

REGARDED AS CALAMITOUS.

Destruction of Forests on Potomac Watershed Opposed by Washington Scientist.

A Washington scientist who has made a study of the upper Potomac region recently gave it as his opinion, writes the Star, that to denude the watershed of the Potomac of trees, or to seriously change the evenness of its run-off by even a partial reduction of its forest cover, would be a calamity which Washington, dependent as it is on the Potomac for its water supply, would feel in the health and comfort of its homes. Just now, especially, when typhoid fever has drawn more than usual attention to the relations of health to water supply in this city, the future of the Potomac watershed appears a matter of vital interest.

A study of the forest conditions along the Potomac watershed was begun some time ago by the forest service, in cooperation with the hydrographic survey of the reclamation service. Down to date this study has been completed in Mineral, Grant and Pendleton counties, West Virginia. Nearly two-thirds of the area of these counties is wooded. Merchantable timber, however, is present only in small amounts in the dimensions suited for lumber. Tan bark, the most valuable forest product in the region, is secured in quantities sufficient to supply three large tanneries.

It is satisfactory to learn from the reports of the study that, with adequate protection from fire and more careful cutting, there is every reason to count on a permanent supply of forest products in the region fully equal to the present output.

THOUGHT PIE MIGHT DO.

In the Absence of Whisky It Was Kindly Offered in a Case of Accident.

Last fall an English woman of letters was staying, as the guest of an elderly lady, at a country house in western Massachusetts, relates Lippincott's Magazine. While they were driving one afternoon they had the misfortune to meet the omnipresent automobile at a sharp turn of the road. The horses, being spirited, shied, dashing the carriage against a tree and throwing its occupants out into the road.

The English woman picked herself up uninjured, but was horrified to see her aged hostess lying on the ground unconscious. Running to a nearby farmhouse, she knocked for some time before she finally succeeded in bringing a sun-bonneted woman to the door. "A lady has been hurt—thrown from a carriage. She is lying down there in the road. Can you give me some whiskey for her?" cried the visitor in breathless anxiety.

"Well, no; we don't never keep no whisky," said the native-born, after some deliberation. "Would the lady like a piece o' pie?"

DECIDED TO KEEP TOBE.

The Money Looked Good to the Dog's Owner, But He Decided Not to Sell.

An aged darkey, trudging along, followed by a thin, lop-eared hound, was stopped by a white man, who asked what he would take for the dog. The old negro grinned, relates the Kansas City Times.

"Well," he said, mopping his brow with a faded bandana, "dat's a pow'ful fine dawg. What'll you gib?"

"I'll give you a quarter," was the reply. The old darkey's grin changed to a serious expression.

"Oh, yeh suah 'nough wants ter buy Tobe den," he said. "Ah thought you was jes foolin' at fust." To continue the joke, the other dropped a quarter in the old negro's hand.

"Is the hound mine now?" asked the rock purchaser. The old darkey looked at the quarter in his hand and then at the dog. He studied perhaps a minute. "Dat's a pow'ful fine dawg," he mused. Finally he handed back the coin.

"Dat quah look mos' awful good ter me, but Ah guess Ah'll keep Tobe," he said. Then his voice became lower. "Ef dat ole dawg had a chanct ter sell me," he said, "Ah knows he wouldn't do it."

Words That Won't Rhyme.

There are about 60 words in English that have no rhyme. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, ah, amongst, average, bilge, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, couch, cuim, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, firm, forge, fugue, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth (verb), ninth, oblige, of, pear, pint, porch, pork, poult, prestige, puss, recumb, sauce, scarce, scarf, sixth, sploit, swain, scyph, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplugged, volt, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wolves.

Her Taste.

Redd—He takes her flowers in his automobile.

Green—Is that a fact?

"Yes; you see she's an auto fiend, and she likes to have the flowers smell of the gasoline."—Yonkers Statesman.

Personally Acquainted.

"I know men," observed the cross roads oracle, "who have a whole lot to say about 'tainted money,' and yet they're livin' on tainted money that was handed down to 'em by some rich old dad."—Chicago Tribune.

Useful.

Mrs. Knicker—I wonder what to do to improve Johnny's memory.

Knicker—Don't try. He will make a grand witness when he grows up.—Pack.

POLICE IN CITY OF MEXICO

Men Are of Excellent Reputation and Must Submit to Strict Discipline.

The police of the City of Mexico are selected with great care. A man must be in good physical condition to be a member of the force, although it is not necessary for him to pass a rigid examination, and his reliability must be beyond question, says the Mexican Herald. They are men who have great physical endurance, yet the police of the city are not hard worked. At any time the men are liable to a call for special duty, but their regular work is for eight hours. The shifts are made three times a day for the purpose of having always on duty men who are not fatigued with long hours of watchfulness. Practically every block in the city has its policeman, and while they are not patrolmen in the strict sense of the word, since they do not patrol everything, they are always near at hand when any disturbance is made, and crimes are not often committed before one of the blue-coated men is at the side of the offender.

Instead of walking a beat the police of the City of Mexico are stationed along the street, and in the daytime their place is the center of the intersection of the streets. At night their place is taken by their lanterns, and one looking up any street at night may form an accurate idea of the number of men who are on watch for disturbances by the long line of lights extending up the middle of each street.

During the day and during the night 70 officers of the mounted police make regular rounds among these men to see that every man is on duty and doing his duty. These officers are the men who do much, probably most, to preserve the high standard of discipline among the men and it is to them the credit is due for the excellence of the individual policeman.

GOOD TIMBER FOR VIOLINS

Old House in Philadelphia Will Be Used for Manufacture of the Instruments.

The old wood in the Lippincott mansion has been secured by musical instrument makers, who claim that they have found a treasure, in that the wood is not only seasoned, but is of a kind that it is almost impossible to get nowadays, says the Philadelphia Record.

One of the foremost violin makers of this country made the discovery that the joists in the yellow mansion were of a quality of spruce wood, now extinct, that is of rare quality for the rim and back of violins. He got a monopoly on the old wood, and while the wreckers were tearing down the house he employed detectives to watch his prize. Other violin makers soon learned of the fine quality of the wood and they endeavored to get some of it, only to learn that their alert competitor had purchased it all.

The violin makers say that the joists are unusually thick, and that the spruce is of the finest quality that has been found in this country. They claim that nothing to equal it for violin making has been found in America, and that with proper skill some high-priced instruments will be made of it.

NEW FIELD FOR TROLLEY.

Ancient Towns of Asia Present Opportunities for Electric Line Builders.

A new world for the Alexander the Greats of municipal traction is opening in Asia Minor. The only towns in Asiatic Turkey with tramway lines are Smyrna, Tripoli and Bagdad. Until 1902 the use of electricity for traction was forbidden in Turkey, but is now allowed in Salonica, Smyrna and Damascus, so that the substitution of electricity for animal traction in these towns has been considered, although horses are extremely cheap. Tripoli is divided into two parts, the harbor and the inner town, which are three kilometers apart and are connected by a tramway. The ancient town of Damascus has been indicated as the most favorable field for new enterprises. It is exceedingly scattered, the Hauran railway station is remote from the Beirut station, although traffic is heavy along the whole route between. The town of Bassoras is connected with the harbor by a paved road three kilometers long, admirably adapted for a tramway. In most of these towns carriages and animals may be hired at low rates and might offer serious competition to the trolley car.

Why the Curfew Will Not Ring.

Over in Monongahela, Pa., they have a new curfew ordinance, but as there is no salary provision connected with the ordinance no one can be found who is willing to pull the bell cord at nine o'clock. The schoolhouse janitor, who has been attending to the job for nothing, has given it up. Therefore, curfew will not ring in Monongahela any more.

Nation of Agriculturists.

The Chinese are emphatically an agricultural people, and from time immemorial the sovereign has inspired a year, which begins with the spring, by turning over a few furrows in the sacred field. In each province the ceremony is performed by the highest official to impress on the people the importance of agriculture.

Why She Left.

Mrs. Loseham—But why are you leaving my service? I'm sure you can't get an easier place. I do all the cooking myself.

Bridge—Thru for ye, ma'am. But I can't staid yer cookin' any longer.—Cleveland Leader.

WOODS FOR PAVING.

REVIVAL IN THIS FORM OF STREET COVERING.

Experience and Research Have Convinced Municipal Engineers of Its Superior Qualities.

Paving with wood, in one form or another, has been experimented with in the United States for nearly 75 years. The first experience was so unsatisfactory that municipal engineers for a long time looked upon wood pavement with disfavor. It was quiet, cheap and comfortable, but it soon wore into holes and ruts, and the absorption of street filth rendered it unsanitary, while the wood speedily decayed and had to be replaced. In recent years, however, both knowledge and practice have improved. It has been discovered that, with the right selection and treatment of woods and the right method of laying, wood paving can be made successful; that a good pavement, like a good house, must be built on a sound foundation, and that both absorption and decay can be prevented in the wood by proper chemical treatment. Consequently a revival in wood paving has begun, and many of the largest cities are again trying it.

Few people realize the enormous cost and importance of street pavements. Measured by the money invested, street paving is probably the most important of any single class of engineering construction except steam railroads, the amount invested to date being estimated by a competent authority as approximately \$515,000,000 for the United States. Wood pavement is now made almost exclusively of one or two of the best construction woods, and if it should become popular the drain upon these woods would be seriously increased.

The forest service wishes to ascertain if there are not among the various cheaper and more abundant species some which can by proper treatment be substituted for the more valuable kinds now in use. This study will involve three principal lines of inquiry.

The experience of cities which have wood pavements will be compared as to the kind of wood used, the form of block and the kind of construction, the qualities of the resulting pavement and the cost.

Laboratory tests will be made, first to determine to what mechanical qualities woods which have given good service seem to owe their success, and then as to what woods among our cheaper varieties either possess or can by given these qualities. The wear to which a pavement is subjected is a very complex one, which it will be difficult even to approximate in laboratory tests. The final test will be actual service, but the laboratory can, at least, give the basis for an intelligent solution in place of an unfounded guess.

Finally, the supply and location of promising substitutes will be considered.

The forest service hopes to make its inquiry of direct benefit to the public. It is especially desirous of completing a list of the manufacturers of wood paving in the United States, and would be glad to be advised of any such manufacturer with whom it is not already in communication.

Catching Mail from Flyers.

Rapid delivery in mails is one of Iowa's blessings from a fast mail train that races over its prairies. The long vexed puzzle of discharging mail from moving trains without hazard to the mail, the train and the bystanders is now solved by an automatic device operated by air from the brakes of the trains and the instantaneous action thus secured. A platform is arranged on the car door on which the sacks of mail to be delivered are placed. Contact between the crane on the station platform and a trigger on the mail catching arm on the car puts the mechanism in operation; the mail sacks are thus ejected into a receiving box placed at the side of the track so constructed that the air is forced into either end by the momentum of the pouch. This acts as a cushion, preventing damage to the pouch and its contents. The process is equally good for trains running at 15 or those at 72 miles per hour.

Docile Ducks of the Chinese.

In China the duck is much esteemed as an article of diet, and what may be called duck farms are common on most of the rivers. The birds are taught to hunt for their food, and the rearing of them costs little. They are kept in boats with a platform or deck extending outward on each side. These boats are taken to the shallow, marshy parts by the banks of the streams, and the ducks are then driven ashore to enjoy themselves in the mud flats. So well are the birds trained that at a given signal they cease eating and follow their leader back into the boat, where they lie during the night. Ducks preserved by being salted are a favorite food with the well to do.

His Loving Nephews.

Tom—Uncle Welph has got a new hobby. He has read somewhere that it is possible for a man, by taking the proper care of himself, to live to be 175 years old, and he says he believes it.

Dick—Well, he's quite capable of doing it—the contrary old skinflint!—Chicago Tribune.

Whites in Jamaica.

Of the 797,528 inhabitants of Jamaica at the end of 1904, only about 20,000 were whites.

CHINA'S SUMMER PALACE.

Charming Apartment Therein Given Up to American Woman Artist.

The summer palace, like all Chinese palaces and temples, and even the dwelling houses of the rich, consists of a series of veranda buildings, built on stone foundations which rise about eight feet from the ground, generally of one story, around the four sides of rectangular or square courts, connected by open veranda-like corridors. The apartments set aside for my private use, while in the precincts, writes Katharine A. Karl, in "With the Empress Dowager," in Century, were to the left of the empress dowager's throne room and near it, in order that I might be within easy reach of my painting. These apartments occupied an entire pavilion. They were charming. Their shining marble floors and beautifully carved partitions, their painted walls and charming outlook over flowery courts, made them a delightful retreat. These pavilions at the palace have movable partitions, and the rooms may be made as small as closets or as large as the whole building.

My pavilion consisted of two sitting rooms, a dining-room and a charming bedroom, separated from one another by screenlike walls of beautifully carved open woodwork, with blue silk showing through the interstices. In the larger spaces were artistic panels of flowers painted on white silk, alternating with poems and quotations from the classics, in the picturesque, ideographic writing of the Chinese. On one of the solid walls was a large water-color painting on white silk, representing a realistically painted peafowl in a flowery field; an immense mirror formed the other solid wall. The plate-glass lower windows had blue silken curtains, the upper windows, of white Korean paper, were rolled down, and the rich perfume of the flowers in the court came in. In my honor, several foreign objets de vertu adorned the tables and window shelves. The bed, a couch built into an alcove, was covered with blue satin cushions; and the windows were shaded from the outside by blue silken awnings, which gave a soft, subdued light to the room, that made it very cool and restful looking.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

But He Had No Bad Habits and the Young Woman Hesitated.

The old multi-millionaire crooked one rheumatic knee at the feet of the beautiful debutante, while in the distance the orchestra was playing some leit motif from Rautmitshinsky's sublime works, and the haunting melody filtered through the tropical vegetation that screened them from the dancers, relates the New York Herald.

"Miss Youngbuddie—Ethel—I love you!"

"But, oh, Mr. Stocksandbonds, I—I stammered the sweet young thing, noting, however, that her official stenographer and recording phonograph were in good acoustic positions.

"Ah, Miss Ethel," the old multimillionaire was saying, "it is in the meridian of life that we can appreciate woman's worth and her cheering divine presence. All else have I, palaces, automobiles, yachts; but without you they are as nothing."

"Ah, Mr. Stocksandbonds," blushed the debutante, "I would marry you, indeed I would, but for one thing against you—your personal habits."

"But," protested the old millionaire, with dignity, "I have always considered myself—and so have my friends—as a very criterion of morality and clean living. Unlike the worthless and poverty-stricken young rakes of these days, Ethel, I am not only fabulously rich but have absolutely no bad habits."

"That's just it, Mr. Stocksandbonds; that is just why I must refuse you," said the girl, in a tone of infinite sadness.

"Impossible!" gasped the aged millionaire. "Do you mean to say that you would admire bad habits in a husband?"

Dreamily, sadly, the romantic young debutante pulled to pieces a red, red rose.

"Tell me," persisted the suitor, "why you would wish to see me dissipated?"

"Why, er—er, bad habits shorten life, you know," murmured the maiden.

But then, reflecting that she could easily drive him to drink after marriage, the romantic girl accepted the suitor.

Occupation and Physiognomy.

Occupation has an undoubted influence on the physiognomy. Calling must certainly have some influence over the physiognomy of the cabman, the omnibus driver, the butler, or the groom; each frequently possesses a type of face which wears so characteristic an expression as to make it not difficult to identify the vocation accompanying it. We speak also of the legal face, the scientific face, the ecclesiastical face, the musical face and artistic face, the dramatic face, and the military face.—London Lancet.

Extensive Family.

A century ago there died in Jamaica a woman named Mills. Her age was given as 118, and she was followed to the grave by 295 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren—no fewer than 60 of whom, all named Ebanks, belonged to the regiment of militia for St. Elizabeth's parish.

Poor Child.

Mrs. Hanagan—My! but the Aheras are crazy-mad.

Mrs. Flanagan—What's the matter wid thim?

"In an absent-minded moment they christened their baby 'Aloysius Patrick.' Jist think o' the initials of him!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION.

Reasons Put Forth to Account for the Alarming Increase of Insanity.

The old question whether insanity increases as civilization advances is still open. It is a part of that larger problem whether evolution is to be interpreted in terms of optimism or of pessimism, says the New York Evening Post. Many reasons, both theoretical and practical, have been given for supposing that the number of the insane is increasing. It has been argued that the nervous system of man is being developed disproportionately to the rest of his bodily organism. The body of the brute is adapted to its instincts; the body of man is an old bottle filled with the new wine of highly specialized intelligence and emotion. It has been supposed that the progress of evolution toward a happy ideal is interrupted and impeded more and more by dissolution and degeneracy. This doctrine, defended very skillfully by such writers as Maudsley and Nordau, has been partially justified by public opinion and by statistics.

We are told that the industrial and commercial life of the present is so intense and rapid that even strong men bend and break under the pressure. There is work without recreation, excitement without rest, gaiety without pleasure—in sort, nervous expenditure without corresponding satisfaction. If the distribution of wealth and power be more equal now than in former days, there are men who are richer now than at any other period of history; and the moral misery of the poor is deepened by examples of extravagance and luxury brought home to them by daily experience and the daily press. There is a struggle and stress in social life unknown in other times. Men, women and children are overworked. There are sweatshops, unwholesome, factories and long hours. Labor is so specialized that the joy of complete achievement is impaired. The rewards of success are great, but competition is greater, and the attainment of success more difficult.

Consequently, fatigue and ennui are more widespread than ever before. They predispose men to nervous disorders. Fatigue, disease and sadness invite intemperance. It is not the intemperance of a former generation—the drunkenness of the three-bottle squire, or of the luxurious rich. It is the intemperance of the poor, of the hard-working men and women who live from hand to mouth, and who seek to bring a momentary idealism into their lives by an artificial stimulus. There are preparations of drugs, innumerable, advertised everywhere, to add fuel to the fire beneath the cracked boiler, to urge on the jaded and depressed to morbid activity. Cities, like flaming lamps, attract the multitude like moths. Bad sanitary conditions and crowded tenements beget weak bodies and weak minds, breed immorality and consequent disease. Thus the idea has become more or less prevalent that society is going down hill as fast as heredity, self-indulgence, dissipation and hard work can make it go.

DEVIL CLOCK IN MEXICO.

Its Curious Striking Qualities Caused the Contractor to Run Away.

In my travels in Mexico I visited a city which has a town clock in a high tower and this clock does not run, writes a correspondent of the Kansas City Star. I learned its history from the inhabitants. It appeared that one of the leading citizens of the town had visited the United States, and when he returned to his native city he insisted that the town ought to have a public clock. He called a meeting of citizens, laid the plan before them, and they subscribed \$400 for a town clock. They engaged a local watch repairer to build the clock and gave him orders that it must strike the hours. He had never seen a town clock, but he sent to a coast town and secured a small marine striking clock and with it as a model he constructed, by mathematical expansion, a large clock, and placed it on the tower. It was advertised to begin running at eight o'clock, and as it was a great event in the town's history most of the population gathered on the plaza to see the clock start and to hear it strike. When the hour came the clock struck correctly and continued to strike correctly until one o'clock, when it struck up to 61. When two o'clock came the clock struck 113 times. The whole town rushed out to see what was the matter. It happened that the builder of the clock lived at one end of the town and when he heard it striking up to 113 he leaped out of bed, seized a wrench and ran down the middle of the street to the plaza, climbed the tower and stopped it. Thereafter he was to be seen every hour running down the street with a wrench, the whole town cheering and laughing, while he climbed the tower to prevent the striking apparatus from running away. The poor man put up with this only a few months and then he ran away and never returned. Since his disappearance the clock has never run. It is called the devil clock.

Honest Pawnbroker.

In the window of a West side pawnshop is what appears to be a diamond ring. The pawnbroker, with an unusual amount of humor and truthfulness, has the following sign attached to it: "Almost a diamond. Price \$3.50."—N. Y. Sun.

Isn't a Wife's Idea.

Howell—A man is considered innocent until he is proved guilty.

Powell—Single man, aren't you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FEVER BROUGHT POSTCARDS

Young Woman Prostrated by Typhoid Receives Them from All Over the World.

There is a certain young woman in New York who can thank typhoid fever for giving her a remarkably fine collection of souvenir postal cards. Since her illness began, and she was taken to a hospital, her family and friends have entertained and cheered her up by mail, whenever visiting was not considered judicious. She is not strong enough to read letters, but she delights in looking at pictures, and her friends literally ransack the shops looking for novel and pretty picture postcards.

The result is, states the New York Press, that she has a full set of New York views, including street scenes, the parks, the principal churches, monuments, the water front and nearby beaches. All friends or acquaintances going away are requested to send her something, so her collection includes mountain scenery, lakes, seashore views and places of interest in other towns. The seeker for these postcards will find all sorts of views as well, from the Scottish crags and lakes, to the Alps, from Margate and Brighton to Trouville, Paris, London, Japan, Rome and Naples. Then there are the illustrated songs and the English jokes, the new Yiddish cards, and a great variety of beautiful cards with floral designs.

Many of the best and most popular works of art are now reproduced on postal cards in all the original colors. In fact, there is hardly anything that can't be found on a postal card these days, and the sale is steadily increasing. For the sick nothing could be more appropriate, for they interest at a glance, they please the eye without taxing the intellect, and they beguile many a moment for the invalid.

WAS SETTING THEM RIGHT

Chicago Women in London Had Their Doubts About Directions Given Them.

Americans in London are apt to be confused by the fact that the same thoroughfare bears many different names as it pursues its oftentimes crooked course through the fascinating old city.

Two young Chicago women, wandering through what they affectionately called "Dickens' London" last summer, went into a bun shop to ask the nearest way to one of the less frequented spots that the great writer has made sacred to all lovers of his stories, says a writer in Lippincott's.

A good-natured clerk gave them minute directions, to which they listened attentively and with strong efforts to be intelligently when he spoke of the "top" or the "bottom" of certain streets, told them to go "straight away," and that the place was only "ten minutes off."

"Thank you so much," said the younger girl, "but I'm afraid that we may lose our way after all. Your streets here have such a perplexing habit of changing their names every few minutes that we are never really sure just where we are."

"Why, madam," remonstrated the clerk in a tone of mingled reproof and pity, "these streets don't change their names. They have had the same names for hundreds of years!"

FOR WORN-OUT HORSES.

New York Man Has Compassion on Fire Horses and Provides a Home.

If there is any one class of horses deserving of special care and consideration above any other, it is surely the faithful animals who serve the public in the fire department of our big cities. It is gratifying to record the fact that a true lover of dumb animals has risen up in the person of Nicholas F. Brady, one of the youngest of Wall street's successful men, who proposes to see that those worthy old veterans of the fire wagons are hereafter treated according to their just deserts.

Mr. Brady will buy, at his own expense, and pension off for life all the horses discarded by the New York department, and under his protection they will spend their declining days on a big farm "up country," where rich pasturage in summer and warm shelter in the inclement season will never be lacking. Surely, a noble act of charity than this it would be difficult to conceive.

His Sensitive Point.

Leader of School of Little Fishes—Come on, fellows, let's go and jolly the old octopus.

New Little Fish—That'll be fun. How do you do it?

"Oh, we all get round him, and point our fins at him and yell 'Trust!' It makes him crazy."—Smart Set.

Wise Doctor.

Mr. Blower—Doctor, I am getting too stout. Can you suggest something to reduce my weight?

Dr. Wise—Yes; nothing reduces flesh quicker than worry. Just spend a few hours every day thinking that your bill will just be twenty.—San Francisco Call.

Link with the Past.

A coin bearing the date 855, and identified as of the reign of Ethelwulf, son of Egbert, first king of England, was recently found at Casterton, New Zealand, by a navy engaged in road making.

Not the Whole Thing.

"Ah!" exclaimed the visitor from the west, "is that the Atlantic ocean?"

"That," replied Miss Krect of Boston, "is only a portion of it."—Philadelphia Press.