

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

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Monmouth, Oregon.

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Helpful Women

John D. Rockefeller owes much of success in life to a helpful wife. In his early business life she kept his books and aided him with her intelligent advice. He has often said:

"Had it not been for my wife's business sagacity and her clear insight into affairs I would be a poor man. Many times her advice has been counter to my ideas but her judgment has invariably proved the better."

Another recent example of ideal companionship is that of Dr. Walter Frank Rittman of the government bureau of mines and his wife, who collaborated with him in his discovery of a process that will enable gasoline manufacturers to increase their output 200 to 300 per cent and will make the United States independent of the world for its dyestuffs.

From the lives of this young couple can be woven an interesting romance. While working his way through Swarthmore college, Dr. Rittman had for a fellow student in chemistry, Miss Anna Campbell.

After graduation while pursuing his research work, Dr. Rittman was "stumped" many times in his laboratory problems. It was then that he recalled his coworker at Swarthmore college. One result was that she joined him as an assistant at Columbia university. As she was competent in eight modern languages and a few dead ones she was assigned to the task of translating treatises on chemical subjects.

That task, however, was not sufficient to keep her talents fully occupied so she aided in experiments. The close association of the two ended in marriage a year and a half ago. Like a true wife, Mrs. Rittman does not claim any credit for her husband's success, merely saying that she helped him where she could and that while her aid was material her husband was entitled to all the credit.

There was a similar co-partnership of the Curies in Paris that resulted in the discovery of radium.

There is no sex in intellect and throughout all history many of the triumphs in various fields of intellectual endeavor have been achieved by men and women working together. Nearly all the great men of the world like the Wesleys, George Washington, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln have been indebted to their mothers for the best that was in them.

Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, received incalculable assistance from his sister, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Curie, John D. Rockefeller and Dr. Rittman are only a few out of the many that have been su-

premiely fortunate in having helpful wives.—Portland Journal.

A Record Of Sieges

The history of Constantinople is almost a record of sieges. About 100 years after its foundation by Constantine the Great in 330 began a series of assaults by sea and land, before which Constantinople gave way only three times, the last in 1453, when Mohammed II entered the city and established the Turks in Europe.

Constantinople has been often the aim, rarely the prize, of invasion. With British and French ships attempting to force the Dardanelles, Constantinople is again the objective of an invading force, and the naval operations there lend renewed interest to the last successful siege.

Cannon were still in the experimental stage when Mohammed moved against Constantinople with his fleet of 320 vessels. Then, as now, it was the belief that the bigger the gun the more destructive it would be, and historians say Mohammed had a cannon made that would throw stones two feet and a half in diameter. It was the predecessor of the Queen Elizabeth's 15 inch guns which today are credited with doing the greatest execution for the allies.

Mohammed had a force of 70,000 men, while the city's defenders did not exceed 9000. He operated both from the sea and on land, just as reports indicate that the allies will operate. Mohammed used battering rams, cannon and fire in his attack upon the forts, and at one time he attempted to use a wooden turret on rollers, which was destroyed by the city's defenders.

Mohammed's fleet was defeated in a desperate naval engagement and he then conceived the idea of carrying his ships overland from the Bosphorus into the Golden Horn. An idea of the size of ships of war in those days can be gained from the following:

"In one night the Turkish fleet climbed a hill and was launched, and the upper harbor was occupied. The Ottoman cannon demolished the Greek forts in 30 days, and the final assault began on the morning of May 29. The Emperor Constantine fought to the last and died like a hero; and a pitiless sack of the city began the moment it fell, under the explicit permission and even order of Mohammed himself."

An invasion of Serbia began within a few days, and the Turk was placed firmly in possession of an empire in Europe. He now occupies only a small fraction of his former European possessions, and the battleships hammering at the forts on the Dardanelles may determine whether he will retain even a foothold outside of Asia.—Portland Journal.

Thou Shalt Kill

(Being the soliloquy of a murderer.)

Once this land was populated with a happy humanity. Today, hey lie under the sod. I shed no tears for them. I am a murderer. It is I to whom the accusations rightly belong. Ha! Ha! Ha! The people of the next

generation will know who I was. They will know that I left my mark in the world. They will remember me as the one whose controlling power sent millions to premature death. Nor will they forget the effect of war, that is plainly discernible in their wan, wasted and haggard forms, their bent backs, the helpless invalids, the deformed and well nigh brainless children—all these can be laid at my door.

My other name is a patriot; my belief and creed patriotism. Once they did not call me and those like me murderers. Ah no, we were patriots defending our country. We were not murderers. There was only individual murderers then—men who would break the laws of man, God or country. If guilty they were put to death. The people once thought that those who put their fellow men to death were in their proper sphere. Now they rise up against such proceedings and the world brands such action as murder.

They call a man that kills another a murderer, but what would they call a man who plans the wholesale slaughter of millions? They call him a general. That's what I am—a general. Many people do not know what I am the general of, but they are learning. It cannot be kept back forever. I exult in the name—a general of Hell! That's it, a pretty name isn't it, but that's my true name.

I am the controlling power in war. Yes, that's right. Hell's my name and that of war's. We're both of those dark regions. When I think of who I am, even a shudder runs through my quaking frame, cold chills subdue me and I stand aghast as I look back over my bloody career. Though war is Hell and I represent war there are and have been and always shall be men who proclaim that war is God's test. Ha! Ha! They don't know what war is, or if they do know do not mention that after every war there has been a weakened race seen especially in deformed children prohibited from the enjoyment given to normal children. Ah, they say war is God's test—say Hell is God's test, but it's a mighty poor test at that and any thinking person would know that a war created by man is not a test of a nation's soul by God.

I would think of those days of peace. Instead I must look forward with bowed head and downcast eyes, but not alone, for with me will be the captains of industry, the heads of the greedy monopolies, the men who planned the policy for me to execute, my men who have slain helpless men, women and children on industrial battlefields, men who slowly coined the lives of their employees into dividends, whose next step is establishment of charities—all these will be with me as I look forward to my punishment for disobeying the words of God for the words of man and for substituting the words "Thou Shalt Kill" for the original "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

WELBERT F. CORSELL,
Monmouth, Oregon.

Premature Exploding.

"Madam," said the street conductor, "is this your boy?"

"Yes, sir; he is," she snapped.

"And I am not going to pay any fare for him, either. He isn't five years old yet!"

"I didn't dream of asking you to pay fare for him, ma'am. I was only going to tell you he's the brightest and handsomest little fellow I've seen for many a day."

Then he passed down the aisle, leaving the portly dame speechless and gasping for breath.—Chicago Tribune.

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