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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

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When You Go Away

Have The Journal sent to your Summer address.

There's no slipping up hill again, and no standing still when you've begun to slip down.—George Eliot.

THIS DAY

TODAY is the 145th anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is the day on which the Panama canal is opened to the ships of the world.

It is a day on which over the whole continent of Europe gleam balefully the fires of destruction.

Napoleon was the greatest military genius of all time. He was finally overthrown because France had no more men to give him for battle.

But a few miles from where Napoleon was overthrown allied armies are today contesting with the German legions for supremacy in Europe. At St. Helena, Napoleon watched the waves of the sea roll in and beat against his island prison, and contemplated the terrific events which culminated at Waterloo.

No man of any time had a greater genius for organization and concentration of human forces. It was his organizing power that enabled him, with France behind him, to rock all Europe like a babe in its cradle, until the blasts of a Russian winter scattered his regiments like leaves in a tempest.

It was an organizing power that, even while his wars were on, gave France a system of canals and roads superior to any other in Europe. It distinguished him as law giver, and to this day the Code Napoleon is the foundation of great systems of jurisprudence. In letters, in art and in literature, the genius of this last of the Caesars led France up the heights of world distinction.

What if all the organizing genius of this leveler of thrones had been dedicated, not to war, but to the organizing in peace of the forces of construction, production and conservation? What if, out of the ruin of the Revolution, he had, with his incomparable talents, led France through green pastures and by still waters to such ideals as are typified in the enduring work dedicated this day at Panama to the peace, welfare and happiness of man?

If, as he began, Napoleon had continued a great democrat; if ambition had not wooed him into an endeavor to live endlessly in a world dynasty of his own founding; if, for his dreams of a sceptered imperialism he had substituted the vision of a Gorgas, of a Goethals and of those who backed them, St. Helena would have been less known to fame, and the name of Napoleon would be radiant with imperishable glory.

What a pity that, with all his greatness, Napoleon was yet not great enough to be perfectly candid about himself. In those five years of silence and meditation at St. Helena, what a story he might have written!

What an admonition his confession would now be to the angry combatants in Europe!

TEACHING SOUND BUSINESS

WALL STREET is surely waking up. When Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank and one of the foremost figures in finance, recently addressed the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce, he took for his theme the duty of business men to get into touch with politics and public opinion. Too many of them, he declared, have become narrow specialists, unable to detect the larger currents of national policies. If they are misunderstood as a class, if unwise legislation has hampered their legitimate projects, he tells them that the fault is theirs. They have not seen beyond the walls of their own counting houses nor recognized their wider responsibilities. "It is the duty of business men," said Mr. Vanderlip, "to think deeply enough on current problems so that their conclusions will stand the test of open discussion." They must help to create opinion by active participation in public discussion.

Mr. Vanderlip urges an organized endeavor to educate the public as to business conditions and the great economic principles underlying the complex structure of modern industry. In the chambers of commerce he sees machinery to be used in such a campaign. He would have them get the cooperation of men of all classes, especially the representatives of labor organizations, in molding a constructive public opinion. He calls upon them to devote their most unselfish efforts, their best talents and their truest patriotism to working out the new ethics of business demanded by modern conditions and the laws which will enforce them.

Coming from such a source there is significance in this summons to broader activites. No thoughtful person would deny the value of such public service as the great leaders of the business world could give. They must be prepared to find the public unresponsive at first. It will take time to break down the distrust created by their past absorption in selfish aims. And they must be willing to learn as well as to teach. They must realize that the nation is not seeking business principles by which multi-millionaire fortunes can be created and handed down but those which will insure equitable division of wealth, and regular employment under healthful and humane conditions for the humblest worker. Will they put their genius for organization, their mastery of affairs, their wide experience at the public service for such aims? If so, their counsels will be of value.

THE POOR MAN'S BURDEN

"LAW enforcement is the poor man's struggle against the rich and mighty," said Dr. C. J. Smith, in his speech at Gold Beach.

He is right. Enforcement of law is order. Non-enforcement is disorder, and in disorder it is the strong who get the kernel and the weak who are left the husks of life and labor.

Dr. Smith said:

It is not more law that we need, but strict enforcement of the law we have. Our statute books are cluttered, not only with useless laws, but with many useful laws, which are not enforced. Law enforcement is an issue in this campaign, and it cannot be set aside. It is an issue of the age. It is the poor man's struggle against the rich and mighty.

I will, if elected governor, lend every power of my position to see that the laws are enforced. Lax law enforcement breeds disrespect for the law and out of disrespect for the law come our gunmen, our grafting public officials, our wreckers in high finance, and the robbery of widows and orphans.

Truer words cannot be spoken. Lax law enforcement corrupts officials. A sheriff or district attorney or constable or governor has no right to set aside a law, no right to say when law shall or shall not be applied, no right to say that one man shall be above the law and another man be subject to law.

Whenever and wherever officials exercise such a right, it is the strong man or strong group that is permitted to be above the law and the weaker and less influential people that have to pay the penalties of the law. In such cases, it is the rich and powerful that go untaxed and the less fortunate who have to bear the chief burdens of government.

Lax enforcement, as Dr. Smith truly says, has for its bitter fruit "our gunmen, our grafting public officials, our wreckers in high finance and the robbery of widows and orphans." Non-enforcement of law is the poor man's burden.

PROMOTED LITIGATION

DRASTIC laws prohibiting attorneys from soliciting personal injury cases are proposed by the ethics committee of the Minnesota State Bar association. The committee's report shows a mass of promoted litigation which greatly increases the cost of maintaining the courts.

One firm of Minneapolis lawyers making a specialty of personal injury cases has branches in thirty-two cities. Salaried solicitors are employed. Hospitals and medical staff have been provided for non-residents while awaiting trial. When the committee's report was prepared five weeks ago there were pending in Minnesota courts suits instituted by non-residents against railroads with claimed damages aggregating $6,358,522. In each of these cases the plaintiff had a remedy in his home court.

Personal injury litigation against the railroads has long been a scandal in Minnesota. It has come to be an established business in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Trials of this class of cases have furnished several scandals, for some of the personal injury lawyers and their agents leave no stone unturned to secure their contingent fees.

The entire system is wrong, and the bar association seeks to better it by a law providing disbarment and fine for any lawyer who solicits that sort of business. The committee's report is significant mainly because it is evidence that lawyers themselves are taking a stand against promoted litigation.

TO BAKER IN 1915

A MOVEMENT has been started in Eastern Oregon to secure the routing of a highway through Baker, Pendleton and La Grande to the Columbia river. It is proposed to follow in the main the old Oregon trail over which the early emigration came to the state.

Aside from its sentimental aspect such a highway would have a most practical side. Not only would it connect Eastern Oregon towns with Idaho but it would be a link in a transcontinental route. On the west it would join with the Columbia highway and on the east it would connect with a highway running through southern Idaho and Northern Utah and uniting with the Lincoln highway at Ogden.

On the north it would tie into the highway systems of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

Since Hood River county decided to construct its unit in the Columbia highway the eastern counties bordering on the river have manifested much interest in the extension of the route and it is probable that some way will be devised soon to have a survey made by the state highway engineer. The work of construction east of Hood River will be comparatively light and if a concerted effort is made there is no reason why there should not be a trunk road from Portland to Baker next year.

Its material benefits are obvious. It would be a most profitable investment.

RINGS AND RINGS

EVERY campaign, the Oregonian has visions of rings and rings. There, for instance, were its spasms about a Chamberlain-Bourne-West ring. West was to help Bourne, Chamberlain was to help Bourne, Bourne was to help West, and so on and so on.

But West isn't a candidate. Bourne isn't a candidate. The far-seeing vision of the Oregonian was a fizzle.

Then it discovered the game commission ring which it believed was going to seize the government, blow up the cruiser Boston, shanghai the Oregonian's private candidate for senator, declare martial law and make war on Podunk. But that great conspiracy fizzled.

Now the great discoverer and exposer of "rings" tells a waiting world that there is a "Democratic" ring.

Evidently the Oregonian is confused. The "ring" which it really has in mind is the bull ring it has in the nose of its candidate for governor to keep him from delivering none but canned speeches on "A Greater Oregon," duly O. K.-ed and rubber stamped by "the advisers."

EUROPE'S WORKSHOP

BELGIUM is called the Workshop of Europe. It is a country rich in resources. Its people are thrifty, progressive, and they enjoy a liberal measure of self government. The Belgians have had no burdensome war tax to pay, in consequence of which productive enterprises have had rapid growth and the nation has taken on both wealth and culture.

Rich deposits of coal and iron, lying close together, account for great industries. Liege is a center of firearm manufacture, and there are hundreds of Belgian plants where iron and steel implements are made. The manufacture of glass, pottery and textiles of wool, cotton and linen has given employment to many Belgians.

Nearly two-thirds of the country's farms average only five acres in extent and comprise nearly a fourth of the cultivated area. The remainder of the agricultural land is divided into tracts ranging from 25 to 130 acres. Intensive methods of cultivation have been carried to a high degree of efficiency. The country, though one of the smallest in Europe, is the most densely populated in the world, Belgium's inhabitants numbering approximately 7,000,000.

It is the misfortune of the Belgians that their little nation is on the road between the enraged combatants in the most extraordinary conflict at arms in the time of man.

PORTLAND FIREBUGS

SUSPICION has been entertained all along that the Portland dock fires were not accidental.

The discovery yesterday by Harbormaster Speier of a layout of highly inflammable material all prepared for lighting at the Elevator dock is confirmatory of convictions held by many observers.

It ought not to be difficult to put an end to these fires, if, as is now widely believed, they are of incendiary origin. A reasonable patrol of the docks by competent and attentive watchmen would presently result in catching the firebugs.

And when caught, the arrangements could be such that they would not burn any more docks for a while.

FOOD PRICE EXTORTIONS

THE gentlemen who are deftly raising food prices to war time figures in the United States are going to encounter something they never met before.

The whole machinery of the United States government is already in action to challenge them in their infamous game. Every federal district attorney in the nation is under instructions to make aggressive inquiry and inaugurate prosecutions wherever there are violations of the law.

President Wilson, meanwhile, has called upon the departments of justice and commerce to investigate the situation and report what legislation, if any, is required to prevent the food-price raids upon the dining tables of the American people.

Never before in history has the American government been so completely and so aggressively an agency for conserving the welfare, prosperity and tranquility of all the American people.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

The Foreigner in Campaigns.

Pendleton, Or., Aug. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—W. J. Bishop seems to be taking very much to heart the idea of the temperance forces bringing in speakers from what he is pleased to call the foreign lands—Indiana, Iowa and other states of the Union. I beg a little space to offer a bit of consolation.

Perhaps he is a foreigner, or he would know that it is no uncommon thing for a speaker to go from one state to another to assist in a campaign.

Many times has the writer been compelled to endure the agony of listening to some man from Indiana, Ohio or Maine discuss the threadbare tariff question, and talk wool up one side and lumber down the other. More especially do we get tired if our side is getting the worst of the argument. Well do I remember a gentleman named Bryan, coming all the way from Nebraska to tell us what was the matter with the body politic, and nobody dared call him a foreigner. And a Captain Morgan, from Georgia or some other foreign state, was sent out here by the whiskey people a few years ago to help tie up the out of town voter with the home rule amendment. This thing has been going on here for many years, and if Mr. Bishop remains here long he will undoubtedly become accustomed to our ways.

But what about those societies in Portland and other coast cities that are composed of people from under another flag, many that can scarcely speak a word of English, denouncing prohibition in their meetings and standing up candidates? Up in Washington, as reported by the papers, they are even boycotting those that dare exercise their personal liberty in speech and action.

But Mr. Bishop asks if anybody ever heard of the Anti-Saloon league assisting to enforce the liquor laws of our state, which is but another evidence that he must be a recent arrival from the old country, or he would know they have been very active in that line of work. But what about our friend Bishop? Has he become famous for his activity in law enforcement? Did anybody ever see his name signed to a set of resolutions approving the action of some officer who had dared do his duty? DALE HOGAN.

Mothers and War.

Hood River, Or., Aug. 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—In one of the Portland papers recently was an article saying some mothers were protesting against war. I should think they would, and some day they may be able to so educate their children that war will not be so popular as it seems to be today. Anyhow, although poets, like preachers and lawyers, are liable to color the truth sometimes, I like this sentiment:

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise—
And what they do or suffer men record—
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word.
Many a lofty struggle for the sake of duty, sternly, faithfully fulfilled,
For which the anxious mind must watch and wait
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled,
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind
And leaves no memory and no trace behind.
Yet more lofty courage often dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than he who whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight or cheered through high debate,
The soldier dies surrounded—could he live
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive?"

Perhaps Longfellow was right when he said:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain."

It may not be true, but it is worth considering, anyhow.

J. M. BLOSSOM.

Prohibition Views and Crime.

Salem, Aug. 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—We hear a great deal about the amount of insanity and crime caused by drink. Prohibition advocates charge anywhere from 65 to 95 per cent of all crime and insanity to liquor. They invariably quote some judge who, himself a prohibitionist, had no more foundation for his statement than his own prejudice. In this connection an investigation in our own penitentiary as to the habits of its inmates before conviction develops that 37.7 per cent were intemperate, 30.5 per cent moderate drinkers and 31.8 per cent total abstainers before conviction.

That not over 25 per cent of the adult males of Oregon are total abstainers few will dispute. Personally, I do not believe that 20 per cent of the adult males of Oregon are total abstainers, but I am placing it at 25 per cent to be absolutely safe. Therefore, the total abstainers, comprising 25 per cent of the men of Oregon, furnish 31.8 per cent of our convicts, while the 75 per cent who drink furnish only 68.2 per cent of the criminals. In other words, the total abstainers furnish about 7 per cent more criminals than their natural quota, and the men who drink 7 per cent less.

Nearly all the teetotalers are prohibitionists, and in order to believe in prohibition a man must think he has a perfect right to dictate to his neighbor in any matter. A prohibition mind must necessarily believe in its God-given right to pass final judgment on what other people may or may not do. A logical consequence, therefore, is that a man possessed of this kind of brain, when crossed will resort to any means to accomplish his ends. Any man who believes he has a divine right to say what his neighbor shall drink can very easily convince himself that he has the same right to kill that neighbor over a disputed boundary line, or any other real or fancied grievance.

I do not contend that a teetotaler is any worse than a man who takes a drink, neither can I believe that he is any better, but I do contend that the doctrine of prohibition is so contrary to every principle of Christianity and so subversive of liberty, that it cannot help giving at least a very slight criminal twist to the brain that accepts it. E. HOFER.

The Socialists and the War.

Portland, Aug. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Dr. Aked's veiled suggestion of nihilism for the ending of wars is impracticable. It is as far from giving a practical solution as it is for him to suppose that church leaders and promoters desire to follow the teaching of Christ, in that which promotes wars. Neither the masses nor the church people want war. The promoters of church, dominated by the money power through the system of profit making, do want war, and that is why war is perpetuated. They have no other way by which exploitation of the people can be continued. Were it not so we should have long since beaten "our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning hooks."

His question as to the Socialists of Germany resisting the program of the kaiser is foolish. Can a man save himself from a flood that has already engulfed him? Must he not first reach the headgate, or the source of the flood, the seat of military power in government?

International Socialism has been drawn into this war on the defensive. Socialists will not war on the offensive. War is war—a dominant force in possession of our being, without any alternative. We shall learn, when the military censorship of this exploded war sentiment has cleared away, that the Socialists in Germany have not acquiesced in this war.

International Socialism will be heard from at the close of this titanic struggle as never before in history. The will of the people expressed along lines marked out by international Socialism will be felt as never before. The Socialist plan for an international congress made up of proportionate representatives from all nations, and an international armament of like construction, to enforce its demands, with no individual national war preparations permitted or allowed except that which is contributed to the international armament, will end all wars. Socialists hope the beginning of the end is here. C. W. BARZEE.

The Kaiser.

Portland, Aug. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—In an article pertaining to the kaiser on August 12, Mr. Hafner in The Journal reminds many of us that we are inclined to judge without knowledge, and that the average American is unable to understand this remarkable man. Open up the atlas at once and let us see what Germany's colonial possessions consist of. England, France and Russia among them, have not left much on the map that is worth having. Long since they ate the apple and all that is left for Germany is the core. The German possessions are of little value when compared with those of the former countries. That territory the kaiser must have for his rapidly growing population (to be brief with it); this is where his war bluffing begins.

In the Philippines in 1898 he tried to bluff Dewey, but it didn't work. He tried another stunt in Venezuela and the same thing happened. He bullied the Chinese and forced them to cede Kiao Chow. In 1905 he told France that the affairs of Morocco, a country in which he has only the vaguest interest, must be submitted to an international conference, and then gave to France a choice, by an ultimatum, to dismiss Foreign Minister Delcasse or go to war. Delcasse was compelled to resign. Late in 1908 came the Casablanca incident, a sordid brawl in a Moorish village, used by Germany as a chance again to humiliate France. Again France believed herself in danger, but this time she relied on the power of England behind her, called the kaiser's bluff and the diplomats arranged an honorable settlement.

Not very long ago the same kaiser made another war threat. When Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the war lord said if Russia objected he would land a powerful army across the Russian border to enforce his demands. MICHAEL KENNY.

More About Chemical Whiskey.

Portland, Aug. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Permit an ex-saloon keeper to answer Charles H. King's letter in The Journal of August 12, under the heading, "Chemical Whisky." A policeman in Duluth, Minn., informed me that two saloons on his beat, to his personal knowledge, had not purchased $1 worth of whisky in 18 years, but manufactured it from plug tobacco, water and alcohol, and Duluth is a strong whisky town. The chemical whisky Mr. King mentions is sold in saloons in Portland, to more thoroughly rob and degrade mankind. I sold it myself when I was in the accursed business.

Under prohibition Mr. King assures us this brand will be sold "in livery barns, under bridges, in alleys and freight sheds." And probably in cesspools and sewers, and this is just the kind of an outlaw we'll make of the liquor traffic next November in Oregon, and then we will camp on its trail and scourge it to death by rigid enforcement of law.

As to destroying Oregon's hop industry, why, that is all bunko! Foreign markets will buy all the hops we raise, and Mr. King knows this just as well as I do.

I know the stuff sold over the saloon bar, and all about the whisky ring, as I was in the booze business over five years. I. I. BRACKETT.

Our Daily Duty.

Portland, Or., Aug. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—For months past the enemies of Senator Chamberlain have been busy marshaling their forces and laying secret political mines for the sole purpose of bringing about his defeat in the pending campaign.

During all this time Senator Chamberlain has been at his post of duty in Washington, answering every roll call, working early and late for those great measures of such vast interest to Oregon and our country, and there he will remain, staunch and true, until the trenches of standpatism and delay have been overcome, and victory for legislation in the interest of our people has become an accomplished fact.

In the meantime what are the people of Oregon doing towards paving the way for the return of its brave soldier who has been so valiently fighting in its behalf? Are the men and women of Oregon going to wait until the last moment for their absent leader, or will they now, day by day, begin the task and lay strong and sure the foundation, and erect the breastworks behind which an easy victory for him is assured?

I contend Oregon owes it to itself, it owes it to the nation, it owes it as a friend of peace, happiness and prosperity, to return Senator Chamberlain by an overwhelming majority, and that it should be the daily duty of every well disposed citizen to do his part in the work necessary to bring about that most important task. A CITIZEN.

A FEW SMILES

A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy, standing near:

"My boy, I am looking for the corporation's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," said the boy.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house hunter. "Nonsense. The advertisement said five."

"Well," replied the boy, "yer can believe me or the advertisement, whichever yer want. But I ain't tryin' to make ho sale."

Chaplain Silver, of the United States Military academy, tells this story:

A wind was blowing the sand about down at the maneuver camp at Texas City, and a good deal of it sifted into one of the kitchens. Of course, some got into the food.

A lieutenant, inspecting during the mess hour, heard one man grumbling: "Did you enter the army to serve your country or to grumble," he demanded, sternly.

The man stood up, saluted, and replied: "I enlisted to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."—Everybody's Magazine.

The enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Colorado, which he had in contemplation.

"Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend.

"Thousands of 'em!" replied the angler.

"Will they bite easily?" asked another friend.

"Will they! Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Too much corn juice makes a man's voice husky.

Lucky is the fool man who manages to get a sensible wife.

Many an impressionable man falls in love with a work of art and marries it.

The moth hasn't much use for a man who possesses only one suit of clothes.

Real estate dealers wax fat at the expense of men who want the earth.

Time waits for no man, but men waste a lot of time waiting for women.

Every time a widower looks twice at a woman the gossips have something to interest them.

When a man gets into trouble he finds that his friends are always liberal—with advice.

Every candidate for village constable imagines that the country will go to the dogs if he isn't elected.

Those marooned European tourists probably wouldn't mind it so much if they could only get post cards made showing them in the act of being marooned.

Maybe Senator Bristow's defeat signifies that when a statesman undertakes to reform a party from the inside he does well to select a party that is reformable.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Kansans and Nebraskans of Newberg and vicinity will hold their annual picnic in the city park at Newberg next Tuesday.

The Democrat notes uncommon quietude in criminal circles in Baker and the county, neither sheriff nor city police having had anything in particular to do for many days past.

"Let's whoop up the county fair, even if we are thinkng of something else," sanely and boostfully exclaims the Baker Herald, evidently with the European war excitement in mind.

On account of a charter obstacle pointed out by Mayor Curl, the Albany council has decided to defer acceptance of the donated Bryant park, pending procedure necessary to forestall future legal complications.

The Pendleton East Oregonian administers what comfort it can by saying: "Pendleton people who groan at the present high price of sugar may find consolation in the fact that, whereas it is now bringing eight cents a pound, 50 years ago in this locality dealers were getting 45 and 50 cents."

Port Orford Tribune: Frands Nordberg, who is mining on the Harris beach about a mile north of Brookings, is making excellent wages and has enough pay dirt in sight to last him all summer. The heavy surf of last winter washed out an old drift pile and left this deposit exposed.

LIEGE IS BELGIUM'S PITTSBURG

From the Philadelphia North American.

Strategic points in the importance of Liege, the fortified Belgian city, are numerous.

Principally it is the most strongly fortified obstacle to the supposed plan of the Germans to cut across the lower half of Belgium into French territory, but in addition to this, the city is of itself a prize in many ways.

In its surroundings it is the Pittsburg of Belgium. For miles to the southwest of the city, along the banks of the river Meuse, there are scores of blast furnaces, puddling furnaces, rolling mills and forges. It is the site of the famous Cockerell works, said to be the largest manufactory of machinery in the world. The lion, erected as a monument on the field of Waterloo, some sixty miles distant, was made here.

Liege proper, with a population of 168,000, lies at the junction of the Meuse and the Ourthe, in a basin margined by hills. Many handsome buildings and gardens strive to keep themselves handsome against the tremendous odds of coal dust.

All around the city is a wealth of coal and iron oar. The mines extend even under the city and river. These natural riches, in connection with the favorable situation of the city at the junction of two navigable rivers, have given rise to the extensive manufacturing industry in the city itself.

The products are varied, but the principal one, and that which would make Liege a valuable prize of war, is that of firearms. More than 20,000 persons in and around the city are employed in the manufacture of guns, ranging from small arms to the largest of modern weapons. There is a royal cannon factory and a small-arm factory also in the suburb of St. Leonard.

In the wars of the last century Liege has played only a small part, but with prospects of a siege now, the city finds itself well defended with modern fortifications. Its strength, it is said, is far greater than has generally been appreciated by military strategists.

In 1888 the Belgium authorities decided adequately to fortify both Liege and Namur, the two important points on the Meuse. At each place many detached forts were constructed along a perimeter drawn a distance varying from within four to six miles of the city. At Liege twelve of these forts were constructed, six on the right bank and six on the left side of the river.

All of these forts have been kept fairly well up to date. The heavy guns, in their concrete casemate are raised and lowered automatically. The names of the forts on the right bank of the river are Barchon, Evegnee, Fleron, Chaudfontaine, Embourg and Boncelles. The average distance between the forts is four miles, but Fleron and Chaudfontaine are separated by little over a mile in a direct line, as they defend the main line of the railway from Germany.

The six forts on the left bank, also commencing at the north, around a western curve, are Pontisse, Liers, Lantin, Loncin, Hollogne and Flemalle.

It has been estimated by military authorities that 25,000 men would be necessary for an adequate defense of these fortifications today.

Liege was made to figure largely in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Quentin Durward," in which Scott made a notable blunder by speaking of the people of Liege as talking Flemish. The city is, in fact, the center of the Walloon country.

The Walloons are Romanized Gauls, in a much truer sense than their Flemish neighbors, and speak the French language.

The city first appears in history in the sixth century, at which time a town grew up around the original chapel founded there by St. Monulph, bishop of Tongres. In the tenth century the episcopate of Notger, which had succeeded the early line, was marked by large territorial acquisitions and the see became recognized as an independent principality of the French empire.

There were many popular risings for freedom from the exactions of the episcopal sovereigns, who were also occupied in preserving neutrality in the various wars and preserving their territory from being raided by invading armies.

They were only in part successful. Liege was taken by Marlborough in 1702, and the fortress was garrisoned by the Dutch until 1718. The French revolutionary armies overran the principality in 1792, and from 1794 to the fall of Napoleon it was annexed to France, and was known as the department of the Ourthe.

The congress of Vienna in 1815 decreed that Liege, with the other provinces of the southern Netherlands should form part of the new kingdom of the Netherlands, under the rule of William I, of the house of Orange. The city of Liege took an active part in the Belgian revolt of 1830, and since that date the ancient principality has been incorporated into the kingdom of Belgium.

The principal point of interest to the tourists in Liege has been the great cathedral or church of St. Paul, founded in the tenth century and rebuilt in the thirteenth century. The university, founded in 1817, is one of the largest in the country and enjoys a high reputation for education in the art of mining and manufacturing.

There are many beautiful gardens, and the rivers are spanned by splendid bridges, but the larger portion of the city has a crowded aspect of narrow, crooked streets.

The railway lines through Liege are the direct routes from Cologne to Paris, and from Luxemburg to Brussels, the possesion of either of which would be valuable to the German army.

Waterloo, the place which everybody knows as the scene of the downfall of Napoleon at the hands of the allies on the 18th of June, 1815, is not on a direct line from Liege, but lies some 60 miles from it in an airline south from Brussels.

INVESTMENT DEMANDS OF PUBLIC UTILITIES

By John M. Oskison.

Experts say that in the next five years the companies supplying gas, electric light and power and traction facilities for the United States will need new capital to the amount of $4,000,000 a day for every working day.

James J. Hill says that the railroads will need about $4,750,000 a day during the same time.

A neat little sum this for us to find and lend to the public utility corporations of this country! Do you wonder that the railroads are fighting desperately to secure the right to increase their rates so that they may make a good showing of earnings? On their earning power depends their borrowing power. Do you wonder that the gas, electric light and trolley companies are falling into the control of stronger and stronger groups of capitalists whose finanical connections extend to all the money markets of the world? Big companies borrow easier, and on better terms, than small companies.

In the electric light business 82.5 per cent of the more than two billions of securities outstanding have been put out by holding companies; in the gas business the proportion is 66 per cent of the $1,320,000,000; and in the traction business it is 81.4 per cent of the total of $4,043,663,000.

It is the holding company, with control of utility companies in many and widely separated communities, that appeals to you to buy its bonds and stocks. To a previous financial generation belongs the process of combining the railroads, though it is still true that small lines are being absorbed by the big systems.

Those who have the financial management of the companies which serve the public say that they must have this $8,000,000 and more a day of new capital if the companies are to meet the public demands for better service. In every possible way they are going to try to show you that it will be to your profit to advance a part of that sum.

There is need for caution. You have seen that in their days of most active consolidation the railroad systems took over burdens of debt which later brought many of them to bankruptcy. You as a patron of a public service company may demand expenditures which will ruin you as an investor in its securities.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"There seems to be nothing but war news in the papers nowadays," said Salmon Brown, the last sucviving son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry. "Well, our family have done their part in the way of fighting. My father was willing to back up his opinions with his life, and so were his sons. It wasn't very long after my father was executed until the slavery question came up for final settlement and the long and bitterly contested Civil war was on. I am 78 years old, but I will never be too old to be interested in is what is going on in the world. It looks as if Europe was going to be drenched with blood before they are through with this war.

"Did I ever tell you how it was that I did not serve in the Civil war? I put in two years in the border warfare during '55 and '56, fighting the hell-born slave laws, and I was anxious to continue the work of fighting for human liberty when the Civil war was on. I had been married four years, and while it was a wrench to leave my wife and babies, I felt my duty to my country was above all other obligations.

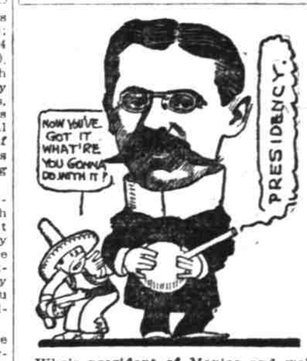
"Colonel Farman was raising a regiment near Plattsburg, N. Y. He asked me to recruit a company in my neighborhood in the Adirondacks to be known as company K. He told me I would receive a lieutenant's commission in the company I raised. This was in February, 1862. February, 1862, was an extremely cold month. The snow lay four feet deep on a level around North Elba. Mr. Hinkley, my wife's brother, and myself traveled all through that part of the Adirondack mountains securing recruits. We reported at Plattsburg with our men, and the soldiers gave us an ovation, for they were anxious to go to Albany to be mustered in and get away to the front.

"In those days I had flaming red hair and a red beard. I was over six feet high, and I had never met the man who could throw me. I was able to hold my own in a rough and tumble fight. I will never forget how the soldiers picked me up and carried me on their shoulders when I reported with my men. They were proud to have a son of John Brown in their regiment.

"Colonel Farman called me to one side and asked me if I had received his letter. I told him I had received no letter, as I had been so busy getting the company raised I had hardly taken time to eat or sleep. He told me the officers in the regiment had circulated a petition which had been signed by most of the officers, requesting him to rescind my commission as an officer, as the fact of a son of John Brown being an officer in the regiment would become known throughout the south, and would make this regiment the peculiar mark for the attacks of the rebels. He said the officers felt that it was exposing them to a needless and extraordinary risk to serve in a regiment with a man so bitterly hated by all the south as the son of John Brown. Colonel Farman told me he would not ask me to resign my commission, as I had earned it, not only by my past experiences in fighting, but also by raising company K. He said: 'If you do not resign, most of the other officers will resign, and we will be delayed still longer in getting mustered into the service.' He said the officers had told him they wouldn't serve with me, nor under him if he allowed me to continue an officer in the regiment. I asked him what I had better do. He said: 'I will not ask you to resign, but if you should do so, you would be doing good service to your country, as our regiment could be mustered in without friction or further delay.' I resigned, and it was one of the hardest things I ever did. I felt I had been treated more than unfairly. Though they were willing to sing 'John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on,' yet they were unwilling to serve with a son of that same John Brown, on account of the additional risk of getting killed. I was not wanted in the army. I had been told the best service I could render my country was not to serve it. I decided then and there to go west, the further the better; so I began making preparations to go by wagon to California. I discovered I was no safer from the hatred of men on the plains than I was in the Adirondacks, and our whole family narrowly escaped being shot down. We escaped by a mere scratch through the speed of our teams and by traveling by night."

HOO'S HOO

By John W. Carey.



Who's president of Mexico and welcome to his job? (We'll peg along without the fame and puff in peace our cob.)

Who answered to the S. O. S. and touched his cap "Aye, aye!" when one Vic Huerta said, "I want an A-1 autumn guy?"

Who watched aforesaid Vic set sail serenely in his bark and told himself that he must be some kin to E. Z. Mark?

Who finds himself wished up against a wire, both live and hot, he'd gladly drop ere rebs essay to fill him full of shot?

Who hopes for better luck than had Madero, Max, et al? (N. B. This Rhyme not guaranteed.) Francisco Carbajal.

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