

FOR TELEPHONES.

Wire Fences Used to Convey Messages in the West and Southwest. In the West and Southwest where there are long stretches of unbroken wire fences, these wires are frequently used to convey telephone messages from one point to another.

In some localities the fence wires are converted into regular telephone lines, with permanent equipment for practical use. These lines are often from ten to thirty miles long, and are a great convenience to people of the ranches.

The United States Signal Corps is well trained in the use of wire fences for telephone purposes. In the military maneuvers that take place in the ranch region the Signal Corps plays an important part in directing the movement of the troops by improvised telephones.

In some localities where the country is rough or heavily wooded it is impossible to convey the signals from one point to another by the usual methods of flags or other visual signals. It is then the telephone is brought into play.

Each detachment of Signal Corps men is equipped with a field telephone attachment. It requires the work of but a minute or two to connect this attachment with a fence wire and to get into direct communication with headquarters.

The use of the fence wire for telephone communication obviates the necessity of constructing temporary field telephone lines by the Signal Corps. It sometimes happens that a little difficulty is encountered in using the wires on account of some poor connection or break, but it usually does not take long to discover and remove the cause of the trouble.

On some of the big ranches straight lines of wire fence fifty to seventy-five miles long are frequently found. These afford excellent opportunity for military field service.

As a matter of necessity all ranch fences must be kept in good repair. To do this fence riders are constantly employed.

Didn't Even Interest Them.

Signor Scarfoglio, the world famous autoist, says that of all the people he came across in the course of his recent around-the-world journey, the Chinese impressed him as being the cleverest because, he says, "they are the only people who paid no attention to us. Everywhere we passed there had been no end of banquets, acclamations, flag waving, speeches, congratulations, hand shaking and even kissing—especially in the United States; but the Chinese—well, I never thought that human beings could be so superior, indifferent, or uninquisitive.

"Not only were the Chinese we met in Manchuria not in the least afraid of our great noise, but they did not even turn their heads to watch us. It was as if we had never existed, never passed by them, and yet many, if not all, had never seen a motorcar, or perhaps never even had heard of that machine.

"I thought at first it was mere stupidity, lack of understanding; but when I asked a mandarin in Harbin what he thought was the cause of the absolute indifference of the people of his race, he replied in placid tones: 'There is nothing extraordinary in the motorcar. There is nothing extraordinary in anything. Men invented it yesterday. They will invent something else tomorrow. Still the world goes around, and we are not an atom the happier.'

Told by the Hands.

A writer in an English weekly declares that if we want to know what the other person is thinking we must look at his or her hands. Even unpracticed lips can lie, as everyone knows. Long practice in self-control will enable one to keep one's voice sweetly cordial when there is nothing but indifference or cold dislike behind it. The eyes can be made to shoot glances which are not at all a register for the emotions. But the hands, it is asserted, are utterly beyond the control of those to whom they belong. Even people who hardly gesticulate at all—and to keep the hands still is considered by the Anglo-Saxons a most essential part of good breeding—even these people are, it seems, constantly revealing themselves in little movements of the hands. The immortal Mulvaney has put it on record that a woman's truth or untruth can be discerned by the action of her hands. Of course, it takes a practiced reader to interpret what the hands are saying. It is not a case of "he who runs may read."

Partially Reforeseen.

Police Justice—I ought to send you up for a year. You are a hopeless case. Old Vagabond—With all due respect, y'r honor, that ain't so. I'm bad enough, but I ain't as bad as I used to be. Fr' twenty-seven years, y'r honor, I was a baggage smasher on a railroad!

Learning the Points of the Game. Girl in Grand Stand—Harry, who is that man everybody is cheering? Her Escort—That's Grabey, the right tackle. Girl—I see—and the fellow he threw down and jumped on is the wrong tackle, is he?

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RACE NEEDS IMPROVING.

By Prof. Charles Zueblin.



We are not witnessing any marked improvement in the human race as compared with four or ten thousand years ago. With our scientific knowledge of to-day we ought to see an improvement which is beyond what we see among favored people, increased stature, in vigor, in mental endowments, because of their peculiarly favored circumstances. We do not know enough to perfect the human race, but we know enough to begin. Our chief obligation in this life is the care of children. It should be our chief occupation; it comes ahead of any spiritual satisfactions. There is no other equal to the enjoyment of the care of children. We must give our little children a fine conception of the least of our human relationships if we are to expect them to fulfill their obligations the greatest. Therefore they must be trained in citizenship, the girls as well as the boys.

We have often had presented to us the contrast between the beautiful free life of the country and the rich, many-sided life of the city. Most city people would dread the isolation of the country, and the country people are afraid of the overcrowding of the city. There ought not to be either the one or the other. The more we consider the beautiful positive contributions of rural life the more we become convinced that they ought to be the possession of the city people, and the more we use the schools, libraries, churches, newspapers, music halls and all the other opportunities of city life, the more we become convinced that they ought to be the possession of the country people.

WORLD CONSTANTLY GROWING BETTER.

By Ada May Krecker.



So soon as we look at our own times with the historical perspective they seem different. And they seem better. They are contrasted with the past, and the favorable changes that have taken place in the meantime are clearly exposed. They receive from the past the light that is needed in order to set into relief the present. Without this light from the past, the present is easily misunderstood. Modern people insist upon learning something about their own times. And then they verify the old saw that a little learning is a dangerous thing. For they have discovered the ills of our own time without relating them to the greater ills of the other times.

For all the pessimism abroad regarding the degeneracy of the day, the ideals of business and political life are on the rise. They invite comparison with those of other of their predecessors and ancestors. Our political heroes of to-day are not Talleyrands to declare that the first qualification of a successful statesman is the ability to lie. And the merchants of to-day have so far abandoned the methods of more primitive commercialism, the moving scale of prices and kindred ideas, that they find it difficult to trade with the nations which have not adopted their own, the modern system.

eracy of the day, the ideals of business and political life are on the rise. They invite comparison with those of other of their predecessors and ancestors. Our political heroes of to-day are not Talleyrands to declare that the first qualification of a successful statesman is the ability to lie. And the merchants of to-day have so far abandoned the methods of more primitive commercialism, the moving scale of prices and kindred ideas, that they find it difficult to trade with the nations which have not adopted their own, the modern system.

THE MENACE OF A WOOD FAMINE.

By Roland Phillips.



To-day, to supply public needs and to fill their own pockets, individual exploiters are sweeping away the forests three times as fast as they grow. This means that many of the hard woods are already gone; that the total supply of hard wood, which used to furnish the better-grade furniture, fittings, and so on, will be exhausted, for commercial purposes, within fifteen years; and that the entire wood supply of the country will not last longer than twenty-five or thirty years.

It is as though some foreign invader, or some deadly pest, should suddenly appear on our shores and ravage the entire forest area of the country, at the rate of two States a year, until every tree were gone. Do you imagine for one instant that as the years go by your interest in this great question will become less vital, or less personal, than it is to-day?—Success.

THE NATION OF MONEY TO BURN.

By Samuel H. Adams.



How long shall we, as a nation continue to make good the vulgar boast that we have money to burn? Surely we have, with our billion dollars given to flame and smoke in the past ten years, sufficiently established our primacy in wastefulness. The idea has taken too firm a hold upon us that fire is a "necessary evil." A lathsome allocation that! A responsibility-shifting lie, paralleling the "dispensation-of-Providence" dodge. But America, in this age of growing thoughtlessness and analysis, is beginning to exhibit symptoms of nausea over its "necessary evils," and happily, in the progress of time, this overwhelming destructive and costly one of fire waste may go over the lee rail into the ocean of oblivion, together with such others of its kinds as industrial murder, tuberculosis and typhoid, and rotten politics.—Everybody's Magazine.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?
What will it matter whether hearts were
brave,
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?
These trifles—can it be they make or
mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are,
By love, or strife?
Yea, yea, a look the fainting heart may
break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's
sweet sake,
May save a soul!
—May Riley Smith.

a bright glance of speculation at the emptiness of our hero's hands and said to him:
"How late you are!"
"Yes," said he, "I made up my mind that, beginning with the new year, I was going to work hard, and that's what kept me."
"Gracious!" said she, and again she looked at the emptiness and the sheepishness of his hands.
"I—I didn't bring any flowers to-night," he said. "I'd been thinking it over, and it seemed such a—such a—such a—such a—that, anyway, I swore off."
"My!" said she, and swinging her foot, she asked, in a careless manner: "Did you swear anything else off, John?"
"Well," he said, evading her eye, "candy."
And brighter grew his glance.
"And concerts," he continued, his voice dropping a note and hanging over the edge of the tragic.
And even brighter grew her glance. "And all sorts of shows," he concluded, far, far down the keyboard.
"My!" said she. "You were busy!"
"Yes," he said, trying to look at her in a significant manner. "And now

"No," she mournfully made answer. "I've sworn off."
"Sworn off what?"
"Sitting on the sofa like you meant. I made up my mind that beginning with the new year I was keeping you away from your work too much. So I just swore off." And, shaking her head, she sighed: "No more, John."
Whereupon, he went over to her with considerable velocity of locomotion, holding out his hand and crying with emotion:
"Grace!"
"No," she mourned, putting her hands behind her, and shaking her head. "I've sworn that off, too, John!"
"Sworn what off?" demanded John. "Holding hands," she mourned again.
"You have, have you?"
"Oh, dear, yes!" And still keeping her hands behind her she looked up at him and pleasantly remarked: "What a beautiful day it has been, John!"
But as for John, he marched out into the hall, jammed his hat on his head, and laid violent hands upon his overcoat. She followed him.
"Good-bye!" he muttered.
"Good-bye, John," she pleasantly answered him.
"Good-bye forever!" he said, punishing his coat.
"Oh, that's such a long time!" she said.
"So it's all over between us!" he scowled, turning up his coat collar and looking ferocious.
"What is?" she asked.
"You won't sit on the sofa with me?"
"I've sworn off sitting on sofas, John," she gently reminded him.
"And you won't let me hold your hand?"
"Why, John. How can I when I've sworn off holding hands?"
Plump, cozy and divinely short was she, and when John tried to envelop these contents of charm her manner of movement was never so graceful nor her eyes so bright as when she eluded his grasp.
"Sworn off that, too, have you?" bitterly cried John, embracing the air.
"Sworn that off, too, John," she smiled from a distance.
And as for John, John slammed the door open, passed out into the vestibule and banged the door behind him. From the hall inside she pleasantly waved her hand at him and turning to annihilate her with an awful look his eyes fell upon the solitaire that gleamed from one of her fingers.
"Here! I want my ring back!" he pantomimed to her through the glass of the door.
To which she pleasantly pantomimed back.

Game for Two

Now, as he entered the parlor he gave the impression of a young gentleman whose hands were empty, and no matter how he was viewed the gaze few back to the emptiness of his hands. Oh, unmistakably empty were his hands, and absolutely innocent of either candy or flowers. Most conscientiously empty, too, they were, blushing a dull red as they hung by their thumbs from his waistcoat pockets in a sheepish sort of way, hanging in shame, as it were, and yet with a sort of sullen bravado, as though saying:
"Well, what of it?"
Yes, even thus our hero entered the parlor and said:
"Hello!"
And as his salutation is subdued into silence let us look at the lady in the case and see whether the eye of circumspection can come to rest on a matter so mobile. Plump, cozy and divinely short was the lady in question, with a pert, quick manner of movement and eyes that were alternately bright with speculation or brighter yet with conviction. Items: She could sit back in a chair and swing one foot over the other with an insouciance that boded harm for happiness of creation's lords, and no one could gaze upon her twice without knowing that her hands had the gift of expression, each separate finger being a digit of delight and ringed with a dimple of joy. Yes, even such as this maid of distraction who cast



"I'VE SWORN OFF."

I'll be able to save a little money and then—"
"Flowers," she added, raising one finger.
He nodded.
"Candy?" she said, raising another. He nodded again.
"Concerts?"
Again he nodded.
"And all sorts of shows," she concluded.
And nodding again, he drew a long breath and made room for her on the sofa, saying:
"Grace!"

"I've sworn off giving rings back, John. And pleasantly drew down the blind.
And as for John, John sat down on the top step buried in thought, from which he emerged at last, saying to himself:

"I wonder if I'd better get some flowers and candy and come right back or telephone her in the morning that I'll call for her to-morrow night and take her to a show."

And as a certain picture arose before him of two persons sitting on a sofa, discussing cabbages and kings and eating candy together, he hurriedly turned his steps to the candy shop and hurriedly muttered:

"I guess I'd better come right back!"—New York Sun.

WHO OWNS THE TREES?

American and Foreign Methods of Treatment of Forests Contrasted. Freudenstadt is a town of seven thousand people in the Black Forest region of Germany. Chisholm is a town of six thousand in the Big Woods country of Minnesota.

Every year, from the tall black pine trees which grow in ordered regiments on the six thousand acres of publicly owned land about Freudenstadt a regular crop of lumber is cut which pays all the expenses of the city government—mayor, aldermen, police and fire departments. And that crop will go on forever. The thrifty people of Freudenstadt may devote their whole attention to their thriving iron and chemical industries, knowing that the beautiful and beneficent forest will pay all the cost of their municipal activities.

Every year—until this—greedy private corporations have sent their hordes into the country about Chisholm to loot the great pine woods, leaving behind them a trail of ruin and desolation and piling up the dry slashings like kindlingwood ready for the match. Every fall the patient people of Chisholm have gone to bed with the acrid smell of burning pine in their nostrils, fearing lest before they woke the forest might take its fiery revenge. Last summer it came. For weeks thick clouds of smoke lay over the town. Then on a Saturday night the hurricane of flame swept down and burned Chisholm to the ground. So sudden and dreadful was the onslaught that domestic animals dropped dead in the streets, overcome by the heat. Men carried out their sick on beds and rushed them through the smoke and flying embers to places of temporary safety. One woman died of fright. In the morning more than five hundred families were homeless.

Freudenstadt is a town without taxes. The forest pays them. Chisholm is a town without homes. The forest destroyed them.
That tells—in little—the story of the forest policy of the United States and its results, as compared with that followed in civilized countries.—Technical World Magazine.

White House Renovated.

When William Howard Taft stepped into the White House at noon on the 4th of March as the new president of the United States of America, he found a model home equipped with every modern convenience; that is what other presidents have never enjoyed. Before the election of President Roosevelt few changes had been made in the White House since the days of John Quincy Adams, when it was rebuilt after being fired by the marauding British troops, only the walls being left standing.

The executive mansion, as it was called before the advent of Mr. Roosevelt—he dubbed it officially "The White House"—was the first public building erected at the seat of government. The architect was James Hoban, who drew his plans closely after those of the seat of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin, Ireland. George Washington himself selected the site, laid the corner stones on Oct. 13, 1792, and lived to see the building completed. John Adams, however, was the first president to occupy it, which he did in 1800.—Technical World Magazine.

Tip for Travelers.

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?"
"Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor."
"I see."
"And to come back by a different route, would be discretion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vice Versa.

"He proposed to both girls and they accepted him."
"How did he get out of it?"
"They compared notes and then turned him down."
"Ah! A case in which two affirmatives make a negative!"—New York Herald.

There isn't enough room between the Christmas bills and spring arrivals at a dry goods store, to hide a dollar bill.

The arguments of most men are sound—and that's all.