

ple to seek the blessing of God upon machine guns and battleships, upon bomb-carrying dirigibles and aeroplanes, upon mines beneath the sea and beneath bridges. We who have been led to look upon God as the All-Father of the human brotherhood are now asked to see in Him a magnified tribal deity whose aid may be invoked in fratricidal strife. In the cathedrals of England and of Russia prayers are being offered for the success of the allied armies. In the churches of Germany and of Austria similar entreaties go up. Is there a God of the Triple Entente and another of the Triple Alliance? Does this war that divides races divide also the followers of Christ? Or can there be found a voice that will speak for a united christendom and in the name of Him whom it has called the King of Kings appeal to Europe's monarchs to call a halt in their campaign of slaughter? It is, perhaps, a dream, but at least a splendid dream, that comes to us. In it we can see Pope Pius, head of the great Roman communion, standing with the Patriarch of the Russian Greek church and the Archbishop of Canterbury to demand a "truce of God" in behalf of a common humanity. Here would be a comity of Christian forces that would exercise tremendous influence. It would stir the imagination of the world, and refusal to heed its voice would bring upon the warring monarchs the anathema of civilization. Surely, the church universal has a responsibility and an opportunity in this crisis.



The Incidence of Mediation.

Chicago Herald, July 5.—The fact that the press of Argentina, Brazil and Chile has recently contained many expressions of good feeling for this country and has applauded our stand in availing ourselves of the good offices of our southern neighbors as mediators has prompted many papers to call attention to the further fact that, no matter what the ultimate fate of mediation, one good which has resulted therefrom has been the promotion of better understanding of ourselves by South America. This comment is not confined to that portion of the press friendly to Mr. Wilson, but appears to be general. The New York Journal of Commerce, usually in opposition to the administration, says that this is "one good thing which could not have been attained by any alternative course." The Pittsburgh Dispatch says the President "deserves great credit" for this happening, while the Indianapolis Star says that "the acceptance of the offer of mediation did much to disarm suspicion of us in the other republics of the hemisphere."



A Mystery.

Cleveland Leader, July 12.—Why is it that a free citizen of this grand and glorious country, who is forbidden to smoke in railway stations, forbidden to drink on Sundays, except by means of a silly subterfuge, forbidden to see a play on Sundays, forbidden to walk on the grass in the park, forbidden to assemble and express his opinions (if he has any) in public places unless such opinions are entirely vacuous and bromidic, forbidden to do a host of things which every European is allowed as a mat-

ter of course. Why is it that when such a valiant citizen returns from Europe the first comment that occurs to his intelligent noodle concerns the number of "Verboten" signs he saw in Berlin.

RELATED THINGS

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BEFORE SEDAN.

By Austin Dobson.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—Special Correspondence.

Here in this leafy place quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;—all you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence over men's graves.
So this man's eye is dim; throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched, there at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched tight ere he died;
Message or wish, maybe:—smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us here could have smiled—
Only the tremulous words of a child;
Prattle, that had for stops just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss; tries to be bright,
Good to Mamma, and sweet. That is all, "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled slept with the slain!
If the grief died! But no—Death will not have it so.



TWO PROSPECTORS: THEIR PROBLEM.

For the Public.

It was late afternoon in a canyon of the California Sierras, seven thousand feet above the sea. The sunlight, breaking through between snow-peaks on the west smote half way down a granite cliff, and flooded the whole eastern end of the canyon, leaving long shadows over the pine forests. Everywhere silence brooded across vast spaces. A solitary eagle gazing down with his marvelous vision saw two prospectors sitting in the shadows at the base of the giant cliff, where a ledge of rusty quartz cropped out before them. Turning in shorter curves, he noticed that they were desperately worn, even to the edge of endurance, and that as they sat in silence on the rock, they held each other's hands, looking downwards to where a miner's pick lay beside a newly broken notch in the quartz.

So immovable sat the two, that again and again

the great vulture swooped nearer, marking their little camp by a soring, their little bed of fir boughs, the worn outfit, the single burro grazing among the rocks; seeing at last that they moved, he rose again into the Alpine spaces, crossed a divide and swept on, over other canyons, between even mightier snow-peaks.

At last the prospectors, turning from that gleam of gold, wide and "free" in the rock, at the bottom of the prospect-hole, but still clasping hands, began to talk with each other. Said the man, with a man's aggravating insistence on the obvious:

"Wife and comrade, it has come at last, just in time, for we were sure up against it. Now we can buy back the old farm that we threw away once; we can begin to do things among the people we knew. And we are not so very old."

"Not till we think so," she said, smiling upon his wrinkled face, clasping his worn hands, looking into his granite-gray eyes under snow-white brows.

"If our strike is what it seems," she went on, "I suppose we can have all that money gives; we shall again be like other people, live in many places, on great farms, or in cities, in noises and turmoils, battered by social claims, and becoming the slaves of things. We can leave our isolation, our remoteness from everyone else, our toil together for scanty bread, our study together, as when we found that thousand-dollar pocket—and spent the winter in an assayer's office. But can we ever learn to love anything else half as much? Can we ever get the prospecting fever out of our veins? Can we ever escape from these mountains which have been our refuge? Ought we to try to escape, or move back our lives; now that we ourselves have changed so much?"

He looked at her, with his heart in his eyes, seeing the grey hair, the tired face, the beauty beyond beauty, which had made him her lover ever since they first met, thirty-five years before. How many losses and sorrows they had borne together! Far off, in a little village graveyard their two children had been laid to rest, years before.

"Wife," he said, "all that is true, and I knew it, even as you spoke. We put aside the trick of needless words long ago. We read each other's looks; we know each other's hearts, and our lives have been made one. We went down into the depths together, we dwelt in the deserts, we wintered in the snows. We have left our trail from Cape St. Lucas to the Arctic Circle, and we have played the game of outdoor life with courage all these years. And you—" His voice broke, his face lit up as he looked at her.

The woman rose and built a fire; the man deepened the prospect pit, and broke off masses of rock, rich with free gold. Soon they sat down to their supper, and rested in the dusk, watching

the stars come out, one by one in the blue-black heavens.

Again the man spoke first. "It is a real bonanza," he said. "We can hammer a hundred thousand dollars out of that hole before the snow comes. Then we can put a mill under yonder waterfall, at the head of the canyon, and in two years there will be a thousand workmen here."

"And what is its name—you Boy!" she said, yielding to his mood as they sat in the starlight beside their campfire. "Is it to be the same old name that we began with?" She paused here, with tremulous lips, and he put his arm about her.

"Not so," he answered her thought: "That has come to be our priceless memory. It can't be 'The Sally-John Mine.' Somehow, this thing has got to lift us out of ourselves. We may even decide to give it away. It must be the 'Other Fellow Mine.'"

"You also have been thinking!" she cried. "We are enough alike and enough different; our results tally in the end. Here lies the problem: How much can we yield ourselves to our fortune, and still keep hold of ourselves? Last night, when we camped five miles down the canyon, tired as we were, and excited as you felt over the prospects of finding before long the source of that 'float-rock,' you still took out your old rod and brown hackle; you caught a magnificent trout for supper. We both said, you remember, that it was almost like one of our youthful camps, when we were learning how, ages ago; when once I waited by the fire for you to climb up the trail from the Royal Gorge of the American, with your fish-and-snake stories. But tonight—tonight, you heard the trout leaping yonder, and yet you let me build the fire while you staid, deepening the prospect-hole! We missed the trout, and you are somewhat less happy this moment, than you have been for many a long day."

"Yes," the man responded, "It is just so! But we shall fish again, fear not; we shall go where we please, and be our own masters henceforth. It may well happen that we shall not care for the old life. But we can sail the New Zealand fiords, climb the Andes, dig up a few prehistoric cities, set all the inventors at work and map the under-seas from pole to pole."

"Yes," she said, "I feel that too. We can hammer at what we please. But what is it that we please to do? Let us give it shape and a name, while we are here in the mountains, while we are still able to think it out. In a year from now, if we open up our mine and congratulations pour in on us, shall we not be caught in a spider web of dull bondages, now but vaguely forecast, far off and absurd, but then become real and very hard to break?"

"I see what we shall gain," she went on, "but what shall we lose? What rights, if any, do we as individuals possess now, as against the demands

which this possible bonanza—this treasure-house of nature—makes upon us to be used for mankind, and only in small part for ourselves?"

"In one sense, I feel that we have no personal rights at all; to this result we have spent almost twenty years, and this, too, is a part of our whole life-game. But in another sense, this too must be conquered. Let us not be slaves of anything on earth—not even of our bonanza."

"In a little time," he answered her, smiling as if there was pleasure in the thought, "we could take out enough gold to live in comfort, and then we could blast the cliff over the mine so deep that it might not come to light again for centuries. But sometime, I feel sure, the avalanches and snow-rivers would bring it to light again. Who can say what evil might not then work in the hands of unscrupulous men—evil for which we should justly be held responsible when the balance sheets are cast up? Item, a certain golden ledge in the Sierras, of which two prospectors were once afraid. It was their one talent, which they buried out of sight, and left there, until, ages after, another finding, thereby made himself the unjust ruler of a people, and wrought wickedness all his days, corrupting justice at its fountain heads."

"Is there no other way but the beaten track?" she cried out in sudden despair. "Shall we be paid twice over for these years of joy and labor? Now, looking back, I perceive that I would rather load up Long-ear tomorrow and take a new trail, though we are old and worn, and give this mine away, and be again as we were yesterday—only yesterday, when you went fishing."

"Comrade of my heart!" he answered her. "There is always a way out. Have we not learned that? You know it far better than I, and often have you shown me the way. Let us both keep and give. For ourselves, the few thousands that are needed to secure us plain bread and simple fire when we can no longer climb the mountain trails. To you and me, then, with very heedful reserve, enough, but not one cent too much. Then, as for the rest, it can be put in trust, so that after we are gone, the authorities of that university which was ours, and was to have been our children's, will send graduates of its mining college here, and open up this new Comstock lode. Do you not think, partner, that it will keep till then? Can we not build a cabin high up by the waterfalls and lakes, and live here each summer, where we belong, guarding 'The University Bonanza?' Now and then, for old time's sake, we shall take a prospector's trail again, but this will be annual headquarters, and we shall not really leave our Sierras, nor spoil our canyon. After us, let those to whom we shall be only two silly old prospectors who loved their university, unloose the deep thunder of the stamps on that slope of pines by the waterfall, and run mine cables down here to the shaft."

He thought a little deeper. "Of course, our

Alma Mater may not be big enough to have the gift; it may be too aristocratic, too remote from the lives of common people. But some institutions, groups of healthy fellow-workers can be found whom these millions can be given in trust. This is our real job—to find the rightly radical crowd."

"It sounds possible!" she exclaimed, "but in a year we will hear of some crying need for money, down there among people. We might desire to stop an industrial war, or annul the American constitution, or create ten square miles of botanical gardens, or build a City of Happiness; forthright we shall be tempted to loose the earth-shaking roar of our stamp-mills."

"Then we shall be amused at ourselves," he answered, "and we shall stick to our main scheme."

They leaned back, watching the constellations moving overhead. "Girl of mine," he whispered, "when I was a youngster I used to want to drink out of the dipper, and sit in Cassiopea's gleaming chair, away up there!"

Soon the midnight stars shone down on these two sleeping children, who called themselves old and seasoned prospectors, and who had worked out their problem together.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



WOMEN AND WAR.

By S. J. Duncan-Clark.

They have gone from the shop and field,
From city and fruitful plain,
The hammer and chisel are laid aside,
The sharp scythe rusts in the grain.
Peasant and artisan,
In the game of war mere pawns,
At the word of monarch no more than man
They march where red hell yawns.

In the door of a vine-clad cot,
On a hill that slopes to the sun,
On the curb of the street where its rays beat hot
The same grim thing is done —
Beneath the brave, set lips,
Beneath hysteric cheers,
A woman's heart feels fear that grips
And drips her blood in tears.

Hapsburg and Romanoff
And the Hohenzollern throne,
What are these names but words that scoff
As they rob her of her own?
A child is clinched to her breast,
And a child is held by the hand;
One sleeps while the other cheers with zest—
They can not understand.

But before the woman's eyes
Is a vision ghastly red
Of flames that leap to smoke-hung skies,
And war-plowed fields of dead.