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A FORECAST

Views in the Time of Napoleon.

Napoleon, the great Napoleon, was fond of going about incognito among the people he governed and getting from them their views concerning himself and his acts. One day, dressed in ordinary civilian costume, he left the palace by a side door and, walking along the Rue de Rivoli, entered the garden of the Tuileries. That was more than a hundred years ago. The space between the palace and the Place de la Concorde was not then the barren looking area it is now, but a veritable garden filled with flowers.

Napoleon had but recently humbled Prussia, and the French people were celebrating the anniversary of one of his victories. Seeing a young army officer sitting on a bench alone, the emperor took a seat beside him and began a conversation with him.

"Do you think this man Bonaparte," asked Napoleon, "is a great general?"

"I think the Emperor Napoleon to be the greatest general who ever lived," was the reply.

"What! Greater than Julius Caesar?"

"I am not familiar with the campaigns of Caesar."

"Well, young man, if you were you would know that Napoleon is but an imitation of the great Roman."

"That may be; but, if it is, Napoleon is the only imitation we have had in eighteen centuries."

This pleased the emperor very much. He inquired the regiment to which the young man belonged and his name. Then he arose from his seat and strolled away. Presently seeing an aged man, the emperor took a seat beside him with a view to drawing his views of experience as he had drawn those of youth.

"Our people," said Napoleon, "seem to be going mad over this Corsican, monsieur. What do you think of him?"

"He is the center of one of those storms that periodically sweep over large tracts. They grow fiercer till they reach a climax, then instead of dying slowly, as they started, end suddenly."

Napoleon started, but inwardly; his control of himself, except when he wished to impress some one with the awfulness of his wrath, was perfect. The speaker did not see how deeply his companion had been touched by his words.

"After Napoleon what?" asked the emperor.

"There should be the republic, but France is among a number of nations which this Bonaparte is antagonizing. There is in the Place du Carrousel, in rear of the Tuileries, a bronze group of horses drawing a chariot. This Napoleon took from the Prussians. They will not rest till they get it back. Besides, they will make our children or grandchildren pay a pretty price for its loan to France."

"Why do you think that?" asked the emperor.

"Bonaparte will not stop till he has arrayed every nation in Europe against him. Even his alliance with Austria by his marriage with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg will not keep that

people from turning against him when the final united effort to kill him comes."

Napoleon made no reply to this. He sat with folded arms, his chin buried in the ruffles of his shirt front, his beaver hat drawn down over his eyes. Presently he straightened up and asked:

"What has been your occupation, your sphere in life, monsieur?"

"I have been everything—notary, journalist, historian. Now that my body is not fit for exertion I simply think."

"Will the antagonism excited by Bonaparte live beyond the present century?"

"I think it will."

"And these people he has conquered will revenge themselves on France?"

"They will. These wars of Napoleon will leave France exhausted. The people our descendants have to fear are—"

"The Russians?"

"No; at least not for many years. The Russians have a large territory and enough to do to take care of their own internal affairs."

"The Prussians?"

"Not the Prussians alone. But some future Prussian king will realize that if he can unite the German people he may hurl them against our descendants and crush them. Prussia will never be content till she has recovered all the prestige that has been wrested from her by Bonaparte. I question if she will be strong enough for that without the help of all the German people."

"Well, suppose some king of Prussia unites the Germans and recovers the high position that has been taken from her. What then?"

"What then? Why, France will never be content till she has got it back again."

"How will she do that?"

"Now you are getting beyond the vision of the keenest thinker. Of what shall happen within another century I cannot think; I can only feel."

The old man's face assumed a dreamy expression. There was a far-away look in his eyes. Napoleon turned and fixed his own eyes—eyes that did not dream, but commanded—upon him. Presently the speaker continued:

"A hundred years or more from now our descendants will be much changed. We are passing out of an age of speculative philosophy into one of actualities. This American, Franklin, who was here before the Revolution, has pointed out a new field. I believe there is a valuable power in steam, which another American has already applied to driving a boat. During the present century the people of the civilized world will contrive. This period of warfare that Bonaparte seems bent upon continuing will end—at least for a time—with him. Relieved of the casualties of war, our European population will increase. It may be that it will spread to new continents.

"Mechanical devices will be extended into every department, including war. Having swifter means of slaughter, the nations will be more loath to fight one another. That, I believe, will stop war."

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"You are wrong, monsieur. War will never cease."

"Well, then, it will grow less frequent."

"Suppose that, a century from now, a united Germany shall attempt to crush France. What then?"

The old man thought for some time without replying. Then he said:

"A group of nations is forming to crush Bonaparte. This will be the beginning of groups of allies yet to come. Some statesmen will see the advantage of uniting several nations with a view to controlling Europe. This will lead to a counter group—"

"And when war comes it will be between these groups and all Europe will be involved. I see. Never mind the political consequences of these alliances. Give me the military issues."

"In a hundred years the people of Europe will have more than doubled, perhaps quadrupled. Armies that are now composed of a few hundreds of thousands will then be millions. The killed and wounded and prisoners of war instead of being counted by thousands will be hundreds of thousands."

"And the battle line," Napoleon put in, "will be 50, 100, perhaps 200 miles long."

"I thought, monsieur, you asked me to give you the military future. You seem quicker in this than I. I defer to you."

"To move such armies," Napoleon continued, ignoring the speaker, "will be a herculean task. There will not be roads enough for their advance."

"You forget the new power of steam. It may develop."

"You mean armies will be moved instead of moving. Well, grant that there are inventions that will carry thousands of them and at a speed of a hundred miles in a single day. I grant in this case they can be moved within a reasonable time. But do you not know, monsieur, that an army moves on its belly? A million of men to be fed—"

"Perhaps 2,000,000."

"Two million men to have two meals a day. The food must be transported or the men will starve. And the ammunition! It weighs—it will weigh—tons upon tons. How will a general be able to follow up an enemy and carry with him such weight? And

(Continued on last page)

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Linguistic Barriers.

It is generally accepted that the adoption of a universal language, purely spoken, is handicapped by the fact that it is confronted with physical impossibilities. In the first place, the vocal organs are so entirely dissimilar in different races that a language will change too much for the various people using it to understand each other. If the Italian language could be given to the Chinese or the Russians it would change so that in a few years no one would recognize it as the same. This disability may be accounted for by the fact that the people in the chilly north speak with the lips nearly closed and those living in a mild climate give free articulation by opening the mouth.

Peanuts as They Grow.

The peanut plant somewhat resembles clover in its foliage and has small, yellow single flowers. After blossoming the little pods bend down and thrust themselves into the soil, when they grow into the well known thick shelled fruits. In cultivating the pods are covered with earth, thus insuring a large crop. Peanuts are natives of tropical America, but are now grown in many warm countries. In the southern United States they constitute an important crop.