A Forecast

Views, In the Time of Napoleon, of the Future of War

By F. A. MITCHEL

Napoleon, the great Napoleon, was fond of going about incognito among the people he governed and getting from them their views concerning himself and his acts. One day, dressed in ordinary civilian costume, he left the palace by a side door and, walking along the Rue de Rivoli, entered the garden of the Tuileries. That was more than a hundred years ago. The space between the palace and the Place de la Concorde was not then the barren looking area it is now, but a veritable garden filled with flowers.

Napoleon had but recently humbled Prussia, and the French people were celebrating the anniversary of one of his victories. Seeing a young army officer sitting on a bench alone, the emperor took a seat beside him and began a conversation with him.

"Do you think this man Bonaparte," asked Napoleon, "is a great general?"

"I think the Emperor Napoleon to be the greatest general who ever lived," was the reply.

"What! Greater than Julius Caesar?"

"I am not familiar with the campaigns of Caesar."

"Well, young man, if you were you would know that Napoleon is but an imitation of the great Roman."

"That may be; but, if it is, Napoleon is the only imitation we have had in eighteen centuries."

This pleased the emperor very much. He inquired the regiment to which the young man belonged and his name. Then he arose from his seat and strolled away. Presently seeing an aged man, the emperor took a seat beside him with a view to drawing his views of experience as he had drawn those of youth.

"Our people," said Napoleon, "seem to be going mad over this Corsican, monsieur. What do you think of him?"

"He is the center of one of those storms that periodically sweep over large tracts. They grow fiercer till they reach a climax, then instead of dying slowly, as they started, end suddenly."

Napoleon started, but inwardly; his control of himself, except when he wished to impress some one with the awfulness of his wrath, was perfect. The speaker did not see how deeply his companion had been touched by his words.

"After Napoleon what?" asked the emperor.

"There should be the republic, but France is among a number of nations which this Bonaparte is antagonizing. There is in the Place du Carrousel, in rear of the Tuileries, a bronze group of horses drawing a chariot. This Napoleon took from the Prussians. They will not rest till they get it back. Besides, they will make our children or grandchildren pay a pretty price for its loan to France."

"Why do you think that?" asked the emperor.

"Bonaparte will not stop till he has arrayed every nation in Europe against him. Even his alliance with Austria by his marriage with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg will not keep that people from turning against him when the final united effort to kill him comes."

Napoleon made no reply to this. He sat with folded arms, his chin buried in the ruffles of his shirt front, his beaver hat drawn down over his eyes. Presently he straightened up and asked:

"What has been your occupation, your sphere in life, monsieur?"

"I have been everything—notary, journalist, historian. Now that my body is not fit for exertion I simply think."

"Will the antagonism excited by Bonaparte live beyond the present century?"

"I think it will."

"And these people he has conquered will revenge themselves on France?"

"They will. These wars of Napoleon will leave France exhausted. The people our descendants have to fear are"—

"The Russians?"

"No; at least not for many years. The Russians have a large territory and enough to do to take care of their own internal affairs."

"The Prussians?"

"Not the Prussians alone. But some future Prussian king will realize that if he can unite the German people he may hurl them against our descendants and crush them. Prussia will never be content till she has recovered all the prestige that has been wrested from her by Bonaparte. I question if she will be strong enough for that without the help of all the German people."

"Well, suppose some king of Prussia unites the Germans and recovers the high position that has been taken from her. What then?"

"What then? Why, France will never be content till she has got it back again."

"How will she do that?"

"Now you are getting beyond the vision of the keenest thinker. Of what shall happen within another century I cannot think; I can only feel."

The old man's face assumed a dreamy expression. There was a faraway look in his eyes. Napoleon turned and fixed his own eyes—eyes that did not dream, but commanded—upon him. Presently the speaker continued:

"A hundred years or more from now our descendants will be [illegible]. We are passing out of an age of speculative philosophy into one of actualities. This American, Franklin, who was here before the Revolution, has pointed out a new field. I believe there is a valuable power in steam, which another American has already applied to driving a boat. During the present century the people of the civilized world will contrive. This period of warfare that Bonaparte seems bent upon continuing will end—at least for a time—with him. Relieved of the casualties of war, our European population will increase. It may be that it will spread to new continents.

"Mechanical devices will be extended into every department, including war. Having swifter means of slaughter, the nations will be more loath to fight one another. That, I believe, will stop war."

"You are wrong, monsieur. War will never cease."

"Well, then, it will grow less frequent."

"Suppose that, a century from now, a united Germany shall attempt to crush France. What then?"

The old man thought for some time without replying. Then he said:

"A group of nations is forming to crush Bonaparte. This will be the beginning of groups of allies yet to come. Some statesmen will see the advantage of uniting several nations with a view to controlling Europe. This will lead to a counter group"—

"And when war comes it will be between these groups and all Europe will be involved. I see. Never mind the political consequences of these alliances. Give me the military issues."

"In a hundred years the people of Europe will have more than doubled, perhaps quadrupled. Armies that are now composed of a few hundreds of thousands will then be millions. The killed and wounded and prisoners of war instead of being counted by thousands will be hundreds of thousands."

"And the battle line," Napoleon put in, "will be 50, 100, perhaps 200 miles long."

"I thought, monsieur, you asked me to give you the military future. You seem quicker in this than I. I defer to you."

"To move such armies," Napoleon continued, ignoring the speaker, "will be a herculean task. There will not be roads enough for their advance."

"You forget the new power of steam. It may develop."

"You mean armies will be moved instead of moving. Well, grant that there are inventions that will carry thousands of them and at a speed of a hundred miles in a single day. I grant in this case they can be moved within a reasonable time. But do you not know, monsieur, that an army moves on its belly? A million of men to be fed"—

"Perhaps 2,000,000."

"Two million men to have two meals a day. The food must be transported or the men will starve. And the ammunition! It weighs—it will weigh—tons upon tons. How will a general be able to follow up an enemy and carry with him such weight? And, granting he could do it in a time of peace, how would he do it with his enemy destroying the roads and bridges before him?

"The point d'appui will be then, as now, the enemy's capital. Suppose a French army attempts to seize, as Bonaparte has done, Vienna. He will reach it with a starving army and short of ammunition. Suppose a united Germany marches on Paris. It will be the same. Let Russia attempt to capture Berlin. The more men she has with whom to do it the worse off she will be, so far as feeding and providing them with ammunition are concerned.

"And how are these starving armies to batter down such fortifications as will be constructed a hundred years from now? Enormous cannon weighing many tons will be required. How can an invading force expect to move these enormous weights over roads and bridges destroyed by a retiring enemy? Believe me, my friend, when that day comes war will be a deadlock. No power can attack another with a hope of success, for one reason alone, to say nothing of others—the invading force will starve."

"Then," rejoined the old man, his eye lighting with prophetic fervor, "perhaps the good God will suggest to his stupid peoples to establish an international court."

"Ah, monsieur! But will it avail unless based on that which upholds all our courts—force?"

Napoleon paused and appeared to be lost in deep thought. When he spoke again the light of prophecy shone in his eyes.

"You have spoken of what these two Americans have done, the one in electricity, the other in steam. I see in a hundred years from now armies moved by either one or both of these powers. Posterity will not cease to make war; it will rather enlarge the scope of war. Who knows but that they will fight in the air and under the sea? Who knows but that some emperor of the future will succeed where Bonaparte has failed in striking perfidious Albion through the atmosphere or by first destroying her navy from beneath?"

"Monsieur," said the other when the emperor had finished, "surely much thinking on these things has made you mad."

Napoleon arose and asked the name of the man with whom he had been talking, then walked away.

The next day a young officer received a valuable official appointment and an old man a pension. But neither enjoyed his good fortune long, for the disturber of Europe's peace was soon transferred to the island of St. Helena.

Where There's Pain There's Life.

"We have looked upon pain and suffering," said Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, a London physician, "as the greatest evil to which humanity and indeed all the living creation is exposed, and we have esteemed it a great mystery. There is, however, no mystery about pain. It is the universal language of mankind and of all living beings all the time—and indeed our great teacher. Without pain the human race would make no progress, and we should have no evolution in nature.

"The people of my native highlands have an old time proverb, 'There is always peace before death,' and to this day they do not like an illness not attended with pain. They look upon it as dangerously ominous, but the moment the sufferer begins to complain they regard the case and condition as distinctly hopeful. My long experience is that this is true all the way. They have another gem, 'Where there is pain there is life'—and hope.

French Military Sentiment.

During one of the wars between France and England a French officer blew up his ship to prevent its being taken. He and all the crew perished.

The French government recognized the officer's heroism by entering the name of his sister, his only surviving relative, in the place in the navy list which his name had occupied, and here it remained until after her death.

Napoleon Bonaparte conferred upon La Tour d'Auvergne the title of "First Grenadier of the French Army." He had declined promotion to the colonelcy of a regiment because it would separate him from his brave grenadiers, but he was not insensible to the distinction which the epithet made apparent. When he was killed in battle the emperor ordered that his name should be called at every roll call of the grenadiers and that the sergeant should answer, "Died on the field of honor!"—Army and Navy Journal.

Magnificence of Antioch.

When Paul entered the city of Antioch there were doubtless many remains of the Greek rule with its magnificent art and architecture, for from the east to west one of the later kings of the Greek dynasty had laid out a splendid corso with double colonnades of marble, which ran for five miles in a straight line through the very heart of the city. In wet weather people could walk from end to end under cover. "Trees, flowers and fountains," we are told, "adorned the promenade, and poets sang of the beauty of the statue of Apollo and of the Nymphaeum erected near the river." These things doubtless Paul saw, as well as the splendid theater and aqueducts and baths which were added by the Roman conquerors shortly before his time.—Christian Herald.

Bravery and Cowardice.

Cowardice is often ignorance. Are any men brave, more ready to take their lives in their hands, to reckon death as one of the daily encounters, than the deep sea fishermen? Yet a group of these men brought to London by one of their missionaries have been seen too terrified to cross the street. The police had to stop the traffic to allow them to cross. The quick, quarrelsome, fearless cockneys who laughed at them—how would they feel in a freezing storm in the North sea? A spider may terrify the most courageous of women and a veteran shrink from a cat. Every hero has his weakness, and we may believe every coward has a point where he turns and will fight the world.—London Outlook.

General Utility.

A young minister had obtained a kirk in a Scottish mining district. After a deal of difficulty he managed to secure lodgings. The first morning after his arrival the landlady knocked at the door with the rather unusual query as to whether he had washed himself.

"Yes," he said. "Why?"

"Because," she replied calmly, "I'm gaun to mak' a dumpin' for the dinner, an' I wid like the len' o' the basin!"—Detroit Free Press.

There Were Three.

"Father blundered into the library last night just as Jack kissed me," said Grace.

"Oh, how awful!" said Evelyn. "And what happened?"

"He pretended to look for a book," answered Grace. "I asked him what he was looking for. He said, 'I want "A Study In Scarlet," but I didn't know we had three copies.'"—National Food Magazine.

Wind and Waves.

Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them, and in the bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast twenty-four hours before the gale which causes it arrives and of which it is the prelude.

Strenuous Love.

"Do yer love me, 'Erb?"

"Love yer, 'Liza! I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer! I can't say more'n that, can I?"—London Punch.

Very Moving.

Talk about moving things with a derrick—the most powerful thing known to move man is a woman's eyes.—Florida Times-Union.

A Phenomenon.

"What is a phenomenon, Uncle Bill?"

"A phenomenon is a small boy about your size who never bothers anybody."—London Telegraph.

Things are his property alone who knows how to use them.—Xenophon.

CONQUEST OF THE EARTH.

Man's Battle For Fruitful Fields Against Nature's Barriers.

Nature has set up four kinds of barriers to man's conquest of the earth—mountains, forests, deserts, rivers. The first he cannot remove; so he bores holes through them for his railways. The second he has, most unwisely, largely cleared away altogether. The third he is beginning to treat like the forests. The fourth he is shifting to suit his purposes and to regulate their flow at will.

Man files now over all boundaries. He cuts through isthmuses to remove the barriers between the seas.

Into the deserts man sends railroads, telegraph lines, irrigation engineers. The Great American desert marked upon the atlases of our fathers has ceased to exist. The vast desert of northwestern Canada has become a prairie of waving wheat. The Landes of Gascony are now much more than half covered with pine trees. Over 22,000 square miles of the Algerian desert has been made fruitful by artesian wells. The Australian desert is rapidly being irrigated and turned into grazing land. Almost 70,000 square miles of desert in India have been reclaimed. Operations are now in progress for reclaiming 10,000 square miles of the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates, and more than 4,000 square miles of the Gezireh plain between the Blue and the White Nile are being transformed into cotton plantations.

Thus is man by obliterating natural barriers improving upon nature.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

STARTING A LIBRARY.

A Selection of Ten Books That Might Serve as a Basis.

Laura Spencer Porter, seeking to show how the ordinary person can begin founding a personal library, makes this suggestion as to ten good books to begin with:

"For those who are beginning a library and have little money to spend I would suggest that there be bought, say, one book each of ten great authors. It does not matter who the authors are so long as they stand high and their books are well known and standard ones. Let us take as an example the following ten, chosen at random from a catalogue of standard writers: Emerson, Eliot, Bronte, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Lowell, Shakespeare, Keats, and as a selection of ten of the books of these ten writers let us take in the same order Emerson's 'Essays,' Eliot's 'Mill on the Floss,' Bronte's 'Jane Eyre,' Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies,' Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' Dickens' 'David Copperfield,' Thackeray's 'Pendennis,' Lowell's essays 'Among My Books,' a complete volume of Shakespeare or any one of the Shakespeare plays, preferably 'Lear' or 'Romeo and Juliet' and Keats' 'Poems.'

"Here you have ten books by ten master minds, books widely varied in subject, style, treatment. Let those ten suffice for a time. Read them."—Woman's Home Companion.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

The death of Sir John Moore at Coruna is probably the best remembered fact in all the checkered history of the peninsular war, for a good reason. There are poets, like Shenstone, whose fame is secured by a single quatrain. The poetical reputation of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, who eight years after the event wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," rests on that one production alone. Ascribed, before its author's name became known, to such well known poets as Campbell and Byron, the poem took firm hold of a nation's heart. Dying of consumption at the early age of thirty-two, Wolfe's memory will ever be kept green by just that one piece, which "Ingoldsby" parodied, which a million schoolboys have recited, which Lord Byron pronounced to be "the most perfect ode in the language."—London Spectator.

What's in a Name.

How we like to hypnotize ourselves with names! Take, for example, the case of the muskrat, an animal of most clean feeding habits, whose flesh is sweet, tender and of delicate flavor. In the winter months muskrat meat is in considerable demand in the markets of the middle Atlantic states, but it sells best as "marsh rabbit" or "water squirrel." So, too, the students of the old Latin quarter in Paris when they expressed a mild doubt of the possibility of rabbit pie at so modest a price were reassured by the suggestion that it might be the "rabbit of the roofs."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the News.

"Sis won't be able to see you tonight, Mr. Jones," said her little brother. "She's had a tur'ble accident."

"Is that so? What happened?"

"All her hair got burned up."

"Good heavens! Was she burned?"

"Naw; she wasn't there. She don't know about it yet."—Lippincott's.

Opinion of an Actress.

Miss Ellen Terry at a reception once talked about the innumerable women who ask her to help them get on the stage. "The fact is," she said, "every woman under thirty believes she is an actress. And every actress," she added, "believes she is under thirty."

Responsibilities.

"What are a diplomat's responsibilities?" said the inquiring young man.

"They vary," replied the experienced official. "Sometimes a diplomat is the man who starts the trouble, and sometimes he merely takes the responsibility."—Washington Star.

Why She Wrote a Novel

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Winifred Wells, who had written a novel under the name of Thomas Erskine Mortimer, received a letter one morning which [illegible] as follows:

Thomas Erskine Mortimer, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I write to ask you where you got the name of your hero, Edgar Wheatleigh? My name is Edgar Wheatleigh, and I am curious to know how you happened to hit upon it for your clearly drawn character. I am very truly yours,

EDGAR WHEATLEIGH.

Now, Miss Wells, a young lady of twenty-one summers, had taken the name from the city directory, and it occurred to her that it belonged to her correspondent. She was about to reply that she had done so when an idea popped into her head whereby she might have some fun. She wrote Mr. Wheatleigh, signing herself Mortimer, that she had heard a friend speak of a Mr. Wheatleigh in high terms and had been given the salient points in his character, which she had embodied in her hero. This person of her novel was undoubtedly another than her questioner.

This brought a reply from Mr. Wheatleigh giving a few points as to his antecedents with a view to discovering whether or not he was the hero of the novel. Miss Wells, affecting to be much surprised at the points he gave her, admitted that he was doubtless identical with the man who had been described to her. In this letter also she wrote under the guise of her nom de plume.

Mr. Wheatleigh wrote again, asking for the name of the friend who had described him. The reply was that the writer was doubtful whether he should give the name. However, since his informer might not be the original observer he would strain a point and do so. The outline from which the character had been drawn was a Miss Winifred Wells. To this she added her address.

The next scene in this diminutive comedy was a call from Mr. Wheatleigh. Miss Wells came down with his card in her hand looking very much pleased.

"It's a long while since we have met," she remarked. "You have grown from boy to man since I saw you last. I should not have known you."

Mr. Wheatleigh in the novel was a copy of a grand gentleman character in one of Ouida's novels. He would not be so ungallant as to admit that he did not remember this friend of his childhood.

"I would know you," he said, "had I not had the slightest knowledge of your identity. The only reason I might not have recognized you is that from a rather pretty child you have grown to be a superb woman."

Miss Wells was not only delighted with her device, but with a man of such unblushing assurance.

"But how," she asked, "have you found me out after all these years?"

"In a very singular way. My friend Tom Mortimer wrote a novel naming one of his characters for me. When I asked him how he learned certain features concerning me, the original of his character, he said that they had been given him by an old friend of mine, Winnie Wells."

This came very near being too much for the authoress, but she repressed her mirth.

"How long have you known Tom?" she asked.

"Tom? Why, I have known him ever since we were little toddlers together, our homes having adjoined each other."

"Did he say I gave you any points as to your character?"

Mr. Wheatleigh, though a scamp, was, so far as his own merits were concerned, a modest one. He said that Tom had endowed him with traits he did not possess. Nevertheless he knew that Miss Wells had spoken very highly of him. He was bent on knowing who she was and what had been this child connection between them; but, although he beat the bush incessantly, he uncovered nothing. At last Miss Wells gave him all the information he wished and more, too, had he known it was manufactured.

"You have evidently forgotten what passed between us the night you went away," she said, revealing what it was by dropping her eyes to the floor.

"Forgotten it! I shall never forget it. What I said then I repeat now. I am as unchanged as the rocks."

"Then why did you never write?"

"Why didn't I write? Why, for the best of reasons. I broke my right arm three days after we parted."

Miss Wells burst into a laugh that made the house ring. When it subsided she told Mr. Wheatleigh the whole story. He was as much delighted with it as she was with the success of her trick.

"Well," he said when it was all out, "for once in my life I'm a hero—the hero of a story. What I said when last we met I repeat now, I said then that you were the girl for me, and I say it now. I'll have no other. I swear it."

Miss Wells laughed again, taking the declaration as a matter of gallantry. And so it was at the time intended. But the acquaintance having been thus pleasantly formed was continued. Mr. Wheatleigh insisted on the authoress making him the hero of a novel. She declined to do this, but the matter was finally compromised by his making her his wife. He now accuses her of having written a novel for no other purpose than to secure a husband.

DON'T NURSE WORRY.

Particularly if It's Your Own Trouble [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] you are carrying the world on your shoulders. The [illegible] is too often a creature of his own making. He insists on carrying the Old Man of the Sea on his back when the world is willing to relieve him of the burden. It is surprising how many worries we can banish by making up our mind resolutely that we will not give them room in our thoughts.—Indianapolis News.

THE LAST SHOT.

Dramatic Incident That Closed the Franco-Prussian War.

There was probably no incident in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 more dramatic than that which marked its close. Herr Forckenbeck, president of the Prussian chamber of deputies, was sent with a colleague to Versailles to congratulate King William upon his election as emperor.

Bismarck, who had just concluded the terms of peace with France, [illegible] of the meal said:

"This night at 12 o'clock the last shots will be exchanged between our troops and the French, and I have conceded to the French the honor of the last shot."

Forckenbeck and his colleague left their host before midnight, drew out their watches, stood underneath a lantern of the Hotel du Reservoir and waited. First there was a [illegible] shot from the German lines; then a solemn stillness; then followed the last reply from Mont Valerien. The tower clock at Versailles struck 12. The French war had ended.—Exchange.

Wills and Edmund Kean.

Irving used to tell with dramatic effect a story about W. G. Wills, the dramatist, who, among other services, wrote for him the play "Charles I." When Wills was a boy ten years old he was taken to see Edmund Kean play Macbeth. In the murder scene he was so affected by the realistic power of the actor that, seized with a severe attack of nausea, he hurried from the box. Ten years later he was lunching at a chop house in Fleet street when a man entered, sat down at a table near him and ordered a meal. He was a perfect stranger to Wills, who, after a few minutes' prophecying, was again seized with a fit of nausea, from which he had not suffered since as a boy he was at the theater on the occasion mentioned. He was obliged to leave the room. When some minutes later he paid his bill the waiter said to him: "Did you see that gentleman at the table near you? That's Edmund Kean."—Cornhill Magazine.

Toys During the French Revolution.

The toys of the French revolution period were characteristic of that terrible time. There are toys whose shadows cast the profile portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. These are turned in boxwood and are indeed interesting reminiscences of toys with the impress of history. The children of the revolution had their tiny Phrygian caps and danced the horrible carmagnoles in their play. Little models of the guillotine were made to "work" and the bodies of pigs with heads of Louis XVI. were decapitated. Models of the Bastille were popular. Playing cards with figures of revolutionary heroes were made when kings, queens and aristocratic knaves were taboo.—From "Toys of Other Days," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson.

Dickens' Full Name.

Charles Dickens was christened Charles John Huffam, or Huffham, as it is erroneously entered in the parish register. But when he became famous he dropped the last two Christian names, as he desired to be known as plain Charles Dickens, a wish respected on his tombstone in Westminster abbey, by his biographer and friend, John Forster, and by the scrupulously accurate Dictionary of National Biography.

Never Gives Up.

"I just had to marry him. He told me he never gave up anything he loved."

"Well, it's good to have a husband who loves one."

"Y-e-s, but I have learned that he loves money also."—Houston Post.

His Periodical.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the new clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman, "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge!"—London Mail.

Self will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.—Cecil.