

of saying that when it was necessary he was an outrageous liar.

Now it is pretty well known history that the old emperor of Germany promised his mother that when he got to be king of Prussia he would wipe out the shame that she had suffered at the hands of Napoleon, that it was all Bismarck and Von Moltke could do to hold the old chap back until they could get the army ready for the onset. The war with Schleswig-Holstein was really to put the army in good training; the war with Austria was to prostrate that country so that when the great after war that was to come was opened upon France, Austria could not interpose to help France.

Bismarck's affected horror of war was to have its effect on Schurz, and as to his discretion, Bismarck did not care a cent if he gave out what he heard in that conversation the next day, because that placed Bismarck in the position of one who did not want any war, but would only fight if the war was forced upon Prussia.

The truth is he was working night and day to get ready for that very war, and he planned it to have Prussia swoop down upon France, and behind Prussia, united Germany.

So, as we construe that interview, Bismarck was fooling Mr. Schurz. It will be noticed how surely he guessed about when the war would come on. That was in 1868, the war came in 1870. It had been in preparation for fifteen years. One step followed another and the final step, which was to be the invasion of France, had been planned at least ten years prior.

Had Schurz been talking to a Frenchman or to an Englishman, he would have seen through the whole business, but he was talking to Prince Bismarck who was really the sovereign of Germany at the time. His sympathies were all with Germany and so he could not see that Bismarck was loading him up with something which he hoped he would make public.

It was a shrewd talk on the old chancellor's part and that Schurz did not see through it on the instant, can only be accounted for from the fact that Schurz was a German, he was hoping everything for Germany, and could not see that what Bismarck was giving away was really a settled purpose to as soon as possible strike down France.

### The Battle of The Wilderness

**I**N the thoughts of most Americans, the Battle of the Wilderness is merely a dark and bloody and confused vision. That was the most terrific fighting without results in the war, if Antietam be excepted. And there was a difference between them. Had Sheridan been in McClellan's place on that day, the Confederate army would only have escaped from the field in remnants. At the Wilderness neither army was whipped, but both commanders were. That is, Grant tried to carry a decisive point and was rolled back. Then Lee tried to deliver a crushing blow and was not only baffled, but it took all his personal valor and magnetism to prevent a mighty disaster to his army. As it was, half of Hill's corps were rolled back in a rout, and when Lee had gathered a force around him and ordered a counter charge, the men hesitated, which Lee seeing, rode forward and asked the men if they would follow him. At this a big Texan shouted from the ranks that if he would go back to his place in the rear they would see to the assault, and then a regiment chimed in with the same cry. The General turned his horse and then the command went forward with a yell. It was fearful work on both sides, fighting through the stunted cedars with their sharp prongs, so thick that a bird could not fly through in places; it was impossible for troops to keep their alignments, or for officers to execute commands with precision either as to time or place,

and so the slaughter went on between detachments all day and nothing was determined, but there had been a vast loss of life, many superb officers had been killed and wounded, and at night Grant and Meade were as McDowell and McClellan and Burnside and Hooker had been before after an all day clash between the army of the Potomac and the army of Virginia. Just the same with this difference. Before, the order to the army of the Potomac had been to fall back. This was to advance by the right flank, and that was the signal that the mighty four years' tragedy had called the last tremendous act, and that after a little more the curtain was to be finally run down.

The Wilderness was the beginning of the end. There was still to be much fighting, but from this out it was to be a losing fight all the time for one side. The North was ready for any further needed sacrifice, the strength of the South was well-nigh spent.

The stunted grass has grown above the calm of all those graves; but the lesson remains—for no possible reason and in no possible cause must the men of this Union ever again meet in arms against each other.

By the way, no such battle as that of the Wilderness would be possible among civilized powers now. Flying machines would be signaling to both commanders, where their own forces and the enemy were, they would be signaling orders; at the same time the fleets in the air would be maneuvering to avoid each other; possibly ten years hence, war will take on new terrors by precipitating battles in the air.

When it reaches that possibility, then surely civilization will begin to revolt and the sentiment of the world will begin to crystalize into a conviction that nations should learn war no more.

### SUNSHINE FROM THE "SUN"

#### BALSAM.

By Frank Demster Sherman.  
Shelter, shade and slumber sweet  
In my boughs of balsam meet;  
Fragrant dusk and dream combine  
In the cool, soft heart of mine.

Sleep, and hear again the tree  
Whisper in the voice of me;  
Sleep, and breathe the spicy scent  
Hinting of the Orient.

Pillowed on my breast, be sure  
You shall find for care a cure;  
Charm and comfort, cheer and calm,  
Balsam's blessing, bliss and balm.

#### FOUR AGES OF LETTER WRITING.

By McLandburgh Wilson.  
First age, his childish innocence,  
Is very plainly shown,  
He writes to Santa Claus  
To let his wants be known.

Next like a furnace does he sigh  
And writes his turtle dove  
Some thirty pages every day,  
To tell her of his love.

Third age, though bearded like a part  
His innocence still haunts,  
He writes on business, this and that,  
And tells just what he wants.

In lean and slippered pantaloons  
He last escapes the rascal;  
He has acquired some wisdom then  
And doesn't write at all.

#### DE OL' LUCK BAG.

By Victor A. Hermann.

On a creepy night when the moon am new  
En de mist hang in de holler;  
En de grabeyahds yawn froo a veil o' dew—  
Till you think det white ghos's foller.  
En de grabeyahds yawn froo a veil o' dew—  
En mah courage soht o' sag;  
Mah heah et jump en Ah'm skeephed to deff—  
Till Ah think o' mah ol' luck bag.  
Toad skin!  
Hoss hah!  
Snake haid!  
Ol' luck bag.

One yeah Ah had all ebil luck.  
Los' mah cane en cotton;  
Los' mah frien's when Ah fell in de ruck—  
En soon Ah was forgotten.  
De plough mule died; each move Ah'd make,  
Ah'd hit anuddeh snag;  
Till a voice says: "Ef dat spell yu'd break—  
Go git an ol' luck bag."  
Spideh eye!  
Clam shell!  
Eel tall!  
Ol' luck bag.

So Ah went to de trick man back in de pines  
When midnight bells was chimin';  
His hut loked dahk from a net o' vines  
En a blood red moon was climbin'.  
He gimme a pouch all mouldy gray,  
En tied wid a strip o' rag;  
En he says: "Dem illis will fly away  
Ef you use de ol' luck bag."  
Glow wuhm!  
Grabe dirt-  
Skull bone-  
Ol' luck bag.

#### The SINGER.

By Charlotte Becker.

I shelter me behind my song  
From grief and care and pain,  
That all unlovely things may throng  
Across my way in vain.

Gay tunes I sing for those who weep,  
Sad tunes for passers gay;  
And ever on the road I keep,  
Be rough or smooth the way.

What matter if no hearth be laid  
To warm my weary feet  
And if there be no wistful maid  
To give me welcome sweet?

Since ne'er so lonely are the hours  
Nor paths so steep and long  
But what I find through sun or showers  
A shelter in my song.

#### THE GOSSIPERS.

In his hour of pain and shame,  
In his prison house of flame,  
When revenge the devil sought  
Little tongues of fire he wrought;  
Tongues to lie and twist and turn,  
Tongues to scorch and sear and burn,  
Tongues to slay the high and holy,  
Tongues to slay the poor and lowly;  
Then to earth the tongues he sent  
There to work his full intent;  
To whisper, hint and smirch and sneer,  
And to fill the world with fear;  
Foul with gossip that can kill  
Evermore to work his will.

The little tongues of hell  
Still serve the devil well.