

The Oregonian

Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-class Matter. Entered as Second-class Matter, May 26, 1881. Postoffice No. 100. Subscription Rates—In Advance. Daily, Sunday included, six months, \$4.25. Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$7.50. Daily, Sunday included, one month, .75. Daily, Sunday included, three months, 2.25. Daily, Sunday included, six months, 4.25. Daily, Sunday included, one year, 7.50. Daily, without Sunday, one year, 6.00. Daily, without Sunday, six months, 3.75. Daily, without Sunday, three months, 2.25. Daily, without Sunday, one month, .60. Weekly, one year, 1.50. Sunday one year, 1.50. Sunday and Weekly, one year, 2.50. (BY MAIL) Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$7.50. Daily, Sunday included, one month, .75. How to Remit—Send Postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency on a tender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state. Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 22 pages, 2 cents; 24 to 32 pages, 3 cents; 36 to 48 pages, 4 cents; 52 to 72 pages, 5 cents; 76 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage rates, double rates. Eastern Business Office—Verree & Co., 140 N. York, Newark, N. J. Chicago, 140 N. York, Newark, N. J. San Francisco Office—R. J. Bidwell Co., 148 Market street.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1914.

WAR AND ANTI-WAR POETRY.

War has ever been perhaps the most powerful stimulus to the poetic imagination. The first poets were doubtless chanters of runes recounting the glories of the tribe in warfare, or, more often, the heroic exploits of some individual tribesman. These war ballads were sung around the campfire or the hearth, the heroes' achievements growing ever more marvelous as the song was passed on from mouth to mouth through the centuries, to become the basic literature of the race.

It is told how Paganini deliberately fostered the idea that he bears a charmed life and by his daring feats of arms, has become the almost supernatural hero of many a ballad. Some of these ballads are battle-born, one of them coming into being while the troops were resting at night for a brief frolic assault on Torsion in the morning.

In this simple manner assuredly sprang into wondrous being all the heroes of antiquity, of every race and clime. The Greek and Scandinavian mythologies surely had their rise in poetic exaggeration of the deeds of the mortal. The Norwegian and Icelandic sagas, the poems of Homer, the story of Kubla Khan, of Bohram, that great hunter, and of the Hiawatha of our American Indians were all first told or chanted in the circle of the campfire. Ireland has her sagas, through which talk vast and powerful supermen. The Finnish epic, the Kalevala, and the story of the wolf-suckled twins who founded Rome, are examples of how every primitive people puts its heroes into song or story.

The Koran and the Old Testament are composed largely of a record of military exploits. Wagner, when he came to do his magnum opus, took the Teutonic folktales and wove them into song and clothed the song with his mighty and majestic music.

Through all the songs that have come down to us, the heroic and heroic young manhood of the race throbs the restive rhythm of the war drum. War is extolled and the warrior is glorified. Ever there have been battle songs, like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Dixie" and "Maryland." Our own Civil War left many a splendid poem in its wake, notably Will H. Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg," with pictures of conflict as powerful as those of the Norse or Saxon sagas.

Sometimes there has crept into the songs the walls of the world, the drip-drip of the sword, the horror of the corpse, the sorrow and desolation of the widow and little children. But ever and always, like the high shrilling of the bugle, the dominant note has been one of triumph and glory.

It has remained for a youthful modern poet—over-civilized, young and young manhood of the race throbs the restive rhythm of the war drum. War is extolled and the warrior is glorified. Ever there have been battle songs, like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Dixie" and "Maryland." Our own Civil War left many a splendid poem in its wake, notably Will H. Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg," with pictures of conflict as powerful as those of the Norse or Saxon sagas.

There is a battle, The Balkan troops

creep across a valley through the brown wheat. Johann, with four others, lies in a cottage garden. They hear a bird call from the eaves and a clock tick through the door.

Of a sudden lightning's lash the sky. The Turkish artillery masked and using smokeless powder, flays the hills. Then there comes a charge: They leapt across the level field. That twisted at their feet. Sonya leapt across with that lay stark, besmeared with blood and clay. Like the farmer hangs in the wheat. Johann counts corpses until he is sick. A spatter of flesh blinds him.

And then the young men of the allies advance at the double "against the cold machines." Johann fires across a heap of flesh, which presently lifts a sightless, mangled head and whines like a child in the dark. The thing catches Johann's rifle barrel and pulls it to its brow. Johann understands and pulls the trigger.

Michael the poet, blind, goes home with a message to Sonia from Johann, in a field hospital, taking her the bullet that had been cut from Johann's breast. She kisses it. Michael tells Sonia that "this war is grand" and that "the hosts of Christ, the Balkan states and Greece," have overcome the Prophet and that soon Byzantium will be taken.

Johann leaves the tents of death to fight once more the cold machines. Fighting, fighting, the allied army come to his own native valley. He finds his hut in embers and Sonia's defiled body under the apple tree. Their mutilated baby lies across its mother's knee.

Noyes closes his poem with a powerful plea for the dreams that are to remake the world. Or trust the dawn back for one hour. Truth, Love and Justice, in the name of God, the poet hears "the distant thunder of rending chains," and proclaims that it may as well be striven to keep back the Spring as to check the movement for universal peace and brotherhood.

The poem was severely criticized in England by advocates of a strong army and navy. Noyes will scarcely be called to the poet laureateship.

DISCORDANT ECHOES FROM MEXICO.

Just at a time when the disciples of moral suasion were pointing to "peaceful Mexico" as a splendid example of the power of gentle patience and watchful waiting as opposed to drastic firmness, the Mexican situation emits an unpleasant echo to those dulcet utterances. The triumphal entry of the dove of peace to Mexico City has been abandoned. Carbal, the new peace-President, will fight—fight because Carranza, the hope of the moral suasionists, will not agree to refrain from a slaughtering bee among political enemies of the constitution.

So once more the clash of arms is heard in Mexico—an insignificant clash it is in the roar of European conflict. Yet the Mexicans will do the best there is in them, and after a brief lull during which they caught the waning hopes of moral suasion propagandists and incidentally caught their breath for a fresh melee, they should be able to conduct the fracas with renewed fury. It may be that the strife between Carbal and Carranza will be of short duration. Neither is very strong. Neither has very great resources. But what is the "hope of civilization," Villa, must be reckoned with. At present he is mobilizing his troops in Chihuahua for purposes not disclosed. But what is the usual purpose of a troop concentration by rebels and cut-throats in Mexico? Plainly the Mexican mud is farther than ever from being settled.

CHAMBERLAIN TO WEST TO SMITH.

The Oregonian approves the single-item veto and has frequently so expressed itself; but it agrees with Mr. Witherby's reported remarks that it may indeed be a "two-edged sword" and that a Governor "with a spite" could use it to "run a Legislature." He would, it is an honest and entirely correct statement of the whole purpose of the single-item veto is to give the Governor greater power over the Legislature. That is the reason the Oregonian supports it. That is the reason the hypocritical and insincere critics of Mr. Witherby pretend to support it. They are forcing themselves into the whole independence position that the single-item plan will not increase the Governor's power and the equally absurd contention that a Governor "with a spite" cannot and will not seek to "run a Legislature" through the veto of single appropriations.

The remedy, of course, is to elect Governor Smith with a single-item veto. Not much. It is whether a candidate of good sense, good character and good record, nominated by the Republican party in a free primary, shall be elected over a hand-picked candidate, like Dr. Smith, nominated in a conspiracy of the democratic royal family. Governor West, his newspaper conductor, and the little Democratic cabal that has been running Oregon for some years. Dr. Smith has publicly announced that he will carry out the West policies. He was personally selected by Governor West as his successor. The Democratic ring which he represents desires through Dr. Smith, as Governor, to perpetuate its control. That is the whole scheme.

Oregon will have had, when the West term expires, a Democratic Governor for 13 years, except during a brief interregnum following the election of Governor Chamberlain to be Senator. If Dr. Smith shall be elected, the period will be extended to sixteen years. It is an inexplicable record for a Republican state.

The question in Oregon for the voters to decide is whether the democratic royal family, which deems a public office its special prerogative, and crushes every temperate Democrat who has not the mark of royal favor.

again be handed over to the Chamberlain-West-Smith machine, a quite royal.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

Although the dispatches give us but a fleeting glimpse of the German Crown Prince in action, yet little imagination is required to fill in the details and give us a graphic picture of why war is the sport of Kings and Imperial-Kings. Since earliest youth the imperial stripling has shown fire-eating propensities. He fell under the compelling military spell early in life and reached his majority with a fully developed martial temperament, one of the sort that craves for the belching of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the clatter of accoutrements. He frankly and openly pined for war—it mattered not who the enemy might be. He wanted war. His bellicose utterances became so pronounced that his royal father had to call him to task. Even then the suppression was not complete, for we hear of him, less than a year ago, pining for that hour when he might ride into action at the head of the Death's Head Hussars which he chanced to be commanding at that time.

Now this war-crazed youth has found the realization of all his dreams. But we do not find him charging the enemy, lance poised, at the head of the Hussars. Rather we hear of him commanding the German advance through Belgium; not of the firing line, of course, but of the position of a full General, many miles from the scene of combat. There he is found surrounded by a capable staff of German tacticians. Doubtless he can be entrusted to command a field army precisely the same way that a child can be given the reins of a locomotive. Guiding hands must direct his movements and see that he does not blunder.

From such a post war must be a glorious thing from the standpoint of one who has been seized of the war lust. Here only the glories of war and not any of its horrors are the province of the imperial commander and he has a comfortable resting place. His movements are made by automobile or express train. Even the hubbub of battle, if it reaches him at all, is but a distant rumble. Spread before him is a great map and the coloring of the colored pins indicates the tide of the war. The whole thing is but a glorious game of outdoor military chess, with vast excitement, great glory and no hardships. How different a game from that which the humble man in the ranks plays as he forms one of the flesh-and-blood pawns in the life-and-death struggle which is merely reflected at the distant rear.

THE WAR OF 1870.

The Franco-Prussian war which broke out in the summer of 1870 was an unbroken series of disasters for the French from beginning to end. Napoleon III, with the hearty consent of his people, declared war with Germany July 19. Two months later, on September 19, the German army of extraordinary victories which was not marred by a solitary reverse of any importance. The occasion of the war was the nomination of the German Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to the vacant throne of Spain. This was naturally opposed by France, since it was the increase the rapidly growing power of Prussia. Prince Leopold was quickly withdrawn and Spanish affairs ceased to play a part in Franco-German rivalry, but events marched forward relentlessly toward war.

The real reason for the struggle lay in Bismarck's ambition to make a united nation out of the scattered and inharmonious German states. His policy had already acquired great prestige by the year 1870. Prussia had driven Austria ingloriously from participation in the affairs of North Germany and had won the undisputed headship of the divided nation.

But much still remained to be accomplished. The various states set great store by their independence and their independence meant national weakness. Bismarck's dream was the restoration of the old Roman or German Empire, which should combine the whole Teutonic race under one government. In order to bring it to pass he understood perfectly that it was essential to wage a great, victorious war in which Prussia should lead united Germany against the foe. After that, in the furnace heat of martial glory, indemnity gained, almost anything might be accomplished with the consent of the people. With these ambitions directing his policy, Bismarck waited for a suitable pretext to wage war on France, whom he knew perfectly well to be utterly unprepared. In his all-solved not to begin hostilities, but maneuvered to bring the odium of the declaration of war upon France.

Napoleon III and his imbecile Ministers played into Bismarck's hands as skillfully as if they had been in his pay. The French people also raged and shouted for war in obedience to German incitements. The great strength of the French were not satisfied with the withdrawal of Prince Leopold from the Spanish candidature. They foolishly demanded from King William of Prussia a categorical promise that he never again would be permitted to demand the King's consent to make the best use he could of the incident.

The wily strategist published a version of it which the proud French construed as a followed almost immediately in Paris. It was one of the rashest moves ever made by a government. The French War Department was ignorant of the most elementary knowledge required by their profession. They did not know the strength either of their own army or the German army. The French army of the Rhine was a sealed book to them. Their troops were inadequately disciplined, poorly equipped and wretchedly commanded. To cap the climax, the French army numbered only some 250,000 effective men, while the Germans had certain 400,000 if we count in reserves fully ready to move when needed.

Napoleon appointed the beautiful Empress Eugenie regent of France and hastened to the field to command his army in person. King William also marched with his army, which he led in some of the best general staff ever seen in battle. The opposing armies met beyond the Rhine on one of the historic battle grounds of Europe. On August 18 Marshal Bazaine's command was defeated in the great and bloody battle of Gravelotte and he was driven to take refuge in the fortress of Metz, where he was shut up and besieged. Marshal Mac-

Mahon, marching to rescue him, was defeated and his entire force captured at Sedan. He was completely outgunned, and the French army, before him and the presence of Napoleon himself at Sedan did not help matters. He surrendered with the troops and was conveyed to Wilhelmshohe. Long before the disaster at Sedan the enthusiasm of the French people had subsided. Betrayed and defeated everywhere, the nation passed from confidence to despair. Napoleon's government had been tottering before the war began. Two days after Sedan a Republic was proclaimed in Paris and the national defense taken into the hands of the people's representatives. Jules Favre, Ferry and Gambetta were among them. A few days before this event Bazaine surrendered Metz with a great army of 175,000 men to the Prussians. Such fatal incapacity was never seen before except in the case of some oriental despot who relied on his nation's loyalty, his countenance to subdue his foes.

By September 19 the Germans were before Paris, which had already begun to pass through the terrible convulsions that finally produced the enormities of the Commune. A popular election early in February, 1871, made Thiers President of the Republic. In March peace was concluded on terms most humiliating to France. Part of Lorraine and almost the whole of Alsace were ceded to the rising empire. An indemnity of a billion dollars was paid to the victors, and, for an interval of years, France was to be a vassal state under the yoke of a full General, many miles from the scene of combat. There he is found surrounded by a capable staff of German tacticians. Doubtless he can be entrusted to command a field army precisely the same way that a child can be given the reins of a locomotive. Guiding hands must direct his movements and see that he does not blunder.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Lovers of the good in man will be glad to learn that a new book on William Morris has been published in this country. It is by Mr. Clutton-Brock and the price is 50 cents, which will perhaps secure a wide reading for it. Morris was a pioneer in the path of social philosophy by the necessity of furnishing an apartment in London. The articles for sale in the stores which he visited were so uniformly ugly that he resolved to design his own chairs, tables and beds. This constructive enterprise was the outgrowth of his general artistic discontent. Nothing in the way of domestic furnishings, wall papers, household utensils and the like pleased his taste and he began a crusade for something more beautiful. From this he was led naturally to the planning of utopian kitchens he progressed to utopian plans for society. His ideas of social reform were expressed in a novel, "News From Nowhere," which has profoundly influenced the thought of the intelligent world.

FOR NATIONAL ROADS.

The National Old Trails Road Association is a department of the National Highways Association. The latter is a national organization for the systematization of public roads throughout the country. The particular business which the Old Trails department has taken up concerns a National road from Washington to San Francisco, increasing the number of routes through Maryland and the proposed road runs closely with the old route of the emigrants into the Ohio Valley. Across Missouri to Kansas City it takes the common line of the three historic trails to the West. From Kansas City it clings to the southern route, coinciding with the old Santa Fe Trail.

Much of this highway is still little more than a dream. The pictures published in the society's pamphlet show long sections where the going would be something frightful. Such places are to be found in Maryland, in Colorado, in fact all the way along, but there are other stretches where the road is comparatively good and a motor would run pleasantly. The Old Trails project is but part of the extensive plan of the National Highways Association, which is nothing less than a silent redemption of our wagon roads from mud, dust and ruts, steep grades and foolish engineering. More desirable, perhaps, than the mere improvement of grades and road surfaces is the systematization of the roads in each state. Maps are being prepared showing the miserable lack of plan in the road-building of the present time. Pieces have been begun and finished bit or mile like an old-fashioned rag carpet, starting anywhere and leading nowhere, plunging into being like a fit of the gout and terminating like a rescue from sudden death. The National Association has already made a great deal toward uniting these scattered bits and fragments of highways into a connected whole. It publishes a "before and after" map of Wyoming which is highly instructive in this particular. The "before" condition of the roads in that state is shown by tracks on the newspaper. The "after" condition shows a rational, systematic scheme of communication far more serviceable to the people than the fragmentary, disconnected strips, and costing a great deal less to maintain.

LITTLE RISK, MUCH GAIN.

Although the trade of the whole world will necessarily be disturbed by the European war, that of the Pacific Coast will suffer little risk of capture of ships and cargoes at sea. Under the latest revisions of international law relating to contraband of war, none of the ships of belligerent nations engaged in the carrying trade of this coast would be subject to seizure as prizes unless loaded with contraband. The Pacific States, not being engaged in the manufacture and export of arms and munitions, can export their products without hindrance, provided those products are not consigned to a Government department of one of the belligerent nations. This is in substance the intention of the international law given by Charles H. Carey, who has made a life-long study of that subject.

The only difficulty in the way is the procuring of ships, for the belligerent nations are requisitioning every ship necessary for war service. There is also some trepidation among shippers lest the rules above described should be violated by some of the belligerents. The bill now before Congress admitting foreign-built ships to American register without restriction except that they must be owned by Americans will overcome this difficulty. It is probably glad to escape danger of loss through seizure by selling their vessels to Americans, and the latter

should be eager to pick up such bargains at a time when freight rates are high. By the time the United States may acquire at moderate cost ample tonnage to carry its commerce; both ships and cargo will be rendered immune from war risks so long as their owners refrain from carrying or shipping contraband; and a large proportion of the ocean freight money will be paid to Americans instead of to foreigners. It is estimated that the total amount paid for ocean freight by the United States is \$300,000,000 a year. When a large proportion of this sum is diverted from European to American shippers, it will be paid to Americans and the balance of trade in our favor will go far to bring back to this country the gold we have been shipping to Europe in payment for American securities dumped on the market by panic-stricken foreign owners.

LONDON'S LOSS OF PEOPLE.

An extremely suggestive current phenomenon is the decrease in the population of London. From the heart of the city a million people have been lost in the last ten years, according to a letter in the New York Evening Post. But it would be hasty to conclude that London will presently disappear from the map. The inhabitants who leave the center of the city do not go to the country at any rate not to the real country. Nor do they go to foreign lands. They merely move their habitations to the suburbs and the word "suburbs" continually acquires a more extensive significance with every improvement in transportation. The great city necessarily swallows up its surroundings, but on the other hand these surroundings spread day by day over a wider area. At the busiest point in London, a street-crossing in Piccadilly, \$21,335 vehicles pass every twelve hours and two-thirds of them are driven by motors. From this comes an extreme congestion the traffic thins out to the silence and seclusion of the suburbs.

Of course the street railways in their various forms have played a great part in emptying London's congested centers, but the automobile has been even more active. The price of a comfortable class is concerned. A man who does business in the city must always live within easy reach of his work. Mr. Spenlow, of Spenlow & Jorkin, in "David Copperfield," rode horseback to his office every morning. Gentlemen of his station in life now own automobiles. They do not dwell much farther out in the country than the lovely Dorset's father could. Naturally the regions where literary and business men formerly dwelt are now undergoing changes.

Commerce transforms the old structures and often sacrifices their beauty or historic charm to profits. Ruskin's house, for instance, is in the hands of wreckers, who will make of it something quite unlike the retreat of a man of letters. The automobile has built up many a roadside hotel, bath and other facilities that are not only comfortable but also profitable. At Henley, in England, famed for the annual regatta, the boarding-houses were always thronged for a week while the races were on. All is different now. The spectators come in their motors and do not dwell in the boarding-houses to their sad meditations. The owner of an automobile is master of distance up to at least a hundred miles if the roads are good, and in England they are usually good.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Arthur Sears Henning, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune at Washington, says on high authority, for which that careful newspaper vouches, that "a widespread and formidable insurrection against American authority is on the point of breaking out." He says that, "the distinguished statesmen of Democratic promises of independence and aided by the relaxation of surveillance resulting from the present policy, the old insurgent leaders have perfected a plan to attack Americans on a prearranged date in all parts of the islands." The Italian government admits that it is powerless to join the Triple Alliance with the people in sympathy with the Triple Entente.

We are becoming so engrossed in the sayings and doings of William, Nicholas, George, Francis Joseph and other monarchs that we are in danger of forgetting the very existence of our own Theodore. Mobilized is pronounced with a long "o" unless referring to an American troop concentration, when it would be quite proper to use the short "o" with emphatic emphasis on the first syllable.

The Canal is ready for business this week. We hope none of the belligerents will need it in their business. Otherwise they might unceremoniously take it. After a campaign in France the Uster Army ought to be assembled up to a point where it will be able to cope with the English Army. A local judge would flog parents who flay their children if he had the authority. The one regret is that his powers are not broader.

Despite their efforts to muzzle the world's press, the Powers now find it the most powerful factor for moulding world sentiment. Residents along the English coast who hear continuous heavy cannonading are sufferers from auditory hallucinations. Portugal has declared for Great Britain. The world, with bated breath, now awaits word from Paraguay. With dollar wheel in sight and a bumper crop, the American farmer wears the smile that won't come off. The change in the Philippine government has greatly lessened the means of taking precautions against an uprising. The system of surveillance over the natives which was maintained by the Army secret service, by which native leaders were closely watched and which enabled the Army to stamp out revolt in its inception, has been abolished by the Commission and the Assembly. Through the influence of the Adjutant-General, the Army secret service has been reduced to almost nothing. If German contact mines keep spreading, control of the high seas will devolve upon one. The French are rushing up their colored troops from Africa. The black guard, so to speak. The present conspiracy is said to be the result of disappointment that Governor Harrison did not announce independence would be given. The radicals immediately began a propaganda throughout the islands, saying the United States did not intend to give them their freedom and that it could be obtained only by revolt. Meetings every town have adopted resolutions for independence. As the Filipinos now control both houses of the Legislature, the revenue is at their disposal and can be secretly used by the local native officials in the purchase of arms and in cutting the cables. Secretary of War Garrison and General Frank McIntyre, chief of the Insular Bureau, deny knowledge of a plot, but Mr. Henning says his information is confirmed "by officials

close to them in charge of island affairs" and is given credence by Army officers and Republican Senators and Representatives in close touch with Philippine affairs, who say the War Department knows less about what is going on in the Philippines now than ever before.

The alarming facts related by Mr. Henning are only what might have been expected from the Administration's persistent ignoring of the Oriental character of the situation in the Philippines. Among the Orientals mildness is construed as weakness, yielding as characteristics of the Filipino politicians. This has been abundantly proved from the inception of our connection with the islands. The insurgents sought our aid against the Spaniards with the purpose, expressed by Aguinaldo, to turn against us the arms we supplied to them. When the United States recognized their sham republic, they plotted a wholesale massacre of all Americans in Manila and made a sudden attack on our forces as the first step to carry it out. Instead of being the deliverer, Aguinaldo's army was the oppressor and the Philippine revolutionaries were murdering them. The clamorous independence are the half-foreign mestizos, who desire independence for themselves to oppress the mass of the people, not for the whole people that they may establish a genuine democracy. The desire of the American for the removal of the American from the islands, if not by murder, then by removal from office.

Now that they control the Legislature, the mestizos are already putting their wish into effect. Within four months they have removed from the Philippine civil service nearly 500 American veterans of the insurrection, who have appealed to Congress for redress. These men remained in the islands and entered the Government service in the belief that the United States Government would deal justly by them. Many of them have taken their families to the islands and erected homes there. Opportunities for other employment are lacking and many of them are past the prime of life. They have given their best years to the service in the Philippines, but are now thrown on the scrap-heap for political purposes.

Senator Chamberlain has caused to be injected into the Congressional Record clippings from various Oregon newspapers which show the price of wool was higher than ever before. Then he introduced a bill to raise the price of wool and make it, without any postage charge to him, to every voter in the state—Federal Tribunes.

Was the Senator wrong when he thought 15 per cent about the right duty for raw wool? Or is he right when he says free trade in wool is all right? Or will he explain that act as a non-partisan act for the benefit of a Democrat for free trade?

According to the Belgians, the Germans before Liege crawled up like weasels in making their attack. Naturally. Did the Belgians expect the Germans to march up in massed columns in upright position? The only possible tactics for the Germans consisted in advancing by rushes, taking advantage of every bit of natural cover and augmenting it by hastily prepared rifle pits scalloped out with bayonets and entrenching tools.

Italy disproves the fallacy that governments fully control war. The Italian government admits that it is powerless to join the Triple Alliance with the people in sympathy with the Triple Entente. We are becoming so engrossed in the sayings and doings of William, Nicholas, George, Francis Joseph and other monarchs that we are in danger of forgetting the very existence of our own Theodore. Mobilized is pronounced with a long "o" unless referring to an American troop concentration, when it would be quite proper to use the short "o" with emphatic emphasis on the first syllable.

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Gleams Through the Mist

By Dean Collins. The sun was shining on the sea. Shining with all its might; It did its very best to make The billows smooth and bright; And proudly sailed the Piffle ship Unto the scene of fight.

The Piffle ploughed with plunging keel Through clinging clumps of kelp; And round the European shores Was heard the war dogs' yelp. "Make haste," remarked the Commodore. "We ought to go and help."

"We ought to go and help," he said. "If there is any way To calm these warring nations down, Avert the fearful fray, And give the dove of peace a chance To build a nest and lay."

"Oh, William J.!" the crew exclaimed Unto the Commodore. "What if the Piffle peddles peace Along all Europe's shores? Do you suppose that we'll be heard Above the battle's roar?"

"If," said the Commodore, "we preach, And if they stop to hear, The lofty thoughts I offer them, Will they not see it clear? 'I don't see it,' softly said the crew, And shed a bitter tear."

"At first we'll start it mild," then said The Commodore, "and thin, And on the smaller ones at first We'll start to rub it in. And by and by, if all goes well, The bigger ones we'll win."

"Supposing Iceland we persuade To shun the general fray, And let the Piffle peddle work We'll influence to stay. We'll not finally work up To Switzerland some day? 'And if the Swiss will promise us To keep their navy out, We may congratulate ourselves And have a joyous shout. For we will then have made a good Beginning, without doubt.'"

"But, Commodore," replied the crew, "While we are thus engaged, What Portugal may do the war Just went right on and raged. How long do you suppose 'twould be Before things were assuaged?"

The Commodore replied with pride: "The world must surely wait, How wretchedly I waited peace In poor old Mexico; And can't a plea for A B C Be tried out here also?"

"And though the while our watchful On Europe is addressed, The whole established state of things In turmoil should be messed, If we restrain the Swiss navy— At least we've done our best."

"Roar on, w'd war! Oh, savage Mars, Strike with your iron glove! Though Europe tremble in the storm And grim clouds roll above— I beg you all to witness here That I endorse the dove."

And as the Piffle on the sea The oil of concord poured, The Commodore his words again Unto the nations roared: "Roar on, wild war!" he thus began— And it went on and roared.

"Sir," said the courteous office boy, "Speaking of occupational paradoxes—" "Yes, whatever that may be," I encouraged. "It must be an awful emotional strain To be a French hero player in the Kaiser's military band these days. 'Very good, my son,' I commended. 'Oh yes, and I have another wheeze.' modestly continued the C. O. E., 'which I endorse and commend as an incontrovertible hummer.' 'Mobilize this hunk of humor,' I ordered.

"No matter what may happen to the rest of the Kaiser's navy, he will at ways have at least one fleet that they can't tow away from his shores." Thereupon, with a deep cry of rage, I sprang upon him, dragged him to the freight elevator and asked the janitor to run down to the basement and loose the dogs of war.

Passing It On. Man wants but little here below, And yet he has a host of frets. He wants but little, and we know 'Tis little that he gets. —Cincinnati Enquirer. Man wants but little here below, Yet thinks he wants a lot; And in the bean, some men don't know How little they have got. —Indiana Star.

Man wants but little here below, But Fate his wishes taunts. He gets it, but 'tis not, we know, The little that he wants. —

Reflections of N. Nitte. Now that war has broken out, I'm plumb surprised at the number of people I meet who remember havin' prophesied it years ago. But I know that a good many of them must have prophesied it sort of sotto-voce like. I also am sort of vlein' with alarm the varieties of ways that there is of pronouncin' some of them European words.

Approximate History. 900,000 B. C. (?)—Antediluvians declare that the question of property rights in the productive clam beds and berry patches can be settled only by a policy of blood and flint. 31 A. D.—A certain Naterene carpenter passes through universal peace, expounds a doctrine of universal peace, verbally indorses the doctrine set forth in 31 A. D. 1914 A. D.—But the policy of 900,000 B. C. remains in practical force.

An Autopsychist. Judge. She was once a sweet, remaining slip of maidenhood entrancing; Furtive glances, smiling under eyelids downward cast. Dreams of love could not elate her—now Tender thoughts could animate her—now she scorchs hot and fast.

Once so softly sympathetic, so demure and so polite; Now aggressively athletic, tanned with exercise and heat. Now deavouring verse and fiction, now she's versed in auto-diction. And her foot is an affliction to the passer in the street.

Over hearts she then rode glorious—over bodies now victorious; Then so low and sweet, And her voice is now uproarious for ear and soul, and she's a bear. Skidding, puncturing, repairing, tire and cylinder and seat.

Meanwhile the American tennis tourney rages furiously.