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might be sympathetically open to calm, candid arguments against the creation of so many and so large reserves.

That the forest reserve policy is a good one few will now attempt to dispute; the only debatable questions now are: To what extent should it be pursued? How can it best be carried out so as to do the most good to the greatest number now and hereafter, to injure as few people as possible, and to prevent its becoming, as it has too often been in the past, a means of wholesale land-grabbing and land frauds?

The government has made some great mistakes in carrying out its good intentions in this matter; it plunged into it without consideration of immediate consequences, either as to injuries to individual settlers or as to possibilities opened up to land fraud sharks, but the forest reserve policy in conception and intent is a good one, is one vital to the interests of the great majority of western people and of the whole country, and Senator Heyburn's violent and virulent attacks on it will be in vain.

SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE wake of San Francisco's great and overwhelming disaster on April 18 last has come a train of consequent lesser afflictions, enough to wear out the patience of very saints and to discourage all but the most stalwart hearts. Temporarily a good deal of the city's commerce was transferred to other ports, where fractions of it will remain permanently. The cleaning up of the city, and reducing chaos, physical, financial and industrial, to a semblance of order, to say nothing of plans for and the beginnings of rebuilding, were herculean tasks. These were no more than fairly begun when strikes occurred, transportation was delayed, and industrial wheels were clogged in various ways. Prices of necessities, and with them wages, soared into figures unheard of anywhere before except in some mining camp or at some point far remote from centers of civilization and means of production and transportation. Then came the strike of the streetcar men, compelling the city for nearly two weeks to walk or expensively and perhaps uncomfortably ride in whatever vehicles could be secured. In brief, after being pretty well wiped out by fire, San Francisco has had a continuous series of other troubles, enough to discourage anybody but San Franciscans.

But time and labor and money and faith will eventually bring everything around right. Normal conditions will resume its steady gait, prices will gradually fall to reasonable figures, and surely if slowly the great work of building a better and more beautiful San Francisco will go on. This will take many years, but boys of today may yet live to point back to the awful calamity of April 18, 1906, as "a blessing in disguise."

To people whose knowledge of California politics is a little more intimate than that to be gained from the World almanac, the statement that Abe Ruef and W. F. Herrin are engaged in a deadly struggle against each other is cause for convulsive laughter. Mr. Ruef is as necessary to Mr. Herrin as gum shoes and mask and jimmy are to a burglar, and Mr. Herrin is to the political life of Mr. Ruef what water is to a fish. Ruef and Herrin fighting! Nay, nay; the honest people of California will not get their dues for some time yet.

FOREST RESERVES.

SENATOR HEYBURN stands at one extreme of the forest reserve policy, and Gifford Pinchot at the other. Pinchot has probably modified his views and restrained his reserve-creating desires somewhat during the past two or three years, so that he is now comparatively "safe and sane" but everybody familiar with the facts knows that the reserve policy, converted into a hobby ridden by enthusiastic extremists, has been a source of much evil and great frauds. There have been those with influence and authority who would sacrifice almost everything else in order to create great western forest reserves, but there has been some modification of this intemperate zeal, and it may be assumed that hereafter there will be less cause for complaint and inviting basis for fraud than in the past. Mr. Pinchot has actually been out west several times now, and is better informed than when he pictured to himself all the timbered mountains of the far west a series of forest reserves.

Senator Heyburn's violent opposition to forest reserves, on the other hand, is intemperate, unreasonable and foolish. He goes to such extremes, he becomes so angry and offensive, that he defeats his own purpose and closes against him ears that

might be sympathetically open to calm, candid arguments against the creation of so many and so large reserves.

There is no gumshoe method in Bryan's style of campaigning. "We had every confidence in" the last cashier who looted the bank.

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Whaler Pluck. A whaler from Nantucket town. He had the worst of luck; He sailed far south around the Horn. But not a whale he struck.

Three years he cruised, north, east and west. From pole to torrid zone, And when he laid his course for home His'd rather sail nor home.

Yet as he sailed around Brant Point He set his pennant high, And when he tied up to the wharf He lustily did cry:

"We've come home clean as we went out, And we didn't raise a whale, An' we ain't got a bar' of oil, But we've had damned fine sail."

Shortening. Seapy water, the same as oil, will calm the waves.

In Germany suicides among school children are sadly frequent.

The title of the instrument used in Ireland that it often causes insanity.

China's national hymn is so long that it takes four hours to render it.

Statistics show that 42 per cent of English-speaking men use oaths habitually.

Farmers by giving their cows hot water, may increase the yield of milk by one-third.

The Scotch, whose flower is the thistle, have for their instrument the bagpipe. A harsh, uncouth people.

France, the land of the lily, has for its instrument the French horn.

Spain's instrument is the guitar. Italy's is the mandolin. Wales and Ireland share the harp between them. China has the tom-tom. Germany has the cornet. America has the banjo.

Meaning of "Bride." The word bride is a corruption of the word "brith," which was the name by which bridegroom was first known.

The first work in English describing the game was entitled "Brith, or Russian Whist," issued by "Playing Cards and Gaming," tells us that it was a pamphlet of only four pages, and no place of printing or publication was mentioned. It came out in 1836.

From the title of this work we get the name "brith whist," and some afterward "bride whist," until now we call it "bride." As to the meaning of the word, several persons who played the

same long before this work was published have communicated to the Saturday Review their experiences among which they mention that the word "brith" meant "no trumps."

Honor to a Woman. A remarkable epitaph is on a tombstone in Brighton churchyard in England. It reads: "In memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Steyning in the year 1718. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1746 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anna, extended to the reign of George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 17, 1811, aged 103 years."

Parish Clerk's Tombstone. From the London Tribune. In connection with a tombstone in Ecclesall (York) churchyard, on which is inscribed the word, "Over," a story is told well worth recording.

The grave is that of an old parish clerk who commented with the church, who was also an ardent cricketer and generally officiated as umpire for the village team. One hot Sunday morning, the clerk was delivering his sermon, the old clerk, who sat at the desk at the foot of the pulpit, went to sleep. The sermon having come to an end, every one waited for the clerk to read the lesson, but he was not to be seen, and having waited for some time, the minister, who had been reading of the match of the preceding day, he bawled out in his loudest tones, "Over!"

Baby. From the Philadelphia Press. Father's rival in mother's affections. A crying evil you only aggravate by putting down.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

He is a thing, which requires a mighty lot of attention.

The magic spell by which the gods transform a house into a home.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body.

A miniature Atlas that bears the whole world of wedded joys and cares on its little shoulders.

power to think to the purpose on social questions. His remedies are far-fetched and impractical. His arguments are superficial. The social straws and excesses which may rend the world asunder in the next decade or two seem to him mere surface troubles.

Nothing illustrates the essential shallowness of Mr. Bryan's reasoning better than what he has to say about trusts.

Mr. Bryan is a European institution which Mr. Bryan has quashed in control of the Democratic party since he has returned to the country to quiet its restlessness.

The editor of the Oregonian is right, usually he is a great thinker and reasoner. Mr. Bryan is a great talker, merely a bread pill. Every person who is entertained or edified by a shallow and impractical man must of necessity be himself wanting in intellect; the latter, however, noble, great scholars and great thinkers who have welcomed Mr. Bryan and "exchanged thoughts" with him are a lot of imbeciles.

And what shall be said of those European institutions which Mr. Bryan has quashed in control of the Democratic party since he has returned to the country to quiet its restlessness.

The representatives of the six greatest nations of the earth composing the treaty of commerce must be fools if they would not be influenced by Mr. Bryan's speech. And the hundreds of thousands of people who at "the metropolis of America" greeted Mr. Bryan in a manner "such as nations rarely meet," are a sorry set of imbeciles, evidently an aggregation of howling asses. What consummate, awe-struck asses the American voters are, anyway! PHIBBO.

British Policy-Holders Left. From the London Mail.

The report of the select committee of the house of lords on foreign insurance companies appeared on Saturday last, and a very disappointing comment, since the members of the committee appear to have looked at the issue before them only from the insurance company director's point of view and not from the policy-holder's standpoint.

The committee, however, does not appear to have looked at the issue before them only from the insurance company director's point of view and not from the policy-holder's standpoint.

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A Little Nonsense

A Leg Worth More Than a Man.

James James, the noted outlaw's son, is, at the age of 30, one of the most talented and respected lawyers of Kansas City.

In a sleaze case that he recently won, Mr. James told an amusing story.

"There was a woman," he said, "whose husband was killed in a railway accident. The railroad, to avoid suit, gave her \$5,000 damages.

"The sum satisfied the woman, but a month or two afterward, taking up a newspaper, she read about a man who had lost his leg in the same accident, and behold, this man was given by the company damages to the amount of \$7,500.

"It made the woman mad. She hastened at once to the office of the railway's claim adjuster. She said bitterly:

"How is this? Here you give a man \$7,500 for the loss of his leg, while you only gave me \$5,000 for the loss of my husband.

"The claim adjuster smiled amiably and said in a soothing voice:

"Making the railroad in the claim suit. The \$7,500 would provide the poor man with a new leg, whereas with your \$5,000 you can easily get a new husband, and perhaps a better one."

Warren and Beveridge. Senator Warren of Wyoming was pleading with tears in his eyes for the cow during the hearing on the agricultural appropriation bill with the meat inspection amendment to conference was being discussed, and Warren put in a few words for the cattlemen, says the San Francisco Call.

Senator Beveridge, anxious to get the bill to conference, was trying to hurry Warren along. He asked Warren to say something about putting labels on the cans packed by the packers.

"But," said Warren, "the senator insists that I shall hurry through. Will the senator withdraw his intimation that I shall hurry?"

"I will," said Warren, "I will compliment him and I will say that I have the utmost confidence in the senator's ability to lead the cow and to bring in the proper measure, therewith we can flap both can and contents. He can flap the can as he pleases and I will undertake to follow him."

A Hard Knock. R. C. Seaver, the famous tennis champion, described at a dinner in Boston a match which he had been having been had, form he was beaten by a poor player.

"When I saw myself defeated," said Mr. Seaver, "I was much taken aback. I then met my opponent, flushed with victory, laughing in my face laughingly. I confessed that I was mad.

"I was as mad as a stock broker of my acquaintance whom a tramp called on the other day.

"'How,' said the tramp, 'my clothes is fair fallin' off my back. You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old pants you might give me, have you?'

"No," said the speaker, haughtily, "I don't keep my clothes in my trunk."

"Where do you live, then?" said the tramp. "I'll take your address and call in the morning for that old pair you've got on."

Helping in Church. A Scottish parish minister met the latest sensation on the day, and said to him: "Why is it, Davidson, that I never see you in church?"

"Well, sir," replied Davidson, "I don't want to hurt the attendance.

"But the attendance is what do you mean?" asked the minister, in surprise.

"Well, you see, sir," replied the same-keeper, "there are about a dozen men in the parish that go to church when I'm not there, and would go poaching if I went to church."

Medical Uses of Many Fruits. That fruit is a wholesome article of diet, is, of course, a generally accepted fact, but the important place which it takes through the medicinal effect it exerts upon the entire system has only recently become well known.

The medicinal effect is not direct, but the fruit encourages the natural functions by which the several remedial processes which they aid are brought about.

The fruits which come under the head of laxatives are the orange, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums. The astringents, pomogranates, cranberries, blackberries, sumach berries, dewberries, raspberries, barberries, quinces, peaches, wild cherries, etc.

The diuretics are gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons. Lemons, limes and apples are stomach sedatives. Taken in the morning early orange acts very decidedly as a laxative, sometimes to a purgative, and may be generally relied on. Pomogranates are very astringent and relieve sore throat and uvula. The bark of the root, in the form of a decoction, is a good antiseptic.

Figs, split open, form an excellent poultice for boils and small abscesses. Strawberries and lemons, locally applied, are of some service in the removal of warts from the face.

Apples are correctives useful in nausea, and even seasickness. They immediately relieve the nausea due to smoking. Bitter almonds contain hydrocyanic acid, and are useful in a headache, and are a frequently produced a sort of nettle rash. The persimmon is palatable when ripe, but the green fruit is highly astringent, containing much tannin.

Frostbitten in August. From the Denver Republican.

One of the most amazing experiences that has ever befallen an earnest man in Colorado befell C. H. Graham of Chicago, Sunday, on the top of the continental divide on the Moffat road, when he had his feet frostbitten after having walked two and a half hours, walking around on the huge drifts of perpetual snow.

Mr. Graham and a friend, Douglas Budd, a passenger conductor running out of Des Moines, Iowa, went to the crest of the divide on the morning train and stopped off at Corona, where there is an intermission of two and a half hours before the train back to Denver arrived.

The two men were greatly interested in the snow at the top of the divide and spent the entire time shoveling it about to ascend the divide of the drift.

Mr. Budd decided after spending an hour on the snow that he was getting cold feet, and went to the station, but Mr. Graham persevered in the work of investigation. He wore low shoes, and as a result of his perambulations over the snow his feet and lower limbs were thoroughly chilled.

After he got on the train he was staked with excruciating pains in his legs, and on arriving in Denver went to the office of Dr. H. H. Martin, in the Cooper block, who pronounced his case one of frostbite and applied the customary remedies.

Simpson Subway Is Ventilated. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

For seven years work on what may well be considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering has been carried on unceasingly. The famous Simpson tunnel is now an accomplished fact. The work has cost over \$1,800,000.

One terminus of the tunnel is at Brigg, in the Rhone valley, and the other at Iselle, in Italy. It consists of two tunnels, only one of which will at present be used for traffic, the second serving the purpose of a ventilating shaft, through which 1,100 cubic feet of air can be passed every second, bringing the temperature down to 37 degrees Fahrenheit.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE. Thaw is a back number now, until his trial.

Streetcar conductors surely earn all they get.

Evidently Pater would like to change his hotel.