Tägliche Omaha Tribüne

TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.: VAL. J. PETER, President.

1311 Howard Str. Telephon: TYLER 340. Omaha, Nebraska.

Des Moines, Ia., Branch Office: 407--6th Ave.

Preis des Tageblatts: Durch den Träger, per Woche 10c: durch die Post, per Jahr $5.00; einzelne Nummern 2c. — Preis des Wochenblatts: Bei strikter Vorausbezahlung, per Jahr $1.50.

Entered as second-class matter March 14, 1912, at the postoffice of Omaha, Nebraska, under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Omaha, Nebr., Mittwoch, den 6. Juni 1917.

Die Zwangs-Registrierung.

Die Jungmannschaft Amerikas hat Dienstag der ersten Bedingung des neuen Militärzwangsgesetzes Folge geleistet, und sich zum Dienst einschreiben lassen. Auf die Umgehung des Gesetzes waren schwere Strafen ausgesetzt, sodaß man erwarten konnte, daß die Aufforderung zur Einschreibung genau befolgt werden würde. Diese Annahme hat sich nun bestätigt. In vielen Städten, besonders den Großstädten des Landes, ist die Registrierung für den Militärdienst weit größer gewesen, als die Beteiligung an den bisherigen Wahlen. Das kommt vor allen Dingen daher, weil Tausende von Fremdgeborenen, die noch keine Bürger sind, also nicht wählen konnten, sich unter dem neuen Zwangsgesetze auch einzuschreiben hatten und dies auch getan haben. Dies ist ein neuer Beweis, daß die Verdächtigungen, die man in gewissen Kreisen gegen die Fremdgeborenen erhoben, besonders die Bürger deutscher Herkunft, jeglicher Begründung entbehren. Die deutschsprachige Presse dieses Landes hat wiederholt auf die Pflicht hingewiesen, das Gesetz zu befolgen, einerlei ob man von der Notwendigkeit oder Verwerflichkeit des Gesetzes überzeugt sei oder nicht. Ordnung muß sein und deshalb muß dem Gesetze Folge geleistet werden.

Die Einmütigkeit mit der sich unser Volk dem Zwangsdienstgesetze unterworfen, das ihm auferlegt wurde, ohne daß man es um seine Zustimmung gefragt, wird zweifelsohne von den Kriegsenthusiasten dahin ausgelegt werden, daß die Ver. Staaten mit großer Begeisterung in den Krieg eintreten werden. Das dürfte sich als eine Behauptung beweisen, für die der Beweis schwer zu erbringen ist. Die bisherige schwache Rekrutierung von Freiwilligen spricht jedenfalls überzeugend gegen diese Behauptung.

Der Entschluß unserer Regierung, den Militärzwangsdienst einzuführen, ohne Rücksicht auf die Stimmung des Volkes wird auf die ganze Welt einen mächtigen Eindruck machen, ganz abgesehen davon, ob unsere zu schaffende Armee jemals in den Krieg auf Europas Boden eingreifen wird oder nicht. Die übrigen Mächte werden in der Zukunft mit dem militärisch starken Volke der Amerikaner zu rechnen haben, und das wird auf die Neugestaltung der Welt entschieden seinen Einfluß haben. Es wird ferner unserem Volke klar werden, daß es mit der gepriesenen amerikanischen Freiheit in einem der wichtigsten Stücke auf immer vorbei ist. Denn sollten wir in großem Maße zum Eingreifen in den Weltkrieg kommen oder nicht, das darf heute schon als sicher gelten, der Militärzwangsdienst wird eine stehende Einrichtung in Amerika bleiben. Alle Zeichen der Zeit deuten darauf hin und diese haben hinsichtlich dieser Frage besonders in den letzten drei Jahren nimmer getäuscht.

Was die unter den Dienstag Registrierten Auszuhebenden anbetrifft, so hoffen wir, daß ein gütiges Geschick uns den Frieden bringen mag, bevor sie aufs Schlachtfeld nach Europa geschickt werden. Viele Anzeichen deuten zwar jetzt auf baldigen Frieden hin, aber gerade diese haben sich in den letzten Jahren sehr oft als trügerisch erwiesen.

Chinas Teilnahme am Kriege.

Der Ministerkrisis in China, welcher geteilte Meinung unter den Kabinettsmitgliedern bezüglich der Teilnahme am Weltkriege auf Seiten der Ententemächte zugrunde lag, ist durch Entlassung des gesamten bisherigen Ministeriums und Ernennung von Litschingsi zum Ministerpräsidenten und von Wutingfang, ehemaligem chinesischem Botschafter in Washington, zum Minister des Auswärtigen ein vorläufiges Ende gemacht worden. Dem neuen Premierminister und Minister des Aeußern wie auch dem Präsidenten der Republik selber werden deutschfeindliche oder vielmehr alliertenfreundliche Tendenzen nachgesagt, und die Möglichkeit ist daher nahegerückt, daß auch das Reich der Mitte in Bälde seine bisherige neutrale Haltung aufgeben wird.

Wie bald dieser Beitritt Chinas zum Ententebunde stattfinden wird, scheint nach Berichten aus dem Fernen Osten größtenteils von den Ententemächten selber abzuhängen, das heißt von ihrer Stellungnahme zu gewissen wohlberechtigten Forderungen Chinas.

Im Laufe des letzten Jahrhunderts hat sich das chinesische Reich veranlaßt gesehen, und zwar in den meisten Fällen unter Zwang, mit anderen Mächten Verträge mannigfaltigster Art abzuschließen, die von seiner Souveränität und Unabhängigkeit Stück um Stück abgerissen haben. Durch den jetzigen Krieg ist zwar Deutschlands Stützpunkt in China und mit ihm der größte Teil deutschen Einflusses verloren gegangen, aber um so fester sitzen andere Nationen, vor allem Russen, Engländer und Japaner, als Parasiten in der chinesischen Wolle und bedrohen auch noch das letzte Restchen von Unabhängigkeit in äußeren und inneren Angelegenheiten, das dem Lande bis jetzt noch gelassen worden ist.

Truppen auswärtiger Mächte liegen in der Hauptstadt der chinesischen Republik im Quartier. Das chinesische Heer darf nur unter japanischer Führung und nach Maßgabe der Erlaubnis Japans reorganisiert werden, und alle Arsenale werden von japanischen Offizieren verwaltet. In mehreren Provinzen haben sich die Japaner sogar die Kontrolle über die Ortspolizei angemaßt. Ausländer stehen an der Spitze des chinesischen Zolldienstes, und die Einfuhrzölle können von der chinesischen Regierung nur mit Zustimmung auswärtiger Mächte festgesetzt bzw. geändert werden. Die Einnahmen aus gewissen Zöllen und Binnensteuern müssen an chinesische Filialen auswärtiger Banken abgeführt werden, die sie zur allmählichen Deckung der Forderungen fremder Regierungen, vor allem der anläßlich des Boxeraufstandes entstandenen, verwenden. Die chinesische Regierung hat kein Recht, die am Eingange zum Hafen von Tientsin gelegenen und nach Beendigung des Boxeraufstandes geschleiften Befestigungen von Taku wieder instand zu setzen, obwohl sie für den Schutz Chinas gegen Angriffe zur See von ausschlaggebender Bedeutung sind, usw.

Alle diese Beschränkungen seiner Unabhängigkeit und Gebietshoheit verlangt China aufgehoben, ehe es an der Seite der Alliierten gegen Deutschland in den Krieg treten will. Es begründet sein Verlangen damit, daß der Krieg, an dem es teilnehmen soll, nach den Erklärungen der Staatsmänner in London, Paris, Washington usw. geführt wird, um allen Nationen das Recht auf Selbstregierung und Selbstbestimmung zu sichern, und daß es nicht mehr wie recht und billig sei, ihm seine eigenen Rechte zurückzugeben, ehe es zur Erzwingung der Rechte anderer Völker ins Feld ziehe. —

Gegen diese Forderungen Chinas läßt sich logischerweise und auch vom völkerrechtlichen Standpunkte keine triftige Einwendung erheben und lehnen die Alliierten ihre Gewährung ab, so brandmarken sie damit die amtlichen Angaben über ihre Kriegsziele als eitel Geschwätz und Lüge. Ganz besonders aber sind die Vereinigten Staaten daran interessiert, welche Antwort die Ententemächte auf die Forderungen Chinas geben werden. Sie sind die einzige Großmacht, die in China keine selbstsüchtigen Ziele verfolgt hat und verfolgt; sie haben unter Staatssekretär Hay den Grundsatz der Unverletzlichkeit des Gebiets Chinas aufgestellt und seine Anerkennung seitens aller anderen Nationen durchgesetzt; sie haben den Zielen dieses Krieges den unzweideutigsten Ausdruck gegeben in den Worten, daß in der ganzen Welt wahre Demokratie sichergestellt und allen Völkern das Recht gewahrt werden müsse, nach ihrem eigenen Wunsche und Willen regiert zu werden. Und ihnen, der mächtigsten Republik der Erde, liegt es ganz besonders ob, darüber zu wachen, daß der chinesischen Republik, dem jüngsten demokratischen Staatswesen und dem einzigen derartigen Staatengebilde in ganz Asien, kein Abbruch ihrer Rechte seitens stärkerer Nationen geschehe.

Japan stärkt seine Finanzlage, während alle anderen Kriegführenden sich in dieser Beziehung schwächen. Der kleine gelbe Mann weiß, was er tut.

Dieser Weltkrieg hat so manchem „Ländle" die langerwünschte Gelegenheit zu einem Riesenpump gegeben!

Wenn die Kriegsprofite besteuert werden sollen, verlieren gewisse Leute alle Begeisterung für den Krieg!

Volltreffer.

Dem World Herald ist schon wieder eine schmerzliche Ueberraschung bereitet worden, dessen einstiger Liebling, Nikolai Nikolajewitsch, der größte Stratege aller Zeiten, der Sieger in so manchen Schlachten, die er für ihn geschlagen hat, ist wegen royalistischer Umtriebe verhaftet worden.

Der Krieg kostet uns heute schon sechzehn Millionen Dollars täglich Gerade genug, um sechzehntausend amerikanischen Arbeiterfamilien ein unverzinsliches Darlehen von je tausend Dollar als Grundstock für die Erwerbung eines eigenen Heims zu gewähren.

Das starke Fallen der russischen Anleihewerte und des Rubelkurses läßt erkennen, daß unsere Finanzwelt alles Vertrauen in die Stabilität der russischen Verhältnisse verloren hat. Die Börse wird in solchen Dingen von ihrem finanziellen Instinkt viel sicherer geleitet als ein mittelmäßiger Staatsmann von seinen politischen Spekulationen.

Ein amerikanischer Offizier, der aus dem Kriege mit Spanien bekannte Kapitän R. P. Hobson, schreibt in einem gut amerikanischen Blatte, dem New York American, wie folgt: „Direkt vor britischen Häfen und Flottenstützpunkten haben die Deutschen mit gewohnter Gründlichkeit bedeutende Erfolge, mehr als der Zensor ins Ausland zu berichten gestattete, errungen mit ihren Zerstörern und durch Verwendung von Tauchbooten und Minen und haben feindliche Schiffe von größter Wichtigkeit beschädigt und sogar zerstört." Diese Behauptung eines Sachverständigen gibt vielleicht eine Erklärung für die ein paar Tage zuvor vom kanadischen Ministerpräsidenten in Ottawa gemachte, Aufsehen erregende Aeußerung: „Unsere Schiffsverluste waren in der Tat sehr bedenklich, und einige davon haben sich kürzlich unter Umständen ereignet, die ich nicht näher erwähnen darf, die jedoch hinreichend kritisch sind."

Fischfang durch Saugluft. Auf denselben technischen Grundsätzen wie unsere Vakuum-Apparate zur Aufsaugung des Teppichstaubes beruht ein von einem Holländer erfundener Saugapparat für den Fischfang. Aus dem Boden des Schiffes ragt ein in der Fahrtrichtung gebogenes großes Rohr heraus, das senkrecht durch den Schiffskörper bis aufs Deck durchführt, wo der eigentliche Saugapparat angeordnet ist. Unter dem Schiffsboden ist vor der Röhrenmündung ein weites, trichter- oder flaschenförmiges Drahtnetz angebracht, das wagrecht zum Schiffskörper verläuft, gegen den Bug zu offen ist und nach hinten sich verengernd in die Röhre mündet. Vor deren Oeffnung befindet sich ein elektrisches Licht, durch das die Fische in das Innere des Netzes gelockt, von dem Saugrohr nach oben gezogen und sofort in einen Wasserbehälter befördert werden. Das durch eingelegte Ringe versteifte Netz ist etwa ein Drittel so lang wie der Schiffskörper und kann durch über den Bug laufende Flaschenzüge mit Leichtigkeit ausgelegt und wieder aufgeholt werden.

Die ganz „blutwürstig" gewordene „Chicago Tribune" schrieb kürzlich unter der Ueberschrift: „Junge Burschen und die Armee" einen kurzen Leitartikel, den wir zur Kennzeichnung hier im Wortlaute folgen lassen: „In den Armeen der Union im Bürgerkriege standen 133,745 junge Burschen im Alter von achtzehn, 90,215 im Alter von neunzehn und ungefähr 46,000 junge Männer im Alter von fünfundzwanzig Jahren. Es befanden sich dort nur 16,000 Männer im Alter von vierundvierzig Jahren. Die jungen Burschen marschierten und kämpften besser als die Männer. Die jungen Burschen retteten die Union. Der Kongreß läßt die jungen Burschen im Alter von 18 bis 21 Jahren in der Armee nicht zu. Er will nicht aus unserer größten Quelle militärischer Kraft zu einer Zeit schöpfen, wo unverzüglich angewandte militärische Kraft d' Krieg verkürzen könnte. Er will die jungen Burschen ohne Verantwortlichkeit zurücklassen und die Männer heranziehen, die gerade begonnen haben, für das Gemeinwesen wertvoll zu werden. Der Kongreß hat sich dazu entschlossen, weil einige Mütter ihre Söhne fernerhin am Schürzenbändel haben möchten. Das ist sentimentale Eitelkeit."

Besucht Otto Porsay.

In seinem neuen Lokal 314 Süd 14. Straße. Begehrenswerteste alkoholfreie Getränke und feiner Lunch.

Wenn andere verfehlt haben, Ihren Augen Erleichterung zu schaffen, besuchen Sie Dr. Weiland, Fremont, er macht schwierige Fälle eine Spezialität.

OUR BRITISH COUSINS.

IRISH WRITER FINDS THE MOTE IN JOHN BULL'S EYE.

Editor's note: Below we publish a chapter from "John Bull Under the X-Rays," by an Irish writer widely-known, under the pseudonym of "Conn Shraughran." It deals as pointedly with the presumptions of English culture as do the English with the presumptions of German Kultur.

Some appreciation should be here made of the Anglo-Saxon point of view with regard to the world around him, which will help to explain many traits so admirable in him but which show such an apparent contradiction of the deficient standards of the weaker races.

We must always bear in mind the lofty ideal of the pure Anglo-Saxon that to his trusty care are confided the august interests of Almighty God in the Creation, and that it is his sacred duty to safeguard them, and protect them from the rest of the world, which is entirely given over to low greed, corruption and evil. These interests are so intensely studied by him that no detail is missed, even to the pennies in the trousers pockets of a Chinese coolie. He may allow another race to associate itself with him when convenient to assist him in any detail of the trust confided to him, and at this time that race, by the nobility of the nobility of the service, is lifted up almost to a level with him. But he knows to well the general debility of everybody else and their want of stubborness in right doing, so that when the assistance is once utilized he is more disposed to give a corrective than a reward. He can't be expected to do all himself.

He gets the French to smash up the Germans, and the Germans to smash the French. He puts these against the Russians and these against these, and so on. They do each other a tremendous lot of harm. He is like the intoxicant introduced into the happy tea-party of international politicians. But the work of the Lord is advanced: Each gives him his coat to mind, and he helps them all, retains besides the breeches of one of them. Thus every year gives more power to his great people.

The Jesuits are said to teach that the end justifies the means in matters of faith: The Anglo-Saxon practices this principle in international politics. In God's work he will not distain to avail himself of the filthiest instruments to effect his noble ideals.

"THE SELECTED PEOPLE"

One has to realize fully the grandeur, the sublimity and the plendor of the ideal which he puts before him to realize fully that any other consideration whatever must give it place.—The extension of the Empire of Great Britain, which is synonimous with the Empire of God—"God's Kingdom on Earth," each Englishman has his enobling ideal before him, the great Englishman and the little Englishman. He is penetrated with it. He orders his life accordingly; because he is an item of that Empire. He lives for it—he don't die for it, because he can always get somebody else to do that, and a dead Englishman is no good. His Bible tells him that the Earth is the Lord's and the kingdom thereof. The British Empire is God's Empire and is therefore his Holy Executor. Therefore the Earth is the Anglo-Saxon's. This is dinned into him every Sunday at Church; every English poet sings it; every historian shows it clearly; in every newspaper he sees conclusively the truth of it, and he cannot for the life of him see why other people can possibly have any doubt about it. If the Earth is the Lord's and the kingdoms thereof, how shocking it is that rulers of nations do not willingly subject themselves to His Executor, but on the contrary even attempt to question Him. And when you come to reason it it does seem a bit thick. He does what he can to make them realize it. He almost tires of showing everybody how tyrannical, immoral, greedy, corrupt, ignorant and incompetent they are, and what awful liars. He has told it to the French and then to the Germans and the Russians, and the Yankees and everybody in turn until one would almost expect him to lose patience and give the thing up as hopeless. It is just when people are degraded like this that they are least pleased about its being pointed out to them. If you keep telling a man what a low, dirty skunk he is you must not expect him to thank you, however true it may be. On the contrary you touch him on the raw. This will give an idea of the ungrateful task of the Briton and the reason of his world-wide unpopularity. But he does it and keeps on doing it.

ALL FOR "CHRISTIANITY"

He went to India with the purest intentions to save the poor "blacks" from the rapacity of the French. He got the Hindus to fight, cheering them on with the best soldiers on the face of God's earth, until the French were cleared out, and he has remained ever since, determined that the French shall never go there again, because English civilization is superior to French or Hindu civilization. But do you suppose that the Indians appreciate the beauty of this Ideal? Not a bit. He has been stubborn in his constant determination in the almost hopeless attempt to make them see, and he has been obliged to make the half of them who thought they saw it kill off the other half that didn't, ever since. But he is patient. Time will show. It is all on his side.

Having fixed up God's Empire in India he starts out from there to do more good in the neighboring regions. * * *

He minds not at all the mean grumblings of the Indians, Egyptians, Boers, Irish, Americans, Chinese, Negroes and the rest who cannot or will not see the glory and honor of being bamboozled, if such a term can be applied to so sublime a matter, by the greatest Empire on earth. He goes forward on his lofty mission undisturbed and with the stubborness peculiar to him. He has made half the world wipe off the other half to make room for him, and God has blessed his efforts. He does his duty as God's executor and takes his reward for his services, for it is his to take. **He subscribes to the Society for the Propagation of the Bible, which has made all this so easy and so delightful and moral.** * * *

THE PAPERS AT J. B.'S COMMAND

He goes to the newspapers, all of which are at his disposal, and although you have been his faithful friend, he says:—"Go for that ferocious, blood-thirsty hound. Tell the world he don't even wash his feet, the dirty beast: while the King of England bathes all over nearly every day," tell the whole world what he really is. I will give you the facts. He orders the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury to call upon God to damn and blast your accursed head and to send you neck and crop to the lowest depths of Hell fire. And almighty God does it. * * *

Then your neighbor goes for you with fury and you have to go for him and you don't know the reason of it all. The Arch-Bishop of Canterbury yells God's curse upon you, and all the newspapers and all the Anglo-Saxons murmer "Amen!"

When the job is over and you have been beaten to the ground by your own friends, the Anglo-Saxon steps in and takes your land from your astonished neighbor. And then he sets about the same operation with the latter.

The weaker nations are cursed by God with a bad memory. As the ancient said, "The Gods make first mad those whom they wish to destroy," these fools wreck each other with the greatest willingness in order that the least intellectual race should predominate. It may be said that the lower rices excel in art, in sciences, and in the refined realm of thought, but it must be remembered that the Anglo-Saxon possesses the property of the "knout," which, if it does not seem a high quality to the blacks is of more practical value to him. With the "knout" and the pure word of God he can do them in the eye every time. As for Arts and Sciences and refined ideas he can import at his own price what he wants of these from the blacks; they themselves providing the funds for the purchase.

THE "BIG BROTHER" OF ALL

Britain worked the wars of the Netherlands and the 30 Years' War. She smothered the great Napoleon, and rubbed it well in when he was down. She has nearly stifled great Russia. She claims has saved the Catholic faith and the Mahommetan faith and the other faiths, and she claims has helped to destroy them, as a staunch Protestant nation should. She has been the rallying point of the Latin race, the Teutonic race, the Mongolian race and the rest, and she has done them all brown. Every one has cursed her and blessed her in turn, while she has been having a good English langh at the whole troop of idiots.

Great sovereigns have gone down before her; ancient dynastics with noble traditions have come to a sudden end, brilliant intellects have been extinguished; grand beneficent hearts have broken in sheer sorrow at the hopelessness of trying to resist her majestic craft; schools of learning bringing invisible powers to the aid of man have been destroyed; civilizations lost, races entirely disappeared and sweet traditions buried.

And what other nation but England has given the Pure Gospel, authorized version, revised, bound in cloth, with annotations, for seven cents gold, with a discount for quantities?

The German will fight her battles again, the French will brag of the great souls she lost in her service, and the Russian will cruch other peoples for her. She will secure a Delcassé for a Fashoda in every government of the world. Their heroes and magnates will pass down in history unnoticed while the insignificant heroes of her marvelous little army, which came in with the band when the vulgar fighting was done, will loom immense and overwhelming in the world's records—for it is she who will publish them.

FALSIFYING HISTORY

Look at Wellington! Who ever heard of the valiant Spaniards and their generals who did all the charging and stood all the shocks of the savage French in the Peninsular War? At Waterloo this Genius was looking round for a chance to scoot when he found he was saved by Bluecher. But who would be so silly as to ascribe the victory to anybody else but Wellington when every magazine and every periodical gives it to him? Who would have the courage to attribute it to Bluecher?

Britain's History is in strict accordance with the Great Ideal. It tells of magnificent princes who did things in the most magnetic manner, of ennobling popular movements —though savagely suppressed—and of acts of almost fictitious heroism in great battles never fought. The disaster of the downfall of the British Empire would necessitate the rewriting of the world's history. The other nations would be emboldened to restore their lost reputations.

Thus a small island habited by a purely commercial race has the favor of God to a certain extent, and more by the splendid qualities of its people, with the faculty of pitting wicked mankind against mankind, maintained itself, has flourished and dominated the greatest races in the world, and has kept back the march of human progress to the point at which there is the best commercial profit for her.

Left to peace and progress, France or Germany or even Spain would reach a height of excellence in the fields of thought and activity which would leave the Anglo-Saxon miles below, and in complete incompetence in a world in which his special gifts were useless. It would never do. We should have such discoveries in medicine, in applied arts, and in the realms of thought from the capacious minds of these people that the Anglo-Saxon would be nowhere with his bargains in groceries, his bales of cotton, and his magnificent arts of advertising. He realizes all this, and knows that the attainment of the Great Ideal is in the wreck of wicked humanity. He reckons on producing a war among his neighbors every twenty years; which will keep them miserable and out of the running. And he succeeds in bringing it off every time. * * *

He is never tired of counting up the merits of his great ideal Empire. The poorest Anglo-Saxon enthuses when he tells of the millions of square miles over which his great race rules, of the mighty millions of inhabitants, of its prodigious wealth and resources, and of its Omnipotent power. The Sun never sets on it—only rises. He fully realizes that it is the greatest Empire in the world; the greatest that ever was or ever will be, and that Almighty God is as delighted with it as he is himself. Were you to ask him where his share of the immente Empire was he would push his rough hands through the holes in his pocket in surprise. For he is actually poorer than richer by each great acquisition; he pays the cost of all and there is nothing for him but the IDEAL. He sees his Lord smoking more cigars and living in a bigger house and he sings from his patriotic heart, "Rule Britannia, Britons never, never, never will be Slaves." We've seen the glory of the GREAT IDEAL in the case of the famous Captain Kidd, and how he held it ever before him. He was a pirate, yes; but, a **British Pirate.** He slit more throats than anybody else—even Drake. He ripped up stomachs, and drowned hundreds, and outraged many women. And we have shown that he did all of for mere base motives; because an Englishman, as Rudyard Kipling would show, is incapable of low, base motives; he did it all for the pure love of Christ and His great Empire. We have shown that he never laid his head down to rest without reading a chapter of the Book of Life, no doubt given him by an earnest English Christian Mother. If the Church of England were not so tied by the precautions of the early Reformers he would ere now have been canonized; for he brought much solid gold to the Empire.

ABOUT BRITISH IDEALS

We note the endearing characteristic of piety even among the criminal class, so-called, in Great Britain. It is almost inconceivable that an Englishman could transgress the Commandments of the Lord. But we must suppose that at times he feels he has to. Kipling would doubt it. But of this you may be sure, that if he does he is impelled by no ordinary motives. How powerful is the grand IDEAL, and how consoling and rejoiceful!

The celebrated murderer, Charles Peace, in all his crimes never once forgot the great IDEAL. He kept that before him. Between the intervals of his nefarious operations he loved to chant over the beautiful hymns of Moody & Sankey, and enjoy a heart to heart commune with God. We may be sure of this, that what murders he did were done for the best and to further English civilization. Perhaps, too, his robberies were carried out with the pious purpose of some day raising a modest little Baptist chapel in some little village in which he as its Pastor could work to draw hearts to God.

Can it be wondered at that with this IDEAL before him, the Anglo Saxon walks the earth as its king. He goes to an American farm and says: "Why, your chickens are no good at all. You should kill all your chickens and have my breed. They are all in my Herd Book. Unless you have chickens in my Herd Book you can't expect any eggs!"

You kill all your excellent chickens and buy his at his own price, and he charges you one dollar each to put their names and addresses, and their number in his Herd Book. You do it because everybody is doing it; although you have an idea that you have seen the same chickens before, and he takes all the money back off to England. He has in this the GREAT IDEAL of marvelous English cattle and sheep and dogs; though they are all importations. He sells his Langshan chickens in China, his Hungarian horses in Austria, and his cross Rambouillets in France. And they pay his price for them, because they each have a number, name, and address, and are entered in his Herd Book, and all other animals, however much better they may look, are altogether inferior. It is not check! it is the GREAT IDEAL.

BRITISH CONCEPTION OF THE MILLENIUM

When the millenium comes and by God's great goodness His Great People come into the full possession of his inheritance; when the whole world is Christ's and the British Empire's; when the savage languages of France, Spain, Germany and the rest of the nations shall be forgotten, and every inhabitant of the Earth is talking the cultured language of England what a magnificent aspect the Universe will assume with the immortal Union Jack flying on every spire, in every clime in the sight of an at last contended Heaven after centuries of such annoying wickedness and evil. All goods used by the children of men will be of glorious British manufacture sent out in glorious British ships, paying glorious uniform rates—at as reasonable a price as such a favor can be charged. Each will have his British bible which will contain the pure Gospel of Christ. It will not require any more revision; because it well then do well enough. Each will be paying a price for everything which will be based on the necessities of Empire. Each will be eating English margarine, singing English music, and admiring English art. The future Napoleon will be cleaning the boots of the English clerk, the future Bismarck will be running for the shaving water of the English tax collector, and the future Lizst or Chopin will be sweating loading cereals for the Imperial Corn-Market —with permission to hum something over when he can get his breath. English Truth will be given to the world, not the indecent savage which stalks forth naked as a Black, nicely clad, handsomely embroidered by British art. The Anglo-Saxon will walk the Earth in the amplitude of his grandeur. He will not be proud; because he is incapable of swank; he will simply walk with a full consciousness of his abnormal superiority keeping everybody in his place in what will be the British Creation, and simply showing them by his glory what reward is in store for those who have the pure word of God, and are animated by rectitude unselfishness and virtue—in the abstract.

(Issues and Events.)

HARRIS DICKSON CLAIMS AMERICANS LOVE BUNK. GERALD S. LEE PROVES IT.

(Harris Dickson in Saturday Evening Post.)

We Americans love bunk. Being a country American myself, of the common or garden variety, I know what I'm talking about. We do love bunk. We just nationally eat it up—a stuff that's not too bright or too good for Yankee nature's daily food. Of all the bunk we are fed upon, none is more greedily devoured than the Fourth-of-July oration about a fighting citizenship and a rush to arms. We are the fighting citizenship; we are the patriotic rushers; we are the original patentees, progenitors and extemporaneous guardians of freedom! We are it!

Nothing tickles our vanity so much as being patted on the back for natural-born warriors who can lick the world. The perspiring orator pumps us full of heroic hot air, which pleasingly distends our hides with manhood; and we elect the orator to Congress. Poets sing of triumphant liberty; schoolbooks teach of tyrants trembling before the musketry of embattled farmers. Then the spectacled historian comes along to clinch these patriotic fakes with unassailable statistics. All of which is strictly for home consumption. Exported bunk does not pass at par.

I had not yet outgrown the first pair of short pants before my life opinions were fixed. I firmly believed that a solitary and adolescent patriot could put a lightning bug on the end of a corncob and chase the armies of Europe into the Atlantic Ocean. A machine-made soldier was nothing more than a mechanical toy, which worked pretty well until the string broke.

I should not intrude my own opinions except for the fact that almost every other American boy believes the same thing. Grown men believe it. It is public opinion and shapes the policy of this nation.

WORDS OF AN "AMERICAN PATRIOT".

(Gerald Stanley Lee in The Outlook.)

"I cannot help wishing the American band would stop singing of "My Country 'tis of Thee"—singing of its thirty cents—would stop with a crash, and break out suddenly singing as tho its heart would break the song of broken and bleeding France. The "Marseillaise" expresses more the actual, honest American feelings I am having as a human being and as a citizen today than "America" does."

"And when I think of "God save the King", of that noble and passionate song hoarse with death, full of love and tenderness and mighty-heartedness, as it is being sung in England today, and remember that daily, nightly, over there they are singing it to the same tune a America is sung, and when I think that some American band at this very moment probably is tripping out in a warm glow of feeling to great banks of happy faces the same tune that, high and stern and splendid, the English boys in the Trenches of France are singing to the stars, it cuts me to the quick."