

fields are annually rescued from the desert; more and more flowers are blooming; more and more birds are singing; wider and wider fields grow golden under the harvest sun, recalling the old legend, that artist angels, in the long ago, came here from Summerland and with divine pencils, dipped in the dyes where light is brewed, painted these mountains, with their dawns and sunsets that turn them to gold, and left it all as a frame for a city beautiful which man was to build; we may believe that the building of that city has been begun and is progressing toward perfection.

This is the story that should be told the children when they are brought into conference, and then they should be told to listen and note if they cannot still hear the echoes of that first Praise Service, with which the fathers dedicated this soil to the enlightenment which comes through devotion to duty, through the omnipotence of patient labor, and through faith in God.

As To Our Duty As A Neutral

WHEN two men engage in a street encounter, outsiders who have no interest in either one of the fighters, in the interest of peace and the decencies of civilization, interpose and stop the mad men.

The war beyond the Atlantic has been raging for the best part of two years. Each day it seems to increase in vehemence and implacable hate.

Brooding over the destruction of life and property, out of the sorrow and despair no feeling is apparently awakened except a desire to charge all the wrong upon the enemy, and to strike for revenge.

When the storm first broke upon a shocked world, our country hastened to declare itself neutral. Since then discussion has been limited to the rights and duties of neutrals.

That is not what is done in case of a street fight.

In that case the assumption is that the fighters are temporarily beside themselves through anger, and it is right to restrain them.

While that is impossible in a great war, the principle behind it is the same, and there is a way to interpose. It is our belief that no nation of 100,000,000 free people, has a right to confine its efforts to investigations, in a time like this, to find whether this or that power has violated any of its rights as a neutral. It should in every legitimate way be interposing to try to stop the slaughter, the waste and the sorrow.

We think that President Wilson should, long ago, have asked congress to join him in calling a Peace congress, either at The Hague or on our own soil—say in Washington, with the supreme court to steady it—to discuss and if possible to decide upon what new laws are needed to prevent if possible further wars, and should have invited all nations, including those at war, to send delegates to that congress. Further, that each of our forty-eight states should have been invited to send their very ablest men, regardless of party or creed, as delegates. Such a congress might be a failure, but on the other hand it might be a great success. It might formulate a code that the nations now at war might accept as a basis of settlement of their own differences, rather than to go on as they now are going on to utter exhaustion.

At least such a congress could draft a new international code which is much needed.

One branch of the present war is penetrating far into Asia, close to the places where three thousand years ago ambitious and cruel rulers believed that through scientific warfare they might conquer and rule the world, and pursued that work until its recoil finally destroyed them. Just beyond where they fought and perished after making such desolation, that recuperation has been in vain through centuries of waiting, there

are four hundred millions of people who are today ready to swarm into a new life, and following the rule that has always prevailed. When they do swarm their way will be to the west. This makes the present war in Europe, with its filled graves and empty cradles all the more wicked, for every man in Europe will be needed to oppose that wave when it is set in motion, for when that war comes, enlightenment and Christianity itself will hang in the awful balance.

And while what our country could do, if attacked is an important and serious question, what we as a nation should be doing now in the interest of peace and enlightenment and justice, as becomes our place and the mercies that have been extended to us is a still more grave and important question.

The U. S. Supreme Court

A VERY learned foreign writer recently said of our United States supreme court: "It construes and passes upon the constitution; it has powers to override the president and congress, and to pronounce unconstitutional the legislation of the forty-eight state parliaments. It is a court of incomparable honesty, learning and competence."

Is it not humiliating to an American, proud of his country, and jealous of its honor and good name, that appointments to membership on that august tribunal should ever be influenced by partisan bias, or a desire to pay political debts, or to further party or personal plans?

What would be thought of a soldier who would tamper with the gates of a citadel the defense of which had been entrusted to him?

Should not a man named for that place be like Caesar's wife, above the possibility of suspicion?

Our Soldier Boys

THE work that our little army has been doing and is doing in northern Mexico ought to be a lasting object lesson to the mongrels who people that region. A sleuth-hound chase, dividing into little bands to pursue that chase in all directions and indifferent to the odds that might be brought against them; to face the dust; the heat, by day the cold by night; the climbing of trailless mountains, the lack of water, the cavalry ride of fifty-five miles in a day and a night and then without a rest storming the lair of the rag-muffin bandits; a nemesis that heeds neither distress nor danger, nor any of the obstacles that can be heaped in its path and only intent on one settled purpose; adapting and outdoing all the inventions of the enemy, a race superiority which must convince those treacherous braggarts and murderers that it is a dangerous experiment to try too much the forbearance of a nation of free men.

We have doubted from the first that Villa would ever be caught. The vastnesses of those inhospitable hills offer him refuge, among those ignorant people everyone is ready to shield him, and lie about his whereabouts, but they are learning something new every day about the character of his pursuers, and certainly are learning that it is dangerous to try the patience of the men of the United States and to awake to action the determination of the police of that nation to execute justice.

And we at home would be worse than ingrates if we did not give that police the full mead of praise and all our lives hold them in grateful memory.

The Fear That Breaks The Nerves

IN the long chase after old Geronimo, General Miles finally brought the heliograph to bear and the mysterious "eye," blazing out here and there on the promontories of the long mountain side, finally broke down the nerves of the old

savage and he gave up and surrendered. He was sure that the strange "eye" was searching out his hiding places and telling the pale faces what trails he was following.

That was but thirty years ago but now a double terror is following the bandits in that same region. The aviator is riding the air along the same mountain crests and what he discovers he makes that same air carry in invisible messages to the nemesis that is pursuing those bandits.

The knowledge that the foe pursuing them possesses such an equipment, must give those cutthroats as creepy a feeling as did the superstitious fear that overwhelmed the old scalp-raiser thirty years ago, the thought that must haunt their sleep when they lie down at night must be the same one that long ago was set to the words: "Awake! Awake! The Huns are at your gates!"

A terror, the extent of which cannot be comprehended but which is ever imminent is about the most trying on the nerves of men that can be framed. And when men know that the vengeance that is pursuing them will accept no terms except their lives, and that it is in truth eternal justice that is on their trail, there is always before their eyes such a sword as was suspended over the gate of the garden and which was a notice that for them hope had been left behind.

A Schoolmaster Needed

A SCHOOLMASTER is evidently needed in Washington. The idea there seems to be to run the country in the old fashioned apple-paring, corn-shucking way, a go-as-you please affair, where all are good fellows and no bossing is desired.

But war is ruling nearly all the world now. It is convulsing Europe and western Asia, it is degenerating into coarse murder in Mexico; China is all ready for it; it is churning the world's ocean into bloody spray, and filling the air above. And war is strictly an imperial machine. There is no "if you please" about it. It is go and he goeth, come and he cometh, all its edicts are like moving the previous question—they shut off debate. A few weeks ago a great cry came from Washington of the need of national preparedness, and the experience since indicates that the knowledge of what is needed is so obscure that a schoolmaster is needed to formulate a system which will be comprehensive enough to meet the requirements.

We have before us a paper which tells how a French officer was called to the telephone about midnight one August night in 1914. A brief message fell on his ear. He sprang into an auto and dashed away to the nearest town and set a dozen 'phones ringing. In the next six hours several hundred automobiles came and reported to him. Some were driven by workmen, some by military officers; some by young men who still wore the full dress suits in which they were dressed when the order reached them. In fifteen hours they were all assigned their places with full supplies and had started for the front. They had been organized with the thought that war might come and every detail had been fixed so that when the news came that a war was really on there was not one second's delay in responding.

Suppose such an order was to be sent out in our country, what would follow? The message that would come back would be: "Out of gasoline." Then there would be a call upon those who manufacture gasoline and the answer would be that they had just shipped all they had to Europe. Doubtless, the next morning's papers would give a list of lands supposed to be oil lands which the government had just reserved to keep greedy speculators from appropriating.

We have been threatened with war in several ways for the past three years, but as we understand it, there are no small arms for an army, no heavy guns, no sufficient number of machine

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