

## Late Night Extras

WE suggest to people outside the business district of the city to refuse to buy extras after 10 p. m., and thus stop the nuisance of the criers of "war extras" that blast the night. So far not one late extra has been of the slightest consequence, while the yells of the criers have become an unmitigated nuisance. There are sick and nervous people in many homes; the nights have been hot and it has been difficult to sleep, anyway, and there is no excuse for disturbing people by the fog-horn yells of "war extras." Our country is not in any war; the extras so far have been little more than a re-hash and if people will refuse to purchase them they will be stopped.

## SEND US WAR

By Cyril Bretherton.

(Paraphrased from an unfinished French manuscript entitled "Madame la Pompadour.")

Scene: Outside the ballroom of the Tuilleries. The captain of the guard sings:

## Recit.

Fair fragrant flowers, deep breathing on the night

Your ecstasy; pale light

Of little stars that swoon

In rapture of your patroness the Moon;

Murmur of ringing lutes that lifts and falls

Among these ancient walls,

Woo ye pale courtier souls!

Not mine, in whose remembrance rolls

The tocsin, and the sudden trumpet calls!

## Aria:

Mars! Thou laggard god of war,

Bid an end to cankered peace!

Shake thy flaming sword afar!

Send, O Caesar, ill at ease

With the years of dull increase;

Breed another Hamilar

Chafing till the squadrons ride

Down the stricken countryside.

Let the surly war drum's bark

Call the roll of pike and spear.

Bugles ringing in the dark

Wing the craven feet of fear

From the onset drawing near,

Challenge answering challenge; hark!

Sounds the frantic call to arms,

Down the trail of wasted farms!

God of battles, send us war,

Red as these red roses are;

East and West and South and North,

Light thy roaring legions forth!

## THEY WERE ALL THERE

Here is a sweet little kiddies story.

Harry Lippmann was coming up from Portland, where he maintains a branch office. Opposite him in the pullman was a family consisting of Mamma, Papa and Little Boy Blue. The parents slept in the lower berth and the child was upstairs. The youngster had said his prayers and everything was serene. The train had made a stop.

"Mamma," said a wee, small voice, "are you there?"

"Yes, dear. Go to sleep."

Then:

"Papa, are you there?"

"Yes, dear. Now close your eyes."

Then a traveling man towards the door growled:

"We are all here."

There was a slight pause and then the youngster asked:

"Papa, was that God?"—Seattle Argus.

## Old Masters—Peter Cooper

By C. C. G.

THE life story of Peter Cooper should be the perpetual study of every poor youth in America. There is not a tinge of romance about it, no points from which the imagination can conjure up a glorified picture.

A boy born poor in New York City, February 12, 1791, when the whole country was fearfully poor, and when behind the fringe of settlements along the Atlantic, there was little yet, save the wilderness. The first problem confronting him to solve was how to make for himself an honest living, for he was honest through and through, and his wildest desire of how to make for himself a living and a place in the world, all centered in the stern necessity of earning honestly all that he was to have. But from the beginning he determined that his work should bring him the greatest possible reward and that not only his hands but his mind must work. He understood, too, that practical brain work was often more remunerative than unsupported physical labor. He knew, too, that when at first dominion over the earth was given to man that meant that while man must toil, it did not mean toil without thought, but that the heaviest burden was to be on the brain, for in order to subdue what was crude or develop what was yet in unproductive form, something more than the blind work of the hands was needed, and mingled with this was the impression that there should be no waste.

These things made his a questioning mind from the first. One day he had occasion to use some glue. He noted what it cost. Then he investigated what it was made of and how made, and then the thought came to him that out of material which was worthless it was possible, by a little work to transform it into something which had a distinct money value.

He made his simple preparations, went to the abattoirs where the hoofs of cattle were thrown away, gathered them, boiled them and made glue which brought him money. Then he said to himself: "Here is something from nothing, a little foresight which is science, mixed with a little art has given my labor ten times the value it otherwise would have brought."

Thence forward he pursued that idea. When he saw that a machine would double or quadruple the value of the work of his hands, he forthwith invented the machine. When his wealth began to come pouring in, the only change it made in him was to broaden his sympathies for his fellow workers. He became a great manufacturer and then his aim was to make such changes as would enable those he employed do better and more intelligent work that their rewards might be increased.

He infused this spirit into the minds of his employees and paid premiums on every advance they made.

More and more he realized the necessity of starting young men and women off right, of their being so equipped that the world would need their services and pay for them according to their value. This idea culminated when he founded the Cooper Institute and saw the first class of graduates go out from it with certificates of ability along certain useful lines of labor which would be letters of recommendation for them which would insure them lucrative employment wherever presented.

So he toiled on and as if in recognition of his superb life work, that life was spared to within only a little less than eight years of a century. He died April 4, 1883.

But while his great life work was to improve the condition of the poor youth of his county by better fitting them to meet and overcome the ob-

stacles in their paths, he was all the time a great American and wanted the country, as he did its youths, to be fitted for all the trials and dangers that might come upon it. He was one of the six capitalists that made possible the laying of the first Atlantic cable. The other five said: "If we can make it a success, it will make princely fortunes for us all." Cooper said: "If we can make it a success it will enable nations to settle their differences in a friendly business way, and be the first great factor in stopping the killing of poor men in the brutalities of war."

He was a keen observer of events and perfectly equipped to discuss every national question intelligently.

But his great anxiety was always for the common poor people, insisting that their children must all be educated in useful ways, for upon them not only the prosperity, but the very life of the republic rested.

The world does not appreciate how essentially great Peter Cooper was. Why, a dozen men like him in every state would change the trend of thought of the whole nation in ten years. The rich and the poor would learn to lean upon each other for mutual support, recognizing how essential each was to the other, and the thought would change from "how much can I gain from the world?" to "how well can I fit myself for something which the world will always want of me?"

We read of the triumphs of mind over matter. Peter Cooper's life was a perfect example of the triumph that comes when mind and matter in full accord work for the world's betterment.

## FUSION IN TONOPAH

As a result of the recent I. W. W. trouble in Tonopah, the good citizens of that camp have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely necessary to set aside party politics and all join together in a movement to elect to public office men who stand for good government. The two old parties have agreed upon a fusion ticket and it appears that success will meet the efforts to down the element threatening the interests of Tonopah as well as the interests of the entire state. In this connection, an article published recently in the Sacramento Bee from the pen of Arthur Buell, the cartoonist, is of interest. Buell was a resident of Tonopah during the early day labor troubles. The article reads:

"When the U. S. boys under General Funston set up their tents in Goldfield some six years ago, Nevada heaved a sigh of relief. The soap box oratory of the Anarchistic I. W. W. suddenly ceased. The agitators found other climes more pleasant. The good citizens put up their sawed-off shotguns and turned to the pick again, to recoup the fortunes shattered by the labor troubles.

"Joe Smith and Morris Preston were in the penitentiary serving their sentences for the cold-blooded murder of Silva, the restaurant owner. Vincent St. John, now secretary of the National I. W. W., had decided to leave when he discovered his presence in town was not wanted.

"The mines of Goldfield were opened again, the roar of the stamps was heard, and apparently everything was serene and quiet. With the removal of the United States troops, the state police was organized to cope with the vicious element.

"But though the worst of the I. W. W. element had departed, there still remained some, who, possum-like, lay quiet, patiently awaiting the opportunity to start something. This element opposed the state police. Law of any kind was bad enough, but state police were especially obnoxious. Numerous bills were introduced by