

can make a fortune, through the binding, with just enough of Muir within the covers to give the books a Muir flavor.

The man to compile them should be a scholar like Muir, with a gift of language and magnetism like Muir's, and with his taste, and such a reverence for Muir that he would reject anything which in his soul he would realize that Muir would reject were he alive and engaged in the work of compiling. One volume, prepared that way, and bound in simple form, would be worth a dozen Morocco and gold covers padded within with a dreary waste of commercially prepared words with the soul of John Muir leached out of them.

Muir was the most perfect child of nature endowed with a gift of expressing in words what he saw and felt, that the world has any record of.

But little of what he wrote has found its way into print, but the charm of it is of the kind that never flags, and it would be better to leave his fame with that little than to have it soiled by a bungler. But the world is hungry for all that he really wrote, for he was, indeed, an interpreter of nature to man; nature in the way she framed the world; in the way she marshals her storms; in the sublime plan of her seasons; in the way she embossed her history on the rocks; in the pictures she painted that man in watching them might know there was a God; in the way she prepared to feed her birds and animals and to prepare her world for a home for man; a home so endowed that when man should comprehend its blessings and its loveliness he could not help but be thankful.

Muir wove all this into simple language; but he tinged his words with tints of sunbeams, the blooms of wild flowers, wove into them, the rhythm of the songs of joyous birds and the murmur of the pines when the winds come a wooing them and all is intoned by the love of God. Be careful that no bungler attempts to put in form his manuscript.

Does Civilization Civilize Men

CONTEMPLATING the present war in Europe, the first thought that comes to mind is: "Does civilization civilize man?"

When the Goths, visigoths, Vandals and Huns swept down upon southern Europe some centuries ago, they were after plunder. They wanted rich lands, more food and all kinds of personal adornment. They had different gods that they prayed and sang hymns to, but instead of that religion causing them to respect any property rights; they held in their convenient religions that their gods would especially bless their biggest fighters and biggest thieves.

Some of them were converted to Christianity, returned home and they and their descendents have made up several of the Christian nations of Europe. They have made vast advances too in learning in the arts and sciences and in reducing their thoughts to a literature which it is a perpetual charm to peruse.

They have discarded their pagan gods for the living God, to whom they hold themselves responsible, and in reverence for whom they preach truth, mercy, charity and all around righteousness.

But, suddenly, last year they sprang to arms on the flimsy excuse that one little power in southern Europe would not make reparation for the murder of a prince and princess by some coarse assassins. Up to date perhaps three millions of men have been killed and as many more so maimed that they will be a charge upon society for the rest of their lives. And the killing is going on at an apparently steadily increasing rate.

During the centuries vast improvements have

been made in the means of destruction, but the last news indicates that the armies where the heaviest fighting is going on, have come down to hand to hand fighting such as the old barbarians indulged in.

Moreover the fighting is for the same purpose that Atilla and Alaric fought—for land and loot.

The question is, "Does civilization civilize men?" "Does Christianity come any nearer quelling the wild beast in man than Paganism did?"

If civilization has done anything for men except to make them more adroit murderers than their Pagan ancestors were, it is not visible to the naked eye.

New York City And State

NEW York State and New York City live together like a husband and wife who really love each other more than the man loves any other woman, or the woman loves any other man, but the woman flares up and threatens to go back to mother every time the old man comes home drunk, and the old man gets mad and swears the old lady is trying to ruin him every time the wife orders a new gown and hat.

In the old days when the Genesee valley was "away out west," the people in that valley wanted to have their country set off as a state by itself; when Sumter was fired upon Fernando Wood, then mayor of New York City, in a message to the city council, wanted the city to secede and declare itself a free city, offering as a bribe the proposition that a small tax on imports would pay all the running expenses of the city. He had in his mind the money that would come in, in his heart he wanted to serve in a skulking way the cause of the Confederacy.

After the great war the New York legislators from the country, have learned the trick which Utah legislators from the country long ago adopted, to work the chief city of the state for revenue.

This causes friction every year when it comes tax paying time.

The truth is that New York City has been the receptacle of the surplus money of the whole country for thirty years past.

If men have grown very rich anywhere in the country they have gravitated there; those not so rich have sent their money there to be invested. One would think the way to bridge things over would be to more thoroughly collect the income tax and to tax the idle millions always on deposit there, and thus have more money with which to pay taxes.

O'Donovan Rossa

SO the old bumper is dead at last. He has been a burden on his credulous countrymen for two score years. For all that time he has lived on his pose as an Irish patriot. All that time he has been a patriot for revenue. He has never done an act worth a thought, never spoken a word worth remembering.

He suffered a little in his youth for a cause which was utterly impracticable and which for more than a generation has been dead, but posing on the ghost of it he has appropriated to his own use the gifts which his misguided countrymen have contributed to the cause. For forty years he has simply been a dignified sponge living on unearned money obtained by false pretenses.

The Eagle And The Swordfish

THE submarine and the aeroplane were invented about the same time. One is an assassin, the other a scout. We suggest to Mr. Edison and his associate experts, as one of the first things to consider is whether it cannot be pos-

sible for the scout to be made available to successfully do up the assassin.

The sea eagle watches from his aerie on the cliffs for prey.

When a rollicking school of fish appear below he waits until the right time then with a swoop and scream he darts down, picks up a fish for breakfast and bears it triumphantly away. The aeroplane makes fifty miles per hour easily but cannot carry much weight. An object like an aeroplane is a difficult one to hit by a cannon from shipboard. Only machine guns are available and the aeroplane under the aeronaut can be armored against this form of attack.

The torpedo has been perfected so that it can be kept head-on when an attack is intended. Very well, why cannot the small torpedo of the aeroplane be lowered by a steel wire when the design is to destroy the submarine.

The scout sees the submarine or the periscope of a submarine, eagle like it make its swoop at the same time unreeling its torpedo. The submarine seeing it dives, the wire from the aeroplane draws the torpedo against it with a momentum of fifty miles an hour; there is an explosion under the water; some bubbles come to the surface, but "V-17" does not rise any more.

There is no devil of man so devilish that some other man cannot equal it. An aeroplane costs only a fraction of what a submarine costs. It is easier to fill the air with aeroplanes than the sea with submarines.

The only way to fight the devil is with fire.

Reno, Nevada

THE Commercial club of Reno, Nev., has started out in a quiet way to boom that city.

They have many advantages. Reno is the entry port from the west of a great mining state, perhaps the greatest of mining states. Formerly the profits from the mines gravitated directly to San Francisco. The old glory of that city was but the materialization of the bullion of Nevada transmuted into fine structures, splendid estates and accumulated treasures. Now a fair proportion of that wealth stops at Reno.

There are reasons for it. Reno has flowing through it the finest little river in all the west; a river with energy enough to supply power and light for a great city and unlimited manufacturers. The water from it likewise makes all the valley around the city luxuriant. Nevada has always been a great range state and her tillable area is increasing rapidly. She is soon to be a rich agricultural state and is now a dairy state the product of which commands a premium over all others of like kind in San Francisco. Reno has for a background the blue Sierras, even as Salt Lake has the great Wasatch range.

Working men can toil in Reno every day in the year in the open air without discomfort.

It has the finest climate for active men in the whole west. It has none of the fogs of San Francisco; none of the depressing features of the heavy moist air of southern California.

A two hours' ride from Reno takes one to Lake Tahoe, the glory of which has no rival the world around.

Nevada is steadily growing, her people are filled with hope, and Reno is their natural depot.

The University of Nevada is there and is steadily gaining in prominence, usefulness and excellence.

Reno has railroad connections north, west, east and south.

An investment there should be safer than in the Bank of England today.

It is about the cheapest place to live in, in all the west. It is but a few hours distance from unequalled mountain resorts or from the seashore.

Just by telling the truth about Reno her people can make their city boom.