CONQUERING THE WASTE SAND

European Countries Solving Great Problem by Planting Vast Areas With Trees.

Europe is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come.

Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut over have been planted up, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on dunes and other waste lands, and, in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating stream flow. The state each year buys uncultivated lands, in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 503,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations and private individuals are also assisted in reforestation work by grants of money and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the slope of slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever its situation, is also made.

WILLING TO CALL IT OFF

Lew Dockstrader Tells Story to Illustrate His Theory That We're All Superstitious.

"We're all superstitious," says Lew Dockstrader. "Ever hear the story of the two negroes who got into an argument? One says to the other: 'I'll bet yo' a dollah that I got the nerve to sit on a tombstone in de graveyard while the clock strikes midnight.' The bet was made, but the other man had to go along to see whether or not the conditions were carried out. On the way to the cemetery the second man fell and broke his wooden leg. But he was so anxious to win that dollah that he took the leg off and hobbled along to the cemetery, one hand on the other negro's shoulder. They seated themselves on a prostrate tombstone. 'Do I win that dollah, or do I not?' asked the man who made the proposition, triumphantly. Just then the clock in the church steeple began to strike. From behind a bush near by a sheeted figure advanced upon the negroes. 'Whahfoah are you all disturbin' mah rest?' it asked. The negro that bet he wasn't afraid started for home on the keen jump. The only way out was through a narrow lane, bounded on either side by tall hedges. About half way down the lane the running negro heard a pat-pat-pat just behind him. He could feel the hot breath of his pursuer on the back of his neck. A hand reached out and touched him on the coat, and he just doubled his speed. 'Oh, mah goodness, niggah!' said the voice of the one-legged man, 'git outen mah road and yo' can keep yo' ole dollah!'"

The Wise Teller.

"The late Goldwin Smith," said a magazine editor, "handed good advice on all occasions.

"You know how barbers, in their desire to sell tonics and pomades, make coarse and insulting references to their patrons' baldness? Well, a Montreal barber once criticised the condition of Prof. Smith's hair in that way, saying:

"'Hopelessly bad as your scalp looks, sir, my Sempsone-Dandruffa will fix it up.'

"The aged philosopher flushed and retorted:

"'You are very foolish to point out your personal physical defects. That only makes them worse, and prevents them from ever making you buy. It drives them away, and they will never return. You cannot be wiser, my poor fellow, to imitate a disappointed down town tailor. This man says to every patron as he takes his measure—he says it to a tall, thin man, short and fat, alike: "You are an extraordinary thing—of course you already know it, sir—but you have exactly the same measure, sir, as the Apollo Belvidere."

Eye Shows Disease.

According to Dr. W. Addenbrooke, a Norwegian scientist, all diseases and injuries are registered on the iris, either by color spots or lines, each organ of the body being connected up with the iris and having its respective place there. The right eye is the indicator for the right part of the body and the left eye the indicator for the left half. The new system of diagnosis is said to have been discovered by Professor Peonsky of Poland, who, in his boyhood, caught an owl and the bird's right leg was broken. The boy noticed a black stripe in its right eye. He kept the bird and found that when the fracture was well the black line disappeared.

Race Growing Sturdier.

Dr. Sargent of Harvard finds that the present day undergraduate is an inch taller and four or five pounds heavier than the undergraduate of 30 years ago, and he lays it to athletics. We doubt that. Why not lay it to the generally believed fact that their mothers are taller and more healthy than were their grandmothers?

COUNTRY BOYS' CORN CLUBS

One of the Enterprises Devised to Make Country Life More Attractive.

Everybody who reads the papers published in the corn-growing sections of the country has read, during the past year, of boys' corn clubs. The movement to organize farmers' boys into such clubs has expanded rapidly. Down in Sherman, Tex., last summer the crowning feature of the parade at a big local celebration was the marching of the Grayson county boys' corn clubs. There was a handsomely decorated float, bearing a charming young lady, who represented the "Sweetheart of the Corn," and afterward came 125 youthful corn growers, each shouldering a corn stalk with a big tassel.

These enterprises are some of the principal means which have been devised to make country life more attractive for young people. There are other ways which apply more particularly to the family circle. Probably the phonograph has done more to lessen the tedium of farm life than any other invention, excepting, perhaps, the rural telephone. The piano and the organ are desirable, and their presence has brightened many a country home, but the coming of the phonograph has brought the opera, the vaudeville performance, the latest song hits, directly to the farm kitchen or parlor. It is both a purveyor of music and an educator, and will go a long way in making home life attractive for the boys and girls on isolated farm homesteads. It is a cause for satisfaction to know that many fathers of families are beginning to realize that the introduction of a phonograph is an excellent investment.—E. I. Farrington, in Collier's.

TRIUMPH WAS HIS AT LAST

By Dying, Salaried Man Was Able to Leave Wife Comfortably Provided For.

He looked ahead with hope when he got $20 a week.

"Some day," he thought, "I will draw $30. Then I will have $1 a week left to spend for my own pleasure. My wife will have another with which to do as she pleases, and we will save three. That will be $156 a year, not counting the interest."

When he got $25 a week he thought: "I will make myself so useful that they will pay me twice as much some time as they are paying me now. We will then save $14 a week, and I will always have at least $5 in my pocket."

When he succeeded in inducing them to pay him $50 a week he often thought:

"O, if I could have an income of $2,600 a year! Then it would be possible for me to have at least $3 a week for myself, and we could save perhaps a thousand annually."

When the hair on his temples was white he had become so valuable to his employers that they paid him $5,000 a year, and he often said to himself:

"If I had $10,000 a year I believe we could manage to save a little now and then, and perhaps I could sometimes smuggle a dollar or two out to spend for my own pleasure."

But, alas, poor man! He never reached that happy state. He managed, however, to leave enough in the way of insurance to enable his wife to live in the style to which she had become accustomed. Which was no small triumph for a man on a salary and a wife whose ambition was to keep a little ahead of her neighbors.

Ubiquitous Golf.

George Sargent, the golf champion, said one afternoon at Hyde Park, Vermont:

"Golf has become so popular that it is mixed up with everything. You wouldn't think that golf could have any relation to tailoring and music, would you? But the other day, apropos of tailoring, a New York man told me that all the golf clubs of New York were becoming wrinkled. New York golf players, he explained, refer to the tailor's bill as the caddie, and they simply get very excited from twirling round and round the dinner mount to see the total.

"Then, on the way to the north pole, our talk turned to grand opera, and the New York man declared that the other day his daughter, talking up the merits of Puccini, referred to a group of fourteenpenny semi-stiffs.

"'Papa, how does one play those little golf sticks?'"

Two Narrow Minds.

Oscar Hammerstein was talking about music to a reporter.

"The music of Europe and the music of Puccini are alike agreeable to me," he added. "Only narrow-minded people devote themselves to music of one school.

"I have no sympathy with an opponent I once heard. He went to an Italian conductor and a German conductor at a Caruso night.

"'To think,' said the German, 'that people are silly enough to pay seven dollars a seat to hear rugary music like this when for two dollars a seat they can hear full, robust German opera music!'

"'Yes,' sheered the Italian conductor, 'and I suppose some people would say why a New Yorker will pay eight dollars for a terrapin canvas-back and champagne at Delmonico's when he can get a frankfurter and a schoppen of beer in the corner saloon for a dime.'"

JUST QUESTION OF KNOWING

Monopolist Explains to Plain Citizen Why He May Stand on Latter's Foot.

"You are standing on my foot," said the citizen to the monopolist.

"Ah, you must not think of that," good-naturedly replied the monopolist. "It is sordid and pessimistic. You should think of the higher things of life."

"Yes, but it hurts," argues the citizen.

"That may be, but remember that it is only through trial and tribulation that we learn to make something of ourselves. Blessed are the meek."

"Yes, but why should you stand on my foot?"

"I see you are inclined to think of yourself; that is wrong," admonished the monopolist in a gentle tone. "Rather you should contemplate the good I have done in the world."

"That may all be true, but I think I shall have to ask you to get off my foot."

"Being a Christian gentleman," replied the monopolist, very gently, "I take no umbrage at your unkind, not to say unreasonable, request. But what you ask is unconstitutional, and I must insist on my constitutional rights. I have a franchise to your foot. That is the legal phase of it. But there is also a moral side. I have become accustomed to that mode of standing. For you to try to change it now would be nothing less than impertinence."

"Notwithstanding all that I must insist that you get off my foot."

"In that case, my dear sir, I shall have to appeal to the courts and get out an injunction against you."

"Do you deny that it is my foot?" hotly demanded the citizen.

"I do not deny that; in a sense it is your foot," blandly returned the monopolist, "but I think I can show that I have a controlling interest in it."—Miss O. Jones in Life.

WEDDINGS STRIPPED OF FUSS

In Brittany Matrimonial Candidates Are Herded Together and Married in a Bunch.

Over in France they have a way of getting rid of all the unpleasant features which in the United States go with getting married. They have the ceremony in operation in Brittany.

In Brittany they do away with the best man and bridesmaids and nobody and other good impediments strewn in the path of the American celebrants of the matrimonial ceremony. Even the dressmaker and the milliner and the florist are given the laugh. Their goods aren't needed. The caterer is the only tradesman who profits.

About the middle of January every year there is a general round up of all the men and women who have been engaged within the twelve-month. They are herded together in one place, and on the appointed morning along comes the priest and marries them in a bunch. No fuss, no flummery, no "bridegrooms" or Robin Hood garb, no ushers or bridesmaids to carry away your stockings and your breeches. And everybody wears the national costume, simple in construction though gaudy.

There were 97 couples married at Pleugastel January 11. 34 people, 34, count them. Among the 34 were only four names. Everyone married was a Legall, a Jaouenneu, a Thomas or a Kerneos? Fifteen of the brides were named Marie and three were named Marie Legall.

The caterer got his rake off from the barbecue which followed the ceremony. He served 17 sheep, and six cows at the wedding breakfast.

"Science" Becoming a Nuisance.

Steadily medical science is closing all avenues of safety. Time was when man might do pretty much as he pleased and live. Now whatever he may do is deadly. The Chicago health department has just issued a warning against country springs; in the pellucid water of these springs death lurks in all of the hideous forms. Also to quaff a cooling from the "Old Oaken Bucket" is dangerous. What to drink was long a matter of mild riddle then choice. But now it is a matter of neither choice nor price. The millionaire as well as the pauper confronts death whenever he drinks or eats. It is thinkful of "science" to point out so many dangers and not to indicate any paths of safety that the ordinary person will be content to travel. Perhaps the most comfortable thing, if not the safest, to do, is to take a chance now and then and refuse to be alarmed. Trusting these few lines, etc.

Women in the Wrong Place.

The anomaly of this island, the center of the British empire, crowded to overflowing, while millions of acres of the richest land in fine climates lie undeveloped, has at last struck the national imagination. We cannot open a paper without seeing articles about the wheat fields of Canada, the fruit farms of British Columbia or Rhodesia, the offers of work for British men and women in Australia, New Zealand, and last but not least, South Africa. But in large movements of every kind it is exceedingly difficult to preserve the regular, even progression of parts. Some portions of the mass will always move slower, others faster, than the rest, thereby causing a distortion and, discordance of the whole. That section of the community known as the better-class woman has lagged behind the rest, and by her scarcity in the one place and her superfluity in the other is creating a danger to society.—London Times.

POT OF GOLD IN CAVERN

Dream That Led Tennessee Man to Rich Treasure Near His Birthplace.

Thomas L. Rodgers, who gives High Point, N. C., as his home address, publishes in the latest issue of the Rogersville Herald at Rogersville, Tenn., that he avers to be a true story of how he recently discovered $90,000 in gold coin in a cave near the Clinch river in Hancock county, Tennessee.

It was there he spent his childhood, and he states that in a dream it was revealed to him that in the rock house cave in a lonely mountain spot near his childhood home was stored a large amount of gold. Rodgers tells that so thoroughly impressed was he with the dream that he left his North Carolina home and explored the cave. He tells that in a great room, not unlike a theater he discovered an old kettle turned upside down. Scattered in the chamber about it were old bayonets, canteens and other evidences that it was used as a place of refuge during the civil war. Near the kettle was a skeleton and on a piece of slate beside this skeleton was carved this inscription:

"The first white man reading these lines will find $90,000 in coin under this kettle. Take this money, bury this body in a lonely spot on top of Copper ridge, and peace shall be yours the remainder of your days."

Rodgers, who describes himself as now an old man, avers that he carried out the wish expressed on the inscription, and with the gold in his possession returned to North Carolina. He states that he published his experience in the Rogersville paper that the friends of his childhood might know of his good luck, declaring he had been a poor laboring man up to that time.

IS OFF ON HIS CLAPPING

Unable to Achieve Proficiency in Handclap Used to Summon Jap Servant.

"There is one kind of handclapping I am not yet proficient in," said the gray-headed man. "I cannot call a Japanese servant by clapping my hands. I clap, but the servants do not answer. A friend of mine has two Japanese servants. When he wants attention he claps his hands and one of them appears. At his home yesterday I needed a sheet of paper to finish a bit of writing I was working on in my friend's absence. I clapped my hands, nobody came. I clapped louder, and again still louder, but the Japanese persevered in their retirement. So I substituted calling for clapping and presently I got my paper. I told my friend of my failure. I said I knew the art of clapping well enough to make my sentiments known at the play, at a ball game and at a political meeting, then why couldn't I summon the Japanese?

"'You haven't got the knack,' said he. 'A white man has to associate with orientals for months before he learns the peculiar handclap that they recognise as a summons.'

"Then he gave me a few lessons, but I am sure that I have not mastered it yet and that if I should clap again for a Japanese servant he would set me clap till my hands were sore, under the impression that I was killing moth millers or rooting for a home run."

World Growing Worse?

Three incidents between Old Trafford and town the other afternoon (writes "R") went to re-enforce my belief that the world is full of kind people. The first was a matron, filling with nuts the pocket of a small blind boy from Henshaw's asylum. The second was two policemen of Old Trafford Bar doing their best to help a Norwegian sailor youth who was lost. One of the officers finally accompanied the stranger to the ship canal dock, a third of a mile away (where his boat lay), and left him bowing his thanks with bared head. The third incident was on Chester road, just a little further down. A donkey, pulling a rather heavily laden cart, fell on the setts, and could not get up. The bricklayers on a scaffold near by found humor in the situation, of course, but they also came down from their scaffold, and four of them picked up Neddy bodily in their arms and set him on his feet again. As I left them one had the donkey's face in his two mortary hands, and was saying, with a grin: "Well, 'ow d'ye feel now, old feller?"—Manchester Guardian.

His Regular Nightly Go.

Judge Hilary C. Guest, the temperance advocate, said in a recent address in Cleveland:

"Alcohol makes some men pugnacious. A man of this type was drinking glass after glass of beer in a saloon when his wife entered.

"'Jim,' she said, wearily, 'it's after 11 o'clock, and you have got to get up at five. Have you had your scrap yet?'

"'Now, Jim snarled.

"'Then get it scrapped and hurry on home, do!'

"'All right,' growled Jim, and half an hour later he staggered home with the usual contusions and abrasions."

Still at Her Desk.

Mrs. Helen McLean Kimball is a clerk in the office of the comptroller of currency, who has recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She was at her desk most of the day, and there received the congratulations of her friends. Her husband was Col. H. A. Kimball, killed at Suffolk, Va., in 1863.

STAY AWAY FROM THIS CLUB

If You Are Not Glib of Tongue You'll Find the Initiation Expensive.

"I have just been initiated into the club with the longest name of any club in the world," said the Staten Island man. "And I might remark incidentally that the initiation cost me 16 quarts of champagne.

The name of this wonderful organization, omitting the commas, is the High Ball Bend Booze Glee Yacht Chemical Engine Cornerstone Pousse Cafe Brook Trout and Colonel Garcia Club of Staten Island. Now say it quickly just from memory. It is really quite easy—only needs a little practise.

"You can't, eh? Well, take my advice and stay away from the gang that hangs out in the vicinity of High Ball Bend, which is that portion of Richmond terrace immediately adjacent to the St. George ferry.

"The game is to get a fellow into the clutches of that crowd, fire about six drinks into him, spring the name of the club on him, and ask him if he wants to join. Just about that time he is perhaps willing to join anything, and he says yes.

"The only entrance fee is to be able to repeat from memory the complicated name of the club. If you fail down it costs you wine for the crowd. And there are some other rules and penalties.

"The object of the organization? No, it isn't exactly to further the municipal interests of the Borough of Richmond. It is simply to initiate new members."—New York Times.

WHALE STRANGLES ITSELF

Meets Death as Result of Colliding With Wire Rope While Feeding.

From Seattle comes a remarkable story, brought into port by a cable repair ship. This ship had been sent north along the coast of Alaska to repair the cable, because during the last winter difficulty had been experienced in sending and receiving messages.

The vessel picked up the cable connecting Valdez and Sitka a few miles off Cook inlet not far from Sitka. The crew never had such a time hauling a cable on board as they did that day on the Alaska coast. Finally the cause of the great weight was found.

Some time during the winter a whale, feeding on the bottom of the ocean with wide-open mouth, collided with the wire rope.

Unable to shake the big wire from the mass of whalebone in its jaws, the big fish "turned turtle," rolled over once, turned round, rolled again and lived.

In these few moments the fish proved himself his own hangman, for the cable was twisted tighter about the head of the whale than any mortal could have twisted it with the most powerful machinery.

The whale drowned and the carcass was devoured on the bottom of the ocean by other fish. The crew of the cable repair ship hauled up an immense load of whalebone, and found a great twist in the government cable that had been the cause of the unusual difficulty in sending messages to and from either end of the rope.

Bible and Obsolete Words.

The tercentenary edition of the English authorized edition of the Bible, over which there was a conference of learned men in Princeton last week, is to have some changes. Where the meaning of words has changed, the text is to be changed so as not to be misleading; where the old version is obscure it will be changed in the interest of clearness; where it is infelicitous in choice of word that will be set right, and for words that have become obsolete others will be substituted. Damage could be done on all of these lines, but happily the work is in the hands of men of taste and judgment, who will make no change for the mere sake of change.

As to obsolete words, it may be said that no word that is in the Bible can become obsolete. The Bible words live and undoubtedly the English Bible has done a service to the English language in keeping some good words in use that might otherwise have passed out of it. "Let" in the sense of hinder is said to be condemned by the revisers, and perhaps rightly, but it was a good old word in that use of it.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea on Wheels.

The greatest novelty of the Paris de Nuelly, which is in full swing now, and which stretches from the gates of Paris down to the Seine, is a novelty in roundabouts. This year, instead of whizzing around on pigs, on camels, rabbits, cows or motor cars—the mere horse has long been out of date on the Paris roundabouts—Neuilly Fair provides a turning drawing room, in which tea is served in elegant surroundings. Tea on a circular tray big enough to hold the drinker and the room in which it is drunk is certainly something rather new.—Paris correspondent London Express.

Entire School Lost Abroad.

Not often is the American school with all its students transferred to another country. But such was done with the Baltimore Forest school, numbering 45 students, after George W. Vanderbilt had decided that he no longer cared to have it occupy his estate in North Carolina. In November last the school was taken to Germany for the winter.

BELINDA IS ENLIGHTENED

Importance of Right Start Is Pointed Out by Her Wise Brother.

"Isn't it funny," said Belinda, practising at the piano, "you start playing a thing wrong and you play it all wrong?"

"Why, not at all," said Belinda's wise brother; "that is true of many things besides playing a piano. Did you never hear it said of a man who seemed to be making heavy weather of it in some undertaking, who seemed to bungle and take wrong steps and not to be sure of what he was doing, who was struggling along and trying hard but not to very good purpose—did you never hear it said of a man in such case that he got in wrong?

"Why, certainly, everything depends on making a good, that is to say a correct start, on knowing your ground and being sure of yourself, on starting right.

"That's one sort of good start. When we say of a man that he had a good start in life we mean that he started with advantages, in favoring circumstances of with friendly surroundings, under conditions likely to promote his success; but when we say of a man that he made a good start we are speaking of what he did himself; we mean that he was alert and keen, looking out for things, seeing that things were right and making sure, knowing the course, so that he could keep in the channel and go ahead without doubt or confusion.

"The man who makes a good start can go ahead with confidence and certainty, without fear and consequently without danger of getting twisted and tangled up on the way. It's just the same as it is with your practising. See?

Belinda didn't say whether she did see or not; but her brother's discourse having here apparently come to a full stop, her fingers fell heavily on the keys of the piano.

THE POETRY OF MOURNING

Interesting Effects in Jewelry Shown During Mourning Days in England's Metropolis.

Jewels are always of interest and these days of mourning in London have produced some very beautiful articles of jewelry for mourning. The agate and onyx are most prominently used in this connection. The agate is a semiprecious stone, and a curious mixture of minerals. It has a touch of jasper, quartz, amethyst, chalcedony, and carnelian in its composition. And it appears in several forms—in clouded yellow, in a beautiful smoke shade, and in the black variety known as riband agate. These two last are used for mourning. And the onyx is really an agate, formed of alternate stripes of dark and white chalcedony.

At a noted jeweler's among some exquisite ornaments were seen a brooch in the form of a hollow circle formed of onyxes set in small diamonds; an inch-wide, pliable bracelet had one row of onyxes between two rows of pearls, and an oval-shaped clasp of diamonds. And best of all was a long necklace, made of the finest oxydized steel and jeweled at intervals with large, round amethysts alternated with pearls, each pearl having a band of small diamonds. There were other ornaments composed of black enamel, pearls, and diamonds, and the necklaces on view were formed either of oxydized steel or of platinum. Such things as these are the poetry of mourning.

Writing in Bible Times.

Prof. Flinders Petrie says that there is nothing abnormal, nothing to be questioned, in the general outlines of the Bible story of the exodus. He contends that the spread of writing in those days has been enormously underestimated.

"It is my firm conviction," he says, "that the Europe of a century ago was far more brilliant than the eastern world in Bible times. We have for instance, a papyrus containing a quarter's accounts scrawled in a very clumsy hand, with the reckoning all wrong. But it shows that even a common man of those days knew how to write. We have another containing a letter from a peasant. These are extremely important, as they show the probability of a historical record existing at a time."—Jewish Chronicle.

Girl Guides in England.

Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, daughter of Gen. [illegible] president of the B. P. Girl Guides, with object of which is to teach girls "to do a good turn daily." The girl guides are taught gardening, [illegible] and will be ready to go to the colonies if needed, and are taught first aid to the injured and other hospital work. They are enrolled between the ages of 11 and 18 and [illegible] form a patrol, the leader [illegible] than 16. Three patrols form a company, with a captain and lieutenant each over it. Local committees of ladies will train the girls, whose parents must consent.

As Directed.

A widow called on a maker of monuments to arrange about her husband's tombstone.

"And I want it to say 'To My Husband,' in an appropriate place," she told him.

"All right, ma'am," answered the mason.

This is how it read when put up: "To my Husband, in an Appropriate Place."—Tit Bits.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

[illegible] Louisiana [illegible] last Etats-Unis [illegible] publiée [illegible] Avantages [illegible] Trésor [illegible] Poste [illegible]

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