A Marvelous Article

SOME weeks ago some extracts were cabled to this country from an article from the pen of Maximilian Harden, who, the account says, "has been known for years as the most famous and feared of European publicists," and who of late years "has a fame in Germany second only to that of the emperor himself."

The New York Times obtained and published the article in full in its edition of May 28th. It fills about seventeen columns of that paper. It is entitled: "If I Were Wilson," and in smaller type is added: "Listen, mankind, to the message of a man!" It is written as though by the pen of President Wilson. It should be read, no not read, studied by every man who is concerned over the present and future of his country and over the war that is rocking Europe like an earthquake and giving a feeling of insecurity in every mind as to the fate not only of the nations engaged in that war, but of the possible drift of civilization itself in the coming few years.

No synopsis can give any fair idea of the article. No single reading will give the reader a fair comprehension of it, so adroit is it; so profound. The writer puts into the mouth of our president a statement of what led up to the present war in Europe, stating fairly the case of each prominent belligerent, tells what the war has wrought, what its sacrifices have made impossible and then declares that the fighting nations are all passionately anxious that a truce shall be called, not to patch up a peace which from the nature of things could not last, but, through arbitration effect a peace which would be so binding upon all the nations, the neutrals as well as the belligerents, and at the same time so just, that no nation would risk declaring war against another, but better still would have no desire to. The substance is to have a court of arbitration which would settle all disputes and which at the same time would make the cause of the weakest as sacred as that of the strongest and so advance the rights of man that the poorest and humblest will have an equal chance, or at least equal protection with the richest and wisest.

He also outlines a scheme of finance which he believes the nations would accept and which will prevent chaos when the war shall have spent its forces.

But it is vain, as said above, to try to give an idea of the scope and power of the article in any abridgment of it. All scholars and politicians should get a copy and study it whether they approve of it or not. A profoundly reverent and religious nature is visible all through it; the spirit of patriotism rings through it like a prayer spoken with organ accompaniment, solemn and sweet. It is in itself a notice to the nations that there is a power in statesmanship that should be more potential than in all the destruction that fighting armies and ships hurl at each other.

Left upon the foundations of our earth is inscribed the alphabet which science has set to words, telling the story of the convulsions through which the earth passed and the ages that were exhausted before the planet was fitted for a dwelling place for man.

Reading this article of Harden's one continually catches glimpses of how slowly and through what suffering full civilization is treading the wine press of Ignorance and Cruelty and Darkness up to the full light.

Some Sea Fights

WHEN men refer to the battle last week in the North sea, as the greatest naval battle in history, they make a mistake. They may say it was the most costly in history, keeping in mind what the value was of the ships that went down, but at Salamis, the first naval batle of which the record is authentic, more men died than were on board all the ships in the North sea fight. It was the same way at Lepanto; it was vastly more so when the great Armada was shattered; it was the same way at the battle of the Nile and very many more in the more than three thousand years since nations began to try final conclusions on the sea.

Salamis was fought four hundred and eighty-one years before the coming of the Savior and an eye-witness said of it that at one time during the battle "the waters of the bay could not be seen so covered were they with wreckage and dead and dying men." In that battle 1,200 galleys were engaged and more than 400 were destroyed. The invasion of Greece by Xerxes was turned back by the fight. It was on the sea what Marathon was on land.

Actium was fought on an arm of the Adriatic. There Octavius Caesar and Antony tried final conclusions and Antony "lost the world." The dead numbered far more than in the North sea battle.

Lepanto fought in an inlet of the Adriatic October 7th, 1571, not only broke the arm of Turkey and saved southern Europe, but so broke the heart of the Turk that she has made no aggressive war since.

The fleets of Spain, Venice and the Pope, under command of Don Juan of Austria, fought the Turks on that day, but there were a dozen great captains in each fleet.

The great Armada was a mighty fleet fitted out by Spain and France to crush the power of "Old Queen Bess" of England. It was a veritable cloud of ships, vastly more numerous, and of much greater size than those of England, but Howard Drake and Seymour fought them for five days, sinking a vast number of them; then a hurricane destroyed nearly all the rest. A mere remnant reached home.

The battle of the Nile, in 1798, raged from dusk nearly all night and was won against heavy odds by the genius of Lord Nelson. When Napoleon heard of it, he paid a wonderful tribute to Lord Nelson, but finished the eulogy by sententiously remarking: "I can't be everywhere at once." Great pair those two! When Napoleon had his heel on the neck of every power of continental Europe, Nelson had every port blockaded against the French.

At Trafalgar, fought off the southwest coast of Portugal, August 21st, 1805, Nelson destroyed what sea power Spain and France had possessed, killing 10,000 Spaniards alone and stopped Napoleon's meditated invasion of England, but Lord Nelson was fatally wounded by a sharp shooter in the rigging of a Spanish ship, and died just as the final shots of his victorious fleet were being fired. Then a hurricane came which some of the captains of the English fleet declared was the most terrific they had ever seen at sea.

It seemed as though the spirits of the air had called up all their forces to bear the stormy soul of the great sailor, from the crash of hostile ships, the roar of the guns and the angered seas, to the calm of that Summer Land where war's clamors finally grow still.

Earl Kitchener

THE announcement of the death of Lord Kitchener brings a great shock. It is as when on a soft summer day when the clouds have fled from the sky and all the winds are laid a mighty tree that for a century had faced all the storms and still stood erect, suddenly, and without one premonition of disaster, crashes to the earth. The manner of his death adds to the sorrow. Had he died on the battle line with his brother soldiers dying around him and all the great guns roaring in final salute, it would not have been so lamentable, but the comfort is that he died at the post of duty and he had so lived that the world will believe his great sorrow, when he realized death was certain and immediate, was not for himself, but for his country.

Still he was personally loved but by a few. His mind was a segment of exact science and carried no more flowers than does an adding machine or the multiplication table. But his countrymen trusted him implicitly and had grown to believe that there was no problem too difficult for him to solve, and so he had become a pillar that all leaned upon.

More than one of them, when the news of his death came, said: "Had we lost a great army, we could have raised another one, but who can pick up the fallen mantle of Kitchener and wear it?"

The heart of England must be very heavy just now. The dead in the sea-fight last week so swiftly followed by the death of Lord Kitchener and his staff bring with them an acuteness of sorrow that does not generally attach to a calamity.

The thought that a little caution might have greatly mitigated the disaster is upon them, and the other thought that they cannot have even the graves of their loved ones to dress with flowers.

Never The Like Again

IN 1858 the present Nevada was a part of Utah. Most of it was uninhabited, but in the valleys which run one hundred and fifty miles north and south along the base of the Sierras a good many people had congregated. Carson valley on the south had the most people; then came Eagle valley, where Carson City is now located, then Washoe valley, which contained a good many people, then the litle Pleasant valley with one farmer, who lived in a half house and half dugout—where the parlor above ground merged into the cellar in the sidehill. There was no piano in the parlor and very few carrots in the cellar. Luxuries were unknown in that household and the necessities were reduced to a minimum by the proprietor, who though not a classical scholar, knew as much about thrift as did both Hamlet and Horatio. Some of the boys who joined the rush from California to Washoe in that fearful 1859 winter, were depraved enough to say that old man Smith had charged them a dollar for a warm, that is to stand twenty minutes before his open fireplace when the thermometer outside registered 17 degrees below zero. Next to Pleasant valley came Steamboat valley, then Truckee valley, then Peavine, then Long valley to Honey lake.

All that region was called Washoe after a little tribe of savages whose immemorial home had been there. They were a mixed people, some petty ranchers, a good many cowboys. Some immigrants who, worn out on the journey across the plains, stopped at the base of the mountains and never had the courage to try to cross them and a good many gentlemen of doubtful record who had drifted from the Golden state eastward across the mountains, and for reasons not necessary to explain, did not care to return. There were, too, a few placer miners in the ravines running down east and south from the Comstock. They thought they were working in gravel, when in fact it was decomposed rock from the then unknown Comstock. All the low hills stretching out eastward from the main Sierras were at the time covered with bunch grass, so the cattle driven there by the Mormons and those worn out and dropped from emigrant trains were quickly fattened, and the cattle men were the men who had the money and as usual were the leaders of society.

A couple of men, neither of whom were trained journalists, bought a few fonts of type, a case or two and a rude little old press and started a newspaper at Genoa in Carson valley. They called it the Territorial Enterprise, in 1858. It appeared semi occasionally as the charity of the generous men who had a little money made possible. It was as thin in news as in character.

The next year when the rush for the Comstock had created Carson and made it a bigger town than Genoa, the paper was moved to Carson. Then Joseph T. Goodman, an accomplished printer, a superb writer and a journalist of unerring judg-