

a new array in motion and in ten minutes changed the whole situation.

Now, from what direction will the genius of this war appear, the man who in himself is more in a crisis than half a dozen army corps or a fleet?

It is a hundred years since Napoleon's star went under eclipse; it is a hundred and ten since the stormy soul of Nelson went out at Trafalgar; it will in ten days more be one hundred and twenty-eight years since "Old Fritz" of Prussia died. Is it not about time for another incarnation to startle Europe? There are plenty of scientific soldiers making plans for battles on sea and land in Europe, but is there one battle genius, one who under a battle canopy can detect the trail that leads up to victory, if necessary discounting Fate itself?

What new names are about to appear to make new punctuation points in European history and make true again Napoleon's remark that "Men are nothing, a man is everything?"

A National Sorrow

THE sympathies of all true men and women in the United States go out in full measure to President Wilson and his children over the crushing sorrow that has come to them.

Honors and high station do not help at such a time. Indeed they are but reminders of the helplessness of poor mortals when they would fain turn aside the inevitable.

In vain they stretch out their arms to the wife and mother. She no longer heeds them for her work is finished.

The death of the president's wife is a shock to the country for it was not generally known that she was ill until the final coma had wrapped her round.

It is but a brief time since the White House was radiant with flowers and echoing with joyous music and the congratulations of friends over the marriages of two daughters to the men they loved.

Now the music has changed to a dirge; the echoes of the joy bells come back in solemn peals; the flowers are but those that accentuate an speakable sorrow. The president is not thinking of his great office or the honors that have come to him, but rather of that time when the girl of his heart joyously linked her fate with the poor student and undertook the task of holding up his hands through all the trials that might come to him, and when to him all the skies seemed lighted by hope's celestial lamps.

Now she has left him and the honors that have come to him seem but empty, mocking baubles in the presence of his sorrow.

If it will be any comfort to him, we hope that he may realize that, contemplating his grief, no partisan prejudices, no envies, no jealousies have any place in the minds of his countrymen, but rather sincerest sympathies for him and his children in the bitterness and helplessness of their affliction, and the prayer of all is that God may comfort and sustain them.

AUSTRALIA comes forward with a splendid tender to the mother country. This is as it should be. The dominion should do still better for Canada is more indebted to England than Australia is.

What England has done for Canada in the past quarter of a century has amounted to well-nigh a transformation.

PRESTIGE counts. The Russian navy was utterly cowed in the war with Japan. It seems natural to read that under its first fire the Russian fleet in the Baltic withdrew behind protecting batteries.

Adolph Baer

A STRONG and very true man was Adolph Baer. He was better known in Colorado than in Utah. A pioneer of Pueblo and Leadville. A stalwart man of affairs of everywhere, he filled his place and performed his work with honor and tireless industry, till his call came. He earned the rest that has come to him, and this should be a comfort to the family that are left desolate by his death.

ADMIRAL MAHON seems to favor 8 and 10-inch guns for ships rather than 12 and 14-inch. Surely he ought to know, but a layman would say: "It depends. If ships are fighting at long range, the smaller guns would be best for they are quicker handled and more accurate, but for close range the big smashers should be most effective." Then the other question of speed has to be considered. The beak and talons of the eagle to have most force, must have the fierce swoop of the strong pinions.

THE founder of old Rome built a temple to Janus to be kept open during times of war and closed in time of peace. For seven hundred years it was closed only three times.

The fierce old Roman spirit seems to be revisiting Europe for every temple to Janus is open today.

Is this tragedy really the herald of a day when the dictum of one feeble old man wearing a crown can no longer convulse a continent with a wasting war.

It surely is time for such a decree to be issued.

GOD pity the mothers, the wives and the sisters in Europe these days. They are all involved, not only from the Volga to the Don the Cossack mother weeps, but from the Thames, the Seine, along the Rhine, the Rhone and the Danube. It is nineteen hundred years since the cross was upraised on calvary, but now under its banner which should symbol peace and good will, twenty millions of armed men are moving to establish right by might.

JAPAN is anxious to help Great Britain in her present need. It is not impossible that Japan may become a chief factor in assisting her ally in and around India and even as far west as the Mediterranean.

The final decisive great sea fight of the world is liable to be near the Hellaspont.

THE physicians and surgeons of the world are in session in London this week. Cablegrams two weeks ago told of hundreds of cases were being held for operations before the congregation of the surgeons.

As things look over there no end of operations will soon be needed.

IT is almost laughable to read that Switzerland is mobilizing her army.

When the eagles and the hawks are sharpening their beaks and talons why should not the doves in their mountain cotes, hold a convention and pass resolutions.

ATTENTION has been almost withdrawn from Mexico by the impending mighty tragedy beyond the Atlantic, but the latest dispatches indicate that a possible peace is near.

WILL Mr. Carnegie's Palace of Peace at the Hague be bombarded before the trouble is over? It is a clear case that the wild-beast instinct cannot be bred out of mankind by resolutions or by slinging psalms to peace.

Old Masters—Sargent S. Prentiss

By C. C. G.

BORN in Portland, Maine, September 30, 1808, he only waited for a superficial education and admission to the bar, when he started west and south. He reached Mississippi and made his home in that state. At that time society was in a peculiar condition in that state. There was much family and sectional pride. Mississippians believed there never was a superior people to their own; their hospitality was limitless, but when anything happened which they construed as a reflection upon their state, or its customs or upon any individual, there was at once an appeal to the higher law—either a fierce street encounter or a duel. Of course, after either of these there was a grave trial in court for all the forms were adhered to and so a thousand trials were solemnly carried on to a finish, when it was known in advance by judge, jury and all the people that an acquittal was certain.

Such a rule has a barbarous look but it has its advantages. Men are careful what they say and no foolish woman thoughtlessly starts neighborhood quarrels; when she knows that father, brother or husband will have to answer for it.

Prentiss looked over the field and liked it. The Mississippians looked at him and listened to him and were compelled to admit that he seemed brighter than any man they had ever seen before and when he spoke the charm and power of his words held his listeners enthralled.

The only question that remained unanswered was, "would the down-easter from far off Maine fight?"

That was quickly settled. Either at the bar or on the rostrum he antagonized U. S. Senator Foote and Foote challenged him. He promptly accepted. When the principals took their places on the field, one of the seconds of Foote objected to the cane that Prentiss leaned upon, for he was lame, at which Prentiss threw away the cane with the remark: "never mind, I can lick Foote on one leg" and turning to some boys who had climbed trees off to one side of the field, he cried to them: "look out boys, Foote shoots mighty wild."

That settled it. Prentiss had shown not only that he would fight, but further, that he could look death in the face without losing one of his old careless jolly ways. Thenceforth the inner circle of Mississippi exclusiveness was opened to him.

The stature of his fame grew daily. Never before had the people listened to an orator that compared with him. His voice had the sweetness of exquisite music but when fully aroused it took on an organ roll of power that stirred men's souls to their depths. But not only in the voice was the charm. Face, eyes, hands, every feature and movement was instinct with eloquence.

Once as he closed a glorified speech he fainted whereupon an enthusiastic friend, the tears running down his cheeks, caught Prentiss in his arms and cried: "Die Prentiss! Die you will never have such another chance!"

Like Starr King he was always delicate and only lived forty-two years, dying July 10th, 1850. But he grew intellectually to the last. His eloquence took on higher and higher splendor and power. In his brief span of life he made clear that he possessed a genius that was all-embracing, that had there never been a book printed he would have gone out among the other savages and by natural selection would, in six months, have been chief of his tribe.

No higher soul than his ever walked the earth for a time to charm his fellow countrymen and make them mourners above his bier.