

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
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NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD

Aden, Arabia.—Steaming across the Mediterranean sea, the latest view of Europe was of the Italian peninsula and of the island of Sicily, where Messina, earthquake-overwhelmed, yet lies in ruins. Three Italian war vessels lay at anchor in the southernmost harbor. Coming to the coast of Africa at Port Said, Egypt, northern gateway to the Suez canal, the tremendous contribution to the prosperity of peace, which the Frenchman DeLesseps gave to the world, the first objects seen were a dozen battleships of a French Mediterranean fleet. Thus runs the European continent to naval display and all the expenditure that it makes necessary. Blocking the path of progress by water is the battleship, barring the highway to prosperity upon land the army stands and even the air is heavy with the shadows of war balloons driven to and fro above the earth. Europe is an armed camp and the seas around are roadsteads for the navies of many nations.

Europe's War Fever.
"Shall we permit the Mediterranean sea to be a French lake?" says an Italian cabinet minister, and he presents to the new chamber of deputies a bill for \$20,000,000 for naval construction, four superdreadnaughts of 25,000 tons each. "We must not be eclipsed by Germany," declares the French minister of war, and promptly the senators and deputies, amid fervent appeals to national patriotism, enact into law a measure providing for three years, instead of two years, of compulsory military service. In Berlin a Zeppelin airship, built expressly for military use, explodes, killing many persons. The war lord gives a military funeral with high honors to the dead, sends another airship to float above the capital that all may see and orders others to be constructed with all possible speed. The feverish struggle between European nations for the largest and strongest army and navy shows itself in the articles

of negotiations with other great powers. But supposing Great Britain and Germany took the lead, do you not think there would be a good prospect of success? At the end of the year you would have all these great countries that would agree to such a proposal just as great and just as sound as if they built all ships as at present designed. Scores of millions would be rescued for the progress of mankind."

Mr. Churchill said he was quite impervious to the objections that would be raised by the great armament firms of England and other countries. They must be the servants, he said, "and not the masters. Some people will try to involve by suggestion the naval expenditure in a cloud of suspicion. Let them mock. I am convinced that a reduction of naval expenditure is necessary for the welfare of civilization. It is a question that does not only affect governments and diplomats but concerns parliaments and the people. We must not be discouraged by a want of success. The time will come when the present expenditure and competition in naval armaments will be a thing of the past and when the great naval powers will look back upon it with feelings of regret." The significance of these words in the making of a different world tomorrow comes from the fact that they are the carefully-considered utterance of the head of the navy of the greatest sea power in the world.

Finance Against Increased Armament.
Other forces are being brought to bear, though as yet vainly, in favor of limitation of naval expenditure. Some—a larger number than the ordinary news-reports of the day indicate—a number, too, that is growing in extent and influence, would substitute a peace policy for arbitration by the sword and thus make unnecessary, except for police duty, the army and the navy. Among the "pacifists," as the advocates of world peace are described, it is interesting to Americans to note that the European press class Woodrow Wilson, the president of the United States, and Champ Clark, the speaker of the house of representatives. In Europe the financial interests of the continent have been more effective than the eloquent advocates of peace in preventing war. It is an open secret that two years ago these financial interests averted a general war on the continent. They are now becoming aroused to the evils resulting from "the mad rush of increasing armaments."

Disarmament Sentiment Growing.
Sentiment on the continent of Europe is changing toward a saner policy of disarmament and of arbitration as opposed to increasing military establishments and appeals to the sword, though this sentiment has not yet been able to express itself in political international agreements and legislation. The repeated strife in the Balkans is only an apparent exception in the general trend. The raw, undisciplined peoples of the mountains set their neighbors' houses on fire. That the conflagration spread no farther was due to the self-restraint of more civilized Europe and to a sentiment for peace, which was nonexistent a few years ago. All this must be written with some reservation. The millennium of peace and international good will is not imminent, but, notwithstanding the portentous figures of expense which have been quoted, there are signs of the dawn. Supremely suggestive, perhaps, is the behavior of European nations in recent crises of international disagreement. Fifty years ago, twenty years, possibly ten years ago, these crises would have resulted in war. Today they have been settled by conference. The recent treaties have been written with the pen and not the sword. They smell of tobacco smoke, not powder. And not what a man says when nothing is happening to him reveals his real self so much as what he does when something is happening to him. And nations, which are but collections of men, are, in this, as otherwise, like unto them. They are many men, but with the same mind.

Church Influence for Peace.
The powerful aid of the spiritual group of the church in Europe is cast for disarmament and peace. The church exists under many names and with doctrines and deeds much at variance. Set aside the large section of a so-called Christian church which drills soldiers in Ulster, inspires blood-rival persecutions in Russia, blesses statues to Moloch in Germany, and worships Mars and Mercury, militarism and commerce, everywhere. Unto these who call themselves Christians Jehovah is a man of war and the Christ came into this world to bring—not peace—but a sword. They, for consideration of temporal power and afterthought and fat living, are helping him to this end all over this continent of Europe. Verily, they have their reward. Are they not chaplains-in-ordinary to Mars at a good stipend which enables them to dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day? One meets and hears them in all European lands. It is another and different group in the church, in mosque and synagogue, in cathedral and chapel, in monastery and mission house, which, increasingly potent and numerous, pleads for peace and spiritual, as opposed to merely temporal, things. Almost entirely a paradox is it that the travelers who look below the surface, who go in and out among the religious leaders of the European peoples, agree that the spiritual forces are reasserting themselves in a surprising way and that, despite the blatant materialism of the European world of today, the world of tomorrow is to be made by and for the things of the spirit. In this fact lies large hope for the advocates of peace and human brotherhood. Even amid the throbbing of the war-drum he who listens may hear "the still, small voice." The mightiest of the spiritual leaders in Europe in his holiness, the pope. To an American journalist, granted an audience at the Vatican, said the kindly old gentleman who is the head of the great Catholic church: "I hope that your great nation will spend its time in strengthening itself in all good things and refrain from war; wars are fatal to the progress of mankind."

The "Naval Holiday" Proposal.
"Perhaps that is why," said Kier Hardie, the British labor leader, "some of the peers and their friends in the house of commons are so keen to increase the navy?" Perhaps, also, it is one reason why the noble eloquent appeal for a year's naval holiday of Winston Churchill, Great Britain's first lord of the admiralty, as office corresponding to that of secretary of the navy held in President Wilson's cabinet by the distinguished American journalist, Joseph Daniels, fell, in many European quarters, on deaf ears. Mr. Churchill's words are worth while quoting again and again, because, however apparently ineffective they are for the moment, they mark the beginning of a revolt among statesmen against the enormous expenditures for navy and army that is growing to large proportions all over Europe, however concealed or belittled by the so-called "patriotic" or "jingo" press.

"The proposal I put forward in the name of the British government," said Mr. Churchill, "for a naval holiday is quite simple. Next year—apart from the Canadian ships or their equivalent, apart from anything that may be required by any development in the Mediterranean—we shall lay down four great ships to Germany's two. Now we say to Germany: 'If you will put off beginning to build your two ships for 12 months, we will put off in absolute good faith the building of our four ships for exactly the same period.'" That would mean a complete holiday for one year as far as big ships for Great Britain and Germany were concerned. He recognized it would not be possible for either Germany or Great Britain to do this, unless other great powers agreed to do likewise. "If such arrangements were reached, it could only be by agreement contingent upon the result

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Staggering Cost of Navies.
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PARROT CALLS THE ROLL AT SCHOOL

Warfare Upon Tardiness Cleverly Solved by a Schoolma'am in Texas.

PUPILS ARE ON TIME

Bird Learns Names of Youngsters Without Much Trouble and Also Masters Part of Multiplication Table, It is Said.

Brenham, Tex.—Miss Dorothy Booker, a charming young schoolmistress of twenty years, has solved the problem of having pupils in the rural districts attend school on time for the morning roll call. Miss Booker has trained a pet parrot to call the roll. Professor Tom, as he has been called since he began his duties, is an interesting bird to the pupils, and they all arrive on time to hear him call their names.

There is not a pupil in the independence school who could be made to believe that Professor Tom does not know them by sight as well as by name.

Miss Booker, when she accepted the school at Independence, near Brenham, a year ago, was bothered by the pupils not arriving on time, especially during the rainy season. She immediately began to plan to overcome this, but was unsuccessful for a time.

Some months ago a trained parrot was sent her by a friend who was touring South America. Fortunately, the parrot had been owned by English-speaking people.

No sooner did the young schoolmistress see the bird than she evolved the idea of training it. At first she did not have much success, but diligent efforts brought the reward.

When the process of training was first under way the bird was allowed to sit upon a perch in the schoolroom and listen to the teacher call the roll. He was allowed to do this for two weeks, and at first always was removed from the room immediately after the roll call. Soon he was trying to call the roll with the teacher, and in a short time was able to do so by himself, as he found his efforts were always rewarded with a cracker.

After the bird first had the roll memorized it would persist in answering the "present" or "absent" after the pupils, but was soon broken of this habit. Now he sits, dignified, on his perch and interrogates in his nasal tones, "Willie Jones?" or whatever the name might be, and looks to see



Interrogates in His Nasal Tones: "Willie Jones?"

If the teacher marks the said young Jones "present" or "absent."

The bird long ago learned the multiplication tables; that is, the first few, and the teacher cites this to the erring pupils when they are slow to learn the "two times two," and that which follows. She declares none of the pupils "wants a mere bird to learn more readily than they."

AID LIGHTLY CLAD WOMAN

Three Men Fight to Assist Victim in Dust Cloak in Street of London.

London.—London's latest sensation was a court trial as a result of an early morning collision in Piccadilly between a mail van, a market wagon and an automobile driven by Belmont Hamilton, the well known automobilist and aviator, which precipitated from the automobile a woman smoking a cigarette and scantily clad.

A lamp cleaner, a pedestrian and a milkman testified that they had rushed to the scene, but quarreled over who should render first aid. Counsel asked: "Is it true the woman was dressed only in silk stockings, shoes and a dust cloak?"

The witness didn't notice the cloak, and counsel said he supposed there was very little at all to notice.

The milkman said he saw the woman thrown out, but that a road sweeper was there first and blocked his view.

Mr. Hamilton said he met the woman coming from a dance. "She couldn't get a taxi, so he gave her a lift."

Tumbles, But Bottle Is Unbroken.

New York.—Surprised while cracking a safe, Harry Cornell grabbed a small bottle and started to run. A detective tripped him, but Cornell held the bottle high above his head as he fell. There was a reason. It contained nitro-glycerin.

Women Is Richest.

Berlin.—Fran Bertha Krupp, from being the richest woman in Germany, has become the richest person of either sex, according to the new catalogue of millionaires.

PISTOL IN MOUTH REMOVES HIS SMILE

Hotel Clerk Takes It Seriously When Money, Watch and Stranger Disappear.

Chicago.—Bruce Clark, clerk at a hotel in East Eighteenth street, pressed lightly on the desk with his finger tips and assumed an air of polite expectancy when a baggageless but seemingly prosperous stranger approached him early the other morning.

Even when the stranger rudely shoved aside the pen offered to him, Clark was unruffled.

"Thought you wished to register, sir," he apologized. "What else can I do for you, sir?"

"Now you're talking," said the visitor. "Fork over!"

He took two large revolvers from his pockets and aimed both of them at Clark's right eye.

"Ha, ha! Very good, very good!" laughed the affable clerk. "I wish



Aimed Both of Them at Clark.

I could keep my face straight like that."

"If you laugh any more I'm going to kill you," earnestly remarked the man with the revolvers, shoving one of the guns into Clark's open mouth.

"Now try keeping your face straight!"

Clark tried and succeeded admirably, for he had a sudden hunch the stranger wasn't joking. He was surer than ever after \$7 and a watch which had been in his pockets went into the other's and the man, the watch, the revolvers and the \$7 left.

KILL A WOUNDED PRISONER

Two New Jersey Policemen Capture Mortally Injured "Burglar" and End His Sufferings.

West Orange, N. J.—Two policemen captured a burglar the other night, found the culprit had been mortally wounded, and killed him to end his sufferings.

Returning to his home on Valley Road at midnight Thorwald Jensen, an Edison works employe, heard strange noises on the second floor. So did his wife and she fled with her child.

Jensen took a gun from a closet and started up the stairs. But a crash caused him to retire for second thought. Four policemen arrived, summoned by Mrs. Jensen. Two waited outside while two others entered. They went up the stairs and heard these strange noises. Drawing their revolvers they shouted: "Surrender, or we'll fire!"

No answer came, so the two blue-coats rushed into the pitch dark room. A blow from an unseen source knocked off Patrolman O'Connor's hat. As he swung his revolver it caught in his coat and was discharged.

Just then the other policemen found the push button and switched on a flood of electric light. They looked around.

They saw nobody. Yet pictures lay on the floor, hung from the walls. The policemen stared around again and the mystery was solved. Perched on a chandelier was a wild cat. It had flown into the room in the storm and had imprisoned itself by knocking over the stick which propped up the window. O'Connor's bullet had struck the duck on the leg. It was killed as an act of mercy.

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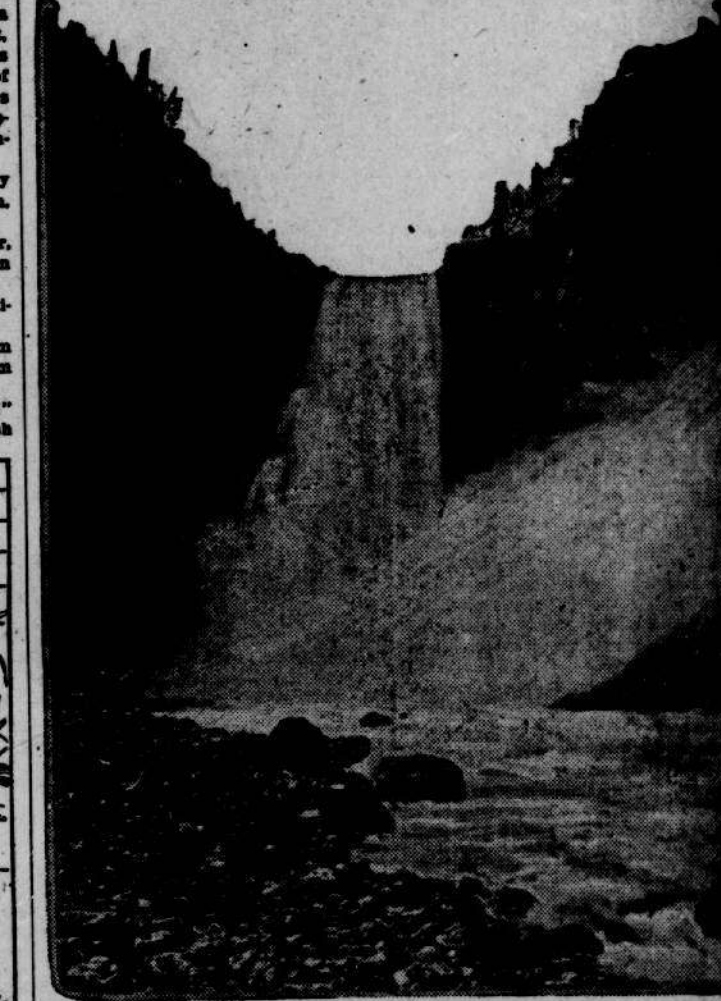
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CANYON OF A THOUSAND SPLENDORS



GREAT FALLS

HERE is a strange satisfaction in having a great experience of life reserved for one until maturity of thought and a development of the appreciative faculties insure an understanding point of view upon it.

As Theodore Dreiser has said, apropos of his recent visit to London, "We can only do one thing significantly once. The first time of any important thing sticks and lasts; it comes back at times, and haunts you with its beauty and its sadness."

"We can do anything but once for the first time," was the thought I had persistently in mind as I reached forward in prospect to my first glimpse of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, writes Neeta Marquis in the Los Angeles Times. It was not only to be my first vision of this canyon but of any Grand Canyon in the world, and I asked with the sense of what it was going to mean to me.

All the way I had abstained from guide books, with almost religious earnestness, lest other travelers' impressions taken beforehand might blur my own when the time came for their forming. All the freshness of first wonderment must be reserved for my own eyes.

Stream Teemed With Fish.
It had rained during the night, but that had only quickened the mountain air and laid the dust on the long gray roads. Starting from the Antwerp-blue lake, our journey followed first along the Yellowstone river, a clear cold green stream teeming with fish, which leaped and frolicked in its transparent tide.

Fine forests loomed dark beside the road, and the sky above was thick and soft with brooding rain clouds. The forests receded as we advanced, and before long the way opened out into the famous Hayden valley, lush with green and rich in colors of golden green, reddish brown, mauve and tan and pink. The green river flowed through the middle of it, taking fantastic shapes at times around the quaint little grassy islands which broke the continuity of its flow.

We halted to make a detour on foot to gaze upon the Great Geyser. It was a weird, almost a sickening sight—a hole under a mountain side forever and forever belching forth a thick black liquid permeated with the odor of sulphur.

There was something primordial in the ugliness of it. It repelled while it fascinated me. It depressed me to think that year in and year out, through all the blue and green beauty of June and the mellow loveliness of December, there is no cessation to the motion or to the alo