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Flying and the Next War Famous General Says Word

DISCUSSING the next war is, of course, talking about something that everyone hopes will never happen.

Terrible indeed will be the methods of destruction in the next war, if it comes," he went on.

It was in the development of mobility and the science of moving and supplying troops that the general seemed to be interested, if the war comes.

Long Range Flying

But as a professional soldier he is interested from a scientific standpoint in contemplating what a commanding general can do with his troops.

Long range flying," he said, "has been so perfected and the size and lifting power of airplanes has been increased to such a degree that we wonder if a force of men could not be transported in quick time to a given spot, a thing which was virtually impossible during the late conflict.

In the matter of ammunition supply for large bodies of men also the airplane will be a much more important factor than formerly.

"I think it is possible also," said the general, "that the greatest individual development in any one factor of warfare will be in the tanks. The possibilities of these machines were scarcely scratched in the World War."

World Opposed to Gas

But Gen. Summerall is inclined to believe that chemical warfare will not progress in ratio with other devices for destruction, despite the fact that popular imagination is inclined to dwell on cities wiped out wholesale.

The Washington conference has done much to limit the development of chemical warfare," he said, "and the world in general is so opposed to this frightful method of warfare with its destruction of non-combatants that neutral nations, I believe, will compel an adherence to the terms of the Washington compact.

"We are tending away from gas, and I do not believe the chemical warfare of the future will be as terrific as is popularly believed.

Engineers Step Forward

"If any one weapon can be selected as winning or losing the next war it will be the light machine gun and the automatic rifle, which are closely allied. Probably every infantryman of the future will carry an automatic rifle of tremendous shocking power and of largely increased magazine capacity. I do not look for so much improvement in the heavy machine guns because of their lack of mobility, but the infantry of the future will suffer terribly from concentrated automatic rifle fire.

"Trench warfare," the general declared, "is by no means a thing of the past. Of course the locale of the next war will affect the nature of the fighting, but the size of the armies that undoubtedly will be engaged and the difficulty in handling the movement of supplies will inevitably require a digging-in and will produce a warfare of position such as obtained for years on the western front. The engineer and his art, therefore, will play no mean part in the conflicts of the future."

Japanese Viscount Angry 'U. S. Sends Japs to Hell'

AS a protest against the passage of the American immigration bill containing the Japanese exclusion clause, Viscount Kentaro Kaneko has resigned as president of the America-Japan Society, an organization which was founded six years ago and which includes many of the most prominent Japanese in the country.

Much bitterness was made manifest by the viscount in tendering his resignation, and he is reported to have declared: "America is sending us to hell."

Viscount Kaneko has devoted a large part of his life to promoting friendly relations between America and Japan. For many years he and Viscount Shibusawa advocated a joint Japanese-American high commission to study the question of immigration, but the plan never met with the favor of the Japanese government.

In 1904 as financial commissioner to the United States Viscount Kaneko negotiated Japan's first war loan abroad. This was at the outset of the Russo-Japan war.

While active in this country as financial commissioner Viscount Kaneko became a friend of President Roosevelt and developed a great admiration for him.

Graduating from Harvard in the class of '78, Viscount Kaneko returned to Japan, where he became private secretary to the late Prince Ito, who was then premier. In 1901 he became minister of justice.

Don't Be Afraid of Death

It Is 'Mode of Forgetting'

By CLARK KINNARD

WHY do we fear death? The answer is, because we do not know what it is. The fear of death is instinctive in all of us because in so many past generations it has been feared.

If life is an illusion, Samuel Butler said, then so is death—the greatest of all illusions. It follows that if life must not be taken too seriously—then so neither must death.

Butler described death as the dissolving of a partnership, the partners to which survive and go elsewhere. "It is the corruption of that society which we have called Ourselves. The corporation is at an end, both its soul and body cease as a whole, but the immortal constituents do not cease and never will.

"The souls of men transmigrate in great part into their children, but there is a large alloy in respect both of body and mind through sexual generation; the souls of other men migrate into books, pictures, music, or what not; and every one's mind migrates somewhere, whether remembered and admired or the reverse.

"The living souls of Handel, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Giovanni, Cellini and other great ones appear and speak to us in their works with less alloy than they could ever speak through their children; but most men's bodies disappear absolutely on death, except they be in some measure preserved in their children and in so far as harmonics of all that has been remain."

"On death," he thought, "we do not lose life, we only lose individuality; we live henceforth in others, not in ourselves.

"Our mistake has been in not seeing that death is indeed, like birth, a salient feature in the history of the individual, but one which wants exploding as the end of the individual, no less than birth wanted exploding as his beginning.

"Dying is only a mode of forgetting. "We shall see this more easily if we consider forgetting to be a mode of dying. So the ancients called their River of Death 'Lethe'—the River of Forgetfulness. "They ought also to have called their River of Life 'Mnemosyne'—the River of Memory."

In the "Anatomy of Melancholy" Burton observes that fear of death is worse than death.

We should learn to tune death a good deal flatter than according to received notions. That is Samuel Butler's conclusion.

Here Is Wisdom of Desert

Sage Proverbs of Arabia

WOULD you know something about the Arab mind? Then read the proverbs of Arabia.

"The calamities of one nation turn to the benefit of another."

That is one of them. This is another: "Man amasses; Time disperses."

Who has ever summed up life better? Here is more Arab wisdom: My debtor is a worse payer even than I am.

In business the middle way is best. He who repents of a sin is as one who has not sinned. Patience is the key of glory.

The greedy mouth of covetousness is not filled except by the earth of the grave. Do no good and thou shalt find no evil. No religion without courage.

There are no faults in a thing we want badly. If thou canst not take things by the head, then take them by the tail.

Life, like a fire, begins in smoke, and ends in ashes. A rich miser is poorer than a poor man. One lie in the Sultan's head will keep out 20 truths. Love is the companion of blindness.

Is thy mother-in-law quarrelsome? Divorce her daughter. The highest government is governing anger. Night is the paradise of cowards. There is no peace until after enmity. To abstain from desire is riches. A bankrupt and a usurer do not long disagree. He who eats alone coughs alone. No sin in which one persists is venial and no fault for which one asks pardon is mortal. Govern—the rabble by opposing them. A fraud is not perfect unless it be practiced on clever and cunning persons. God deliver us from the man of one book.

The House By the Side of the Road

By SAM WALTER FOSS

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn In the peace of their self-content; There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart In a fellowless firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths Where highways never ran— But let me live by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by— The men who are good and the men who are bad, As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorners' seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban— Let me live in a house by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road, By the side of the highway of life, The men who press with the ardor of hope, The men who are faint in the strife. But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears— Both parts of an infinite plan— Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

By JACK KEENE

The burning question of the hour now is: Just where does John McGraw now stand as a MASTER MIND.

And if he still is such, what must Stanley Harris, 27, the baby manager of the big league, be? Consider these facts:

Harris, a newcomer in the managerial game and not an old man in point of service in the big leagues, led a team into the world's series which boasted of not one hurler who had ever faced the National league champs in the fall melees.

He had three pitchers who had proved dependable during the season—Johnson, Zachary and Merridge. Johnson lost his first two games in the series. Merridge's arm proved too old to go the route.

McGraw had on the bench, to hurl at this green team, Art Nehf, Jack Bentley, Claude Jonnard, Hugh McQuillan, Bill Ryan, John Watson and Virgil Barnes, all of whom had been under fire in the fall classes.

Despite this fact Harris checked the Giants four games out of seven. Roger Peckinpaugh, star shortstop of the Senators, was out of four games.

Catcher Ruel, ordinarily a timely and fair hitter, went hitless until the final game.

The Washington club as a whole made twice as many mechanical errors as the Giants, due principally to "nerves" of the youngsters.

They fought an uphill battle in three of seven games, overcoming the Giant lead.

McGraw was handicapped by the injury of Heinie Groh, which kept him out of the series, but other than that his team was at full strength, with the possible exception of the loss of O'Connell, who might have been used in a pinch hitting role.

The Washington team—and Manager Harris more than anyone else on it—fought a psychological handicap twice in the series. The Giants opened up the show by defeating Johnson—ace of the team. Later the Senators faced the task of taking two straight games to win the series, while the Giants needed but one game.

In the "inside" angles of play Harris outgeneraled McGraw. Harris' insertion of Bill Ogden, a right-hander, to start the final game, caught McGraw flat-footed. Harris' strategy in ordering Johnson to pass up Ross Young twice in the final game to get at "Long" George Kelly proved the correct "hunch" both times.

Harris used his pinch hitters as effectively as did McGraw. Whyfore, then, the "Master Mind" title for McGraw?

Stanley Harris stands out as the big hero of the world's series from two angles—his terrific and timely hitting, which put the Senators in the running or ahead at critical moments, and his astute leadership.

His battle of baseball strategy with McGraw must go down in the history of the game as a brilliant affair. And Harris must be rated the winner by a wide margin.

WINTER LEAGUE KINDLING The St. Louis Browns are going to try once more to make a winning pitcher of Billy Payne. Sent to the Western League last spring, Billy hung up a goodly string of victories, just as he had done in previous years.

Pirate bosses announce that Everett Barnes, a youngster, will be given a thorough trial at first when the 1925 campaign opens. Whether this news is meant to make Charley Grimm hesitate in his plans to hold out for more money next year is a matter for conjecture. It is said that Grimm, Walt Schmidt and Wilbur Cooper were dissatisfied with their 1924 salaries.

Although the Senators have purchased "Doc" Prothro, young infielder, from Memphis, there is some talk that he will manage that Southern Association team next season.

Cozy Dolan, Giant coach until the statement of Jimmy O'Connell anent the former's part in the bribe scandal caused Landis to banish both from the game, will spend his winter trying to remember all the things he forgot when the commissioner quizzed him about O'Connell's story.

Once more Ty Cobb has played fair with the home town folk of Augusta, Ga. He has taken the team there each year he has managed it. And he recently turned down a flattering offer from Miami baseball bugs to train his team in the Florida resort next spring.

Muddy Ruel, the batting Rip Van Winkle who awoke in the seventh game of the world's series in time to win the melee for the Washington team, lost considerable weight in the hectic closing days of the league race. Ruel recently told friends he lost 10 pounds in the last two or three weeks. Bet he started getting back that weight about 5:45 p. m. Oct. 10.

Pittsburgh, to a man, declares that Glenn Wright, in one season, proved himself to be the long-sought "second Hans Wagner."

While the personal popularity he won in his first year has faded, some bearing on this verdict, the fans are not without figures to prove their statement. That he has Hans' penchant for hitting is indicated by the fact that he set a new record for Pirate players in driving in runs, with a total of 112 runners scored. That mark runs four higher than the record set in 1923 by "Pie" Traynor. Wright's shortstopping was brilliant all season. If he isn't now the predicted second Honus he is well on his way to be it.

The death of Jake Daubert compels the Cincinnati Red bosses to begin planning on filling the first base job left vacant by his sudden passing. There had been talk for several winters that Daubert was about through as a first sacker. But as long as Jake was there the berth was filled and the Red leaders turned their attention to other points of the diamond. Now the long-talked-of successor must be found. The dop from Cincinnati now is that Rube Bressler, veteran outfielder, may be used at the bag temporarily, at least, and Lou Dressen moved to the outfield in Rube's place.

Some of the New York fans are now calling "Cosy" Dolan "Doughsy" Dolan.

Great laughter was produced at a dinner gathering of the more or less authentic literati when a bon mot of one of the authentic fishermen was repeated. A reporter from Boston had hailed the fisherman for information.

"Do you think that Miss So-so" (naming a woman whose account of her struggle out of the clutches of darkness had just been published and highly paid for) "can see me?" "Dunno," said the fisherman. "She can if she ain't too drunk."

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by— The men who are good and the men who are bad, As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorners' seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban— Let me live in a house by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road, By the side of the highway of life, The men who press with the ardor of hope, The men who are faint in the strife. But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears— Both parts of an infinite plan— Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

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