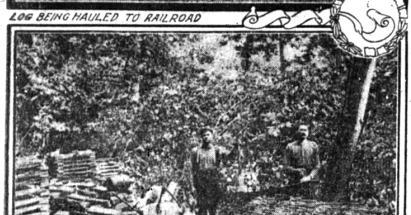
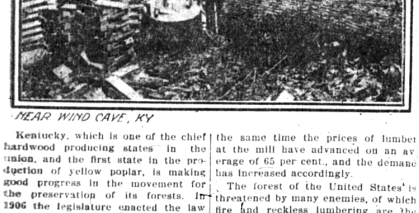
KENTUCKY'S PROGRESS IN FOREST PRESERVATION



LOG BEING HAULED TO RAILROAD



NEAR WIND CAVE, KY.

Kentucky, which is one of the chief hardwood producing states in the union, and the first state in the production of yellow poplar, is making good progress in the movement for the preservation of its forests. In 1906 the legislature enacted the law providing for the state board of agriculture, forestry and immigration. During the following winter the board asked and received the co-operation of the United States Forest service in a study of the forest conditions of the state. This work was begun two years ago and an examination of half the area of forest land in the state has been completed. The result of the first year's work, covering the 11 most eastern counties of the state is published in the Kentucky handbook, 1906-1907. The second report, now in the hands of the state board of agriculture, covers 48 counties, in the coal mining regions of the state. When this investigation is completed Kentucky will have an excellent inventory of its lumber resources.

The manner in which the forestry problem has been approached indicates that the people of the state realize that the ultimate solution of the impending timber scarcity must, for the farmer, depend largely on how he handles his individual timber resources, and that there is no better way than for him to consider the wood lot as a bank account, using the interest which is constantly accruing, but leaving the capital undiminished. Much educational work, however, will be needed to secure this desirable end.

The second report of the Forest Service suggests a forest law. Among its most important features is a provision for the appointment of a state forester. The wisdom of this is evident since only by the appointment of a state forester can the work in co-operation with Forest Service be maintained and carried to a successful conclusion. Until such time, however, as the sate of Kentucky is ready to assume the management of its own forest problems, the National Service is willing and anxious to co-operate in every way possible for the furtherance of forestry among private owners in Kentucky. In the co-operative investigations of forest resources now in progress, the government spent over $4,000 to duplicate a similar amount appropriated by the state.

Kentucky has always been rich in forest resources, but like many other states has reached the point where the timber will hereafter be produced on a continually decreasing scale, and it is necessary to protect and use carefully the forests which remain.

In 1899 Kentucky cut 734,000,000 board feet of hardwood lumber. In 1907 the cut was 854,903,000 board feet, an increase of only 16 per cent. in the nine years. In the same period the cut of yellow poplar has fallen off over 20 per cent. During the same time the prices of lumber at the mill have advanced on an average of 65 per cent., and the demand has increased accordingly.

The forest of the United States is threatened by many enemies, of which fire and reckless lumbering are the worst. Sheep grazing and wind come next. Cattle and horses do much less damage than sheep, and snow break is less costly than windfall. Land slides, floods, insects, and fungi are sometimes very harmful. In certain situations numbers of trees are killed by lightning, which has also been known to set the woods on fire, and the forest is attacked in many other ways. For example, birds and squirrels often prevent young growth by devouring great quantities of nuts and other seeds, while porcupines and mice frequently kill young trees by gnawing away their bark.

Most of these foes may be called natural enemies, for they would injure the forest to a greater or less extent if the action of man were altogether removed. Wild animals would take the place of domestic sheep and cattle to some degree, and fire, wind, and insects would still attack the forest. But many of the most serious dangers to the forest are of human origin. Such are destructive lumbering, and excessive taxation on forest lands, to which much bad lumbering is directly due. So high are these taxes in some states for in many cases they amount to 5 or even 6 per cent. yearly on the market value of the forests, that the owners cannot afford to pay them and hold their lands. Consequently they are forced to cut or sell their timber in haste and without regard to the future. When the timber is gone the owners refuse to pay taxes any longer, and the devastated lands revert to the state. Many thousand square miles of forest have been ruined by reckless lumbering because heavy taxes forced the owners to realize quickly and once for all upon their forest land, instead of cutting it in a way to insure valuable future crops. For the same reason many countries are now poor that might otherwise have been flourishing and rich. ♥

His Order.

"Does your husband belong to any clubs, Mrs. Dubbley?"

"None but the Knights of the Mystic Stairway."

"The Mystic Stairway? I never heard of that order."

"You're lucky. The members are pledged to assist the brother who needs help to reach home and to carry him upstairs, provided they are able to trust themselves on the stairs that go round and round, and after that to try to make his wife believe that he was seized with sudden illness and that they administered an overdose of brandy or something of the kind for the purpose of reviving him."

Giants of Vegtable Life

Radish and Cabbage That Not Only Are Imminse in Size, But of Finest Flavor.

Two new vegetables for the kitchen garden, a giant radish and a cabbage from Brobdingnag, have recently been introduced into this country by our agricultural explorers. They are remarkable not only for size, but for excellence of flavor and will be heartily welcomed as palatable additions to the American bill of fare.

The radish in question comes from Japan, where it is known as "sakurajima." It attains a length of two feet or more, and sometimes a circumference equal to that of a man's thigh. Although the seed is not planted until the middle of the summer the vegetable grows with wonderful rapidity, and early in autumn is ready for the table. The government plant bureau recommends this vegetable in the highest terms. It ought, before long, be in every kitchen garden; and there is no reason why it should not be widely planted, inasmuch as the seeds are already to be obtained from some seedsmen. The huge radish will keep all winter in a cool cellar. It may be cooked like turnips and beets, or cut into little square strips and served like ordinary radishes.

As for the giant cabbage, it comes from China, and is quite as remarkable in its way as the radish. It attains a weight of 40 pounds, and possesses so fine a flavor that cabbage of the kinds to which we are accustomed must be regarded as poor things, relatively speaking. This remarkable vegetable from the Flowery land has a much more delicate taste than ordinary cabbage, with less of the crude "cabbagy" intensity, which many folks find objectionable.—Technical World.

Corn the Greatest of American Crops.

Corn is our greatest crop, that of 1908 being valued at $1,616,000,000.

Love.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love—
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine. . . .
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
—Charles Swain.

Plato Dobbs' Tricky Ways

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys

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Plato Dobbs lay with his head just visible beneath the patchwork quilt, and one arm stretched across the top of the covers. His fist was clenched, and whenever he emitted an unusually loud snore he wrathfully smote the bed clothing. Plato was evidently having unpleasant experiences in the land of dreams.

His wife, clad in a dressing gown, sat on the edge of the bed, watching him. She made no move to arouse Plato from his uneasy slumbers, however, and when a light tap sounded at the bedroom door she opened it silently.

"Don't make a sound, sister Angelina," cautioned Mrs. Dobbs, as a thin, hatchet-faced woman, with a bowl of water in her hand, entered the room. "He's asleep at last, but he's mighty restless. I don't want him waked up until you've tried the experiment on him. Seem's if I couldn't wait another minute to find out whether your suspicions were true, or only made up out of your own head."

"Made up, indeed," sniffed Angelina; "that's the thanks I get from my own sister. You needn't be afraid, I'll show him up," and she gestured toward the sleeping Plato. "I showed up his two brothers, Animous and Venomous, over to Peaville, before I'd been visiting their wives two weeks. Just as soon as I helped those poor, deluded women to pack up and go home to their own folks I came right over here to help you out. There never was a man yet to be trusted in anything, and now that I've discovered a way to unmask 'em it's going to be my lifework. Did you have Plato do as I said to-day, so's he'd be good and tired to-night?"

"Yes, he's been on the go ever since sunup; and to-night I got him a travel book out of the library, and he's been reading it aloud. There was one fear-

"I'll Excite Him," Ejaculated Miss Angelina, Grimly.

ful story in it—about a female gorilla capturing a man and keeping him a prisoner for two weeks on the limb of a tree. Plato read that twice, it was so exciting."

"I'll excite him," ejaculated Miss Angelina, grimly. "You always was the softest one of the Barlow family, or you'd have seen through Plato Dobbs' tricky ways long ago. But I s'pose if I hadn't bought my book of ancient secrets you'd have put up with him all your days, and been none the wiser."

During Miss Angelina's remarks she had grown somewhat excited, and, heedless of the sleeping Plato, had raised her voice a little. He gave no sign of rousing, however; indeed, his slumber seemed more quiet, and he lay breathing regularly, with his arm dangling over the edge of the bed.

Mrs. Dobbs gazed with awe at the bowl on the table.

"Are you sure," she demanded, "that you've mixed it according to directions?"

"Certainly; I know the recipe by heart. 'If you would know another's secrets, place a great pinch of salt in a bowl of clear water; then when a deep sleep has fallen upon him place his hand in the salted water and ask him what you will; he cannot deceive you.' I believe some ancient woman named Alberta Agnes discovered the secret. Come on, hold the bowl so his hands just touch the water, and I'll do the questioning. He'll find that he can't hide anything from Angelina Barlow."

There was no guile on the placid face of Plato Dobbs as he lay on his back with his eyes closed. The night air that had affrighted him seemed to have departed. With curiosity and awe on her face, Mrs. Dobbs took up the bowl and gently raised it until Plato's fingers dipped into the water.

"Wet his hand more," admonished her sister at her side.

Mrs. Dobbs was about to comply when Plato struck out suddenly, sending a shower into the face of Miss Angelina.

"Wow!" muttered the sleeper, "there she is again. There's old bowlegs—ugh."

"There, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Miss Angelina. "He's talking about women a'ready. Wait till I get the salt water out of my eyes, and I'll find out what he's been up to. Wet his hand again, sister."

Once more Plato's hand was submerged, and this time he made no protesting movement. Miss Angelina fixed her eyes on his face and sternly demanded:

"Plato W. Dobbs, where'd you first meet this female?"

"I'm-um—down by the river," sleepily muttered the man in the bed.

"I knew it," declared Miss Angelina. "I told you, sister, that he went down there for something else besides fishing. I followed him often enough, but I never could catch him at anything. Where'd you hide you bald-headed old deceiver?"

"Up a tree," responded the victim, with astonishing promptness. "Up a tree—tree—tree—um."

"Good lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs; "there's no woman around these parts that can climb a tree, let alone staying there when she got up. Ask him how she kept from falling off the limbs."

"Bow-legged," immediately responded the sleeper. "Old bowlegs—bowlegs—ugh."

"Keep his hand well wet, sister," cautioned Miss Angelina. "I'm going to find out who she is now, only I dassent ask him right out, just yet. What does she look like, Plato W?"

"Ugly, slabsided—hawk nosed old gorilla—gorilla—wow!"

"And you've been running after a person like that!"

"N-a-w, she chased me—every day—up a tree."

"There, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs. "You see, sister, no matter what we've found out, it isn't his fault."

"Be still, and keep his hand wet, Plato W., what is her name?"

Plato stirred, grunted, and hid his face in the pillow.

"Wet his hand, sister. Come, you brute, you've got to tell. What's her name?" Sneak up."

"Angelina Barlow," and then Plato drowsily took away his hand and buried himself beneath the patchwork coverlid.

The bowl of water dropped unheeded from Mrs. Dobbs' fingers, and Miss Angelina sank limply to the floor.

"You'd better go to bed and get some rest, Angelina," said Mrs. Dobbs at length. "You'll be getting up early to-morrow."

"Do you believe what he said?" weakly demanded Miss Angelina.

"No, course not, only you told me that the salt water made 'em all tell the truth, and you know, Angelina, that you're awfully bow—"

"Sister!"

"Well, any way, you'd better pack your trunk, and the hired man'll drive you over to Peaville the first thing in the morning."

Beneath the bed clothes Plato Dobbs was chuckling and winking in the darkness.

A Week Behind.

It is perhaps Bruno's tact and diplomacy that have made his weekly entertainments at the Lyceum on East Broadway so popular, says the New York Press. As an example, last Friday evening the subject of the lecture was "Shall Woman and Man Be Educated Equally, and Why?" There followed discussions.

One boy, whether it was that he slept or what, arose, mounted the platform and began carefully to discuss the subject of the week before and to answer the arguments he evidently thought the speaker of that evening had advanced in proof of his theory. The audience commenced to titter, then to laugh aloud, whereupon Mr. Bruno sprang up and explained. "The idea outside he has not been charged," he said. "The painter did not charge it, therefore this young man naturally supposed the subject were used as a title to be the subject for discussion this evening. It is my fault. I am sorry."

Two Children Are Wonders.

Under the headline "Juvenile Art" the Welt Spiegel publishes the pictures of a little curly-headed girl seated at a piano, and a boy before an easel at work on a picture.

The former is Pila Osorio, the three-year-old daughter of a Spanish physician. "The little miss is like her half-brother, a born pianist," says the writer. "She plays with wonderful skill compositions by Hayden, Mendelssohn and Mozart without any knowledge of notes. The boy, Maurice Lavallard, is eight years her senior.

"He has done some remarkably fine work as a painter, which has recently been recognized at the Paris salon. Where one of his interiors is now on exhibition."

Man Does Not Know How to Live.

Modern life so depends upon medical science that, whether humanity is willing or unwilling, the profession is indispensable to progress. Because man's life is so artificial he is the only animal that does not know how to live, and must be assisted on every hand by the science and imitation of nature.

Where All Are Agreed.

I will do human nature the justice to say that we are all prone to make other people do their duty.—Sydney Smith.

SMILES

AN ANCIENT ONE.

M. Himelin, the police magistrate of Paris, was the victim of a venerable practical joke on April 1. It began in the early morning with the arrival at his residence in the Avenue Henri Martin of several carts of coal, followed by a continuous procession all day of other vehicles conveying similarly unordered goods — five pianos, jars of cod liver oil, hams, mineral waters and vegetables—while among the visitors whose services were supposed to be required were an embalmer, a masseur, an undertaker, and half a dozen pedicures. Altogether 322 vehicles drove up to the house in the course of the day. Amid the confusion M. Hamelin went quietly to preside as usual at the police court.—London Daily News.

Particular About the Butter.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked, blandly:

"Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "I lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."

No Reason at All.

He—The major is going to be married again.

She—Why, when his wife died he said that the light of his life had gone out.

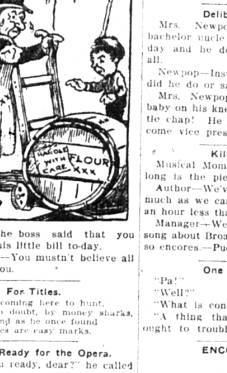
He—There's no reason why he shouldn't strike another match, there?

Startling.

"Yes, our table is always up to date," boasted the landlady. "We have those beautiful red candles on it at supper time."

"Candles for supper!" gasped the prospective boarder. "Madam, do you think I am an Eskimo?"

SAGE ADVICE.



Johnny—The boss said that you would pay this little bill to-day.

Mr. Hunks—You mustn't believe all people tell you.

For Titles.

Count Boni's coming here to hunt,
Financed, no doubt, by money sharks,
And he will fing as he once found
That heiresses are easy marks.

Getting Ready for the Opera.

"Aren't you ready, dear?" he called upstairs.

"Not quite," was the wife's reply. "It ought not to take you so long to put your hat on."

"I'm not going to wear any hat."

"Well, it ought not to take you so long not to put one on!"—Yonkers Statesman.

From Different Viewpoints.

Anxious Mother—I cannot permit you to have such late callers. It was after 11 o'clock when Mr. Huggins left last night.

Pretty Daughter—Why, mamma, I don't see how you can class Mr. Huggins as a late caller. It was only 7:20 when he came.

A Wasted Evening.

First Music Critic—I wasted a whole evening by going to that new pianist's concert last night!

Second Music Critic—Why?

First Music Critic—His playing was above criticism!—Judge.

As Amended.

His Wife—Charity covers a multitude of sins, they say.

Her Husband—Yes, it certainly does—especially when it begins at home.

The Ruse That aFiled.

Tompkins had just dropped a half-penny in front of the blind beggar to see if he would pick it up.

Beggar—Make it sixpence, guv-nor, an' I'll forget meself.

Still Fighting.

Church—Did you have any relatives in the revolutionary war?

Gotham—I don't know; but I've got two cousins interested in the D. A. R. war!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Test.

"She has as many satellites as a luminous planet."

"Ah, but how many rings can she show?"

So They Are.

"Here is a department in the paper entitled, 'What Well-Known Persons Are Doing.'"

"Just so."

"And I was reminded of the fact that several well-known persons are just now doing time."

Always Plentiful.

Eva—There is a closed season for deer in many of the states, isn't there?

Jack—Yes, but there is no closed season for the dears at the summer resorts.

GROWING UP WITH THE TOWN.

So you have "grown up with the town?"
But the town which was little is great,
It possesses a world-wide renown,
They have written "Success" o'er its gate;
The town which was once so obscure
Has a worth that is splendid and sure.

The town has a prosperous look,
It appeals to the stranger afar;
It occupies no little nook
Where wrecked opportunities are;
As fair as a realized dream,
The town is awake and supreme.

So you have "grown up with the town?"
But the town which was narrow is broad;
It has not been content to sit down
Depending on chance or on God;
Its challenge (though stunned for a space)
It flings in Catastrophe's face.
—S. E. Kiser.

MEAN INSINUATION.

Kind Lady—You say you need help, but will your character stand investigation?

Dusty Dodgework—Say, lady, you talk as if I wuz a politician.

But Wants It Good.

Houston should
Be glad to own
She only needs
One telephone.

A Helping Hand.

"Excuse me, sir," said the senior clerk as he entered the private office of the boss, "but, having grown gray in your service, don't you think I ought to have something added to my salary?"

"I do," answered the boss as he reached into his pocket and drew forth a silver dollar. "Take this and get yourself a bottle of hair dye."

Deliberate Insult.

Mrs. Newpop—That measly old bachelor uncle of yours was here today and he deliberately insulted us all.

Newpop—Insulted us! Why, what did he do or say?

Mrs. Newpop—Why, he took the baby on his knee and said: "Poor little chap! He may grow up and become vice president some day."

Killing Time.

Musical Momedy Manager — How long is the piece now?

Author—We've stretched it out as much as we can, but it is still about an hour less than standard length.

Manager—Well, dash off a topical song about Broadway, with a dozen or so encores.—Puck.

One View of It.

"Pa!"

"Well?"

"What is conscience?"

"A thing that we always believe ought to trouble the other fellow."

ENCOURAGED.

"I never could stand it," he said, "to live with a woman who was jealous of me."

"Don't borrow trouble," she replied. "Nature has done her best to make you immune from that kind of unpleasantness."

The Old Sign.

Now put away the striped hose,
Oh, put them all away,
For barber poles are out of style
In Boston, so they say.

A Slight Jolt.

"As for me," remarked young Muggsby, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek."

"I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."

He'd Help.

Caller—Sir, I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute anything?

Editor—With pleasure. Call tonight with the ambulance, and I will have some poets ready.—Judge.

Encouragement.

"Miss Emma, I love thee."

"Well, now you are down on your knees you may as well tie my shoe laces."

Helped Some.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church?

Mrs. Perry—Well, I guess! She wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.—Harper's Bazar.

The Demoralizer Again.

"Virtue has its own reward," quoted the moralizer.

"Possibly," rejoined the demoralizer, "but it's the tough turkey that lives longest."

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

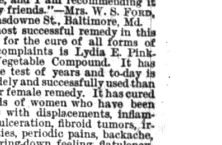
Baltimore, Md. — "For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Fourr, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

THAT FROZE HIM.



"I suppose," he said, ingratiatingly, "you often get spoken to by men?"

"Yes," she replied, "and by monkeys. But to-night there don't seem to be any men about!"

A Case for Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city, whose respective matrimonial ventures had in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed, he did; and said so most frankly!"

"Honest?"

"Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he added, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Exchanging Solemn Thoughts.

"Ah, says the man with the parted whiskers, "when one stands alone in the night and contemplates the wonders of creation, how futile, how puny man seems! How vain, how puerile his hopes and longings, when he is surrounded by the eternal silence of the universe! Has this ever occurred to you?"

"You bet!" answers the man with the big scarf pin. "He feels just as punk as he does when he misses the owl car and has to stand on the corner an hour for another one."—Chicago Post.

Innovation.

Stella—Did she have an unusual wedding?

Bella—Yes; the church was decorated with common tropical plants instead of the rare.

HOME TESTING
A Sure and Easy Test on Coffee.

To decide the all important question of coffee, whether or not it is really the hidden cause of physical ails and approaching fixed diseases, one should make a test of ten days by leaving off coffee entirely and using well-made Postum.

If relief follows you may know to a certainty that coffee has been your vicious enemy. Of course you can take it back to your heart again, if you like to keep ailing.

A lady says: "I had suffered with stomach trouble, nervousness and terrible sick headaches ever since I was a little child, for my people were always great coffee drinkers and let us children have all we wanted. I got so I thought I could not live without coffee, but I would not acknowledge that it caused my suffering.

"Then I read so many articles about Postum that I decided to give it a fair trial. I had not used it two weeks in place of coffee until I began to feel like a different person. The headache and nervousness disappeared and whereas I used to be sick two or three days out of a week while drinking coffee I am now well and strong and sturdy seven days a week, thanks to Postum.

"I had been using Postum three months and had never been sick a day when I thought I would experiment and see if it really was coffee that caused the trouble, so I began to drink coffee again and inside of a week I had a sick spell. I was so ill I was soon convinced that coffee was the cause of all my misery and I went back to Postum with the result that I was soon well and strong again and determined to stick to Postum and leave coffee alone in the future."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.