Europe Bleeding to Death In the Midst of Peace

Fear Is Master and There Is a Blind, Senseless Competition Toward Bankruptcy—Striking Article in the London Nation.

"Roll up the map of Europe"—so ran the most famous of historic declarations. "It will not be needed for a generation." "Roll up the map of social progress," is the command from whatever malign spirit broods over Europe a century afterwards, "and for an indefinite future concentrate your energies upon the apparatus of war." Nothing new to the student of present affairs has been revealed by the debates and alarms of the past fortnight. That competition in armaments is spreading from the land to the sea, that the nations of Europe are confronting each other across frontiers mined with explosives and bristling with bayonets, that one half the national expenditure of all the peoples is devoted to the apparatus of destruction, that a whole civilization, subtle and cunning in invention, is moving along the pathways of Fear and Hatred towards bankruptcy or some cosmic catastrophe—these are facts which the prophets of modern days have emphasized with mournful iteration. But they are facts specially brought home in such moments as the present, when one particular people is compelled to take stock of its own position. In each human life the individual is running a losing race with death. Sooner or later will come an end of the struggle which each day brings nearer. But, for the most part, he pursues his business undisturbed, thinking that he will endure forever. Only occasionally—in the loss of a friend, through the warning of disease, by some arresting accident—he is brought sharply into contact with reality; in the sudden realization of his hazardous and transitory condition. Something similar to this sharp contact with reality in the life of the individual has happened today in the life of the nation. We face a cross section of a race to ruin. Liberal statesmen, heirs of Gladstone and Cobden, and Bright, can but proclaim melancholy forebodings and warnings of disaster, such as those which this week in the British House of Commons, a Liberal foreign secretary has proclaimed to an attentive Europe. All those unclean forces which flourish upon confusion and hatred rejoice in the triumph of their cause. The prospect of peace and goodwill, and the effort towards making the life of the laboring populations something removed from an unintelligible struggle in the darkness against hunger and cold, vanish before the vision of the nations concentrating their energies and aims, with treasure wasted as water and all invention directed towards one end, the elaboration, for the destruction of their fellows, of more certain instruments of death.

The actual wealth expended is perhaps the least of the losses involved. Yet this wealth, in the main mulcted from the working peoples, is itself becoming an intolerable burden. Of all the necessary arts of government—education, social reform, adventure against disease, maintenance of public order, encouragement of industry and trade—one-half the total amount extorted from the people with less or greater unfairness between class and class, is today devoted to military and naval armament. And the result—in Germany, in England, in Russia, even in that America which was to reveal a "new start" in the "progress of humanity"—is the exhibition of huge financial deficits, which the wealthy manage steadily to edge off on to the shoulders of the poor. What alternative were possible, if men, as in the romance of a modern novelist, were, through the advent of some kindly comet, suddenly to become sane and kindly and courageous? In these islands alone the liberation of sixty millions a year—now as completely wasted, for all humane and rational purposes, as if spilt in the gutters; a sum which it is scarcely too much to say, if wisely used, would effect almost the complete abolition of "poverty" as it exists today amongst those who inherit little or nothing of the advantage civilization is supposed to bring. But beyond the actual waste of material resource there is the far more deplorable damage in the deflection of intelligence and the highest skill into the ingenuity of destructive weapons. "In the arts of life," is the boast of the Devil of Don Juan, "man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine." "In a battle two bodies of men shoot at one another with bullets and explosive shells until one body runs away, when the others chase the fugitives on horseback and cut them to pieces as they fly. And this, the chronicle concludes, shows the greatness and majesty of empires and the littleness of the vanquished. Over such battles tre people run about in the streets, yelling with delight, and egg their governments on to spend hundreds of millions in the slaughter, while the strongest ministers dare not spend an extra penny in the pound against the poverty and pestilence through which they daily walk." That "Devil" might find a special cause for merriment in the estimates of the British Government of last month—a decrease in the expenditure upon education, an increase of three millions upon armaments.

"So it has been from the beginning," the plain man may say with a shrug of the shoulders; "so will it be to the end." This is a misunderstanding of the situation. So has it never been from the beginning. Wars and rumors of wars have, indeed, scourged mankind since the dawn of history. But never, at least in European history, has there been exhibited the condition of the past thirty years, with—in practice—every male citizen a soldier, and no limit possible or conceivable to the multiplication of the instruments of war. From big ship to bigger ship, from gun of two miles to gun of ten miles ranges, from battle on land to battle on sea, from the surface to underground, soon from war in the ocean to war in the air, the process is never backward or stationary. It is always advancing to more complex, more costly, and more universal absorption in armaments. Where is it all going to end? Or, if it is to have no end, but to be prolonged as a kind of indefinite nightmare, who is to estimate the cost, upon each successive generation, in a burden ever increasing in weight, laid upon nations already troubled by a social discontent which they can neither appease nor forget? And all on such a thin plank of security together, at best like shipwrecked mariners floating on an uncharted sea, the prey to inimical or indifferent natural forces, an earthquake which in five seconds will make an end of a hundred thousand, pestilence, famine, gaunt poverty, an uncertain future, death so speedily coming to each, to make an end (for him) of all labor and delight under the sun.

The governments and the governing classes have failed. That is the lesson of the present controversy. Some speak today in more amicable, others in more truculent accents. The decent, bewildered peasant and artisan populations look on, helpless, while those who stand for their interests glare and gibber at each other across artificial frontiers, encourage the "martial spirit," crimp and conscript them into enormous armies, suck out the fruits of their hard labor to pay for floating islands and sea monsters of destruction.

It would be interesting—and humiliating—to read those pages of history, written as today the history of declining Rome is written, by a generation detached and impartial, telling the real intelligent, human verdict upon twentieth century Europe. It will be the story of a civilization in bondage to governments and governing classes absorbed in their foolish diplomacies, the "game" that they play so assiduously and so clumsily, only revealing at times, as in the memoirs of a Hohenlohe or a Bismarck "with how little wisdom the world is governed." Today, in the announcement made from every capital that Fear is master, and that this race to ruin must continue in blind senseless competition towards bankruptcy, the governing classes proclaim their impotence. Is there more hope from the "intellectuals"; the classes which in early Victorian England stood most completely for the attainment of sanity in international friendliness and agreement? From these, it must be confessed today, least of all. The German "profesors" outrival in truculence the intellectuals of our older universities, and descend even to the platforms of the hated Socialists to plead for increase of naval armaments. The high priests of the new religion of humanity excel even the official heads of the established church in the appeal to panic fear. The lunacy of the halfpenny press pales before that of the sixpenny review or the half-crown magazine. Commercial and financial interests perhaps present a bigger hope for the future. Prince Buelow struck a real blow for peace when he emphasized the tenacious web of trading connections which were binding England and Germany together; and although commerce has not altogether fulfilled the high hopes expressed in such poems as those of the early Tennyson, undoubtedly it offers through the time of the present confusion the best guarantee that, though war is always "inevitable," war may never come.

But it is not only war, but the preparation for it which weighs today so heavily upon mankind; and against this preparation commerce is no protector. The "common people" alone would seem to be the real hope of averting this gigantic cataclysm. There is a sentiment and a determination growing up independent of governments which will one day surely ernments which will one day surely declare that this hideous progress must cease. Those who have nothing to gain from any conceivable conflict may be found, to the consternation of all who delight in war, to declare that wars shall cease; that the price paid for the pleasure of this entertainment is more than intelligent human life will continue to pay. In the "Solidarity of Labor" between nation and nation would seem to be bound up all the hope for the future of the world. It may mean revolt, denunciation, sacrifice, individuals in passive resistance, perhaps a "martyr" nation. It may only come from some renewal of a spiritual faith, a new vitality for a religion which in its older forms amongst the industrial peoples is dying or not yet born. "The cause of the wretched condition of the Christian nations," says Tolstoy, "is the absence of a supreme conception, common to them all, of the meaning of life, of faith, and of guidance for conduct resulting from faith." Il n' y a plus d'Europe ("There is no longer any Europe.") is a cry which has been raised this week in face of a particular unpleasant diplomatic incident. Il n' y a plus d'Europe may be a permanent verdict upon a Europe fissuring ever deeper into vertical divisions between nation and nation and horizontal divisions between class and class. It is something if we can still strongly hope, in face of these staggering realities, that the common sentiment of the industrial peoples will come to arrest a progress before which the present governing classes acknowledge their helplessness. Else it may be, as in the old Norse vision, that only after the completion of the catastrophe in a final cosmic struggle between the blind, brutal forces, all destroying, and all at last destroyed, there can rise from "the twilight of the gods" the dawn of a new world.—London Nation.

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All Varieties Among Nurses

A Man's Observations During a Spell of Sickness.

The Precise and the Heavy-Footed, the Gentle-Faced and the Severe, the Cheerful and the Nurse Who Said "Dammit!"—All of Them All Right.

"Did you ever make a study of nurses?" asked the man who had been sick for a long while. Then after a pause: "I suppose not. You have been one of those fortunate creatures; never been laid up for months.

"If you had been you might know something about nurses. They're interesting. You know how long they had me tied in a bed—well, I saw a lot of 'em, and soon I was studying 'em.

"No, it wasn't because I was such a crank and they couldn't stand me for more than a week at a time that they rung so many changes on me. A lot of shifts were made because of the conditions over which I had no control and with which I had nothing to do. In fact I was considered a first-class patient—amiable, good natured, not too finicky.

"The result was that I got into the habit of making a close range study of nurses. It wasn't bad fun.

"You may not know it, but there are all kinds of nurses, just as there are all kinds of, say, peaches. You have the blonde and the brunette, the light-footed girl and the heavy-footed, the sweet-faced and the stern visaged, the gentle and the serene, the sunshiny and the solemn, the forgetful and the watchful—oh, all varieties. I saw a specimen of each variety.

"The first nurse I had—after a spell I got used to 'em—scared me. That's just it—she scared me.

"It may sound funny that a full-grown man who had been used to handling men was scared by a little black-haired woman not long out of girlhood, but that is exactly what happened. Of course I was green—green on nurses. That had something to do with it.

"Well, the first thing I knew here was I, who had never been bossed, being bossed in my own room by a little woman who glided noiselessly about. She knew where everything belonged, and it went exactly there.

"When I had to take medicine it was ready right on the dot. When I wanted something I shouldn't have I didn't get it. I was never angry about it as it was done firmly but in a way that did not make me feel that something was being kept from me, you understand.

"After a few days I knew that that particular young woman was going to have her way—always with a smile. Every morning I had to be all dressed up—that is, a clean white spread was draped over the bed.

"I couldn't see the use of that when nobody came to see me, and if anybody had I wouldn't have been allowed to see them. If that white spread was left off for a day, however, I soon discovered that the room did not have that spick and span and refreshed appearance that went with the spread.

"My, but she was particular about having my hair combed. At first I couldn't see the use of that. First place, my hair never would stay combed. An hour after I had gone through the motions it was all fussed up again. Then why have your hair combed when there was no one to see it except that nurse?

"Maybe it became a habit, but after she had left things didn't go right for a whole day if I didn't do that hair-combing stunt in the morning. Afterward I realized that the young woman had in her makeup many of the good qualities of a nurse—gentle yet firm, a remarkable memory, attention to little details and a disposition never ruffled.

"There was the heavy-footed and clumsy nurse. She wasn't large or ungainly, but she couldn't help stumbling into things, generally knocking them over. She never shut a door; it slammed. She seemed to go out of her way to kick things. Every time I saw her I expected to hear a crash or see something go over. It was a diversion. She stamped in the halls and pounded into the rooms. You always knew when she was on the job.

"This nurse was the very opposite of another, a tall, broad-shouldered, heavy woman who had good-sized hands and feet, but seldom made any noise. It was always a wonder to me how a woman so big could move around without disturbing things.

"She would slip—if a big woman can slip—into the room, opening the door without creak and shutting it without a jar. Nothing ever got in her way, or perhaps she never got in the way of anything. She did things gracefully. Her hands were large but not coarse—hands that you expected to find on a woman of her built. They belonged where they were.

"After her was the slim young thing, who had a dreamy, thoughtful expression. She had a mission in life, I'm sure. She was a nice girl, but she made me feel that I ought to be praying or repenting a wicked past.

"Once or twice she tried for an opening on things spiritual, but I sidetracked her. I knew that if we ever got started I would shock her. I think she took up nursing to save souls. She was a perfectly good nurse, too.

"All persons are more or less forgetful, but there was one nurse who could have done without a head so far as memory was concerned. If she picked up a glass and passed it from her right to her left hand she couldn't remember what she had done with it. If you asked her for a glass of water she would pick up a glass and start off with the best intentions of coming back with the water; and she'd come back, but without the water.

"Her face would have a troubled look and it would be plain that far back in that brain of hers she was searching for something she had forgotten. It was then up to you to say, 'The water, please,' and she would reply, 'Oh, yes,' with a smile that dissipated your cross expression. You got the water.

"Perhaps you think she was a nuisance to have around. Not to my way of thinking. I got so that I really liked her.

"Of course, you must remember that she was never intentionally forgetful. She was a very conscientious girl—all nurses seem to be conscientious—and forgetting things worried her much more than it worried me. At first it was annoying, but when I got used to it I made bets with myself on her forgettery.

"The opening odds were even, I taking the end that she would not remember a certain thing, or that she would not do a certain thing. The odds were so much in my favor that I lengthened them after I had won the first five bets straight. The odds didn't make any difference and I kept right on winning, just as the bookmakers do at the racetracks. Now and then I lost a bet, but the book I made was always pretty safe for me.

"Naturally there is a great difference between the severe or stern nurse and the gentle nurse. The stern nurse makes it a rule to do everything in a businesslike way. On rare occasions she allows a smile to light up her face, but it is repressed as unexpectedly as it came.

"The doctor's instructions are carried out to the letter. If the doctor while thinking of something else carelessly said that you were to do a handspring over the foot of the bed, you did that handspring if the stern nurse had to flog you to do it. It was merely a matter of machine-like routine to her; she was there to see that you did certain things, and there was no relenting.

"Not so with the gentle nurse. I don't mean the nurse who lets you have your own way in all things. I mean the gentle, womanly nurse who softens your way along the road of sickness.

"She gets you to do things, things that are irritating and unpleasant, and makes you feel that you are doing her a favor, a favor that you would like to do for any sweet girl. When you are out of sorts and the future wears its darkest mask she steals the mask without your knowing it and an invisible sun reveals a brightened roadway with the rough spots smoothed over. Your aches are her aches; at least she seems to suffer with you, and nothing pleases her more than when you are happy.

"She is not exactly what I call the cheerful nurse, although she is cheerful enough. The cheerful nurse bubbles over with good nature. I don't mean forced cheerfulness. That hurts.

"It is a cheerfulness that knows no break; nothing can or does shatter it. She imparts it to you—a mental dish that never before had been so appetizing to you; and with it all she is not careless or slipshod in her work.

"There is the nurse with the gray hair and face of youth. You wonder how she became so gray and her face remained so young. She soothes you like a caress, as the youth of her face softens the gray of her hair. Her manner is reserved, gentle and motherly, in keeping with her appearance. You were not flippant or gay with her.

"I almost forgot the nurse who said 'hell' and "dammit' with the abandon of a man. She almost shocked me out of the sheets when I first heard her.

"When I got my feet tucked in again I realized that she had no appreciation of what she had said. Once she noticed my astonishment, when she blurted 'dammit' when something went wrong and explained.

"She had just left a patient who had the D. T.'s. You know about the D. T.'s, and T. B.'s signify tuberculosis. Well, he had both, and in addition he was a great cusser. As he didn't know what he was saying—delirious most of the time—and said it so artistically, she fell into the habit without knowing it. She was so frank and honest about it I had a good laugh.

"Oh, they're all good, those nurses, take 'em as you find 'em. You may hit a rough spot here and a too smooth stretch there, but the rest of it—they're all right."

TOO MANY OPPORTUNITIES.

It takes a strong purpose and a great deal of determination to resist the thousand and one attractions in city life and concentrate one's mind upon self-government.

There is such a thing as having too many opportunities, too many facilities. As a rule, boys who are born and brought up in the midst of libraries, books and schools become indifferent to the value of these opportunities; while in the country, where books are rare and opportunities for education limited, the ambitious boy is more anxious to make the most of his time, to seize every opportunity for self-culture with avidity, to redeem himself from mediocrity.

One of the greatest dangers of city life is that of becoming superficial. Where there are so many editions of the daily papers every day, we get in the habit of "skimming," which is very dangerous; we just glance at a paper for a few minutes and throw it aside—just look at the headings and read a few lines of the most important paragraphs; then lay the paper away. This desultory habit is suicidal to all deep and lasting culture. After we acquire this habit, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

No great and lasting success can be attained until one has formed a habit of continuous, persistent thinking along fundamental lines. A little dipping into this and that, a few minutes' reading with very little thinking, or contemplation, or reviewing of what we read, will result in a most shallow life.—Success Magazine.

ACTORS FOR MOVING PICTURES.

To procure actors who possess the peculiar attributes necessary for moving picture subjects is far more difficult than one would think. Any trained actor will not do, any more than any singer, however good his voice may be, will do for the phonograph. Formerly actors were hired for one day at a time or for one picture, but last year the plan of organizing a regular stock company was adopted and has worked out favorably, better results being obtained by the actors becoming familiar with each other's work. The actors must be photographically good-looking, and they must be versatile. One day they may be required to drink tea in a society drawing-room scene or appear in a costume play, and the next to don Indian clothes and paddle a canoe or to turn policeman and chase a thief over hills and dales, while the camera records the run. High-class actors are engaged and their compensation rates considerably above that drawn by others than a star on the regular stage.—Leslie"s Weekly.

PROVISIONS FOR A FISHING SCHOONER.

How much sugar do you suppose 23 men will consume in one week aboard a fishing schooner? About 150 pounds. How much rolled oats and oatmeal? A bushel basket twice full of two-pound packages. How about meat? Half a steer for roasts, steaks, stews and corned beef. Potatoes? About three bushels. Pickles, bacon and cabbage find a place aboard the vessels in large quantities. Then there's the salt pork for fish chowders, and fried fish, for crews of fishing craft are notoriously fond of sea food.

The vessels are kept stocked with provisions to last a week or ten days longer than the time generally required to make a trip to the grounds and return. Some of the schooners have water tanks of 1,000 gallans capacity, which are filled by supply boats at the rate of one-half cent a gallon.—Boston Herald.

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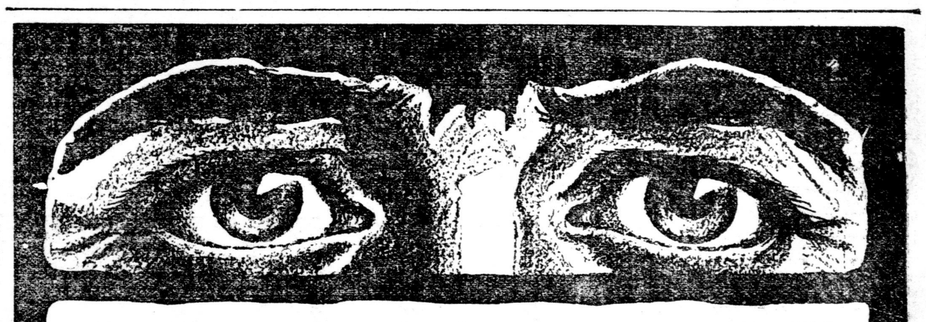

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"I fortunately read of the strange, powerful effect Nerviline has over such pain and at once I got five bottles. Four times each day Nerviline was rubbed over the seat of the pain and I could feel it sinking deep into the muscles and sinews that were stiffened and sore. In a short time I was limber, active, free from pain and perfectly cured.

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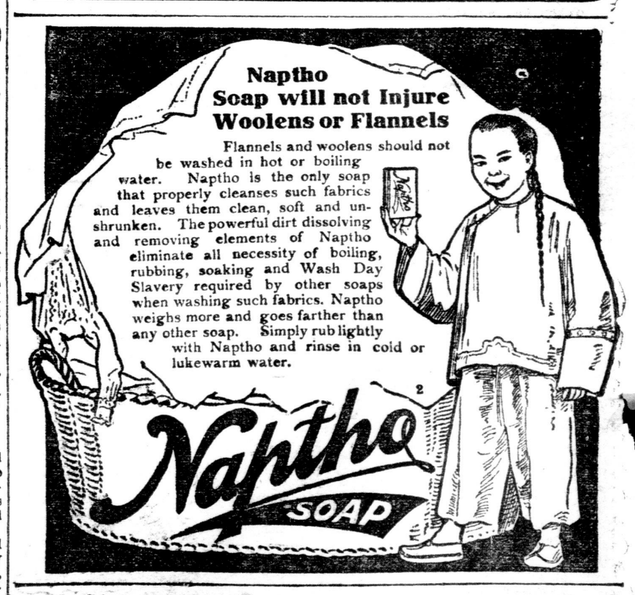

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