

Peace In The World

More On What Makes for International Amity.

THESE persons would do no harm if they affected only themselves. Many of them are, in the ordinary relations of life, good citizens. They are exactly like the other good citizens who believe that justice is universal, that vegetarianism or anti-vaccination is the panacea for all ills. But in their particular case they are able to do harm because they affect our relations with foreign powers, so that other men pay the debt which they themselves have really incurred. It is the foolish, peace-at-any-price persons who try to persuade our people to make unwise and improper treaties, or to stop building up the navy. But if trouble comes and the treaties are repudiated, or there is demand for armed intervention, it is not these people who will pay any thing; they will stay at home in safety, and leave brave men to pay in blood, and honest men to pay in shame, for their folly.

right of any European or Asiatic power to dictate what immigrants shall be sent to and received in America, and whether or not they shall be allowed to become citizens and hold land—why, of course, if America is content to have nothing to say on any of these matters and to keep silent in the presence of armed outsiders, then it can abandon its Navy and agree to arbitrate all questions of all kinds with every foreign power. In such event it is a folk to try to interfere in one continuous round of universal peace celebrations, and of amicable satisfaction in having earned the derision of all the virile peoples of mankind. Those who advocate such a policy do not occupy a lofty position. But at least their position is understandable.

It is entirely inexcusable, however, to try to combine the unbridled hand with the unbridled tongue. It is folly to permit freedom of speech about foreigners as well as ourselves—and the peace-at-any-price persons are much too foolish to try to interfere with freedom of speech—and yet to try to shirk the consequences of freedom of speech. It is folly to try to abolish our Navy, and at the same time to insist that we have a right to enforce the Monroe doctrine, that we have a right to control the Panama Canal which we ourselves dug, that we have a right to retain Hawaii and prevent foreign nations from taking Cuba, and a right to determine what immigrants, Asiatic or European, shall come to our shores, and the terms on which they shall be naturalized, and shall hold land and exercise other privileges. We are a rich people, and an unimpaired people. In international affairs we are a short-sighted people. But I know my countrymen. Down at bottom their temper is such that they will not permanently tolerate injustice done to them. In the long run they will no more permit affronts to their National honor than injuries to their National interest. Such being the case, they will do well to remember that the surest of all ways to invite disaster is to be opulent, aggressive and unarmed.

The trouble is that our policy is apt to go in zigzags, because different sections of our people exercise at different times unequal pressure on our Government. One class of our citizens clamors for treaties impossible of fulfillment and improper to fulfill; another class has no objection to the passage of these treaties so long as there is no concrete case to which they apply, but instantly oppose a veto on their application when any concrete case does actually arise. One of our cardinal doctrines is freedom of speech, which means freedom of speech about foreigners as well as about ourselves; and, inasmuch as we exercise this right with complete absence of restraint, we cannot expect other nations to hold us harmless unless in the last resort we are able to make our words good by our deeds. One class of our citizens indulges in rushing promises to do everything for foreigners, another class offensively and improperly tells them; and it is hard to say which class more thoroughly misrepresents the sober, self-respecting judgment of the American people as a whole. The only safe rule is to promise little, and faithfully keep every promise; to "speak softly and carry a big stick."

It is entirely inexcusable, however, to try to combine the unbridled hand with the unbridled tongue. It is folly to permit freedom of speech about foreigners as well as ourselves—and the peace-at-any-price persons are much too foolish to try to interfere with freedom of speech—and yet to try to shirk the consequences of freedom of speech. It is folly to try to abolish our Navy, and at the same time to insist that we have a right to enforce the Monroe doctrine, that we have a right to control the Panama Canal which we ourselves dug, that we have a right to retain Hawaii and prevent foreign nations from taking Cuba, and a right to determine what immigrants, Asiatic or European, shall come to our shores, and the terms on which they shall be naturalized, and shall hold land and exercise other privileges. We are a rich people, and an unimpaired people. In international affairs we are a short-sighted people. But I know my countrymen. Down at bottom their temper is such that they will not permanently tolerate injustice done to them. In the long run they will no more permit affronts to their National honor than injuries to their National interest. Such being the case, they will do well to remember that the surest of all ways to invite disaster is to be opulent, aggressive and unarmed.

Throughout the seven and a half years that I was President I pursued without faltering one consistent foreign policy, a policy of genuine international good will and of consideration for the rights of others, and at the same time of steady preparation for the weakest nations knew that they, no



A German Cartoon of the Day

less than the strongest, were safe from insult and injury at our hands; and the strong and the weak alike also knew that we possessed both the will and the ability to guard ourselves from wrong or insult at the hands of any one.

It was during my Administration that the Hague Court was prevented from becoming an empty farce. It had been established by joint international agreement, but no power had been willing to resort to it. Those establishing it had grown to realize that it was in danger of becoming a mere paper court, so that it would never really come into being at all. M. d'Estournelles de Constant had been especially alive to this danger. By correspondence and in personal interviews he impressed upon me the need not only of making advances by actually applying arbitration—not merely promising by treaty to apply it—to questions that were up for settlement, but of using The Hague tribunal for this purpose. I cordially sympathized with these views. On the recommendation of John Hay, I succeeded in getting an agreement with Mexico to lay a matter in dispute between the two republics before The Hague court. This was the first case ever brought before The Hague court. It was followed by numerous others; and it definitely established that court as the great international peace tribunal. By mutual agreement with Great Britain, through the decision of a joint commission, of which the American members were Senators Lodge and Turner and Secretary Root, we were able peacefully to settle the Alaska boundary question, the only question remaining between ourselves and the British Empire which it was not possible to settle by friendly arbitration; this therefore represented the removal of the last obstacle to absolute agreement between the two peoples.

We were of substantial service in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion the negotiations at Algiers concerning Morocco. We concluded with Great Britain and with most of the other great nations arbitration treaties specifically agreeing to arbitrate all matters, and especially the interpretation of treaties, save only as regards questions affecting territorial integrity, national honor and vital national interest. We made with Great Britain an agreement guaranteeing the free use of the Panama Canal on equal terms to the ships of all nations, while reserving to ourselves the right to police and fortify the canal, and therefore to control it in time of war. Under this treaty we



Panama Canal Medal

which can be kept, and which it is discreditable to break.

(The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "The Portsmouth Peace Conference; The Battleship Cruise Around the World." It will appear in The Oregonian next Sunday.)

Life in Newfoundland.

"Drummers," often called "Janneys," journey from house to house like Christmas wails, in extravagant costume, sometimes wearing models of full-rigged ships on their heads. They cry at the door in a squeaky voice, "Any Janneys in tonight?" and are then supposed to be invited in and regaled with rum (or peppermint water) and cake.

It was a question of a wedding, not of a funeral, when a young man of Portugal Cove said to a parson: "Parson, would you say a few words over me?"

"Certainly. Where's the young lady?"

"I haven't asked her yet, parson. But I will. She's right across the road."

So William Thomas rushed across the road to where the young woman sat on a bench; and she answered, "Of course," in a voice that could be heard all over the district.

"Come to me after second lesson," said the parson, mindful of his five obligations to preach in widely scattered places that day.

The couple duly presented themselves. When the parson asked, "Who giveth this woman?" none appeared for that office. In a front pew sat old man Gray and old man Welshman. The former nudged the latter bearded patriarch. "Shoo," the parson repeated. "off!" His admiration met only with emphatic negative nods. Whereupon old man Gray valorously stepped into the breach.

Stumbling up the steps into the chancel, he seized the hands of the contracting parties, joined them violently, as though coupling cars on the Reid-Newfoundland Railway, and said, in a voice of triumph, "There, parson!"

The service proceeded till the agitated groom was bidden to say, "I, William Thomas, take thee, Maria Ann." "Say after me," the parson repeated. Still not a word from the panic-stricken groom, whose knees knocked together, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his reason forsaking him. Then old man Gray again leaped into the breach, with a violent clap between his principal's shoulders to remind him of his duty. The parson perforce rattled into the robing room to stifle his sense of humor with the sleeve of a frayed and ancient cassock hanging there. Upon emerging old man Gray was heard solemnly apologizing. "Beg pardon, Tammas, beg pardon, but ye know I do be turb'le vigorous!"

What is a parson to do with a woman who wants her child baptized "Joseph Hyacinth" except to remark, "Woman, that's a brute's name!" To which she firmly rejoins, "Husband, when he went down on the Labrador, left me a book w' the name."

"Bring the book?"

"The volume is produced, and a disputation forefinger points to the name in clear print: "Josephine."

A local stipendiary magistrate, sitting for the first time, hardly knew what to do with a culprit brought before him. The S. M. owed his proud title to a term in the island Legislature at St. John's, and with without judicial experience. The lawyer said, "Your honor, I move the prisoner be discharged." "You have heard the motion," said the magistrate, gravely. "All in favor say aye!" Whereupon the prisoner and his lawyer said "Aye!" in a loud voice, and stalked out of the courtroom, arm in arm, with none to say them nay.—Fullerton L. Waldo, F. R. G. S., in the Outlook.

Campaigning With the Confederates

By Col. Lewis C. Garrigus

No. 3.—The Orphan Brigade in Action, as Recalled by Portland Veteran

AFTER the battle of Chickamauga, Bragg leisurely marched his victorious army toward Chattanooga, but Rosecrans had already occupied the city and was well prepared for defense; hence, General Bragg had to content himself with occupying Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and other points of advantage surrounding the city. We threw up earthworks, brought up heavy artillery and made preparations for besieging the Federal Army in its position, hoping that, by cutting Rosecrans' lines of communication, we should be able to force him to surrender, but "the best laid schemes of mice and man gang aft agley," and our hopes were not to be realized.

Hardee's corps occupied Missionary Ridge, his right resting upon the river, Breckenridge's division occupying that part of the ridge crossed by the Rossville or Chickamauga road, our brigade being assigned to the support of the heavy artillery. While occupying this position we were sheltered by woods, but could plainly see the Federal camps and lines. The Federal pickets were three-quarters of a mile away in our front, and our picket line was perhaps a quarter of a mile from theirs. On many occasions skirmishing was indulged in, but when firing was at a lull, we often met the Federal pickets out between the lines and exchanged our tobacco with them for coffee. Several times went over to the Federal picket line and engaged in friendly conversation with them. Upon one of these occasions the "field officer of the day" came on the scene who was in friendly converse with his men. He demanded to know of me what business I had there, and I told him that I was trading tobacco for coffee. He said, "Well, you have no business here," to which I replied, "I have just told you my business." He then said he would find business for me at headquarters which I might not enjoy. He ordered me to get up and go with him. I refused and appealed to the four pickets whose guest I was. They told the officer that I had been invited over there by them and that they would have to see me away in safety. The Major then said to me, "Get away from here and do not let me catch you here again." I saluted him and said, "Major, I shall try not to let you catch me here again, and left. These men were true friends, else I should have been in a very uncomfortable predicament. I visited them after that, but the Major never caught me again.

Crushed by Grant's Advance.

I have said elsewhere that the Orphan Brigade was often put into the hardest places to be found, but now we were to have a little spell of easy service. The shipping point for the army was at Tyner's Station, some three miles in the rear of our lines, and the brigade was sent there to guard the station and stores which were distributed in wagons from there to the army. Our camp was located about a mile away from the station. Being orphans, we, of course, had to take care of ourselves, and while here we proved our ability to do so. In each tent a cellar was made, and these cellars were well filled with such supplies as were

tured the Colonel with his whole regiment. This ended the pursuit, and we were permitted to continue our retreat without much further molestation.

We retired to Dalton, Georgia, where we went into winter quarters and where the command of the army was turned over to General Joseph E. Johnston. General Bragg having been retired, and been called to Richmond to become "military adviser" to the President, a post created for his benefit. Here, too, we lost General Breckenridge from the command of our division. He was made Secretary of War; and General William B. Bate succeeded him as our division commander. We were almost hearbroken at losing our much loved Breckenridge, but we soon learned to esteem General Bate, as he was a gallant soldier and an able commander. He had served as Colonel of a Tennessee regiment in the Mexican War, and had lost a leg, but he had lost none of his courage nor any of his ability as a commander.

General Johnston upon taking command at Dalton, set himself diligently to the task of reorganizing the army and getting it into shape for the campaign. When he had completed this reorganization his army consisted of three corps, to-wit: Hardee's, Polk's and Hood's. General Hardee was the most able corps commander. General Polk was known as the "bishop" general, having been an Episcopal bishop in New Orleans prior to the war. He was highly esteemed, and was regarded as a very competent officer. General Hood "won his spurs" in the Army of Northern Virginia, was a brave and dashing soldier and was regarded as very competent in the capacity of commander of an army corps.

Hardee's corps was composed of three divisions commanded by General Bate, Cleburne and Chestnut, respectively.

Hard Campaign Ahead.

Whatever may have been the estimate of others, it is certain that we who composed Hardee's corps regarded it as the flower of the "Army of Tennessee." With the assistance of his able subordinates General Johnston

soon brought his army up to a very high condition of efficiency, and was ready for the inevitably strenuous campaign ahead of us "when the robins should nest again."

General William T. Sherman had succeeded to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and the next campaign was to be between two well equipped armies directed by masters of military art, for that was the recognized rank of both Generals Johnston and Sherman.

Dalton, because of its peculiar location, was admirably adapted to defensive operations against a foe approaching from the direction of Chattanooga. A narrow gap in the mountain range, which stretched to the north, north-west and south of the town, afforded the only approach, and a small force could effectively resist the advance of a large army through this gap or pass. The mountain range extending toward the southeast separated the valley in which Dalton was located from a much more extensive valley beyond—and this valley beyond made it an easy matter for an army to go south passing around Dalton without so much as "by your

leave" to the army holding that position.

General Sherman, before actually beginning the campaign of 1864, made a reconnaissance in force, compelling General Johnston to move a large part of his force out to the pass mentioned and to occupy "Rockface Ridge," a part of the mountain range lying upon both sides of the pass. To this work Hardee's corps was assigned. We not only successfully defended the pass, but drove the Federals back at every point, and after two days of maneuvering and skirmishing, with an occasional artillery duel, they abandoned their efforts and retired. This had been looked upon at the time as the beginning of the campaign, but subsequent events proved it to be merely a feint for the purpose of locating our position and gaining information to be used in future operations.

They retired, and left us as completely at peace as if no war existed. We had gone out with some misgivings as to our ability to hold Dalton, but the attacking force immediately realized that we should hold it against the whole earth. This change in our feel-

ing was inspired by the confidence which we had come to have in General Joseph E. Johnston.

After this, and before General Sherman's actual advance, General Johnston arranged for a grand banquet to witness which people from all over the South were invited. Hardee's corps, representing the Federals, was pitted against the other two corps of our army. The weather was at its best, the day was glorious and the audience was not only great, but enthusiastic. The maneuvering of the troops was directed with great skill and the mimic war was greatly enjoyed by the assembled thousands of spectators, and I doubt not, that they all went away in the belief that Johnston's army was invincible, and could defy any force that could be brought against it. That feeling was indulged, too, by the army itself.

At one point in this sham battle, my regiment became separated from the other regiments of the brigade, and, thinking that the cavalry corps had swooped down upon us and compelled us to "form hollow square in four ranks" to guard against cavalry. In this maneuver, a body of men presents four fronts. The front rank all around the square kneels and with fixed bayonets presents a barrier over which the cavalry cannot slide, while the ranks behind them are thus protected and are free to fire over the heads of their kneeling comrades.

The cavalry force which attacked us was so intent upon riding us down that our boys found it necessary to use drastic means to prevent their doing so. We were in a field where peas had been grown, and some of our boys, when the cavalry paid no attention to their blank cartridges, slipped a few loose peas in their guns, and the attacking force immediately retired in great confusion. During the progress of this mimic war General Johnston was surrounded by many distinguished citizens, all anxious to learn something of what his future operations might be. One of these, a gentleman from Atlanta, asked the General if there was not danger that his left flank might be turned by the Federals when the approaching campaign should open. The General's answer was evidently not satisfactory, and the gentleman put his question a little more pointedly. He asked, "But is there not danger that the enemy may turn your flank, get into your rear and destroy your communications?" The General's answer was instant and characteristic. Turning sharply upon his inquirer, he said: "Sir, I have neither flank nor rear—I am all front!" And subsequent events proved this assertion to be literally true, as his army during the justly celebrated campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, though often compelled, by flanking movements, to give up its position, always presented a front to the enemy. But this belongs to another story, and must be told in its own good time and proper place.

When the Colonel of the regiment which had ridden through our lines realized his situation, he took the flag from his color-bearer, and raising his cap with one hand, waved the flag defiantly with the other. His act was so gallantly done that our whole brigade cheered him lustily, and did honor to him and the flag so bravely held aloft. We had checked the advance of the command behind him and we cap-

seemingly impossible. Nothing is too great.

I am filled with exquisite dreams of hard, hard work, and the inevitable reward—success.

This mood comes to me on the nights when I sit in the darkness and peer out over the great city with its

myriad of lights, lights that illumine thousands of happy homes where tired mothers rock their fretful babies to sleep; lights that shine for the little girls on the stage who dance until their fairy feet almost plead from fatigue, and lights that hang pitifully over the gray-haired broker who sits

at his desk when all the others have gone—and worries.

But I want none of these lives, I cry.

The ambitious mood is dominant; it aspires to achieve even greater, even bigger things. I want to create—I want to add my name to the long list which hangs in the Hall of Fame.

The mother instinct of me cries that she is, and should be, my ambition; the stars beckon lustily to my flickering dancing feet, and the click-click of the ticker is maddening music to my ears, but none of these stems the ambitious mood.

You must achieve greater things; you must seek higher than the intangible success; you must create something that will live forever and ever, explains this unsatisfied ambitious mood.

So while this strong-willed mood grips me by the shoulders with its masterful hands of avarice and greed, I decide that my days and nights shall be spent in ceaseless work and effort, for this is the toll one pays in an ambitious mood.

That I, who have boundless capacity to love and be loved; I who adore the frivolities of life, more than any one; I who can curl like a kitten on a cushion and purr; should cry out that I wish to conquer!

And then the mother instinct whispers that there are greater ambitions even than penning books and painting portraits—I strain an ear and listen.

And oh, it was she all the time and I didn't know it. I didn't know that the gentle mother instinct was the ambitious mood of iron will and invincible power.

I didn't know that the yearning for the soft, sudding pink thing of flesh was the seed of an ambition.

And then the girl being of me laughs again, and mocks at the imaginary ink-slobbered third finger and bow tie. Oh, she knows, she always knows, and ambition leaves me on the floor by the window, yearning for the day to come, when one of the myriad lights shall shine on another tired mother and fretful babe.

Troops Recast Discipline.

At this time the Fifth Kentucky Infantry had replaced the Forty-first Alabama, in our brigade, so that the brigade was composed entirely of Kentucky troops—and, while they were good soldiers, they came to our fronting an enemy, they did not take kindly to strict military discipline.

(Continued on Page 9.)