

The St. Tammany Farmer

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DON'T DESPISE THE BOYS.

Don't plague the bashful country boy Who looks with awe upon you now; His clothes are poor and he is coy, And tangles up his legs somehow So that he stumbles awkwardly In making way for you—but he So guileless now, so poorly dressed, May hide away down in his breast A Lincoln's heart, or be possessed Of wishes such as Garfield had To stand where but the greatest may— Don't laugh out at the country lad Who passes awkwardly to-day.

Don't spurn the poor boy in the street Who tries to pass and jostle you; The shoes are ragged on his feet, His trousers may be tattered, too, With grimy hands and tangled hair; He dodges here and hurries there, Too little for his years, but still Deep in his breast may be the will That spurred Carnegie up the hill, Forgive the child who sometimes dares To play a little on his way; Down in the busy thoroughfares Are boys the world will know some day.

Oh, country boy, I lift my hat In humble deference to you; Oh, little worker in the street, "Child in your soiled and tattered blue, With awe I watch you as you pass— I might cry 'Bravo!' if I knew, Oh, ragged, tired, awkward boy, What things did you here to do.— S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Philosopher in the Fog.

THE Philosopher spread himself with an air of singular cheerfulness as he breasted the fog. The conditions surrounding him were precisely of a character to furnish a very satisfactory test of the philosophy of which it was his boast to profess, and the discomfort of the moment affected him only in so far as it enabled him to rise superior to it. He moved through an opaque, yellow-white world of impenetrable mystery. He was conscious of others moving in the same world—with, it may be, less satisfaction, if he might judge from certain detached exclamatory sounds which from time to time rose up out of the encircling darkness. Palpable though invisible objects passed and repassed him at every conceivable angle, canning up against each other with aggressive stupidity, and not infrequently canning up against himself, as he steered his way in what he imagined to be a straight line along a straight pavement.

The pavement—as he remembered it almost from his childhood up—was certainly straight, and ran from St. James' past the National Gallery, which made it the more surprising when a few yards further on, the Philosopher fell over a curbstone in the middle of the road into the arms of a policeman.

"Trafalgar square, I conceive?" said the Philosopher blandly as he readjusted his hat.

"Peculiarly Circus," said the policeman gruffly.

"Dear me! you don't mean it?" rejoined the Philosopher. "That accounts for my having collided with so many substantial shades during the last few minutes. I appear to have lost to an extent my sense of direction."

"You ain't the fust," said the policeman, in a tone of encouragement. "If you go on long enough you will come somewhere."

This remark contained so evident a germ of philosophy that it tickled the Philosopher into an appreciative chuckle.

"So might Epictetus have spoken!" he exclaimed, gleefully. "I perceive you to be a student of Truth, my friend! Good evening," and he continued his way with an uncertain but complacent gait. He was brought up very shortly by the unexpected proximity of a horse.

"Sir, you are on the pavement!" remarked the policeman.

"You're on the road, more like!" retorted a voice, presumably belonging to a phantom driver up in the air.

"Can you tell me where I am?"

"I was about to address the same inquiry to you," replied the Philosopher, "coupled with a request that you should drive me somewhere else."

"Drive you—not I, sir!" the voice returned. "I've signed a contract with the fog to remain on this 'ere spot till morning."

"That contract would appear to have many signatories," remarked the Philosopher, as he walked into a stationary omnibus. "The man was right—I am no longer on the pavement."

From time to time the Philosopher paused in his progress to add his vocal comments to the sum of the echoing human sounds around him; it engaged his fancy pleasantly to address his brother phantoms in a spirit of agreeable camaraderie, as their respective orbits intersected each other. Certain fragmentary ejaculations would call for the echo of a response—as, for instance, when a human body collided against the Philosopher with some force and a voice burst forth—

"What the deuce place is this?"

"Sir," replied the Philosopher, "I apprehend we are not far from the Sixx—a pleasant passage to you!"

But the illusion of an intangible world was oddly interrupted, before the Philosopher had traveled a dozen yards further, by the sound of a feminine voice close at his elbow—

"Oh, please, can you tell me where I am?"

The Philosopher stopped short.

"Not very clearly, I am afraid, madam," he replied.

"I am lost—and am so frightened—I daren't move!"

The voice was far too soft and silvery to belong to a ghost—by no means the vox exigna of a Tartarean Shade—and the Philosopher's heart was touched by its plaintive appeal.

"If I can assist you"—he began.

She caught his arm impulsively.

"Oh, don't leave me!" she cried, in childish panic.

"On no account!" said the Philosopher firmly.

"If I could only find a hansom!" "We will look for one," he said.

They had instinctively fallen into step together, though they could not see each other. The Philosopher's breast swelled with the sense of a protective mission. He became conscious of a little gloved hand touching his own—the impulse by which his fingers closed over it was, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural one. She did not withdraw her hand; the Philosopher's gentle—almost courtly—tones had inspired her with the confidence of a child in a parent. That she should not regard it as misplaced, he began at once to discourse to her in a soothing manner as they proceeded.

"There are few things," he remarked, "more disconcerting than the moral influence of a fog upon the nerves. We are surrounded even now by numerous people in various stages of agitation. They afford a striking exemplification of the helplessness of human beings in the face of any sudden dislocation of normal natural conditions. Consider if humanity were destined to exist always in such a fog! How would it affect the trend of human progress?"

A tall figure bumped into the Philosopher at this juncture and swung him around to an angle.

"Thus!" he continued, placidly. "Humanity would be perpetually working at a tangent. Advance would be crablike—for a time; but at length human beings would, by a natural principle of habituation, adapt themselves to the new conditions of their existence—and, I doubt not, triumph over them. In such a case a sudden burst of sunlight, of clarified air, would affect them with as singular a consternation as at present is produced upon their senses by this fog. Let us regard it rather as typical of that state of mental atmosphere through which the human mind must forever be groping toward the light, in search of truth. We can rely but upon the lamp of philosophy for our guidance. Philosophy rejects the disturbing influence—"

"Are you, then, a philosopher, sir?" she broke in, little timidly.

"I am," said the Philosopher, proudly. "It has always been my aim to triumph over the accidents of chance. A fog, for instance, does not in any way affect the equilibrium of my mental serenity. Philosophy—in such a climate as this especially—is the state of mind to which it should be the object of every rational person to attain. What matter whether one walks on the pavement or the road? Philosophy scans the distinction. We cannot see the road, but we know it is there—philosophy rests satisfied with the fact—"

She gave a little cry, and stumbled forward.

"Oh! What's that? I tripped over something—"

The Philosopher drew her back to an upright position.

"It was probably a dog. You should not permit yourself to be startled—you should not indulge the emotions; all the emotions—fear, joy, surprise, anger, love—are destructive of the philosophical attitude of mind."

"Love, too?" she asked, with a pleasing naivete.

"Love especially," he answered. "Philosophy and love cannot exist together. Love is in its very essence antagonistic to the first principles of philosophy. It rests more often than not upon no rational basis whatever. A lover cannot by any conceivable concession be a philosopher."

She made a little grimace, which the Philosopher could not see.

"Philosophy," he continued, tranquilly, "is superior to love; it is independent of the domestic emotions; it—"

"Then you are not married?" she interrupted, softly.

"Married!" exclaimed the Philosopher aghast. "Should I be a philosopher if I were? Marriage is quite destructive of philosophy."

"There was a lady called Xanthippe"—she ventured timidly.

The Philosopher was a little taken aback.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Socrates—he was married, you know."

"So he was," observed the Philosopher, thoughtfully. "His wife may be considered to have furnished the supreme test of his philosophy," he added, in a brighter tone.

"Oh, I'm afraid you're a missy-missy-missy!" She stopped, perplexed. "I've forgotten the word. A person who hates women."

"Misogynist?" suggested the Philosopher.

"Thank you. Yes, that's the word. Are you one of those dreadful people?"

"A philosopher hates nothing. Not even women," he replied, indulgently.

"And you prefer your horrid philosophy to—to women?" she demanded with warmth.

"Philosophy" was his passionless rejoinder, "we find truth, but in women—". He paused, reflecting that the conclusion of the sentence might bear an interpretation personally ungratifying to his fair companion. She ruthlessly seized on the implication of the unfinished phrase.

"You mean that all women are false!" she said, dropping his hand.

"I should have satisfied myself with a more negative distinction," he answered. "Pray be careful. There is a curbstone there—"

She stumbled again, then stopped and confronted him nervously.

"This is awful!" she exclaimed.

"And there doesn't seem to be a hansom anywhere!" She looked round vaguely at the encircling white wall. "How shall I get home? Shall I ever get home at all?"

"What does it matter whether you get home or not?" asked the Philosopher, calmly.

"Matter? Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"The limitations of place are quite arbitrary. One place is in reality as good as another. To a philosopher all places are 'home'—and, for the matter of that, you can, if you wish it, by a judicious exercise of the faculty of imagination imagine yourself at home now."

"I cannot imagine anything so silly!" she retorted, petulantly.

The Philosopher sighed.

"Have you any idea where we are?" she demanded, shivering.

"I cannot clearly define our precise position," he replied, "but I conceive that we are proceeding in the direction of Chelsea."

"Oh, but I don't want to go to Chelsea!" she cried in alarm. "I want to go to Lancaster Gate! What shall I do?" she added, clasping her hands.

The Philosopher found himself momentarily embarrassed. As far as his own personal inclinations were concerned, it was a circumstance of equal indifference whether he went to Chelsea or Belgravia. But his companion's distress was evident, and, in a measure, he had constituted himself her protector. He felt, therefore, that he must consult her prejudices in the matter of a destination.

"You must be aware," he said, gently, "that no cab driver would take you a dozen yards in this fog. Listen to the sounds around you! They resolve themselves into one vast universal inquiry! In peculiarly Circus' buses and cabs were locked together, in a street, in an inextricable wedge of helpless interrogation. Here—wherever we are, it is little better. The more venturesome of the bus drivers are leading their horses. One slipped past us just now. I heard the grate of the wheel on the edge of the pavement. If we were still in the region of shops, we might step in and investigate our locality. As it is—"

"Look, look!" she interrupted. "Call him, quick!"

There was a sudden flare of a torch in front of them and out of the darkness a link boy dashed swiftly past.

"Lancifer—Bearer of Light—stop!" he cried.

The urchin paused, with a grin.

"Call me, gov'nor?"

"I did. If you can spare the time, be good enough to tell me—tell us—where we are."

"Where you are? Why, in Bond street, o' course!"

"Bond street!" repeated the Philosopher.

"Bond street!" echoed his companion, with a gasp of unutterable relief at the familiar home-like sound.

"Little boy, stay—don't leave us!" "Leave 'em—well, wait 'til yer think, Miss! I've got my business to attend to, too!" retorted the boy, importantly.

"Youth," said the Philosopher, "you are master of the situation—a plebeian Charon controlling the vagrant Shades. I engage your services. If you insist upon going home, we cannot do better than follow our Charon to the nether world."

"But this is Bond street!" she exclaimed, still with the ring of relief in her silver voice.

"I know it—at least I am willing to believe it, since Charon says so. Who better than he can conduct us to the Plutonian Realm—the Subterranean regions of the Tube?"

"The Tube?" she cried. "We are quite close to it!"

"The idea of descent is purely relative," he replied. "When, an hour ago, I left my club, I imagined myself to be quite close to Trafalgar square—yet, in the event, I found myself to be immeasurably far from that historic locality. Boy! lead us instantly to the station called Bond street. Charon shall have his fee."

"The Tube, sir? Yes, I'll take you there—Bond street; it ain't very far, but the fog is that thick 'is way body 'cept a mole could find 'is way three yards afore him without a torch. Five shillings, sir!"

Ten minutes later they paused at the mouth of the Central railway station. The Philosopher paid the link boy five shillings. "On the banks of Phlegethon you will find many others," he said. "Go and search!" Then turning to his companion he motioned her courteously to precede him down the steps.

Together they descended, and, reaching once more a world of light, by a mutual impulse stopped and confronted each other on the threshold of it.

The Philosopher started. Before him he beheld a young girl of the most bewitching loveliness. Her soft blue eyes were directed to his with an expression of timid curiosity, in which there was the dawning blend of a gratitude diffidently conveyed. She, too, started—for she had imagined herself to be in the company of a benevolent and middle-aged gentleman of peculiar, though interesting views, whose protection, paternally offered, a maiden so situated might without loss of maidenly dignity accept.

Instead, she perceived, gazing into her face with an admiration ill concealed, a young and singularly handsome man of 25.

"I fancied, I—I thought you were quite an old man all the time," she faltered, "or, of course—" She broke off with an eloquent blush, and dropped her eyes.

"Eadlis decessans Averno—" murmured the Philosopher, still gazing on the half-averted face before him.

"Sed revocare gradum" * * * she replied, darting at him a swift little mischievous glance from under a flickering eyelid.

"What!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "Is it possible that you understand Latin, that you have read Virgil—?"

"It is a sin, I know," she answered, demurely; "but I do—I have, really. I—I am a philosopher, too. You see, I was at Girton, where they make a study of the emotions," she added, with a little saucy laugh.

For a moment the Philosopher was silent.

"Philosophy is like a fog, and the 'twopenny tube' is like the beauty that dispels its fallacies. I renounce my creed. I proclaim a heresy. Philosophy and love are no longer incompatible." He paused to throw out a suggestion. "May they not," he inquired, "continue to walk, hand in hand, side by side, together, through the thick, impenetrable fog, the lonely, inhospitable mists of the distant unknown future?"

But the reply of his companion was lost in the sudden roar of the approaching train.—Emeric Hulme Beauman, in London Sketch.

PREPARING FOR THE STRIKE.



Milwaukee School Boy—"Teachers going on a strike, are they—well, forewarned is rearmend!"

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

Peccantities and Perplexities of the Use of Titles Among Aristocratic Families.

If the British peerage had been specially designed as a puzzle it could hardly have been made more perplexing than it is, even for those who move within its exalted circle. In fact, so confusing is it that a peer might well be excused for having occasional doubts as to his own identity, says a London correspondent of the St. Louis Republic.

If, for instance, one were to call out the name "Lord Grey" to an assembly of the peerage, no fewer than five of our aristocrats would answer to the name; for there are an Earl Grey, a Viscount Grey de Wilton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, Lord Grey of Groby and an Earl de Grey; while Baron Walsingham is also a De Grey.

The titled Hamiltons are quite as confusing, for there are not a duke of Hamilton, a marquis of Hamilton, the duke of Argyll and the other Viscount Boyle, and a Lord Hamilton of Dalzell; while Hamilton is also the patronymic of the duke of Abercorn and Lordis Holmpatrick and Belhaven.

Two of our peers answer to the description of Lord Amherst—Earl Amherst and Lord Amherst of Hackney. There are three Lords Howard; one of Effingham, another of Glosop and the third of Walden. There are two Lords Mar—the earl of Mar and the earl of Mar and Kellie—and so on, until the brain almost reels with the confusion of them all.

And where peers do not bear identical titles, the titles are so similar that one but a peerage expert can always distinguish them. There are a Lord Middleton and a Lord Middleton; a Lord Langford and an earl of Longford; Lords Lifford and Lifford and a Viscount Kynnauld and a Baron Kynnauld. And how is the man in the street to distinguish between the earl of Lindsey and his lordship of Lindsey; between Lord Hampton and Viscount Hampden; Lord Isle and Lord de Yisle, or between the earl of Milltown and Viscount Milton?

More difficult to master than the identity of peers bearing the same, or practically the same, titles is the pronunciation of many of the names in our peerage. Why, for example, should the marquis of Abergevenny be known as Abergevenny, Lord Stourton as Sturton, Lord De la Warr as Delaware, the marquis of Cholmondeley as Chamley, Earl Beauchamp as Beecham, Lord Farquhar as Farker, Lord Ros as De Rosse, Baron Hotham as Hutham, Lord Magheramorie as Lord Maramor? Lord Powerscourt becomes Poorcourt; Lord Poncellet is addressed as Paulet; and among aristocratic family names Leveson-Gower is transformed into Looson Gore; Fienes into Fynes; Poljamb into Pooljam; Dumaresq into Dooierick; Dalzell into De-ell and Colquhoun into Colchon.

Another curiosity of the peerage which adds to the mystification of the student is the number of foreign titles borne by our nobles—in fact, there is scarcely a country in Europe which has not conferred a title on one or other of our peers. The earl of Newburgh is also an Italian Marquis Baudini, duke of Montdragone, and count of Carniola, and bears the very un-

NATIVE MEDICINE IN ANNAM.

The Pharmacopoeia is Made Up of an Immense Number of Exceedingly Complex Formulas.

According to a writer in the Archives de Medicine Navale, no native of Annam is allowed to practice medicine or surgery unless he has studied under a recognized master for at least ten years; but notwithstanding this prolonged curriculum the results, measured by western standards, are simply deplorable. It is not that the Annamese medical students are accused of abnormal idleness or of excessive stupidity, for, on the contrary, they are said to be very industrious and, according to their lights, by no means devoid of intelligence. From their earliest days, however, they become imbued with the grossest superstition, complicated by a firm belief in astrology, and naturally it is next to impossible for genuine knowledge to attain to any useful dimensions in the midst of such exuberant weeds, says the London Lancet.

The Annamese pharmacopoeia is made up of an immense number of exceedingly complex formulas, and before the simplest of the medicaments can be prepared the compounder has to perform the most perplexing ceremonies in order to insure its efficacy. Among metals gold, silver and iron are in high repute as remedies, but the writer does not make the mode of their administration clear. Iron, he tells us, is used for wounds caused by cutting instruments. In the same connection, it may also be noted that zinc is employed for combating colic as well as for assisting parturition. In the latter case, however, the attendant nails the metal to the threshold of the patient's room.

Earth is freely administered in many diseases. When freshly stirred up by cramps it is believed to be a powerful stimulant and beriberi, and it is likewise thought capable of preventing the crying of infants in utero. As a comestible earth is freely consumed by well-to-do people throughout the country, but its votaries acknowledge that it has no taste or nourishing properties whatever. Habit, they say, is responsible for the practice, but pregnant women have been known to desire that the "little cats'-ear-tiles," as the earth tablets are called, have as good a flavor as a pig's liver could give.

The Annamese do not hesitate to consume the flesh of cattle that have died from infectious diseases, and also freely eat fowls that have died from cholera or diphtheria. Hydrophobia in Annamese estimation can be communicated to a human being if a mad dog should bite its shadow, but, happily, the liver of the animal is a sovereign cure. The "stereococcus" remedies used by the Annamese are more repulsive, it is possible, than those of the West. Robert Williams, who has been in the island for some time, says that it is pleasant to find that strawberries fertilize the five organs of the circulation, cure consumption and restore youth to old people.

A MINSTREL'S LUCKY BANJO.

Brought Him Assistance When He Was Reduced to the Verge of Starvation.

The death recently of Billy West, the negro minstrel, recalls the fact that a banjo brought to New York by a boy who went to California in 1852 to "get rich" in the gold mines. He was Charlie Bense, of a well-known family in this city, relates the New York Tribune, and had learned the machinist's trade, as well as to play the banjo, and he obtained a position as assistant engineer on a small steamer that went around to the Pacific by way of the Straits of Magellan. While lying in the harbor of Callao, Peru, the vessel took fire and was destroyed, and those on board saved only their lives, and carried in their hands. Bense and the others subsequently reached San Francisco by working their passages on other vessels.

When young Bense reached San Francisco all he had in the world were the clothes he had on and his banjo, and after wandering about two or three days in an unsuccessful search for employment he became so hungry that he concluded to get one good meal at a restaurant, and then give a "promise to pay." After eating a couple of dollars' worth in one of the rest restaurants he went to the proprietor and told his story. The proprietor was so impressed with Bense's truthfulness that he told him he would trust him until he got enough to pay his bill, but, observing that he had a banjo, asked him to play a tune, which resulted in his being hired to play and sing negro melodies at the door of the tent to attract custom. Soon afterward he went into the mines at Virginia City, where he succeeded beyond his anticipations, but in a couple of years he organized a minstrel company, which became popular not only on the Pacific coast, but also in China, where it went on a tour and where Bense died. He had been associated with Backus, Birch, Wambold, Cotton, Coe and other minstrels, including West, and before he died he owned a large property in Sacramento. His start in life he attributed to the banjo, which he had learned to play when an apprentice boy in New York.

Force of Gravity Over the Ocean.

The force of gravity over the land is determined by counting the number of swings of a pendulum of known length that occur in a known lapse of time. Dr. Hecker, of Potsdam, has recently made an attempt to determine the relative force of gravity over different parts of the Atlantic ocean between Hamburg and Bahia by means of a barometer and a hypsometer (a boiling point thermometer). The barometric formula contains a term depending on the intensity of gravity at the place of observation. The hypsometer is independent of this influence. A comparison of the results of simultaneous observations by the two methods affords a means of determining the force of gravity approximately. The preliminary results indicate that gravity of the deep ocean is nearly normal and they confirm Pratt's hypothesis in regard to the isostatic arrangement of the masses of the earth's crust.—N. Y. Sun.

Cuban Forests.

No less than 20,000,000 acres of Cuba—nearly half the island—are forest. There are 30 different species of palms alone found there.

POINTS ABOUT PORTO RICO.

Interesting and Attractive Features of the Island Brought Out in a Recent Lecture.

"Our Caribbean Possession. Porto Rico," was described in an illustrated lecture at the Art gallery one evening lately before the Brooklyn institute, by Miss Anne Rhodes, of West New Brighton, Staten Island. It was discovered to be a pleasing country with great natural advantages, but to have had many of these overpowered by misuse and by the lack of sanitation due to the ignorant condition of the inhabitants. And yet the lecturer was so fair-minded in her setting forth of these facts that even a Porto Rican must have felt her genuine interest in the welfare of his country, reports the New York Times.

Starting from this harbor in winter, pictures showed the ice-covered vessel and ice-felled water, which conditions rapidly changed as the southern trip was made, the most striking evidence being in the increased blueness of the water when the gulf stream was entered. Flying fish and other peculiar features of the southern waters entertained the passengers until at last the island was reached and the old fort, El Morro, frowned upon the northerners. Its walls are 20 feet thick and the natives say it is impossible, certainly it withstood the shells from American ships. The trip up the narrow and tortuous channel to San Juan was the occasion of many interesting views and the descent from the vessel into the small boats which conveyed the passengers to shore was made with much discomfort. The wharf, built by the steamship company, was disliked by the ignorant people and in less than a year was mysteriously burned. Efforts to build it were met with opposition by the natives, who control the lighters of the harbor. The city is quaint and pretty and the people are a mixture of whites of all nationalities (Spanish predominating), negroes and Indians. This gives varying shades of color, form and face, but has produced a fragile people who age early and die young.

Before going inland other minor ports were visited. Aguadilla, where Columbus landed when he discovered the island in 1493, and filled his water casks. Mayaguez, the third city of the island in size, built at the top and bottom of a hill with a connecting tramway; Ponce, which equals San Juan in the number of its inhabitants and whose landing place is La Playa (the fort). Arroyo is the port of the great sugar district. As in all the other water-side towns everything is primitive.

From Arroyo a good military road leads across the island, which is well enough kept for carriage travel. The first in the island, the grand old plantation, is surrounded by sugar, whose miles have made the people wealthy. At Jobos is a fine new sugar mill run by American enterprise which handles from 100 to 150 tons of sugar a day. Twenty tons is considered a good output for the native mills. Other large mills, called "Centrales," have been built near Ponce and will be ready for work next January. Quaint scenes and traveling parties, steep passes, picturesque views, fruit orchards of all varieties—33 kinds of bananas being known—furnished beautiful and interesting lantern slides, taken along the road. San Juan was entered again, this time from the land side, over the fine bridge of San Antonio, which spans the tidal river that makes the city an island and leads to the Puerto di Santiago under the shadow of the stately old fortress of San Cristobel, which guards the land approach as El Morro does that from the sea. San Juan is called a Spanish and not a Porto Rican city.

"Little by little," said Miss Rhodes, "it is emerging from centuries of neglect and not by steps so short as we are sometimes given to suppose. Presently it will be a beauty-spot in our possessions and probably a health resort, as its possibilities are great in that line as well as in other directions of development and prosperity."

SPOKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

There Are Many Different Languages in Use Among the Various Islands.

Here are the languages they speak in the Philippines: Ilocano, Igorote, Pangasinan, Pampangan, Tagal, Biscol, Bicol, Bisanan, while in the northern part of Luzon there is still another tongue, and the Jolo tribes speak still another making ten languages for the 10,000,000 people. The dialects and languages of the "non-Christian tribes," as Gov. Taft designates, are a large proportion of this 10,000,000, are beyond comprehension. In answer to a question when he was before the house committee on insular affairs a few weeks ago, in a Washington report, Gov. Taft gave the following idea of the linguistic qualities of the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago:

"Beginning at the north of Luzon, there is a language in Cagayan and Isabela that is different from any other in the island. On the west side of the northern end of the island of Luzon is the Ilocano. In Benguet they speak an Igorote language, and also Ilocano to some extent. Coming down the map there are the Pangasinanian and the Ilocano. In Pangasinan both are spoken. Pampangan is spoken in Tarlac, in the southern part, and Pangasinanian is spoken in the northern part. In Bulacan, Cavite, Batangas and Tayabas Tagal is spoken, and in the northern part of Ambos Camerines. In Albay and Sorsogon and the southern part of Ambos Camerines the Bicol is spoken. In Masbate, where the three tribes meet, the Bicol, the Visayan and the Tagal are spoken. In Samar, Leyte, Cebu, Bohol and Negros Visayan is spoken, and also Romblon. In Mindoro the Tagal is spoken. Where the Visayan language is spoken they have two dialects, the northern and Cebuayan. The Jolo tribes speak a language of their own."

Forestry in Hawaiian Islands.

About 15 years ago the Hawaiian government undertook forest work, and very soon the hills back of Honolulu were clothed with a dense and luxuriant growth of eucalyptus of several varieties, the Australian wattle and other trees of that character. These trees have already exercised a noticeable influence in conserving rainfall and rendering the climate in the vicinity more agreeable.

The March of Humanity

By BENJAMIN KIDD, Author of Principles of Western Civilization.

When we look back to the days of primeval 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 loses itself 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 perceive. Almost the first sign that a nation is subordinating the present to the future is a growth of tolerance in its midst, a 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.