

tily in the greatest disorder, and no definite plans were made for its next session, except that it would probably be held in the more congenial political atmosphere of Philadelphia or New York, at some date before Roosevelt's return from Africelba.

A number of excellent photographs were taken, but they cannot be reproduced, since the photographer inadvisedly disguised himself as a rebate, and unfortunately an absend-minded railroad man seated near him fell upon and devoured his camera and him together.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

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THE NEED OF FOREST PRESERVATION.

An Editorial in the Chicago Inter Ocean of January 9

The American people are just beginning to appreciate the gravity of the problem of forest preservation. This problem involves not merely our fuel and lumber supply but future rainfall productivity of farms, inland navigation and the drinking water supply of cities. It does not affect merely small areas and out-of-the-way corners of the country. It touches the welfare of the entire country. Few questions have a more intimate and vital bearing on the nation's future.

James S. Whipple, forest, fish and game commissioner of New York, presented some plain truths succinctly in a recent address in the metropolis. He said, for instance, that it requires fifteen acres of Adirondack forest to supply paper for a single Sunday edition of one of the big New York journals. This illustrates the alarming rate at which forests are being destroyed. He sees in the denudation of the Adirondacks a menace to the future water supply of New York city.

"Without trees in New York State," he said, "you cannot have running water constantly in the city. New York city is spending \$162,000,000 for a new water supply and not a dollar for preserving the sources of that supply. All the mountain tops are right now being denuded where the land is held in private ownership."

He pointed out the value of the Adirondack forests in the fight against the "white plague." He said:

Not a breeze blowing across the balsam, fir, spruce and pine forests of the Adirondacks has a malevolent germ in it. And when it is remembered that there are 55,000 victims of the white plague in New York state and that 9,000,000 people in other States are within twenty-four hours of this region, it is plain to be seen that the people of New York State could do a great work if they bent their energies to the protection of the forests for that purpose alone.

Mr. Whipple made the startling statement that the wood supply of the nation is disappearing five times faster than nature's reproduction. The significance of this statement, even though slightly exaggerated, is appalling. It is a prophecy, un-

less remedial measures are adopted, of a not far distant time when deforestation will assume the magnitude of a national disaster.

"It is costing \$33 an acre," Mr. Whipple said, "to reforest France and we can do such work in America for \$8.50."

The seriousness of the present situation is shown by Mr. Whipple's statement that if the people of New York State are to provide safely for the near future they should plant "for many years, commencing now," at least 50,000,000 trees a year.

What Mr. Whipple had to say about the forests of New York applies with equal force to forests all over the country. Deforestation is perhaps a more serious menace in the Middle West at present than in the East. The inroads of the sawmill and the lumberman's ax in Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota woods are probably more devastating than in the forests of the Adirondacks.

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THE SCHOOL AS A "MELTING POT."

Myra Kelly in "The American Public School as a Factor in International Conciliation."*

The child, the parent, the teacher and the home-staying relative are brought to feel their kinship with all the world through the agency of the public school but the teacher learns the lesson most fully, most consciously. The value to the cause of peace and good-will in the community of an army of thousands of educated men and women holding views such as these cannot easily be over-estimated. The teachers, too, are often aliens and nearly always of a race different from their pupils, yet you will rarely meet a teacher who is not delighted with her charges. "Do come," they always say, "and see my little Italians, or Irish, or German, or picaninnies, they are the sweetest little things;" or, if they be teachers of a higher grade, "They are the cleverest and the most charming children." They are all clever in their different ways, and they are all charming to those who know them, and the work of the public school is to make this charm and cleverness appreciated, so that race misunderstandings in the adult population may grow fewer and fewer.

The only dissatisfied teacher I ever encountered was a girl of old Knickerbocker blood, who was considered by her relatives to be too fragile and refined to teach any children except the darlings of the upper West Side, where some of the rich are democratic enough to patronize the public school. From what we heard of her experiences, "patronize" is quite the proper word to use in this connection. A group of us, classmates, had been com-

*See Public of December 31, page 1260. This pamphlet is one of the publications of the American Association for International Conciliation. Copies of the publications of the Association may be obtained without charge upon application to the Secretary, Sub-station 84, New York City.

paring notes and asked her from what country her charges came. "Oh, they are just kids," she answered dejectedly "ordinary every-day kids, with Dutch-cut hair, Russian blouses, belts at the knee line, sandals, and nurses to convoy them to and from school. You never saw anything so tiresome."

It grew finally so tiresome that she applied for a transfer and took the Knickerbocker spirit down to the Jewish quarter, where it gladdened the young Jacobs, Rachels, Isadors and Rebeccas entrusted to her care. Her place among the nursery pets was taken by a dark-eyed Russian girl, who found the up-town babies, the despised "just kids," as entertaining, as lovable, and as instructive as the Knickerbocker girl found the Jews. Well, and so they are all of them, lovable, entertaining and instructive, and the man or woman who goes among them with an open heart and eye will find much material for thought and humility. And one function of the public school is to promote this understanding and appreciation. It has done wonders in the past and every year finds it better equipped for its work of amalgamation. The making of an American citizen is its stated function, but its graduates will be citizens not only of America. In sympathy, at least, they will be citizens of the world.

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An oyster well-bred from Cotuit
 Feels hurt should anyone chew it;
 But swallowed full sized
 Quite un-Fletcherized
 No oyster thus honored could rue it.
 —Vest Pocket Limericks.

BOOKS.

MAN'S COUSINS, THE ANIMALS.

The New Ethics. By J. Howard Moore. Published by Samuel A. Bloch, Chicago, 1909. Revised Edition. Price \$1.00 net.

A brilliant and brutal mathematician used to say that he preferred his student enraged; for wrath quickened the mind's understanding of mathematics. Mr. Moore's style suggests a similar theory about his reader and ethical truth.

To know absolutely that one is a fool is the best possible preparation for distinction in more honorable and remunerative lines.

No sadder calamity can come to a human being than for him to become convinced beyond all hope that he has now, after a greater or less amount of alleged thinking, arrived.

We should overhaul ourselves with increasing frequency and enthusiasm, and get out new editions of ourselves, and see how much we can leave out.

We are nothing but a lot of ferocious humbugs—that is the long and short of it—leading lives all the way from a tenth to two-thirds decent in our conduct towards our fellow-men, but almost absolutely savage in our treatment of not-men.

Being civilized is hard work. . . . So we take the life of ease, the savage life, and leave civilization to be looked after by our hardier and less fastidious descendants.

Along with these thrusts, Mr. Moore presents his peaceful theme: Man's kinship to all the animals, and some of the modes of action resulting

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