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A SPECIAL NEWS SERVICE

The Herald has a special and exclusive telegraph service that is unequalled by any paper west of Chicago with the single exception of the San Francisco Examiner.
Not only is to be found in these pages the full report of the Associated Press, the greatest newsgathering agency in the world, but an exclusive service from special correspondents at San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and Washington, who have exceptional advantages by their connection with the greatest newspapers in those cities.

IS IT DONE TO FRIGHTEN?

Almost daily there are dispatches on the attitude of European nations in the threatened imbroglio between this country and Spain. We are told that Austria, France, Germany, Russia, and even Great Britain, are going to do. There have been dispatches from which it may be inferred that all European nations are against us and are about to mobilize their armies and navies to help Spain. If the dispatches do not go as far as that, they convey the impression that European sympathies are adverse to this country.

Why is all this stuff dinged into our ears? Is it to frighten the American people? They have made it known throughout our entire history that the more formidable the enemy the more patriotic, courageous and energetic they become. If the cause is just they do not stop to count the foe. They are not stupid, nor ignorant of facts and conditions.

No doubt there is a sympathy on the part of Austria with Spain. Ever since Charles V the blood of the Hapsburgs has flowed in the veins of Spanish kings, except Joseph Bonaparte; the present boy king is partly of Austrian lineage. But Austria has her hands full at home, in the strifes between Germans, Hungarians, Czechs and the other nineteen factions of her conglomerated population. Austria, too, is almost as bankrupt as Spain.

That French capitalists hold a large number of Spanish bonds is no doubt true, and they want to get their money. But the French government is republican, and the French people would never tolerate a war to support monarchical and oppressive rule of any people.

Germany is disgruntled by our tariff legislation, especially by that feature of the Dingley law which increases the duty on German sugar to the extent that Germany pays a bounty on that which her people produce for exportation. A war on the part of that country to perpetuate Spain's oppressive and barbarous rule in Cuba would be unpopular and would exacerbate the spirit which in that empire is agitating for larger liberties for the people.

Russia has been our consistent and continuous friend, and has schemes of her own in other than European lands. It would do her no good to assist Spain to retain her plundered dependencies.

Great Britain has endless complications, and her true interest is to remain at peace with us.

The sensational dispatches in regard to the attitude of the great European nations are manufactured for a purpose; not to frighten the American people, but to the American president. They proceed from bondholders and stock-jobbers. Wall street is alarmed, because business has slackened and securities have fallen in price in consequence of the war flurry. They know the obligations McKinley is under to the money power in providing funds to secure his election, and they are making use of their leverage to control him. They recognize that it is an influence more potent than the sentiment of the people.

The president has announced that he will not wage an "unholy war." It is in evidence that he may be in a frame of mind to be pulled down. Though he has displayed energy in preparations for war, there is a lurking feeling that it has been done as a bluff and for the purpose of securing a diplomatic advantage.

An "unholy war"? What war can be holier than one in behalf of human lib-

erty, to relieve a people from oppression and plunder to which they have been subjected for more than a century? If the president ten months ago had recognized Cuban belligerency there would have been no destruction of the Maine, and thousands upon thousands of reconcentrados would not have suffered and died from starvation.

These are humanitarian features, and besides this the dilatoriness of our government has caused immense losses to our citizens of property in Cuba and to our commerce with that prolific island.

The Cuban patriots have as just a cause for seeking relief from Spanish rule as our forefathers had in engaging in the war of the revolution. They are entitled, not only to our compassionate regard, but to such active aid as may be justified by the laws of nations.

Recognizing belligerent rights is not a casus belli; for if a great nation cannot exercise its own judgment as to when a proper case for such action arises, it is not free and independent.

The American people do not want war if it can be honorably avoided. They would not be satisfied, however, with any settlement of the present affair with Spain short of recognition of Cuban independence. The Cuban patriots have fought three years for their liberties, and as they are on the point of realizing their aspirations, it would be cruel for our government to take action that would tend to prolong their miseries. The situation is such that to demand that Spain withdraw from Cuba would be justifiable on all grounds, and if such demand leads to war the people of this country, with almost one voice, would say, Let it come.

THE PATHETIC SIDE

There is a pathetic side to the rush to the gold fields of Alaska. There is something more than the greed for riches that has possessed the adventurers.

It has come to pass in this country, as in older countries, that gold hunting is almost the only channel left open to the poor man by which he may achieve riches quickly. Nearly all avenues to great and speedy wealth have been usurped by those who have allied themselves together in various forms of monopoly. The average man sees the rich growing very much richer. There is a great and constantly increasing class who are growing poorer. Others, whose condition as a class has slightly improved, find themselves still at the mercy of the monopolist. That it takes money to make money does not now correctly describe the situation. It takes a great deal of money to make money, and the influence of capital as a money-maker is directed against those who do not possess it. There is a community of interest that is exerted with irresistible and merciless power.

The average laboring man sees and feels these things. He may not understand exactly how things operate, but he knows the effects and feels them. He sees that as matters are going at present it is useless to kick against the pricks. He can neither oppose monopoly nor be of it. He merely exists.

Alaska and the Klondike opened up a new opportunity to escape from between the millstones and achieve great and sudden riches. The man who owns a gold mine worth a million and who secured it at comparatively small cost, does not begrudge Rockefeller and Sage their millions so much as the man who is willing to work for a dollar and a half a day, but who cannot get a job. He sees men no younger, no stronger, no more willing to encounter danger and hardship than he, go to Alaska, remain a year, and come out of the frozen north with enough to maintain himself and his family in comfort for the remainder of their lives. What another man has done he can do. It seems to be his only chance. It is an opportunity to get out of the rut, away from the grind. It inspires hope where hope had long ceased to spring.

These are the motives that have sent thousands of workmen to Alaska, and the same motives will send thousands more. That the great majority who make the venture will fail is certain. But let it not be said that the inordinate greed for gold that has cursed humanity for ages is the sole cause that has filled the Arctic regions with desperate treasure-seekers.

PARTITION OF CUBA

Almost incredible is the suggestion that a United States senator seriously proposes, as a final settlement of the Cuban question, the partition of the island, giving each of the contestants the territory held by it. And yet Mr. Proctor, after a month's sojourn, has evolved no better solution than that.

Conceding, for the sake of argument, that both parties would agree to it, how could it be practically compassed? Matanzas is one day in the possession of the patriots; the next it is overrun by the federalists. Possession of some of the provinces is divided between the contending forces, and they not infrequently alternate positions. How could the lines be drawn?

But waiving this difficulty—really insurmountable, since each party claims to practically possess the whole island—who is there that can conceive of the Cubans and Spaniards dwelling together in unity upon that narrow strip of land out there in the ocean? In view of all that has passed, the Atlantic is scarcely wide enough to separate them, so bitter and deep-seated is their hatred, one for the other.

The suggestion recalls a cartoon published many years ago, and at the height of one of the periodical crises in home-rule agitation, intended to satirize the capacity of the Irish for self-government. Obviously overdrawn, it is yet apropos. It represented the Green Isle divided into small tracts of land, held in severalty by the inhabitants, one to each. A very high board fence separated one from the other, and within each inclosure was a native patriot with a gun, peering through the interstices, his hand on the trigger, looking for his neighbor. Below was the legend: "Give to every man a bit of land and let him cultivate it."

Such a condition would speedily obtain in Cuba were Mr. Proctor's plan carried into effect. Cuba isn't big enough for Cubans and Spaniards. The former are likely to remain.

IDEAS WANTED

In this rushing age of competition there is always a great demand for ideas. Anything without an idea is useless, broadly speaking; at any rate it cannot compete with something that appeals to people who think, and which offers new features.

The state board of trade, which is working energetically to bring about a public sentiment that will insure a creditable, representative California exhibit at the Paris World's fair of 1900, wants some help from people with ideas. To this end it is sending out the following appeal:

outside of Madrid and Havana, unless the administration's apparent willingness to treat with it is construed into a recognition.

However, in view of the unanimity of congress in all matters affecting the public defense, abundantly assured by its vote on the Cannon and other bills, it is not likely the real mission of the Spanish agent rises to the dignity of a menace. The country has been heard from since De Lome evolved the cunning scheme, and the exploitation of it now may be regarded as harmless, at all events.

"How are consols?" was the Yankee reply which the great Napoleon gave to an inquirer, when asked if there was likely to be a war. The simultaneous and steady rise in Spanish 4s, in continental markets, during the past week, accentuates anew the potency of the money power in the shaping of the destinies of nations. The discredited promises to pay of an effete and bankrupt nation would not be likely to appreciate in the face of a war with a concededly stronger people. It shows that the money changers have discounted the probabilities, and are confident of their strength with the ministries.

The high protective tariff theory sustained fatal injuries in the house yesterday. Its past master, Mr. Dingley, was reluctantly compelled to admit that the purchaser of foreign commodities "is compelled to pay the tax." This is the whole Democratic contention. Democrats and Republicans are now of one mind regarding the fundamental principle underlying the doctrine of protection. Only the confusion of our adversaries is long drawn out.

Senor Romero Robledo thinks Spain prefers war to humiliation. Conceding, as he does, that Blanco "is unable to subdue the insurrection" after three years of endeavor, Spain should be able to endure almost any added humiliation. His fear that "the queen and her dynasty may be swept away" constitutes a cheerful suggestion that two birds may be killed with one stone by American intervention at this time.

The regular weekly promise of the president to do something in the Cuban matter is again promulgated this morning. General Blanco is also going to move on the insurgents. These two worthies are always on the point of doing something. The former has fifty millions to his credit and the latter eighty thousand men, but the Sagasta ministry remains as immovable as the patriot position.

Our dispatches this morning intimate that the president desires to make concession share with him the responsibility of a war, should one become imperative. Now we are getting at an understanding of the matter. Congress is more than willing. It has voted the money. Let the president use it. That will evenly allot the responsibility.

The reported capture of the Spanish General Pando by the insurgents needs confirmation. Coming upon the heels of the announcement that he was about to drive the patriots off the island, the news that he has fallen into the hands of General Garcia is suggestive of the irony of warfare in Cuba.

Mr. Bland, speaking for the Democrats of the senate, declares that congress will not adjourn "until it is known what the president is going to do for Cuba." That, in view of the president's chronic indisposition to do anything, is rather indefinite, but not wanting in comforting assurance.

We are this morning advised that within a very short time San Francisco will be the best protected port on the coast. This is indeed reassuring. If her people could now be safeguarded from the yellow journals they would have little of which to complain.

Secretary Gage says the people are getting used to war talks, and to understand that "they mean little or nothing." We greatly fear Mr. Gage is not a good mind-reader. He certainly has a very poor appreciation of the sincerity of American patriotism.

In consideration of the abatement of about four millions of war indemnity, it is said Turkey will now become reconciled to George of Greece as governor of Crete. The price seems high, but it must be remembered the Russian claim was not gilt-edged.

A daughter of the inventor of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine was yesterday admitted to an almshouse in Connecticut. It is sad, but have not many women before her been sent there by reason of her father's invention?

The magnificent battleship Oregon, with a possible Atlantic destination, is expected to pass Los Angeles shores some time today, having left San Francisco yesterday morning. Her speed capacity is about eighteen knots.

Lord Salisbury's illness has come to be regarded with apprehension in London. A change in the ministry at this critical juncture in Great Britain's foreign relations might have far-reaching consequences.

There are two occasions when citizens should be especially brave—when the country really needs their services, and when they approach the polls on election day.

Mrs. Herman Heinzelman of Sheboygan, Wis., has lain in a trance for twenty-two days. That's nothing. Look at President McKinley.

United States 4s, 122 1/2; Spanish 4s, 55. But an American guarantee is counted upon to raise the latter to par at least.

The hand that rocks the cradle—at least the cradle of the Klondike brand—is the hand that rules the world.

There are no stones on the Manitoba prairies. What a place for those who live in glass houses!

THE HERALD'S MUSE

Wen I Ride Across a Sidewalk Agen I'll Be on a Flyin' Machine I'm a wild galoot an' I ride a wheel, when the wheel ain't a-ridin' me. An' I kick the earth 'th my rubber heel in a way that is wild an' free; I never shy at a can, 'r a rock, but trundle along my way. While an eight-inch curb ain't even a shock, an' I rode along Spring one day. But the other mornin' I come to town an' 'vuz goggin' 'cross a lot. Wen I struck a snag an' 't turned me down, in a manner I ain't fergot; Some dog-on company stuck up a sign kinder blasin' 'cross the trail, So I had to ride in a devious line, 'th the furdur end in jail; You see some devils 'sort of a chap, hed furnished a walk up cement, So alick an' smooth it worked like a trap, an' into the trap I went, Fer the sign wuz high to ride across, so I angled around the end, And angled along that walk to my cost, to my cost, I tell you, my friend; I saw not in the doose but I don't go, behind the sign wuz a cop; Ez I turned the corner hed gave me a fright, so bad thet I hed to stop, An' another cop came a sidin' 'long 'th a twitchy sort uv a smile, An' I seen thet smuthen' wuz gone wrong; so I sez 'th a tech uv bil—

"Say, wot in the doose hed I don to the law, that you're blockin' the road?" says I; "Ef you've got a rag 'at you want to chaw, don't chaw wen I'm passen by; I'm sufferin' now from nervousness, an' I want to be gotten on; You wot'ten grieve wen I leave, I hardly guess; you'll uv a cop in wen I'm gone. The cop hed smilled 'th a bitter smile an' hed twiddled his club a few; Says he, in an offhand kind uv style, 'Say 'w'at are the name of you?' 'My initials,' says I, 'is A. I. T., an' I might be a native son; Says he, 'The jedge'll be looken' fer thee, wen the clock strikes half past one.'"

The jedge were a fiddler 'th a pen wen I moyeed along to court; The room wuz muddled' full uv men thet hedn't appeared fer sport; An' a feller hed rattled his nuckle-bone on a table 't cleared his throat. An' 'ez in a musical kind uv tones, 'Keep still; don't twittler a note.' The jedge hed shuffled his cards an' deat a hand fer a friendly game. Then ast some fellers jist how they felt, an' 'told 'em they jist wuz to blame; An' every card hed turned wuz a trump, an' the rest uv the fellers 'ros; So the jedge'd say, 'You air up a stump, three dollars air w'at it cost.' Then after awhile hed a new deal, twenty-nine uv us played 'th him. An' every one uv us hed to squeal, our hands wuz so doosed all; An' the jedge hed say 'th a friendly air, 'Come, gentlemen, now you find. That I kin beat you an' beat you fair, fer I've got twenty-nine of a kind; I'll kin each one dollar,' hed said, 'that's a wheel of a cart-wheel style; An' hed rubbed his chin as he spit his head in a twenty-nine dollar smile. An' I think for a thought right thar an' then, an' this are the thought I mean— 'Wen I ride across a sidewalk agen, it'll be on a flyin' machine.' ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

The Message Roll back a hundred years— Through forests grandly dim, Beset with deadly fears, Rang Freedom's morning hymn!

Roll back a hundred years— Where roses proudly glide, Midst smoke, and shouts and jeers, The red man's captive died;

Nor knew his awful doom A beacon light should be, Through tangled ways of bloom, A guide to Liberty!

Through canyons dark and deep The matchless rivers glide, And dare the rocky leap To smiling valleys wide—

Roll back a hundred years— There dipped the Indian's oar; What thing of life appears Shot now from yonder shore?

Across the level sea Of verdure, rank and high, The iron couriers fleet, O'er narrow tracks, which lie

Across each bandied state, From Plymouth's storied rock To where the Golden Gate Breaks grand Pacific's shock!

O land of Freedom's own, Won from the forest wild, Hath love of Country flown, By Grief of Place defied?

For us, in those dark years, This heritage was won 'Midst blood, and groans, and tears; Be faithful, then, each son, Nor yield the costly prize To hands of men unclean. When low our banner lies, Flash out each sword blade keen

And dare to do and die! Though strewn the land with graves, Death for sweet Liberty Is more than living slaves!

And o'er old ocean's pearl, Bequeathed, toss'd and torn, Uplifted high, unfurl The starry banner, borne

On many a field of hate, And let the old world see! Let not vexed Cuba wait This message o'er the sea:

"Thy baptism of blood, 'Midst death and groans and tears, Hath bridged for thee the flood; Roll on a thousand years!" SYLVIA LAWSON COVEY.

Worse Than the Other She—it must be awful for a prima donna to discover that she has lost her voice. He—Not so awful if he should discover it.—Brooklyn Life.

Money No Object "Have you any stylish neighbors?" "Stylish! Mrs. Toozle, next door, is jist getting over a \$900 attack of typhoid fever."—Chicago Paper.

Food for Mirth People always laugh at the first man to adopt a new fashion, and at the last one to follow it.—Aitchison (Kan.) Globe.

The Skating Girl Oh, there was a little girl Who dearly loved to skate, And she skated very early, And she skated very late.

And in the dead of winter, At last, I've heard them say, She skated on the bathtub Until the break of day. —New York Herald.

Young Men's Suits For the Particular Boys
This department of our store is attracting an unusual amount of attention this spring. The large stock, exclusive styles and satisfactory prices are making hosts of friends for us. If you are interested, come in and be shown what is new and popular with the best dressed youth of the country.
Prices \$5.00 to \$18.00

Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.
N. W. Corner First and Spring Streets
Cass & Moore Store Co.
44 & 46 South Spring St.
REFRIGERATORS

Consumption Cured
DR. W. HARRISON BALLARD
Rooms 1 to 15 ZAHN BLOCK
Entrance 415 1-3 South Spring St.
Send for Copyrighted "Treatise on Consumption"

THE COUNTRY PRESS
The man who proposes to drop "q" from the alphabet and substitute "ku" makes a curious suggestion.—Boston Globe.
Man is made of dust; dust settles; therefore, to be in accord with nature, delinquent subscribers should settle—come down with the "dust," as it were.—Spring Valley, Minn., Sun.
The leprous, red-headed, dog-faced misfit that controls the destinies of the Tuscolo Rearview opened his facial orifice and puked forth about two-thirds of a column of filth last week.—Hindsboro, Ill., News
Some men try advertising as the Indiar tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on a board and slept on it all night. "White man say feather heap soft; white man d-d fool."—Springfield, Tenn., Leader
Those who have ever been so unfortunate as to suffer with an old-fashioned earache will readily sense why the editor has been almost a minus quantity for the past three days.—Scott County, Minn., Argus
Editor Goddard of the Ellendale Leader has just thrashed. He fanned out one good postoffice. He is all right, doesn't need watching either at home or abroad, and will hand postal cards out to the people butter-side down.—Grafton, Minn., Record
You may have the stars in a nail keg hang the ocean on a rail fence to dry, put the sky to sleep in a gourd, unbuckle the bellyband of eternity and turn the sun and moon out, but don't think you can escape the place on the other side of Halifax if you don't pay for your paper.—Centra City, Neb., Democrat.
We was in Memphis last week intending to call scorpion editors to personal account for criticising out pulchritude, but we me General Tracy and the entertainment wound up in a blaze of booze. We are temporarily defeated, but truth crushed to earth in the root of all evil.—Hardemar Ky., Free Press.
The signs of prosperity and march of improvement are becoming more noticeable every day. Last night the city council ordered half a dozen fine cuspidors for use in the police court room, and the habitue of that sacred precinct will be warned to quit spitting on the radiators.—Ottawa Ill., Free Press.
We cannot help exclusively on patent medicines, and our employes refuse point blank to eat hay and wear fly nets, an hence it becomes our moral duty to obtain money, the filthy lucre which passes our rent for happiness in this world and is a tangible hope for prolonged earthly existence.—Perry, Minn., Reporter.

THE WAKARUSA BAND
You talk about your Brooks band, an' Sousa at his best— An' Thomas' big orchestra, an' Boyer, an' the rest— Their hifalutin' music, I suppose, is goo enough For city folks who educate on operati stuff; But when you want to reach the heart an' make 'em laugh an' sob, An' be in touch with nature like, an' mak it thrill an' thro' With melody an' music that a child can un derstand, You ought to hear a concert by the Wakarusa band.
They ain't up on concertos an' cantatas an the like, But you can't beat 'em grindin' out a quick step on the pike; An' when they play "Old Nellie Gray" an "Where the Daisies Grow" My memory goes slidin' back to the long long ago; An' music that'll work like that an' stink your very soul, An' flood you full of memories an' all you past unroll— That kind of music playin' fills its highest mission, and That's why I like to listen to the Wakarusa band.

I saw the great directors in Chicago at the fair, With all their fine musicianers annihilat' air; A drum 'd bang, a horn 'd blat, a clarin 'd shriek; An' of you call that music, say, you ought to hear me speak. I want the kind of music that'll melt in the heart; I wouldn't give a playune for all thet classic art. Let educated critics gulp it down an' call grand, But I'll jist sit an' listen to the Wakarusa band. —Dave Florence in Chicago Record

The Way of It
Wants the office— Cash, an' s'ch. "Vote me rich!"
Gets the office— Awful poor! Enters it an'— Looks the door! —Atlanta Constitution

In the Car
She wished she stood within his shoes, Because he had a seat; But since that was impossible, She stood upon his feet. —Life

PULPIT EPIGRAMS
True poetry is unforgetable. Jesus' words seem like outdoors. Cadence thrills us with exaltation; rhyme betides. Cadence is the music of nature; rhyme the music of man. Homer and Jesus needed not to write; just to say such words was enough. Jesus is the earth's truest poet. He translated mankind's innate convictions into plain words. Rhymes have killed more sense than they have made; and they have smuggled many a piece of doggerel into the house of fame. Great epical sayings, like "Give me liberty or give me death," seem to fall naturally into pentameters or other noble verse forms. Men see the spiritualities out of the corner of the eye, as if they were spooks; the poet looks at them squarely, giving them voice and shape. You cannot know French until you live in France; so poetry is the very idiom and natural accent of the land of high thought; you cannot speak it until you have lived there. Jesus' sayings impress us, not as the ex-cogitation of the student, but as inspirations that have come to one living under broad trees or sitting on mountain tops to think. —Rev. Frank Crane.