victim—Help! Help! I'm drowning. Would-Be Hero—Courage, my brave man! Just wait until I get a rope, a measuring rod, a Carnegie medal application blank, two witnesses and a notary public.—The Bohemian.



made fast about his neck and he is actually strung up, when the leader, who is "rather kind-hearted," decides on a "council of war" and orders Sutherland hauled down. It is while this "council" is in progress that Sutherland escapes.

Did Honest Work for a Time. Sutherland then worked for a time as a delivery clerk in the Creek Nation, after which he committed more robberies and was arrested for the first and only time in his life by the sheriff of Lamar, Mo. He spent some nine months in a reformatory, escaped and joined the army as a musician under the name of Jack Ames. He was ambitious to become an army officer, but Errington bobbed up again, and, knowing that he would be found out sooner or later, Sutherland went back to the old life.

Black Sheep of Family. "All have been honest—too honest, in fact, but I," wrote the young bandit. "I am the last of my race and the one black sheep. From a delicate, timid and refined boy I grew into a desperate young rascal, ready to shoot any man."

Next is the account of his meeting with Joe Palmer, alias Jack Wells, the notorious train robber. It was the turning point in Sutherland's young life; he chose the blacker side. Because Palmer had taken his part against "a big bully on a farm in Kansas" Sutherland believed he owed Palmer a debt of gratitude. So, when Palmer and "his pal, Frank Errington, tried to hold up a depot and a rich horseman at Oswego, Kan., and later shot a deputy sheriff and were cornered" Sutherland stole a boat and under cover of darkness slipped by the camp of the posse that held the two men on the banks of the Nesho river, got Palmer and Errington and carried them on down the stream to freedom.

Hiding Place for Gang. After reciting the details of half a dozen other bold and daring crimes, the story shifts to Pittsburg, Kan., "where pretty Nellie Errington was keeping a cottage, under an assumed name, for the gang to run in and rest up, if necessary."

Sample of British Red Tape. May or May Not Be True, but It Makes a Good Story. At a dinner in New York during his disastrous American visit, Henri Farman, the aviator, complained of the American custom regulations.

Used to Them. Ida—There goes the pretty blonde. She is going to dabble in the stock market this fall. May—Gracious, isn't she afraid of squeezes? Ida—Afraid of squeezes? Well, I guess not. She's been a summer girl. **Want Chinese Steamship Line.** Chinese residents at Pacific coast ports are subscribing to a Chinese national steamship company to enter into the trans-Pacific carrying trade with a line to San Francisco or Seattle.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Discernment. Oh, give me the perfume of the grape And not the wine it yields; The grace to love, not covetous nor gross, The glory of the hills! I pray for the diving power of mind That knows the truth from art, Distinguishing the jeweled drop of dew From diamonds in the mart!



By the Way. "Oh, look who's here! Mr. Watermelon, come right in!" Sometimes it is easier to deceive a girl than it is to fool her father's bulldog. Married men have one consolation—after she buys her fall hat, it's a long time until Easter. A New York poet refers to his lady's lips as "Love's apocalypse." I have done considerable flitting from flower to flower in my time, but I never busied a woman with a kisser like that! You cannot estimate a man's income by the kind of automobile his wife drives. A New York woman recently traded her wedding ring, her equity in their home, and two Boston-bull pups for a choo-choo car.

Injustice to the Mule. A South Carolina minister has just concluded a stirring series of sermons abusing the meek and lowly mule. My sense of justice and innate sympathy for the under mule, as well as the under dog, leads me to defend our faithful worker who fervently sings contra-alto with such "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Ten Years Hence. Three young men were discussing that awful thing called the future. "I'll be content," said one, "if, in ten years from now, I have \$1,000,000." "Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the second, "you want too much. If I have one hundred thousand ten years from now I'll be happy."

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: "W'y, land's sake, Mandy, that ain't no decent place for a girl to go!"—Judge's Library.

Animal Food. Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)—What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions? Patient (feebly)—Yes, doctor. Doctor—Been eating animal food right along, have you? Patient (grimly trying to smile)—Well, doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the hay and the clover tops all right; but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up.—Judge.

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

Scissorsettes. The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indelicate to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so, but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife, I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated and considered ladylike. Apply," etc. The daughter of a Sioux Falls Elk has made application for a Carnegie hero medal. She bases her claim upon the fact that one evening recently a young man called on her who said he was dying for a kiss. She saved his life. Noble girl.



After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter. Mrs. Sallie French, of Paucanla, Ind. Ter., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had female troubles for seven years—was all run-down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well."



ALL HIS OWN. "My! What a big figure you are getting!" "Well, what does that matter? I haven't taken yours, have I?" **Ten Years Hence.** Three young men were discussing that awful thing called the future. "I'll be content," said one, "if, in ten years from now, I have \$1,000,000." "Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the second, "you want too much. If I have one hundred thousand ten years from now I'll be happy."

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