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FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 20, 1914

"BOB" BURDETTE.

Dear old "Bob" Burdette is dead. Editor, lecturer, author, preacher—humorist always—Burdette had a notable career as a maker of sunshine for those with whom he came in contact, either personally or through his drolly philosophical pen. He was intensely human, and had a sympathy for all things human. Much as he devoted his life and talents to provoking smiles and laughter from others, he knew what it was to struggle, to fall and fall again, and finally to win.

Worse than the struggle of his early days with poverty, "Bob" Burdette had the misfortune to contract the drink habit, which at times he could not control. He fought against it, after he understood what its continuance meant to him, but even after he became a minister of the gospel he was not always immune from its influence.

But he met all of the humiliation of it, all the criticism his frailty entailed from those who did not understand the fight he was making, with a smile and a jest, and finally he won, and won thoroughly. But he never stopped smiling, or his efforts to cause other people to smile. He understood people and he loved them because he knew most of them were weak, like himself, and, like himself, were trying to do better than their lives would indicate.

After ill health compelled him to give up the pastorate of his Los Angeles church, he took a house from the verandah of which he could look out on the ocean. He had been through the orient—through India, China, Japan and the Philippines.

Last winter he wrote a letter to the members of his former congregation in Los Angeles that was a prose poem. He said while he looked beyong the sunset, he saw again the lands of the orient he had visited. He knew they were there because he had seen them, but was no more certain of their geography after he had seen them than he was before. He knew of them before he had seen them because he had read of them and been told of them.

Likewise, he was waiting for his visit to heaven. He had not been there, but he had the same confidence in its reality that he had in the existence of China, India and Japan before he saw them.

Burdette made his first reputation, as a humorist, on the Burlington Hawkeye, then in charge of himself and Frank Hatton. The paper became the most talked-of newspaper in the United States at that time, and the most quoted. Hatton went into politics, and became postmaster general under President Arthur and afterward editor of the Washington Post. Burdette went on the lecture platform, and into the ministry.

The Cleveland Plaindealer sizes up the nuisance value of Carranza as that of a small person placed in a position where he can work mischief far beyond the measure of his importance. Correct.

THE SANTA CLAUS SHIP.

There was not so much attention given in the press dispatches of the sailing of the Santa Claus ship, Jason, from the United States, last Saturday, as the incident was entitled to. The ship carried five million presents from this country to the children of the warring nations of Europe, all of which, except the Turks, have the Santa Claus legend woven into their social and religious fabric. They are Christian nations, though just now engaged in the un-Christian conduct of killing each other.

We have an idea that the Santa Claus ship will reach its destination safely. Santa Claus himself is at the helm. As she passes by dreadnaughts and submarines, through mined seas and under the guns of massive forts some special providence will preside over her safety until she reaches the ports of the unhappy nations with her messages of peace on earth and good will to men.

When Christmas day comes and the bundles are untied by the children of Russia, Germany, Austria, Great Britain and France, what will be the impression formed by the parents on the minds of the little people in those stricken lands?

When chubby hands come to put on warm mittens, when chilly feet are put into new dry shoes, when boxes of goodies are opened, and tin horns are blown, it will be asked by tens of thousands of childish voices, "Where did Santa Claus find all these pretty things?" And their parents, such as are left, and many of whom will be clothed in black—will make but one answer: "In America."

What will not that one word, "America," come to stand for in the mental images of those countless children, penniless, obscure and bereaved? They will puzzle it out, as children do. They will see a real fairy land, peopled with strange folk, who send toys to unknown kiddies. The presents will speak to those children in a language that is understood in every tongue by childhood. They will want to go to see that wonderful place when they grow up.

"Is there no war there?" That question will be asked millions of times, and anxious mothers will answer, "No children, there is no war there." Then will come the question again, "If there is no war there, why should there be war here?"

Santa Claus will answer.

FIXED FORTIFICATIONS.

Fixed fortifications can no longer resist landward attack, as the German howitzers have demonstrated. But fixed fortifications still have value as against seaward attack. Powerful as naval guns are, none has been found so far, able to cope with the land guns built by the Krupps, though it is claimed the United States is now testing a naval gun of fully twice the penetrating power of the "Krupp surprise." But there is another question that must be settled: Will the deck of any ship stand the terrific recoil of such guns?

But forts still have value to command such straits as Dover and Gibraltar. And a fort that is immune from a landward attack may make itself practically immune from attack by sea. But the lesson of this war is a broad one. The only real defense for any country is an army in trenches with mobile artillery that can be shifted from position to position as the exigencies develop. Verdun, not the fortress, but the position of Verdun, is the key to the French defensive line. So far that strategic position has been saved by French regiments in trenches outside the fortress, who have prevented the Germans from getting near enough to use their big guns against the big fortifications.

Money put into fixed defenses is largely wasted, except on the seacoast. A navy and an army, both mobile, are the only defenses worth while nowadays. Whether we require a defense is another question—one that probably will be settled by the outcome of the war.

ENGLAND'S ALARM.

The Journal publishes elsewhere on this page an article from the London Spectator by which it may be seen that Great Britain is taking the possibility of an invasion seriously. That was the dream of Napoleon. More than a hundred years ago he gathered men and transports at Calais, but never attempted to cross the channel because the British fleet was master of the seas.

According to the London Spectator, the probable plan of the Germans is to secure favorable foothold on the coast, weaken the British navy by keeping up the work of destruction, so successful so far as to cause general apprehension, by means of submarines and mines, until the German fleet, held securely in the Baltic sea, can come out and meet the English vessels on more than an equal footing.

There is also the suggestion that, regardless of the British fleet, a force might be landed from transports protected by mines and submarines. Wild as the scheme appears, there is no doubt that the Germans are not continuing their desperate and bloody struggle to break through the lines of the allies toward the coast without a well thought out plan for utilizing the positions when once secured.

But the German plan to repeat the dash on Paris, of forty-four years ago, failed. It is not probable that any scheme for a successful invasion of Great Britain can succeed. Powerful as the Germans are from a military standpoint, and resourceful beyond belief, as they have shown themselves, there are things that men cannot do.

Albuquerque will have a splendid Y. M. C. A. building as an attraction for the New Mexico teachers when they come back here next year.

If the French and British aviators don't quit trying to drop bombs on the kaiser, he will deliver them over to the wrath of God.

Dreadnaughts are not living up to their names. Being such expensive targets, they are fuller of dread than anything else.

We have an idea that before a great while it will be necessary for the Germans to keep a watch on the Rhine.

A reverse now and then means the sacrifice of only a few more thousands of Russia's "cannon fodder."

The world looks pretty good to Uncle Joe Cannon. He is predicting a return of general prosperity.

The World of Light

By Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit ling'ring here,
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie behind thy dust,
Could man o'erlook that mark,

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

With Scissors and Paste

IF.

(Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your head when all about you,
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you;
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear the Truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
Or watch the thing you've gave your life be broken,
And stoop and build it up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the will that says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—what is more—you'll be a man, my son!

RIGHT ON THE POLAR CIRCLE.

(Christian Herald.)

There is a Finland town which stands directly on the polar circle, Rovaniemi, the fifth important town in the fur trade in the world. Some eight or ten thousand people congregate there in February—Russians, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, etc.—to bargain in bear, fox, reindeer, ermine and other fur skins. Travel is by reindeer in the winter, which is a beautiful season. As the compass does not work within the Arctic circle, travelers learn by the trees to find their way, exposure to the north making a difference in their shape.

At Rovaniemi is a little Lutheran church through whose grounds, and within a few yards of the church, the polar circle passes. Some one has had a slab placed on the line wth these words engraved thereon: "Moses, 5th Book, 27th chapter, verse 17."

A LAKE OF SOAP.

One of nature's marvels is to be seen in the northeast corner of the state of Washington. It is a lake which bears the name of Soap lake and is three miles in length by one miles in breadth. The water in the lake tastes like a mixture of soap and salt, and its peculiar properties are such that when the water is heated no soap is required for a bath, for as soon as the water comes into contact with the natural oil of the skin and gently rubbed it forms beautiful lather.

The only drawback is that when applied to the head one's hair is apt to turn from its natural color to a dusty red, if not washed with fresh water. In other words, it bleaches, the soda in the water no doubt being the cause of this.

The Soap lake is well known throughout American on account of its wonderful healing properties. Indeed, it is asserted that its waters provide a cure for all the ills the flesh is heir to. Rheumatism, skin diseases, stomach and blood disorders—all seem to give way to the miraculous powers of the waters, and scores of people go there for the purpose of curing themselves of these various complaints.

As a matter of fact, the waters of the lake have been known to the Indians for generations past on account of their wonderful curative powers, and even at the present time parties of them camp at the head of the lake during the summer months.

On the shores of the lake are various sanatoria which remain open all the year round and attract many visitors, who come in search of health.

TOMORROW.

(From the Business Philosopher.)

Today may be dark and forbidding; our hearts may be full of despair;
But tomorrow the hope that was winning will prompt us to do and to dare.
Today we may feel that life's sorrows outweigh all the joys that we crave,
But tomorrow will teach us the lesson that life is worth while to the brave.

Faint heart is forerunner of sadness—despondency robs us of health;
The man who is chock full of gladness is the man who makes most of life's wealth.
Today may be all that is mournful—our paths cannot always be bright;
But tomorrow we'll somehow take courage, and trustingly enter the fight.

Tomorrow the sun will be brighter; tomorrow the skies will be fair;
Tomorrow our hearts will be lighter; we'll cast aside sorrow and care,
Remember when heartsick and weary: the sunshine comes after the rain;
Tomorrow is the time to be cheery—tomorrow we take hope again.

TREES.

(Joyce Kilmer.)

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

"A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

"A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

"A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

"Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

MIND OF THE UNDERGRADUATE.

(Henry Seidel Canby in the October Yale Review.)

The mind of the undergraduate is like a slab of coarse-grained wood, upon which the cabinet-maker lat shes his stain. Its empty pores soak in the polishing mixture, no matte how richly it may be applied, and in many instances we fail to get the expected gloss. Much English teaching, in fact, is (to change the figure) subterranean in its effects. You may remember no Tennyson, and yet have gained a sensitiveness to moral beauty, and an ear for the glory of words. Your Shakespeare may have gathered lust for a decade, and yet still be quickening your sympathy with human nature. That glow in the presence of a soaring pine or towering mountain; that warmth of the imagination as some modern struggle recalls an ancient protagonist; the feeling that life is always interesting somehow, somewhere—how much of this is due to Wordsworth, Shelley, Stevenson, Browning, or Keats, dim in the memory perhaps, but potent in the subconsciousness, no one can ever determine. The psychologist will answer, much. The layman must consider the spring, the recuperative power, the quantity and quality of happiness among the well-read in comparison with the unread, for his reply. The results of my own observation enable me to view even the debris of lectures and study in a "flunker's" examination paper with dejection, to be sure, but not with despair. The undergraduate, I admit sorrowfully, is usually superficial in his reading, and sometimes merely barbarous in the use he makes of it; but there is more gained from his training in literature than meets the sight.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

(Susan Coolidge.)

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary with sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are gone and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which snarled and bled,
Are healed with healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever,
Bound up in the sheath which God holds tight,
With the glad days and sad days and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo or cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive and forgive them;
Only the new days are our own—
Today is ours and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To greet the sun and share with the morn;
In its chrism of dew and cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning
And trouble forecasted or possible pain,
Take heart with the new day and begin again.

A LINCOLN STORY.

Another Lincoln story from the first volume of "Heart Throbs":

President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on its back, and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the president, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare, assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that has touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen and placed him foremost in our affections as the greatest American, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on its back, I wouldn't have felt right. I wanted to put him on his feet, and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

WAR.

(Bennett Chapple, in National Magazine for November.)

Gone is the vaunted banner that proclaimed the world for peace,
The mask is torn asunder and all Hell has seen release.
The heat of age-old anger now has cracked the thin veneer,
Ten million men are targets—and all Europe is a bier.
The mighty guns are booming in their terrifying voice,
They cut the field like reapers—and the soldiers have no choice.
They face the rain of bullets, and with manhood's stalwart zeal
They march with very souls aflame through jaws of glistening steel.

Theirs but to fall in winrows deep, cut down by scythes of lead,
Till truce piles high the harvest there in gory stacks of dead.
Napoleon took two million lives before he drank his dregs:
"To make an omelet," he said, "you have to break some eggs."
Ten million men now face the guns—an omelet, in truth—
Ten million sturdy warriors so full of strength and youth,
Ten million men in uniform, stirred to heroic deeds,
Ten million men in league with death while Christ in pity pleads.

The proud world hangs its heartsick head at such a grewsome sight;
The grim old skeleton of war once more has come to light,
And savagery has brushed aside all civilizing creed,
Turned back the clock a hundred years to let the nations bleed.
What is this pride of nations that will pay such awful price?
What is this commerce of the world that asks such sacrifice?
Oh, is it worth the candle that the sombre altars light
When men—perhaps a million men—are victims of the fight?

POWER OF AFFIRMATION.

(Unity.)

Declare your unity with Divine Mind, and through your generative word fill your nerves with energy and substance. Declare over and over, silently and aloud, until the very air pulsates, 'I am energy; I am strength and power; I am filled and thrilled with omnipresent life and the vitality of God permeates every fiber of my being."

Services of Elihu B. Washburn in Paris During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870

(Kansas City Star.)

Many Americans of the older generation recall with a feeling of pride the days of the Franco-Prussian war when Elihu Benjamin Washburn, United States minister to France, found himself in a situation almost parallel to that which now confronts Ambassador Herrick.

Mr. Washburn was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France by President Grant in 1869. The appointment followed his resignation from the office of secretary of state, a resignation occasioned by ill health. He represented the United States in Paris for eight and a half years. The period, to use his own words, "comprised one of the most interesting epochs of history, and embraced the siege and commune of Paris."

A Heavy Responsibility.

In "Recollections of a Minister to France," two volumes published in 1887, the year of his death, Mr. Washburn has given us a vivid story of the trying times which followed the French declaration of war against Germany. He alone of all the official representatives of the great powers remained at his post and with remarkable coolness and tact, considering that he had just entered upon a career which was new to him, took care not only of those of his own nationality in the capital, but, at the request of the German ambassador, also the subjects of the North German confederation, the Saxons and the subjects of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg Gotha. Of this he wrote:

Count Solms, charge d'affaires of the North German confederation, sent to the United States legation the most valuable of their archives, upon which I placed our seal. I also took charge of the German embassy in Paris, and placed over it the American flag. The concierge of the embassy having been forced to leave, I placed it under the charge of two young and trustworthy Americans, who had been residents of my own congressional district in Illinois. These young men courageously occupied the embassy until the close of hostilities; and, though sometimes threats were made, there was never any violence offered to the embassy and its guardians.

The French went into the conflict confident of victory, feeling it a foregone conclusion that the war would be simply a sort of triumphal march upon Berlin. How badly they were mistaken is a matter of history.

Events Preceding the Siege.

Following the proclamation of the republic of France, in September, 1870, which sudden overturning of the dynasty of Napoleon was accomplished without a drop of blood being shed and without disorder or unusual excitement, the United States recognized the new nation and Mr. Washburn retained his post in his new capacity. Depression, occasioned by the repeated reverses of the French arms, gave way to renewed ardor and enthusiasm and it was believed that it would be only a matter of days before revivified France would sweep the invading Germans back over the border. The hysterical optimistic Parisians indulged in all kinds of frivolous and silly prophecies and wasted valuable energy parading the streets under the tricolor. Liberty, equality and fraternity were the watchwords of the day when cavalry, artillery and infantry would have been more to the point.

Suddenly, however, Paris roused itself to the realization that Bismarck was hammering at its gates. September 18, 1870, these gates were closed, and the great city gradually discovered that the invading army meant business. Day after day and week after week Mr. Washburn recorded in his diary every event which came under his observation. There was endless and monotonous talk of sorties, wild rumors, wilder suggestions and wilder hopes. During the first few days of its investiture, however, Paris went on its usual calm and peaceful way—even the streets were sprinkled and the avenues were thronged with gaily dressed people.

One incident may be considered typical of the matters which the minister had to unravel. There was a school in the Rue de la Faisanderie for American and English boys, conducted by a Mme. Hedier. One day an attack was made on the building by French soldiers and the matter was reported to Mr. Washburn. When he had sifted the affair to the bottom he found that the excuse for the attack rose solely from the fact that a pigeon had been seen to fly over the garden wall in the direction of the German lines, and it was concluded that the bird carried messages to the enemy.

Washburn's Reply to Bismarck.

Another incident clearly showed the temper of the American representative. This rose from a communication from Count Bismarck that no diplomatic dispatches to foreign governments would be allowed to pass the German lines from Paris unless said dispatches were unsealed. A meeting of the few remaining members of the diplomatic corps was called, and there the question was warmly discussed. Mr. Washburn entertained no doubts of any sort as to what should be done, nor did he show any hesitation. His reply to Bismarck was, briefly, that he would not write a dispatch to his government which would have to be submitted to the inspection of "any other government on the face of the earth." His decision stood.

During the siege a grand total of twenty-three perfectly useless and puerile journals were being published in Paris. Instead of giving trustworthy news they pursued a policy of deceiving their readers with false reports of victories and devoted columns to verbal assaults on their business-like enemies. "The amount of absolute trash," remarked Mr. Washburn, "taken all together surpasses anything in history."

Paris During the Bombardment.

As the siege progressed and the weather grew cold and food scarce, suffering among the poor increased. The following memorandum in the minister's diary is significant:

"The new quotations for the day are as follows: 'For cats, a common cat, 8 francs; a Thomas cat, 10 francs; for rats, a common rat, 2 francs; long-tailed rat, 2 1-2 francs; for dogs, a cur of low degree, 2 francs a pound; for a fat dog, 2 1-2 francs, and for a damn fat dog, 3 francs per pound.

"Mr. Kern (the Swiss minister), says he now lives on horse meat and macaroni, and when I said to him that he would not be likely to starve, he answered 'neigh.'"

When the bombardment of the city began on the 108th day of the siege, many people, men, women and children were killed, especially in the Latin quarter. On January 8, Mr. Washburn wrote:

The carelessness and nonchalance of the Parisians in all this business is wonderful. No sooner does a shell fall than all the people run into that quarter to see what harm it has done, and if it has not exploded they pick it up and carry it off. Ladies and gentlemen now make excursions to the Pont du Jour to see the shells fall.

An opportunity was given the American minister to leave Paris during the bombardment. This he declined to do, his only comment on the fact being "There were still remaining in the city some 150 Americans. My countrymen all looked to me for a certain protection, and they would much regret to see me go away, leaving them behind."

The Storytellers

Look Out.

Of Professor Archibald Bowman of Princeton, who is alleged to be fighting with the allies, a lawyer said at the Princeton club in New York:

"Bowman has a trenchant tongue. I remember how trenchantly he once advised me not to marry for money.

"I had been telling him about a millionaire suffragette I had my eye on, and I exclaimed enthusiastically:

"'How fine it would be, Professor, to marry a girl with an independent income!'

"'Look out,' Professor Bowman growled, 'look out that you don't marry an income with an independent girl!'"

The Wrecked Cathedral.

At the T-Square club in Philadelphia a group of well-known architects were talking about the wreck of the Rheims cathedral.

"In proving that they are the banner bearers of culture," said Charles Klauder, "the Germans are plainly resolved to leave no stone unturned."

"Yes," Horace Trumbauer agreed. "Germany is out for the spread of art, and when her melinite shells struck the cathedral of Rheims, art was spread all over the city."

The Privileged Lady.

The kaiser, as all the world knows, is a musician, a poet, a sculptor and a painter, although, of course, his specialty is war.

There is a story about the kaiser and Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkrone, the brilliant American wife of a Danish diplomat.

The kaiser once, at Kiel, strummed for Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkrone "Aegir's March," his well-known musical composition. He then showed her a photograph of his painting, "The Last Charge," and a sketch of his statuette, "The Uhlan."

At the end, smiling excitedly, the kaiser looked at the lady.

"Well?" he said.

"So much taste," murmured Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkrone, whose wit gives her many privileges. "So much taste—and all of it bad."

The Waders.

The neutrality of Holland led John T. Conover, secretary of the Holland society, to tell this story in New York:

"Queen Wilhelmina, in the first flush of her youth and beauty, was honored by the kaiser with a review at Berlin.

A troop of six-footers passed. The kaiser looked at the young queen interrogatively. She smiled and shook her head.

"'Not tall enough,' she said.

"A little later a regiment passed wherein every man was 6 feet 7 inches in height.

"'Not tall enough,' laughed the young queen again.

"'Not tall enough?' exclaimed the kaiser. 'What on earth do you mean?'

"'I mean, sire,' the queen answered, 'that when we open our dikes the average depth of the water is eight feet.'"

The Russian government has placed an embargo on all kinds of lumber, to prevent its exportation; walnut lumber, including Circassian walnut, much prized by American furniture makers, is specifically mentioned.