

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES



EFFORT TO CHECK THE FLAMES

FOREST fires, the worst enemies to conservation that exist in the nation, have again swept their way through millions of feet of valuable timber and sacrificed the lives of those who went out to fight them and protect their homes and towns from destruction.

The recurrence of these great fires has been so regular as to prepare the country for like disasters almost every year. In 1908 they reached the forests of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, and southern Ontario, wiping out entire towns and killing many settlers. Within a few years great conflagrations have run through the Adirondacks and the forests of the south and southwest.

Is there no way to stop this waste of property, or to protect settlers and small towns in the midst of the woods? The question is asked on every hand; it is buried at the forest service in Washington, and is the subject of general comment in sections where true forest conditions cannot be appreciated.

The forest service experts declare that there are ways to prevent these annual fires; but these methods cannot be employed with any certainty of success with the existing forces of wardens and rangers, or the amount of money now provided by the federal and state governments for forest supervision.

Three things must be accomplished, declare the foresters: The causes of fire must be eliminated; the conditions in the woods which help its spread must be done away with, and the people who use and frequent the forests must be educated or forced to give up careless practices in the handling of fire.

Protection the Only Way.

"The first measure necessary for the successful practice of forestry is protection from forest fires," says Henry S. Graves, chief forester of the United States.

To this end the forest service has bent every activity of recent years; yet the fires that have wiped out timber worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in the far northwestern states recently, hardly paused in their course to look at the puny protective efforts of the forest rangers and fire wardens. To stamp out fire, or to prevent it, a force four times as large as that now existing is immediately necessary. This is admitted by Chief Forester Graves. In addition, there is needed money enough to permit the thorough equipment of the forests with well-built roads and trails, over which the firemen can quickly reach a blaze; apparatus near at hand to fight the fires; patrols along all railroads to put out sparks; a complete telephone system so that fighters may be hurried to the scene of any fire, and stations at every strategic point in the woods, inhabited by rangers and fire wardens equipped for immediate duty.

Since 1906 the forest service has built 4,850 miles of telephone line through the woods. Yet in many sections of the big forests of the northwest, one watchman has to care for more than 100,000 acres of timber and often without the aid of telephone communication. In Germany there is a fire warden for practically every 1,000 acres of forest.

If thorough communication can be established and fire wardens stationed at frequent intervals, aid may ultimately be close enough to the incipient fires to prevent the outbreak of conflagrations such as have recently devastated the northwestern states. Similar conditions must at the same time be developed in the private forest areas, to insure safety from forest fires.

Protection is the slogan of the forest experts today. They declare it is not surprising that great fires occur, when more than 75 per cent. of the private timber lands of the country have no protection whatever; less than one-fourth enough men and equipment is provided for the national forests, and the user of the forests are only partly educated to the elimination of fire causes.

The Fire Watcher's Work.

"The risk from fires can never be entirely eliminated," say Chief Forester Graves, "for in the forest there is always inflammable material which is very easily ignited. They may, however, be largely prevented, and under efficient organization their damage may be kept down to a very small amount."

It is a picturesque business, that of fire watching, as practised in some of the larger national forests today.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY

Next to the luv ov munny cumms the luv ov praze.

There would be no flatterers if there was no listeners.

The wound that fust luv makes is often healed, but the skar never iz.

Oratory and musik are sumthing alike—sense iz often sakrified for sound.

There iz a good deal ov art in knowing how to help a man without hurting him.

Most people are more grateful for what they expect to git out ov us, than for what they have had.

The man who sells cheap whisky, and never drinks enny himself, iz one ov the meanest kritters I know ov.

When a man has just about as much vice az virtew in him, he iz az unsartin for milk az a kicking heifer iz.

Thar iz hardly enny thing impossible. The gratest sekrets, when we cum to kno them, prove to be the simpest.

I have seen people so severe in their karakter that their fallings waz the only thing about them that waz endurable.

Gravity proves this to me—where there iz one person so grave bekaue they kno so much, there are 19 grave bekaue they kno so little.

Very cunning men allways git caught at last. When a fox gits so full ov mischiev that no one can endure him, all turn out and hunt him.

There are very fu persons in the world that people will run after. If you expect to be taken notiss ov, you hav got to git in front ov folks, and worry them sum.—New York Weekly.

YES

It is not meant half the time it is said.

"Yes" is a simple word spelled with three letters.

It has procured kisses and provoked blows.

It has defeated candidates and elected scoundrels.

It has been used in more lies than any other expression.

It has caused more fights than all the "You're a liars" that ever were spoken.

It has started more dipsomaniacs on their career than all the strong liquor on earth.

It has caused more happiness and more unhappiness than any other word in the language.

It has lost more money for easy lenders than all the holes in all the pockets in the world.

Will it continue to make such a record?

DO YOU KNOW?

Trinity corporation is the wealthiest single church organization in the United States.

The postoffice in Manhattan was erected at a cost between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. It was opened for occupancy on August 25, 1897.

Staten Island is about 13 miles long, 8 miles wide and consists of an area of about 57 square miles. It has a population in excess of 50,000.

The great Washington bridge over the Harlem river is 2,400 feet long, 80 feet wide, cost \$2,680,000, and is built of steel, iron and stone. It is 135 feet above high water mark.

SOCIAL HORTICULTURE

Sowing wild oats.

Cultivating friendship.

Looking after one's stocks.

Weeding out acquaintances.

Raking the servants over the coals.

Harrowing people with one's ill temper.

Digging up the coin.—Boston Transcript.

Planting one's foot down on extravagance.

FLASHLIGHTS

There are mighty few women in the world who think their husbands are paid well enough for the work they do.

The man who praises his wife now and then is apt to be loved more than the man who merely pays her dressmaker's bills.

Money won't buy happiness, but we've never had a creditor who could really be happy without it.—Detroit Free Press.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

It takes an awful lot of doctoring to keep truth from going into a decline.

The surest way to be absolutely worthless in a job is to think you're too good for it.

Once in awhile an only child has sense in spite of the fool way its parents treat it.

Pay a woman a compliment and she'd know it was flattery if it was to another woman.

To read one of his love letters a year after he wrote it is beyond the heroism of any man.

Heaps of stale eggs would be fresh if so many people weren't too mean to use them while they are.

It's absolutely impossible, when a woman feels her toe going through her stocking, for her not to suspect everybody knows.

A woman can make an unfulfilled promise go further toward her happiness than a man can an accomplished fact toward his.

A woman wants everybody to believe all the nice things about her husband that she couldn't possibly make herself believe.

When a man is trying to take a nap and the flies bother him he can't get as bad as mad with them as he can with his wife about it.—New York Press.

Next to having to listen to the average man tell a joke the most horrible torture is to have to let him describe when he made a great hit with it.—New York Press.

MAGAZINE PHILOSOPHY.

A cat in the well is worth two on the fence.

A donkey is never so fast as when he is standing still.

The slogan of the Antitipping society should be, "No quarter!"

The highest type of the utilitarian is the man who serves up the wolf at his door for supper.

The trouble with the average obtiary is that it comes too late to help a man to get a good job.

If it be true that necessity knows no law, it is quite evident why some police magistrates are considered necessities.

There are many pleasing sights in this world, but what is more delightful to the eye than a mother-in-law in her own home?

The boy who is bounced for smoking cigarettes realizes at last the truth of the old saying that where there is smoke there is some fire.

Some men are so lazy that they not only do not go to the door when opportunity knocks, but would not answer her if she rang them up on the telephone.

There are people in this world who are utterly devoid of a sense of humor. For instance, we once had a cook in our employ named Ellen Burns, and it never struck her as being in the least degree amusing. Come to think of it, we did not think it so side-splittingly funny ourselves after she had lived up to it consistently for several months, although she eventually left us in a state of spontaneous combustion.—Horace Dodd Gaskin in Lippincott's.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—Hazlitt.

Hope is the most treacherous of all human fancies.—Emerson.

Misfortunes have their dignity and their redeeming power.—Hibbard.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.—Franklin.

I take the true definition of exercise to be labor without weariness.—Johnson.

There is no well doing, no Godlike doing, that is not patient doing.—Timothy Titcomb.

Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life.—Daniel Webster.

There is no friendship between those associated in power; he who rules will always be impatient of an associate.—Lucan.

Industry, temperance and piety are the only means of present enjoyment, and the only true sources of future happiness.—Haudon.

NUGGETS FROM GEORGIA

If some folks get to heaven they'll want to pull Lazarus from Father Abraham's bosom and growl because he'd slept so long.

Telling the other fellow to do his duty, and then doing your own, are two things that don't keep company together—all the time.—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Night.

Good night, good night! Ah, good the night!
That wraps thee in its silver light!
Good night! No night is good for me
That does not hold a thought of thee,
Good night!

Good night! Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete,
Till that last night when death shall be
One brief "good night" for thee and me.
Good night!

—S. Weir Mitchell.

Archer's Engagement

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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must have been took with a cramp, for ordinarily Mr. Archer is a fine swimmer."

Tears of thankfulness forced them selves to Helen's eyes and she made no reply. Once on board the yacht she declined the captain's urgent offers of hospitality. She did accept one of Archer's heavy ulsters and slipped it on.

When she was assured that he was recovering and would soon be up and around, she asked to be taken ashore. The next morning she left the hotel with her mother and returned to her home in the city.

Helen Dale knew that Bob Archer must seek her out and express his gratitude for what she had done; that she might not meet him again she had fled.

Bob Archer awoke to a rather unpleasant realization the morning after the rescue. He who had always been independent of women was indebted to one for his life. He blushed to recollect that a girl had come to his rescue and he cursed his own weakness in succumbing to a mere cramp. But he set forth to the hotel, immaculate in white duck from top to toe, in his heart grateful to the plucky girl who had saved his life.

He recalled Helen Dale as one of many other girls whom he had avoided as mere butterflies. When he inquired for Miss Dale at the office the clerk informed him of her departure. There was no doubt in his mind that she had gone to escape his thanks. Well, she was the right sort—some girls would have been glad of the opportunity to play the heroine.

New York was not far distant, and in the evening of the same day, he presented himself at the Dale house. So unexpected was his coming that Helen was taken by surprise. She came down to find him in conversation with her mother.

"I resolved you should not escape," he said, holding her hand in a warm friendly clasp. "I wonder if you know just how plucky you were yesterday!"

"It was mere chance," evaded Helen, coloring. "Any one else would have done it. It was easy, too, for your boat came quickly to the rescue."

"Nevertheless, if it had not been for you I would have lost my life," insisted Archer.

He remained for the evening, and was surprised at his own pleasure in the occasion.

A day or two afterward he came again and took them for a spin in his new motor car. Then he came again and again. He did not return to Seaside, but his yacht received sailing orders and proceeded to the city, where she lay at his disposal.

When the first crisp autumn winds were blowing Bob Archer awoke to the fact that he could not live happily without Helen Dale for his wife. What an ideal companion she would make—their tastes were similar and their love of the out-of-doors amounted almost to a mania. A honeymoon spent on his yacht—

He clapped on his hat and made his way to the Dale house. Helen was alone in the library, when he arrived, and he sat beside her in the dim firelit room and told his story. But in spite of the great joy in her eyes she shook her head.

"I know how you feel, Mr. Archer. It is natural that you should mistake gratitude for love, and that you should offer me the life I saved, but—" Something in the flicker of emotion that crossed her face brought him close beside her.

"Helen, look at me!" he commanded, taking her hands in his.

Slowly she turned until her eyes met his.

"What do you see there, darling—gratitude or love?" he asked, softly.

Her glance fell before his gaze, and for the first time since her heart had gone out of her keeping she was radiantly happy.

"Love," she whispered, softly, and then: "I'm so glad I had the chance to save your life. We might never have known each other, Bob."

She Could, But Wouldn't.

Miss Johnson, an American girl, fair and twenty-five, was traveling in Germany with an elderly friend. One day in Berlin the two ladies had boarded a sight-seeing car and were just comfortably seated when an Englishman of pronounced sporting type got in and sat down beside the young lady. After staring at her in silence for some time he inquired, insinuatingly: "Do you speak English, miss?"

"Yes," replied Miss Johnson, without turning her head, "I do, but I don't care to."

And Sidetracks Them.

"Miss Flirty certainly attracts the men."

"Yes, and then she distracts them."