EXORNEATION OF "GRAPE JUICE" DIPLOMACY. 

It may be "grape juice" diplomacy and it may be something else, but whatever it is, it is surely worthy of a place in history that on September 16, 1914, in the city of Washington, United States of America, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Spain, China and the United States, representing two-thirds of the peoples of the earth, signed for their respective governments, and so bound them, a treaty that binds the entire continent. It is an undertaking under no circumstances to declare or make war on any of the others until it had submitted to the cabinet, and if that is the case, until 1 year has passed after the cause of dispute has arisen.

It may be "grape juice," but it has all the hands of a magnificent country. Had Germany, France and the other warring nations of Europe signed this agreement six weeks ago, what a deluge of blood would have been turned into the streets of Europe since then? It has been avoided! What unutterable war and what bitter tears would have been shed by the mothers and fathers of these that were full at Leysburg would be now pursuing their usual avocation of the women and children, who are the builders of homes or guiding the machinery that produced the finest boys and beautiful things for human adornment, instead of rushing to the battle line! So, the unutterable sorrow between an unequaled store of protest against men's wickedness and infamy.

What poignant grief, what scathing tears, what benediction! The inhabitants of the world, who have always believed that "grape juice" diplomacy has been followed by the leaders of the nations of nations.

Ask the mother lost in joy, whose noble body is resting in an unknown grave; ask the widow whose eyes shall never again see her child; and who must take up his place in the burden of their support and upbringing. In the place of the war made orphans who are justly called and must feel as their father, the old warrior, the soldier, the soldier, who is now in the call of arms, and whose ears are deaf forever more to the prattle, whose eyes are blind to their surroundings and whose heart never again will thrill with delight at the waving of their arms around his neck, or the touch of being who is now in the call of arms; or whose heart is a shivered at, ask these if they get what they had ventured to dish or degrade Russian man's human condition as a tripe, a bit of "grape juice" diplomacy.

One may ask, why and the example we are setting the nations of the world may well be positively acclaimed as "garbage," and this because of this effort for peaceful understanding first in all the world of "grape juice" diplomacy.

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

If you haven't read "The Man Without a Country," read it before you go to bed tomorrow night. No one can tell you what you have missed. The little book can save you.

One of the most needed tonics for a government like ours and a time like this, is patriotism. It has never been more important than now. For the loss of the enthusiasm of the country is needed—especially in this volume in its small glass bottle. You can buy it at your drug store for a penny. It is called The Man Without a Country.

And this small volume—it's scarce enough big to be called a volume—is the most picturesque pattern of patriotism. Before you read half of it you feel like wrapping your arm around the little boy's arm, and when you have finished it, you'll feel like doing it.

The story of whether you are twelve or a hundred years old. That little book will remind your Americanism so conscious that you will wish you had known of it. You would have been a better citizen than you are now. You would have known the value of patriotism to the country and the state as well as to the individual. It has never been more important than now. For the loss of the enthusiasm of the country is needed—especially in this volume in its small glass bottle. You can buy it at your drug store for a penny. It is called The Man Without a Country.