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ADDRESSES DELIVERED BY FAMOUS
PATRIOTS OF ALL SHADES OF POLITICAL
BELIEF AT THE SATURDAY LUNCHEON
MEETINGS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB,
NEW YORK, DURING THE YEAR 1918

EDITED BY
ARNON L. SQUIERS

WITH A FOREWORD BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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**DEDICATED TO
THE LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM OF
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE**

FOREWORD

A GLANCE at the names of the speakers whose addresses are contained in this volume, and at the topics of the addresses themselves, is enough to show that the Republican Club during the first year and a half since we entered the war, has subordinated all party or other considerations to the high ideal of service from all of us to the country which belongs to all of us. These speeches are pleas for speeding up the war and waging it with the utmost efficiency. They are demands that we accept no peace without victory. They stand for steadfast insistence upon the doctrine of duty, which includes the need of sacrifice; and they scornfully repudiate the shameful doctrine of the pacifists that Americans ought to be too proud to fight for their rights and their honor and the interests of mankind.

Above all they insist upon the absolute need of 100 per cent Americanism in this country, of thoroughgoing, undivided loyalty to our flag, and of straight-out nationalism, undivided and untainted. Our doctrine is that this is a great nation, and not a polyglot boarding house. We repudiate all who profess in even the smallest degree a loyalty to any other nation. We assert that no man is an American who bears in his heart the slightest allegiance to any other flag except ours; and we mean not only the flags of foreign powers, but the red flag of anarchy and the black flag of that international socialism, that Germanized socialism, which has proved to be the tool and ally of German autocracy.

The Club is proud that its membership includes Americans of all creeds and of all race origins. But they are all Americans and nothing but Americans! We care nothing where a man was born; we care nothing as to the land from which his parents came; we stand for absolute freedom of religious belief, but we insist upon one flag, one language, one undivided loyalty to this nation and to the ideals of this nation. We are a new nation, differing from all other nations, friendly towards them all in so far as they will let us be friendly, desirous of helping them, but

resolutely bent upon maintaining our separate, self-respecting, self-reliant national existence. We accept no substitute for Americanism. We insist that all our people must be Americans and only Americans.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

August 15th 1918.

AN APPRECIATION

THE days preceding the declaration of war against Germany by the United States on the 6th day of April, 1917, were trying days. Throughout this great war now being waged for democracy, the Republican Club has subordinated every partisan feeling to wholehearted and undivided support of the Government. The spirit of the addresses contained in this volume voiced the spirit of the Club, which was to wage the war with the utmost force to a speedy termination. These addresses are most valuable contributions of constructive thought on the purposes of the war.

The responsibility of the United States began on the morning of the 4th day of August, 1914, when the first German soldier put his foot on Belgian soil, and that responsibility has never ceased for one moment since. It was emphasized again when the "Lusitania" was sunk, and when the innumerable ships, and merchantmen on which were American citizens, were sunk contrary to every principle of International Law. May the United States never shirk (and, God willing, she never shall) one iota of her responsibility, until reparation has been made to the fullest extent of human effort in restoring Belgium, Serbia, Northern France and every other destroyed and looted country in Europe. In waging this war the United States is fighting for liberty, for freedom and for democracy, and for its own citizens, because this war is a war as truly defensive of the institutions of the United States as it is a defensive war of the institutions of Great Britain, France, Belgium and all the other Allies.

Never was the individual duty of the citizen in the present epochal task of restoring peace to the peoples of the world more clearly enunciated than in these discussions, which not only made the walls of the Club House ring with patriotic fervor, but carried their message all over the world. The Club stands steadfastly for a dictated peace and sets its face determinedly against any peace by negotiation. This attitude was most ably stated

by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in a recent address in the United States Senate, as follows:

"Belgium must be restored.

"Alsace and Lorraine must be returned to France—unconditionally returned—not merely because sentiment and eternal justice demand it, but because the iron and coal of Lorraine must be taken forever from Germany.

"Italia Irredenta—all those areas where the Italian race is predominant, including Trieste—must go back to Italy.

"Serbia and Rumania must be reestablished in their independence.

"Greece must be made safe.

"Most important of all, if we are to make the world safe in the way we mean it to be safe, the great Slav population now under the Government of Austria—the Jugo-Slavs and the Czecho-Slovaks, who have been used to aid the Germans, whom they loathe—must be established as independent states.

"The Polish people must have an independent Poland.

"And we must have these independent states created so that they will stand across the pathway of Germany to the East. Nothing is more vital than this for a just, a righteous and an enduring peace.

"The Russian provinces taken from Russia by the villainous peace of Brest-Litovsk must be restored to Russia. . . .

"Constantinople must be finally taken away from Turkey and placed in the hands of the allied nations as a free port, so as to bar Germany's way to the East and hold the Dardanelles open for the benefit of mankind.

"Palestine must never return to Turkish rule and the persecuted Christians of Asia Minor—the Syrians and the Armenians—must be made safe."

This was the spirit and purpose of the series of addresses which follow, and for which the Club Membership unalterably stands. The Chairman deems it a great privilege to have presided as toastmaster at all the luncheons at which these addresses were given, and regards it a pleasure to express the keen appreciation which the Club feels to each one of the speakers who were its guests.

August 31st, 1918.

ARNON L. SQUIERS.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE Republican Club through its Saturday Discussions Committee expresses its appreciation of the gracious coöperation of the notable speakers whose addresses made the Saturday Discussions not only memorable, but historical in the annals of the World of Thought.

Inspired by this epochal war, these addresses were made at a critical time in the history of the nation. Public opinion was in the process of being moulded. Convictions were less settled than they were six months afterwards.

It was a time when patriotic hearts could sound an inspiring rallying note for the cause of world-wide democracy. In many instances the messages of the speakers carried a deep spiritual power, enabling their audience to carry away soul-staying consecration to the cause of Right.

Again and again the true significance of the war struggle was depicted in all its reality. So much so that the auditors could not help but realize how much our patriots, the boys in khaki in the trenches, beset with deadly dangers, were their own brothers.

Men left the Club stauncher God-fearing and God-battling Americans, after hearing the addresses. This being a truth that cannot successfully be challenged, is there much else that the members of the Club might say that would better convey their lively appreciation and gratitude?

It is with the knowledge of the importance of these addresses as a permanent memorial to the history of this great war for human freedom, that the Club feels it a great honor to itself and a benefit to all Americans to put these addresses into this permanent form.

The appended schedule gives the speakers and subjects.

C. T. WHITE.

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FIRST DISCUSSION

JANUARY FIFTH, 1918

INSIDE OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAR

INSIDE OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAR

ONE: BY HONORABLE JAMES W. GERARD

Former Ambassador to Germany

I FEEL like Daniel in the lion's den, but you are not such very fierce lions, because Democrats and Republicans are now fraternally carrying on the war, and in the most fraternal manner, the Democrats are filling all the offices and Republicans have nothing to do but back them up!

The other day when I was speaking in Los Angeles, on a trip through the West, when I came out and walked through the street, I overheard two women and a man who were walking behind me and who had been at the meeting, discussing me, and this is what I heard: "He is no orator; he doesn't make any noise at all. He talks just the way we do." I told that to a friend of mine from New York, who often runs for office here. He happened to be out examining his California properties, and he said, "You must not mind that. I had a similar experience in New York once. I overheard two women talking behind me, and one of them said, 'What do you think of him as a speaker?' The other said, 'Well, Mame, I don't know, but his trousers bag at the knees just like William Jennings Bryan's.'"

I see you have for the subject of discussion, "Inside Observations on the War." Well, I can assure you that it is very much more agreeable to be on the outside of the German Empire looking in, than it was on the inside looking out; because you gentlemen can't conceive of the extraordinary hate for America that now animates that whole people. The people there are so disciplined from the time they are four years old, that the government is able to turn this stream of hate, like a garden hose, anywhere it pleases. In the first days of the war they all talked about Russia. They said it was the menace of Czarism that they were fighting, and then when England came into the war and saw she was in earnest and would be a great obstacle to their success, then they turned all that hate on England. They had this phrase of *Gott straffe England*. They also had pieces of jewelry manufactured, bearing that phrase. It was impossible for Ameri-

cans, without being insulted, to speak their own language in the theaters or on the streets. Just before I left Berlin, one of our stenographers, a girl, attending a theater in Berlin, had her face slapped by half the audience because she was speaking English.

That same hate extends over the whole of the people, and they intended, if they had succeeded in the war, that is, if they had obtained the coast of France and then conquered England and split up Russia, there is no doubt whatever that they intended to come over to this country. We had there, representing American papers, pro-German correspondents. One or two of them were not, but the majority of them were. They were either pro-German by nature or they were made pro-German, and those people, of their own accord, did not send out the news to the whole world as to what was happening in Germany. They were bound by an agreement which they signed not to leave the country, not to send out anything which was not submitted to the Foreign Office and to the military censorship; so that you here were kept in ignorance of that wave of bitter hatred that was sweeping over the whole German Empire, and preparing for their declaration of what they called "ruthless submarine war." And, at the same time, these people and all the American colony in Germany were telling them that the American people were not behind President Wilson; that they were in favor of Germany; and that sort of information was a great factor in deciding the Germans and making them believe that a great portion of the people of America was really in their favor and would declare for them.

Now, you know to-day the great question that every one is thinking of is, whether there can be any peace, whether these offers that the German Government is making will lead to anything. They are faced to-day by this problem, that they can't make a peace—that is, the German people can't make a peace—which is not a German victory, because for years the people in that country have surrendered all political power to the autocracy. A vote amounts in Prussia to nothing at all. They vote under the system by which the vote of one rich man counts, sometimes, as much as the votes of five or six thousand. The districts of the Reichstag have not been changed since 1871, and anyway, the Reichstag means nothing, because over it is the Second Chamber, the equivalent, in some respects, of our United States Senate, where the twenty-five reigning princes of Germany sit; and the members of the Reichstag sit there and vote just as those twenty-five reigning princes tell them.

For years all political power has been in the hands of this autocracy, and while there is no danger of any revolution now—that can't be made in a country where every one between fifteen

and forty-five is in the army, where none but the old men and young boys are left at home—but their danger is that after they have led those people into a war which is not successful, then these men will come home from the trenches, come home with their health destroyed, their bodies maimed, their business ruined, their families dying of semi-starvation, and then if there is no successful German peace, all those men will turn around and say to the Kaiser, and say to his ministers and the twenty-five reigning kings and grand dukes and princes of Germany, "We surrendered everything to you for years and you promised us in return for that not only an efficient government, not only commercial success, but you promised us the conquest of the whole world, and you have failed. You have ruined the country, you have failed in your attempt, and you are a devil of a government and we are going to throw you out." And that is what the autocracy is facing when they are endeavoring to arrange a peace.

They have got their eyes, of course, on the west and on the east. On the west they want to seize Belgium. Von Tirpitz has said very frankly, "We have got to have Belgium for our future war which we will some day make on England and America." And then, they have their great industrial concerns. There are six great iron and steel companies in the west, the Rhine Valley and Westphalia, and they want to take that part of France which contains the most valuable iron ore deposits, and then if they have that, they will have a monopoly of the iron and steel trade of the Continent of Europe. So these rich manufacturers want an extension towards the west.

Now then, what we call the Junkers, the Prussian squires, who live in the country on their country estates, who hold all the offices in the German Army and Navy and Civil Government, who are the noble class, the ruling class, they say, "No, if you extend toward the west that increases the industrial population, that increases the number of socialists and working men, and there must be a corresponding increase toward the east where an agricultural population can be found, where we can colonize and occupy these lands."

And so to-day the problem that they set themselves in their negotiations with Russia is to get from Russia the three Baltic Provinces, Courland, Livonia and Esthonia, and that part of Russia extending from Germany along the Baltic nearly to Petrograd. At one time these three provinces were owned by the Teutonic Knights, a German organization, the same German organization that originally owned Prussia; and the land-holding families of Prussia and the land-holding families of the Baltic Provinces are the descendants of these Teutonic Knights who

remained on the soil, possessing it, through their laws of inheritance, unto this day.

These provinces became at one time firmly independent; at one time part of Poland, at another time absorbed in Russia, and not until 1876 were they made entirely a part of the Russian Civil Government.

Fifteen per cent. of the population is German; the remaining population are Letts and Esthonians, and these fifteen per cent. of the population comprise all the people with money in that country. The descendants of the Teutonic Knights are the merchants of the cities of Riga and Libau. All the teachers, all the ministers of the Gospel, are German. The only thing that is Russian are the Russian officials. The Germans themselves for years have had their eye on these provinces. They want to take these provinces and keep this native population down just as they have always been kept down by these German landlords. That is their problem. They don't want to leave these provinces. They want to say, "We will have an election," and then they believe that by the influence of the landowners of the merchant class and of the bribes that they themselves will use—and they don't hesitate to use bribes, as you know—that they will be able, coupled with the fact that they are in occupation of the country, to make a false election return which will show that the people of those countries desire to be annexed to Germany.

They want to make an independent Poland, rather than take Poland into their own country, because the Poles are Catholics, and the German ruling class is opposed to the Roman Catholic Church. There are three great political parties in Germany today, the Conservatives, the Socialists and the Catholics. It is the Catholic Party which holds the balance of power between the Conservatives and the Socialists. They don't want to take Poland in and make it part of Germany because it will add to the Catholic deputies in the Reichstag and make their problem so hard that they will be unable to withstand the Catholics who will perhaps hold the supreme power, if the Reichstag ever gets to the place where it has the power which the British Parliament or the American Congress holds.

Of course, all these princes back each other up. Do you know that of all the Kings of Europe, the King of Italy and the King of Montenegro are the only two royalties who are not related to the German royal house by marriage or by blood? And it has been their policy always to back up these royalties ever since the Holy Alliance of 1815.

If the Russians succeed in bringing together an army—even the semblance of an army, and holding those provinces, that will

be a great advantage to the Allies, because the Germans, by their superior agricultural methods, can go into those provinces and produce great quantities of foodstuffs. Taken together, these Baltic Provinces are the same area as Württemberg and Bavaria taken together, which have a population of two millions, while the latter provinces have eight millions.

That is the problem that is going on under your eyes at this very moment, the attempt of the German Empire to get from the Revolutionary Government these three Baltic Provinces.

You ask me now three questions, and I will answer them and then I will sit down and give way to the next speaker. Tell me what you want me to talk about and ask me some questions.

Then came the following questions and Judge Gerard's answers:

Tell us some of your personal experiences in Berlin?

Your Chairman asks me about the lamp-post story. That shows this peculiar state of mind into which the Germans had worked themselves about America. You remember they have had a propaganda here, going on for twenty-five years under our noses? I was speaking not long ago in a Republican meeting at the Hamilton Club at Chicago. I got there in the afternoon and decided to examine what school books were used in Chicago. I found that they had the Prussian royal arms stamped on the outside, and they were full of anecdotes telling what good, kind, pleasant people the present Kaiser and all his ancestors were! We have the same thing here in our own public schools. When I came back here I sent out and got a lot of these school books. The worst ones had been published since the commencement of the war, showing how their propaganda works all the time. In one of these they had the German national hymn, "Die Wacht am Rhine." It was printed twice, once in the text and then at the end, with music. Now just imagine what would have happened to a German school teacher if he had been caught teaching his pupils to sing "Britannia" or "The Star Spangled Banner"! It would have been "Good Night" *in night*, because one of the ways which they, the Prussian officials, hold their peoples together is by the secret court. They try their officials (and a school teacher, or a postman is an official of the government, and they are tried for any offence), not in a regular court, but in a secret court where they can be adequately punished if they have not taught the Divine Right of the Emperor. They thought because they had "propagandaed" us for years, and because of the Messages of this country, that this country would do nothing at all; and once, when I was talking with Zimmermann after the sinking of the

Lusitania, he said, pounding on the table with his fists, "Your government can't do anything. You don't dare do anything against the German Government, because we have in America to-day five hundred thousand German reservists who will rise in arms against your government if you dare to make a move against us." I told him then what you have heard since, that we had five hundred and one thousand lamp-posts in America and that was where those reservists would find themselves hanging."

What did he say to that?

I said, "If you can show me one single American citizen of German descent, who has come over with a passport to fight in your army, I will believe what you have said, because, for the whole winter, they have been able to come over with passports to Scandinavia, and they could have got into Germany and fought for you; if you can find one single man, other than one crazy Yale student who went over to fight in the German Army, I will believe you." That is why I can't understand why these few Western Senators can go about the country as they do and you see it is something that the Germans can't understand. They say, "If these people are allowed to live there must be a sentiment in our favor in America." When they take up the paper and read what these people are allowed to say in this country, knowing what would happen to *them*, why, the German says, "There must be a sentiment in favor of Germany, in spite of the declaration of war, because these people are allowed to go about and talk in this way in America and still live." That is the way the German looks on it, and that is why these people who say they are against our going to war with Germany have done more than any other class to get us into the war, because they gave the German this idea that there were these five hundred thousand reservists and there was this great body of Americans sympathizing with the Kaiser and with the German cause.

What do they do with American citizens in Germany now?

I saw one American who left there on the 16th of May, and at that time he was compelled to report to the police twice daily and was not allowed to go out of his house after eight o'clock at night.

What is the real food situation in Germany and what are the prices of food?

Personally, I could live cheaper in Germany during the war than I could in New York before the war. But the food situation, as a matter of fact, I don't think is a material factor, other than the fact that it annoys the population and makes them nervous and underfed and subject to disease, but they can manage to last through with their food, although at the time I left they were

getting practically nothing to eat. The allowance then (everything was on the card system), nearly a year ago, was only a small slice of bread which lasted them for the day, a square of meat which included the bone and gristle, which lasted them for a week, three to five pounds of potatoes in a week, one egg every two weeks. And all those magnificent frontal effects Germans carried so proudly have disappeared!

What about the treatment of prisoners?

They have been treated with unexampled cruelty. There never has been in the history of the world such a history of continued, official, deliberate cruelty. There have been instances where one commander was responsible for some cases of cruelty, but in this war it was the official treatment of prisoners of war. Some of them have now been prisoners in Germany for three and a half years, and during that time they have been given by the German Government nothing except their little ration of bread that they could not eat with a spoon, a cup of something that they call coffee which is made from an extract of acorns, with no nourishment or stimulus in it whatever, and in the middle of the day a thick soup made of vegetables, mostly potatoes and carrots. It is an absolute starvation ration. The English and French prisoners were taken care of by the packages which were sent from home, but the Russians! I have been in camp there and have seen the English and French prisoners with their packages, and the Russians standing around hoping they might get a crumb from some of these packages. They carry on all the work of Germany with those two million prisoners of war. They are leased out like slaves. A man comes to the commander and says, "I have a farm or a factory and I want 250 prisoners," and they come to him with a guard and he carries them off. They get a little better food than they do in the camp, but the only improvement is that the midday soup is strengthened. A little stale fish is put in it, and occasionally a very little meat. Their own soldiers are fed according to the distance from the firing line. The ones nearest to the firing line are well fed.

Judge Gerard, will they be able to repress or restrain the Socialist element in Germany for any long continued period, or is that to be relied upon as an element in the war?

They will be able to repress them until after the war because the police are very strong and the officers in the army are all taken from the noble class, and therefore you can't have the situation that you had in Russia of whole regiments going over to the Revolution.

What is the present morale of the German Army?

A few months ago it was very bad, but lately, since their suc-

cess in Italy and since the Revolution in Russia, they feel that they have a very good chance of winning.

Does the Kaiser really believe he is divine?

I think he does.

Can any reliable news from America get across the line now?

I don't think so.

A question which has puzzled a great many is, where Germany gets the material for ordnance, munitions, etc. I mean copper, rubber, etc. Other nations have great difficulty in getting these materials. How in the world do they get it?

Well, they have all the iron and copper and steel necessary in their own country, both in Westphalia and Silesia. Besides, they get copper from one place in Saxony, 25,000,000 pounds a year. They have another copper mine they took from the Serbians, and two in Southern Poland. Besides that, they took all the copper kitchen utensils in Germany, the roofs off a great many buildings, the doors off those big porcelain ovens that you see in every German house—all those were melted down. They make their smokeless powder from wood pulp instead of cotton. They have a great zinc mine in Belgium which they are working, and they have other zinc mines in the Baltic Provinces, and what else do they need? Rubber? The *Deutschland* brought them over a great quantity of nickel, platinum and rubber, and then remember that in the conquered countries they seized everything in the way of materials and shipped them into Germany, which gave them a great store, and rubber they don't require so much of. That is only for their automobile tires, and by taking all the automobiles early in the war they have tires enough.

How about oil?

They get oil from Galicia and then from Rumania.

What do they dress in? Their clothes must be worn out.

Your clothes will last a long time, and you always find stores of clothes laid away. Besides, they have men who go over the battle field and every corpse is stripped and the clothes and shoes are renovated and used over again. They seized great quantities of clothing in Belgium and in France. The great spinning towns of Northern France are Lille and Amiens and Rouen. Well, then, they covet them, also the spinning towns in Poland, because for two years you couldn't buy anything in Germany in cotton or wool without a permit from a police magistrate. If you wanted a pair of socks of cotton or wool, you had to make an application to a magistrate and he sends a policeman to look over your wardrobe, to see if you really need them. This does not refer to silk socks, but to cotton and woolen ones.

What is the situation in railway equipment at the present time?

They have managed to keep it up fairly well. Their great need there was for axle grease. But at one time it apparently was on the point of breaking down, because their forces were so far from Germany, towards Rumania and up through these Baltic Provinces of Russia.

About how many men has Germany in her army?

They have never told how many men they have. The only way I could make a calculation was from a large shooting preserve near Berlin, and on that there was a village of six hundred inhabitants, men, women and children. 110 had been called into the army. You see that is over one-sixth. Now you take one-sixth of the 72,000,000 population of Germany, and you have over 12,000,000 who were called to the colors.

In your opinion, does the present condition in Russia tend to unite the German mind, or is the opposite true?

Anything which is a success for the Germans or a defeat for their adversaries of course encourages the whole population, and they are encouraged because of the breakdown in Russia.

Will it strengthen the Socialist Party in Germany?

I think so, especially when the prisoners come home. You see, in Russia there are probably eleven or twelve hundred thousand prisoners of war of Austria and Germany. Now, of course, when they have seen the Russians cavorting and capering around and dividing up the land and doing what they please, they are going to tell about it when they go back to Germany; but, on the other hand, they will be seized by the military and put in the army again.

Judge Gerard, I heard you at the Lawyer's Club tell about hearing the Kaiser say he wouldn't stand any nonsense from the United States. I would like to have you repeat that interview and also state whether you reported that interview to our government.

That interview occurred on the 25th of October, 1915. I had been for a long time trying to force an audience with the Kaiser, because he said that he would not receive the ambassador of a country which was selling arms and ammunition and supplies to the enemies of Germany, and this, although by custom an ambassador is supposed to have the right to demand an audience with the Kaiser at any time. He refused for nearly a year—for over a year—to see me on that ground, and then, when I finally forced an audience I went into his room where he was at Potsdam, and he was alone in this large room, standing by the window. I came into the room and stood in front of him and made a low bow, and he immediately walked right up to me and shook his fist in my face and commenced the interview and im-

mediately said, "I shall stand no nonsense from America after this war. America had better look out after this war." And he kept repeating that at intervals during this interview which lasted for more than an hour, and of course I did report that, as was my duty, back to this country. That was in October, 1915. And that is another reason, of course,—well, I am glad to see we are being prepared!

Is the Kaiser interested in the Krupps?

I think he is a stockholder in Krupps, and also in the Hamburg-American Line.

TWO: BY HONORABLE HUGH GIBSON

Chief of the Division of Foreign Intelligence of the State Department

I QUITE realize the audacity of trying to tell you anything about Germany in the presence of Mr. Gerard, for he speaks with an authority and knowledge and experience that no other American can claim, but I can, perhaps, compromise with my diffidence in this matter by telling of a phase of the question which he has not touched upon, and that is, what went on in Belgium. I shall not try to give you any carefully prepared, theoretical treatise on the German form of government, but if you will bear with me for a little while, while I move about from one subject to another, without any particular sequence, I shall try to give you an idea of what it feels like to live under the dominion of Germany in conquered territory where the German is undisputed master.

To begin with, I was in Belgium when the Germans came, and may add that a kind-hearted State Department had sent me there for a rest cure which they thought I needed. As late as the 17th of August I motored toward Liège, and got about twenty miles outside, but saw no evidence of a cavalry skirmish in which the Germans had been engaged, and came back quite optimistic. But I had not reckoned on the speed of the German Army. About forty-eight hours later we got the first news of the impending invasion and Brussels was overrun with refugees. There was no time for escape or for preparation. The next afternoon the German Army entered Brussels in triumph, garlands of flowers about the muzzles of their cannon.

The German methods to be pursued in Belgium had been carefully worked out years in advance, and were put in effect without loss of time. That first afternoon a temporary government was established at Hotel de Ville, all telephone and telegraph

wires were cut, the Post Office taken over by the military. The newspaper offices were closed, presses seized and a ban put on all printing. Most of the conveniences which we had come to take for granted were stopped without warning, and the population of several million of people had to adapt themselves over night to an entirely new form of life under a truculent soldiery that did more to provoke trouble than to prevent it.

That first afternoon a proclamation was posted throughout the city. It called upon the population to pursue its normal occupations, which mandate was followed by a long list of offenses which would be punished with severity. The next afternoon, as if that was not enough, they put up some big red posters all over the country, announcing that villages where hostile acts were committed would be burned to the ground; that punishment for the destruction of roads and bridges would be visited on the nearest village, regardless of its guilt; that hostages would be taken in every street of the town and put to death, in case of disorders, and that the innocent would be mercilessly punished with the guilty. That sounded pretty bad, but it was not nearly so bad as what really happened. Almost immediately we began to hear the stories of thousands of refugees from places where a carefully prepared system of atrocities had been put into effect. At first we found it utterly impossible to place any credence in these stories and put them down unhesitatingly to the hysteria of badly frightened people. We were unable to believe that any civilized power could countenance such deeds as were forced upon us.

Gradually, however, the horror of the whole system dawned upon us. At first our imagination staggered under the shock; but in a surprisingly short time we reached the state of callousness—perhaps I should say, numbness—where we could accept these things as a part of the day's work, and before we got through we could listen with a degree of calmness that would make your blood run cold.

I will say this, that that first army that went raging through Belgium and Northern France committed, with the approval and countenance of its officers, every imaginable barbarity—arson, pillage, torture, mutilation, murder and rape. The stories of what they did are not the product of inflamed imagination. They are only too true. What has been published is bad enough, but the whole truth on that subject will never be known until the Germans have been driven out of Belgium and Northern France and the people who remain there are free to speak and can show the proofs they have, documents, photographs and human exhibits, that will horrify the world.

The first thing they did was to cut Belgium off from the out-

side world, and then to fill the minds of the people with news of German manufacture, this with the idea of trying to convince them of the inevitable success of the German Army. All Belgian newspapers were suppressed. For several months all German newspapers were cut off, with two exceptions; but despite all prohibitions and all the precautions that Germans could take along the frontier, some were smuggled in, mostly Dutch and English. On the whole, they did very little to defeat the German purpose to keep the people in the dark. The first weeks of the war, before the Germans had learned the tricks of the people along the frontier, you could buy a London paper at from five to twenty francs. Later, when the practice became more risky, prices went up to 150 francs, or about \$30. Smugglers found it more advantageous to rent their papers for half-hour periods, then sit on the doorsteps and wait the half hour, pass on to the next customer and the next, until toward the close of the day when the papers would be sold by the smugglers for a most satisfactory figure!

But, as I say, the Germans practically, effectually, stopped the flow of news. Then they set about a carefully conceived system of filling the minds of the people with doubt and dismay. Every morning the walls were covered with German news bulletins, in German, Flemish and French. Everything that was considered "fit to print." Although the people knew perfectly well that these posters were filled with lies and half truths and threats, there was no resisting the curiosity to know what the Germans had to say, with the result that by night the Germans had accomplished their purpose. These bulletins were very optimistic, so far as the Germans were concerned. They made no references to German reverses, but were filled with the stories of German victories, liberally sprinkled with such phrase as "success with the help of God" and all that sort of thing. When the battle line was on the Belgian front, they laid stress on the terrible slaughter of Belgians, English and French; they laid stress on the damage done by the British and French guns on the Belgian towns. When German reverses would come there was no mention of them, but we were given special facilities for hearing what was happening in other theaters of war where Germans were more fortunate. When von Kluck was driven back from the Marne, there was no mention made of it; but we had most delightful news of what was going on in Serbia and elsewhere.

The Belgians are incurably optimistic. At first they spoke openly, but after a number of them had been punished by military tribunal for disrespect to the German Empire, they became a little more discreet, and after that they simply laughed. But that,

too, was displeasing to the Governor-General, and it was made known that any one who was seen to laugh would be severely punished by the German authorities.

And with these news bulletins we had every day the laws. Laws were made with great frequency, which prescribed with minute detail how we were to conduct ourselves. Every act in the streets of the city and in our homes was covered by regulations, forbidding this, imposing that, and always the price in blood or money for any breach of German rule, and frequently with this the list of the people who had been put in prison, fined in money, or shot for disregard of these German rules, for traveling without a pass, for any one of a number of offenses or for suspicion. There was no limit to the number of offenses or the number of convictions. It was estimated that about eighty-five thousand had been either shot or sent to Germany as prisoners, or fined for having displeased the Germans in various ways.

Knowing the sort of men we had over us, we were quite prepared for tyranny in the important things, but we never were able to understand how the Germans, a people with a war on their hands, found time for the petty persecutions with which they goaded the Belgians. Every day brought fresh evidence of it. I remember one small boy of my acquaintance, about seven years old, who was very much amused by the German goose-step. One day, when a company of soldiers was passing his house, he fell in behind them and gave the best imitation he could. He was collared and taken off. We couldn't take it very seriously. That was early in the war, and we didn't know as much as we do now; but in order to relieve his mother's anxiety, we sent a member of the Legation Staff to bring the small boy back. We found the boy in a cell and a number of officers watching him. It was proposed to leave him in jail for three days. It took our best efforts for the rest of the day to get him off.

Not long after, the Cardinal—Cardinal Mercier—was going through the streets, and was cheered by the street crowds. They arrested as many of the crowd as they could bag, and imposed a fine of one million marks on the city. That sort of thing went on every day, and it seemed to occupy about two-thirds of the time of the authorities, time they might have been devoting to other things.

The first important victim of this policy of pin-pricks was a man you all know, Adolph Max, the Burgomaster of Brussels. When the Germans came in, he was saddled with the responsibility for everything that happened. They forbade him making his views known to his people by official proclamation. Early in September the Military Governor of Brussels put up a proclama-

tion saying that the Belgian flags were a provocation to the German troops, and ordered them all taken down. There was a good deal of high feeling and we feared there might be trouble. But Max got out a proclamation of his own which was very well worded, in which he advised the people to remain calm and to wait with supreme confidence the day of reparation. In the minds of the Germans, the only really important thing was that Max had broken a rule, so they sent out several hundred men and sent an armed guard down to the Hotel de Ville to put him under arrest. He was brought before the Military Governor, the guard removed, and he was left alone. The Military Governor, in order to show that he was utterly without fear, ostentatiously unstrapped his revolver and laid it on the table. Then Max, with a solemn face, took out his fountain pen and laid it beside the revolver! The Military Governor then went on and told Max he had done a very outrageous thing, and that he was, for the duration of the war, to be sent to Germany. To his great surprise, Max replied that that was the happiest thing that could happen to him; that he had tried to maintain order so long as he was in the city, but that if he was in Germany the authorities could not hold him responsible for anything that went on in Brussels in his absence. That was a new thought to the Military Governor, and he excused himself, and when he came back said he had gone to see the Governor-General who had told him to present his compliments to Max and tell him to go back to the Town Hall and exercise his functions as if nothing had happened. There were several more skirmishes, and then one day they had a fine one. When the Germans came in they signed a sort of treaty with the City of Brussels, one of whose provisions was that they should pay in cash for any supplies which they requisitioned. After about a month, the German authorities decided that they had kept their promise long enough, and they proceeded to wipe it off the slate. They had a more delicate way of saying it, to-wit: they had "annulled their promise." Max wrote a letter and forbade the Belgians making any more payments on account of the levy on the city. Then they really did imprison him, and there he will probably die.

He gave just the right turn to the Belgians' irrepressible sense of humor. From the point of view of Germany's interests, his arrest was a very stupid thing, as it only served to inflame the Belgians, and made him an object of devotion.

Another splendid man is the Cardinal Mercier. When the war broke out, he was in Rome. Before the Sacred College he made a fiery speech in which he denounced the actions of the Germans in Belgium. Returning to Belgium, he went straightway back to Malines where his duty lay, and there he has remained

ever since, save for one short trip to Rome where he spoke his mind. He travels about the country constantly, counseling the people, relieving want, comforting the bereaved, always advising them to maintain public order, but to keep up their courage and to resist the overtures of the Germans, in full confidence of final deliverance. Once in a while the German Governor-General takes exception to what the Cardinal says, and sends him a characteristically brutal letter. The Cardinal takes up his pen, makes his reply in courteous terms and always succeeds in making the Governor-General ridiculous.

He has, among other things, a very nice sense of humor, and a very comforting twinkle in his eye. I remember the last time we saw it was when an American of some substance stopped to pay his respects. He was received by the Cardinal and was completely fascinated by him. When the time came for the American to go, he held out his hand and said, "There is one thing I want to say to you, and that is, you are a Catholic and I am a Presbyterian, but I want to tell you I have got no prejudice against you whatever." He will be remembered chiefly by his patriotic and righteous fight, and by his pastoral letters which are read in every church in the country. He wields an influence which the Germans dread, and yet his hold upon the people is such that they dare not touch him, no matter what he does, and he has undone the work of the German Army Corps and brought many of the schemes of the Governor-General to naught.

I have spoken of the Belgian sense of humor and the comfort it brings them. There are about as many stories of that as there are of German persecution. For instance, very early in the war, every Belgian wore in his buttonhole a little rosette with the national colors, but the Germans didn't like that and they got out a proclamation forbidding any display of the Belgian national colors. After that we noticed every Belgian wore an ivy leaf in his buttonhole, and we found out that the motto of that was, "I die where I cling." Well, the Germans were annoyed by the ivy leaf, and issued another proclamation forbidding the wearing of that. Soon after that a lot of the more daring humorists came out with little scraps of paper in their button holes!

On the first anniversary of the German occupation the Germans were afraid there might be manifestations of some sort, so they gave an order that the shops should remain open instead of closing as they usually did. The Belgians passed around word, and there were no customers. Every top hat in Brussels was got out and polished so you could see your face in it. There was not much the Germans could do about it. Crowds dressed in their holiday best promenaded up and down the streets, and the shop-

keepers sat in their doorways, but never a customer was there that day. We found out the Germans were going to be obeyed any way, so they put up a proclamation saying that all these places must close at eight o'clock!

Sometimes their wit took a more practical turn. One poor peasant—the only thing he had in the world was a pig he had fattened for the market. When the German Army was coming he was beside himself with fear that they would take his pig away. So he and his wife decided to kill the pig. After they had cleaned it they laid it in their own bed, laid a white sheet over it and put candles at the foot and head. Later, when the German Army arrived, the peasant and his wife came out with streaming eyes, saying, "Death has visited this house." The whole crowd stood rigidly at attention and then went out on tiptoe.

Perhaps the one thing that bothered us more than anything else was the German system of espionage. The Governor-General had a huge army of these people in order to keep informed about what was going on, but they were usually unscrupulous, ignorant and underpaid. They wandered about, looking not so much for news or information as for people they could denounce. If a spy brought in no one for punishment he was dropped. It was "up to him" to bring in offenders. The result is that thousands of Belgians were punished for offenses they never committed, and that never occurred.

I, myself, had a good deal of experience with the German espionage system. The Governor-General did me the honor of attaching a spy to my person. He used to follow me about the streets when I went out. The rest of the time he leaned up against the front of my house to watch the people who came and went. He was rather pathetic. Sometimes I used to go out on a windy, cold night and tell him I was not expecting any more callers and tell him he was excused for the night! Altogether he had a pretty good time, but one time he was missing for about a week. When he came back I patted him on the back and told him as seriously as I could that he was the poorest excuse for a spy I had ever seen. He was really a good deal worried about it, especially when I told him solemnly that I felt he had neglected me and if he didn't do better I should have to have him discharged! You can imagine about how useful he would have been as a spy if anything had been going on! But, in spite of all the spies could do, the Belgians put over anything they felt the need of, and under the nose of the Governor-General.

They set up in out of the way corners the publication of several clandestine newspapers. The *Liberté Belgique*, which has been published now for about two and a half years, contains arti-

cles written to stimulate the patriotism of the people and turn the Germans to ridicule and contempt. And the most amusing feature of it all is that the Governor-General gets his copy regularly! He has never been able to find out where it comes from, and has offered rewards of a hundred thousand marks for information leading to the capture of the publishers. One day he finds it on the blotter of his desk; another day it is thrown in the window; another day it comes to him with his soup or vegetables; another day it comes to him in his mail with a bundle of German dispatches! It so got on the nerves of von Bissing that he is said to have gone into a tantrum every time it appeared. The articles in this paper and others like it are always filled with the same message to the people. The articles are read and discussed and really do a great deal toward keeping up the morale of the people, and, incidentally, any Belgian who reads one of these papers has the feeling that he is outwitting the tyrant, and there is a lot of comfort in that feeling.

Another thing that bothered us was the German love of bullying. Every German under that system is supposed to bully some other German. Every day brought a hundred instances of this fact that the Belgians were persecuted and browbeaten, and the only time we got any comfort out of it was once when the system slipped and hit the wrong man. The delegates of the Relief Commission were stopped at the frontier, stripped and searched. One day Mr. Hoover and I made complaint to the Governor-General about it. He said this was all rubbish and we were either misinformed or we exaggerated. Then somebody had the bright idea of suggesting that we be accompanied by a German officer in civilian clothes, to see how it worked out in practice. As luck would have it, we had a young man, the son of a Cabinet official. When they got to the frontier a soldier came and roughly ordered every one to get out of the car. The young man answered that he held a pass. The only answer was that four soldiers grabbed him by the legs and pulled him out of the car into the road and an officer came out and told him to go into the guard house and stay there. Another officer came out and the young man held up his pass. The whole proceeding was an outrage, and the victim so expressed himself. At that, the officer seized him by the throat and they beat him up and choked him and pounded him, and they finally reduced him to a state of pulp, and then put him under arrest, packed him into a military car, carried him back to Brussels and then tried to find out whether his pass was any good! Within an hour, everybody in Brussels knew about this, and was rejoicing in the fact that one of the boches got a taste of the other end of the stick. The next day I saw him and his face was so swollen

he could hardly talk out of one side of his mouth, and his disposition was in a dangerous state of inflammation. One thing that pained him more than anything else was this; he said, "That big man with the black beard that was kicking me from behind—that was a professor of ethics in the University of Munich."

Perhaps in my anxiety to avoid telling you horrors, I have laid too much stress on the lighter side of life there. I have spared you a detailed recital of atrocities. I haven't told you anything of the systematic plan for the economic ruin of Belgium, the imposition of crushing fines on the slightest provocation, the carrying out of Belgium of all the raw materials and machinery so that Belgium should be stripped at the end of the war. Then, too, to my mind, the deportation ranks with the atrocities. They are a reversal to the same barbarism. They were undertaken cold-bloodedly for several purposes; first, to clear out a population that might be useful to the Allies when Belgium was delivered; second, to utilize the work of the people, as they couldn't do unless they had them under some sort of compulsion; and lastly, to break the spirit of the people and make them sue for peace rather than suffer more. Those who refused to work were beaten and starved, and then, when their health was broken down under this treatment, they were sent home to die of pneumonia or tuberculosis. It is a splendid tribute to the stamina of the people that they have never weakened under this treatment, and they are just as courageous and full of determination as they ever were.

In spite of all these things, the Germans continue to wonder why the Belgians don't love them! They probably never will understand; but the fact remains that by their barbarity and by their tyranny and incredible stupidity, they have done everything to increase Belgium's hatred of them and to strengthen their determination to hold out until deliverance comes, and that is where democracy tells. A people that has known a democracy such as has prevailed in Belgium is supported by an enduring and reasoning courage that no autocracy can stifle, and perhaps the best proof of it is this: I have talked to thousands of them, and have never found one who regretted the decision of his king to accept death itself rather than yield, and who, if the choice was to be made over again, could make any other decision than the one that was made so unhesitatingly. A people like that cannot be conquered by German method or by German arms.

THREE: BY REVEREND NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, D.D.

I CLAIM the right, just for a moment, to stand before you as a parish priest, and say my word of appreciation of that magnificent character who was referred to in the opening of our exercises. For Mr. Cragin was one of my own parishioners, and my relationships with him were of a peculiarly intimate character—in fact, when he was meditating the forming of this Saturday Discussions Club, he took me into his confidence because I had been a member of a similar club in another city and knew something about the way in which it worked. I had the very great privilege of giving to him the benefit of whatever wisdom I had, and for the first few years of the life of this Saturday Discussions Club, over and over again I had beneath my eye the anticipated programmes as we talked together about those great themes which could properly be brought before the attention of a company of red-blooded men and discussed, not in the interests of small partisanship, but in the interests of a large Americanism, and that was the characteristic of this translated friend of ours, that he found where the larger things of life were in residence and took up his apartments there. There are some people who are like the donkey and can see only to the end of their noses, and if they do see a bit beyond, they are like the donkey in that they only discern a bundle of hay; but those people, after all, do not measure the symmetry, the magnitude, the proportion of life. They do not know what that eminent old saint meant when he had engraved as the epitaph upon his own tomb, "Just Think of Living."

Mr. Cragin was a man whose pocket-book was rather shallow, but there was nothing shallow about his brain, and his heart was very deep indeed. He answered to that word of Goethe's as well as most men,—Goethe, who said that the greatest compliment he ever received was by some one who called him a circumambient man, a man who could go all around things and from various points of view see his work in a true, in a broad and in a growing horizon. Some people say he has passed out. I do not like the expression. He has passed on. For, beyond the assurances in our Book of God with relation to the unending day, we have in these last years the word of no less a scientist than Sir Oliver Lodge, probably the leading scientist in the world to-day, who has made this prophetic remark that a moment like this will send home to the hearts of every one, "The extinction of personality is something that does not happen."

He does well who does his best.
Is he weary? Let him rest.
Brother, I have done my best;
I am weary, let me rest,
Saying not, "Good night,"
But in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

Exit the parish priest. And enter the humble chaplain in the service of the United States.

It may seem strange that in presence of the Ambassador and of the diplomat, one should be asked to say something from the standpoint of the warrior, especially if he be the kind of a warrior whose footpaths are supposed to be those of peace; but I am not altogether out of place in this assemblage and at this time, because, thus far in our discussions this afternoon, we have been far, far away, over the sea. Our indignation has been aroused by the sense of outrage on the one hand, and our own purposes have been strengthened by new resolutions to adhere to our national determinations, on the other hand. Now it is time for us to sail back again over the sea and ask ourselves two or three simple questions concerning the status of the war in our own land.

Were the hour earlier and the time longer, I should like to tell you how I, myself, appeared a little while ago in France as the ambassador of peace, and how I hope to appear a little time later as a representative of war. I had been appointed one of a very outstanding international company of men who were to meet by the side of beautiful Lake Geneva in 1914, in the summer, and arrange the few last necessities for the peace of the whole world, and, gentlemen, we stood a mighty good chance, when we sailed from America, of being able to accomplish just that thing. The world was just in the condition, and if it had not been that the Kaiser loved yachting as well as I do—I know the temptation of yachting in the summertime—and the Crown Prince loved war a good deal better than I do, it is not impossible that the results of that international conference, which was to have included delegates from Germany as from the other nations in the world, might have put the present-day situation of the world in a very different attitude. I arrived in Paris on that fateful Sunday when war was declared, concerning which I only wish to say to you that anybody in America who had regarded himself as an uncompromising pacifist could not have had the experience and seen the visions which I saw on that day and on the days following, and come home to our country with any other than a respect in the very depths of his soul for a nation like our own, which, in the fullness of time, would announce a determined attitude

against the despotism of the invader, and a passion in his own heart to lend whatever strength had been his for the time being in the interests of peace, to the idea of war, until righteousness and justice should again obtain among the nations of the earth and the respect that is due to an ordinary mortal be vouchsafed to him in the north and east and south and on the west.

But that was some time ago, and I found myself one day, having been the happy chaplain of a distinguished regiment for six years, summoned to make the choice between going with my boys and enlisting in the service of the United States, and making the other remark which is sometimes done, that, inasmuch as time had placed its hand with a somewhat revelatory effect upon my unkept and uncovered head, it would perhaps be better for me to let the younger men go. Not on your life!

The chance was too great; the price was too precious, and so, on went the uniform with joy undefiled, and away went the parson and in came the real chaplain. I suppose you will want to know how the uniform feels. Well, in the language of the up-to-date tailor, "It fits well around the neck," and especially over the heart.

I am proud to stand here for just a very few moments as the representative of the young life of America, which has sworn anew its allegiance to the stars and stripes, and which is waiting for the destined hour when it can prove to the world that America is something more than a nation of dollar-hunters; a country which believes that eternal principles are worth not only defending to the utmost, but offering everything that a true American has. I am proud to represent those boys, and have only three simple things that I want to say to you men with relation to them; I want to say, in the first place, that anybody who knows what is going on understands that our camps and our forts to-day are the places where we are engaged in character-making, and not in character-smashing! There is a certain type of lugubrious piety which seems to be particularly fond of dwelling on the salacious, and which transfers its thought of the salacious to the boys who are wearing the khaki. God forgive her, but there was a woman in Connecticut the other day, according to the papers, who addressed a company of her sisters and remarked that there was now a new "yellow peril," and that that was the boys who wore the khaki. She had come to believe that every boy who put on the khaki was, by that fact, under suspicion.

Now, I am not even going to narrate them—you have all heard them over and over again—these stories of character-smashing which are attributed to our boys in the camp and in the fort, until one would almost think that the first thing a young American does when he enlists in our magnificent army is to play

football with his own character. There is no greater lie being disseminated in America to-day, and there is no keener insult to my son and to your son than to permit such rattle-brained statements to go reeling around on their way. I know what I am talking about. I know it absolutely, because I make it part of my business to stand every now and then and watch their physical examination, and after I have watched their physical examination, I have access to the officers' records, and I want to tell you this: If a young man has forfeited his character before he has enlisted in the army and is paying in his own person the awful penalty for that forfeiture you don't expect the next morning to see the angels' wings springing from his shoulders, do you? You don't in civil life, anyway. And, on the other hand, if a young man has come, as a vast, vast, vast majority of our young men in the army do, who have enlisted under the call of the President have come, with pure lives and with masterful purposes, you don't see the horns of the Devil springing up out of the heads of these young kids, either. The thing which surprises you and amazes you and delights you, as you take your way among these men, is the way in which the experiences of the camp confirm and strengthen and make like iron those characters which have hitherto largely had the shelter of the home and the nobler society of our country. One could speak by the hour to show it, but I want just simply, with all the emphasis there is in my soul, to repudiate the foul suggestions that our boys, taking them by and large, have no nobler conception of their duties to present their whole selves a gift to their country in the interest of the struggle which is now going on, than simply to deal loosely and easily with their own personal characters.

Oh, how their character is growing! Just this morning, before I came down here, there was one of our boys who is the son of a rich man and who has been trying to make a soldier of himself, but he has had so much ease, and things have been so soft, that I tell you what, his experiences at Fort Hamilton contrast somewhat vividly with those which have hitherto been his own. He has had an easy position, but two or three days ago it was found necessary to "jack" our camp up from a military standpoint very severely, and he came to me this morning and said, "I think they have got it in for me. They have taken away my pass and they told me this morning that I must report for intensive duties at one of the batteries. I think they have got it in for me." "Well, my boy," said I, "I don't think they have; they are just 'jacking' things up," and I said, "my boy, you have got the stuff in you. Now buck up." I looked him in the eye, and he was saying to me with his eyes, "I will buck, chaplain." I pre-

sume I did more good that minute when I gave that simple exhortation to that boy than many a time when I have preached a sermon that permitted the saints to go to sleep and the sinners to snap their watches!

Six months ago a lady came to my study in relation to a member of her family. He was a young man who had had a college education and had led a very proper life, but recently had adopted very radical views. This boy had lost his personal character as the result of the associations which had been his, and the new ideas which had been adopted, and she asked me what I would do. I didn't hear from her again until a week ago when I received an eight page letter in which there was a notice of his death. It didn't appeal to me at all—that notice of the death. In her letter this lady said, "You will remember me when I tell you I am the person who came to you six months ago to speak to you concerning my nephew about whom I was very much worried. After he enlisted there seemed to be a tremendous change in him. He not only abandoned the vicious habits which had got their hooks on him, but that for six weeks his family had had the greatest comfort and pride in him because of the new stand he had taken in regard to the things which were worth while. I wanted to tell you how glad we are and how grateful we are for the discipline of the camp life which transformed him from a thoughtless boy into an earnest, thinking and noble man."

If anybody tries to make you believe that tommyrot that our boys are engaged in the groveling task of tearing down their characters in the camp, on shipboard or in the fort, you tell them it is a lie; and you refer them to me, and I will either convince them or I will annihilate them.

There is another thing that is happening to our boys, aside from the benefits which you will readily see, and that is, that our boys are finding a new use for their brains. People are beginning to say, "The world is being turned upside down, and what is the world going to be like when the boys come home?" They say our churches are going to be absolutely transformed. I don't know as that would hurt the churches very much. Being a Congregationalist myself, I know there is room for improvement in the Presbyterian church!

This is the thing that is happening: Many of the boys have come into an arrangement of life, when, for the first time, they have been really challenged by a big ideal, and they are beginning to look upon it and they are beginning to think about it, and they find in that ideal, religion, patriotism, the things that are worthiest in life. They are asking themselves, "What is life for, anyway? What is the use of living? How big a life can a man live, and

how little a life does a man live?" And those great fundamental questions are coming up. Well, the boys are thinking as they never thought before. We thought it was a joke two or three years ago, when that alumnus of one of our American colleges who was very fond of athletics and who heard that the college was jacking itself up in literary pursuits, sent word to his college and said he heard "they were trying to make the college a damned educational institution."

Those of us who had generous fathers like myself, who paid all the bills and paid them promptly and cheerfully, didn't have very much to think about. The boys who got the most out of their college life were the ones who had to scratch for their daily food, etc. Those same boys are having the thoughts that

"Wake to perish never,
Which never man or boy
Or anything that is utterly an enemy to joy
Can utterly destroy."

They are going to come back with a new impression with relation to the place that commerce holds in a man's life, with a new sense of the truth that republics, like individuals, only really secure the things they earn and for the sake of which they are willing to make the larger sacrifices. A good many of them have been like Mark Twain's lightning bug:

"The lightning-bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He goes glimmering through existence
With his headlight on behind!"

There are ten thousand of your sons that have got their headlights in the right place, and it is inspiring clean through into the backbone.

And then, there is just one thing more that I want to say about these boys, and that is, that a spirit of optimism pervades every camp and every fort that I know anything about, which is just as beautiful as it is brave. I don't talk to our boys much about eventualities. I never pass around to my boys the cards of the popular undertakers, or call their attention to the ambulance which now and then flits around even at Fort Hamilton. We trade on the good cheer of the boys. I wish you could hear them sing. Come down some time to any camp or any fort when the boys are having a song, and hear them pour out the great optimism of their bright natures, and when you hear them sing "And We Won't Come Back Till It's Over Over There," you will be feeling in your pockets to see if you have enough to get over there!

We teach the boys that it is the business of life to live to-day in the full, with splendid symmetry and proportion, and that by making the best of every chance which To-day gives the boy to fit himself for to-morrow he can reach that symmetry; to let To-morrow take care of itself while he takes care of To-day. And we often quote to them that bit which rang in our ears when we were in the golden days of youth:

“Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who at night can calmly say,
‘To-morrow, do thy worst,
For I have lived to-day!’”

That is the kind of boys that we have in our American army, and all I have to say is, God pity the people that come up against them! As I often say to my own boys, “Do your bit every day. Nobody knows but one member of our regiment may have the privilege of drawing the bead on the Kaiser, and if you do, I promise I will fulfill the burial service without a fee!”

SECOND DISCUSSION

JANUARY TWELFTH, 1918

OUR COUNTRY IN THE WAR

OUR COUNTRY IN THE WAR

ONE: BY HONORABLE WILLIAM S. KENYON

United States Senator

I AM certainly glad to be here on this occasion, and when the Chairman announced, and perhaps unfortunately, for me, that I was a member of Congress, I heard some gentleman at my right suggest that you would try and overlook that this afternoon!

We have been glad, out in our middle west country, to have distinguished citizens of New York come out to arouse the patriotism of the Middle West. We really enjoy having them come, and when this invitation came to me, and the only vote against the resolution just passed in Congress for war upon Austria was cast by a Congressman from New York, I thought, in a spirit of reciprocity, I would come to New York from the Middle West and try and arouse the patriotism of New York.

We like New York, out in our country, and there is one sight about New York I am never going to forget as long as I live. Two or three weeks ago I came back across the ocean. We were twelve days on the sea, and when we got to New York Harbor and saw that old Statute of Liberty, I felt like the Irishman who had gone over to visit Ireland after living in this country a while, and when he got back and they sailed up New York Harbor, he took off his hat to the Statue of Liberty and said, "Old lady, if you ever see me again, you have got to turn around."

We have just passed through that season of "peace on earth and good will to men," and there never has been a time in the history of the world when there was so little peace on earth and so much hatred among men as now. Over ten million men have gone to their death as the result of this war. Forty-five million are now probably under arms. This war is costing the world seventy-five million dollars a day, and in a few years, if it go on, it will run into the trillions.

And yet, with these staggering figures, with the momentous problems which we are all facing as nations engaged in this contest, it is no time for pessimism. Justice seems to have been a little delayed, but justice is on its road to triumph, and in this great cataclysm of the world, ideals are still holding their place,

and out of all the disappointments of the last year there is one inspirational event to the civilized world—the capture of Jerusalem from the atrocity-loving Turk, and the firm resolution on the part of humanity that it never shall be returned to the Turk.

We have been a nation of peace. We did not bring on this war. America hated war. We wanted no territory additional to our own. We were contented and happy, and we were glad that the rest of the world could be contented and happy; but we have learned as a nation that it does not take two to make a quarrel. Any powerful nation determined to do wrong can bring on a war, if the other nation to which they intend the wrong has any bit of red blood in it. Men had a right in this country, before this war started—and that is why some of you found fault with some parts of the Middle West—men had a right then to question the wisdom of going into the war; they had a right in Congress to vote against it, to talk against it; but after the Constitutional authority in this nation had decreed there should be war, no man had a right then to say a thing or to do a single act that would injure his country in this crisis.

And I believe that nearly every man in this country who did doubt the wisdom at that time of going into the war, not knowing things as they may have developed now, has accepted, however, the doctrine of old Stephen Decatur in his toast, "Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be right, but our country, right or wrong." And many people in this country who doubted the wisdom of our step and who hesitated at the momentous step, with fuller knowledge of the great issues involved, have become thoroughly convinced that there was nothing else for America to do, and some who hesitated about going into the war hesitate just as strongly now to go out of it, until we accomplish the purpose for which we went into it.

We could have waited a little longer; we could have gone on with our selfish, indulgent life, with our desire not to sacrifice anything. Yes, we could have given up our Monroe Doctrine; if we had wanted to, we could have given to Germany the control of the sea, and said, "Yes, we will bow to you; we will send one boat across the sea a week, painted like a barber's pole, because you asked to have it done." We could have done that, but the time would have come eventually when we would have been forced into this contest.

The President waited; Congress waited; people waited; and I believe the President was wise in waiting, because in waiting, when we went into this war, he had a solid nation behind him.

We could have avoided it on the same theory that a man can always keep out of a quarrel. If a man comes into your house

and slaps and insults your wife, you don't have to have a quarrel with him. You can slink out of the room and out the back door, and then get down behind the woodshed like a craven coward, but that is not the American spirit. We reached a point where we had to fight or run, but the American people do not run, and I thank God that when we had to go into this conflict, we went into it with clean hands, and future historians will have so to record.

When we get through with this job, as the Chairman has said, there are going to be some new principles of international law written. We didn't start this war. We didn't start this Angel of Death fiddling all over the world; but we propose now to have something to say about when the fiddling shall stop, and not turn over to the man who started the war the right to say what the peace terms shall be.

And, in addition to these changes of international law striking down the doctrine of force and the re-establishment of the doctrine of right, something else is going to come out of this war. The world is going to have a new conception of American citizenship. You remember the old incident in the Bible—familiar, of course, to every one in a Republican Club, but I will call attention to it! You remember when Paul was bound and he said to the centurion, "Is it lawful to scourge a man who is a Roman and uncondemned?" And the centurion went to the captain of his host and said, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman citizen." And so, when this war is over and any citizen of any nation, or any nation, attempts to do wrong to an American citizen where he has a right to be, he is going to hesitate and say, "Take heed what thou doest; this man is an American citizen, protected by the power of the mightiest nation on earth."

True, we have our American issue, the killing of our American people, closing to us the freedom of the seas, but that has grown out into a greater issue, a great world issue. It is hard sometimes for us to grasp, hard for us to visualize, a war three thousand miles away; but it is now a contest between these two great systems in the world, and you cannot have triumphant autocracy in Europe and flourishing democracy in this country. It isn't merely a question of making "the world safe for democracy." That is only half. It is a question of making this old world safe for humanity, and I have come to believe that you cannot make the world safe for humanity if the glorious old Anglo-Saxon race is to go down.

In this struggle we meet a foe trained in the philosophy that God is a German God. I met a resident of your country (turn-

ing to Doctor De Sadeleer of Belgium)—bless your little country; we are going to restore that when peace comes—and he said, “We pray to God and the Germans pray to God, and it looks as if God was a German God.” One of the pieces of business that we have got on hand in this war is to dissolve this self-constituted partnership between the Kaiser and God, which God doesn’t seem to know very much about. All through the teachings of the German philosophers and in the teachings of their ministers of the Gospel, runs this; that Germany must rule the world. Her people had learned that; they are ready, apparently, to give up their lives for that doctrine, and so the military power of Germany started out to “bluff” the world. A reign of terror and frightfulness, the like of which the world has never known, was started, but they might as well understand that, so far as Great Britain and France and the United States are concerned, they can’t be “bluffed.” Great Britain and the United States know a “bluff” when they see it, because they have tried to practice so many of them on one another in the days gone by.

And we are not frightened by any of this talk about “the mailed fist.”

They have overrun Belgium in this reign of terror, and overrun Northern France. Oh, I am glad we can come to the help of Belgium; I am glad we can come to the help of France. When we were a little struggling nation, or trying to struggle into the family of nations, when we could hardly walk, we reached out our hands for help and who came? France. The people stood over at old Liberty Hall at Philadelphia and watched Rochambeau go by on his way to Washington. General Lafayette came too, ready to give his life. The bread that France cast on the waters one hundred years ago is coming back to them now.

I happened to be in France when the boys of the Rainbow Division landed, that wonderful division, the boys from New York, boys from Iowa, from every State in the Union, a rainbow of hope, and a gentleman told me of seeing those troops at a certain port which I suppose cannot be mentioned for the censorship. He told me that people remained around there for a day or two, watching for the American troops. The boats finally came up the harbor with the American boys, and a band along the dock commenced to play “The Marsellaise.” He said he saw a little French girl with her mother. She seemed very much agitated and she didn’t seem to understand it. Finally she caught the word *Américains*. She seemed to grasp it, and reaching up and putting her arms around her mother’s neck, said in French of course, the English of which would be “Oh, Mother, they have come to save us.” I tell you, it is a great thing my friends, to

have an opportunity to do some part in a work like that, and when this war is over, our relationship to France is so quite different, I think, from our relationship to other nations, close and intimate as they may be, when this war is over, I want us to say to France: "You came to us in our trouble. The great republic is not forgetful. We cancel every dollar of obligation of the money we have loaned you. We don't want you to give us back a single penny." That is what we ought to do to France.

I went through Northern France a few weeks ago. I never imagined that there could be such wanton destruction. Towns blown up, not for military purposes, but out of pure devilry; cathedrals destroyed, on the walls of some of the different cathedrals written "With the love of your enemies" and "Rage not but wonder." At Albert a cathedral with a statue of the Madonna, a magnificent cathedral, was shelled, so that this statue is at right angles from the steeple, holding out the little Child Jesus over the city. The Madonna was not safe, and I suppose as these cathedrals were shelled, that the Kaiser wired to his armies, "On with God." The blasphemy of all the miserable business! Cities that had populations of eight or ten thousand people now with only two or three hundred. Half an hour to get out of town and take no horses. And yet Count von Hertling, who is now engaged in bringing about a German peace, said in an address a few weeks ago that they, the Germans, were saving Europe from America! Saving Europe from America! Oh, what are they saving it for?

They have shelled defenceless women and children in the towns; they have shelled Red Cross hospitals;—and I am going to indulge in no hysterical statements; nothing but what I could prove;—hospital ships sent down to the bottom with poor, weak, struggling men thereon, even then struggling for their lives. They have taken the women and children of Belgium and France, as you know, and put them in front of their armies in their charges on the French. They have taken girls away for worse than bondage; they have poisoned wells; they have cut down fruit trees. I saw hundreds of them just cut down, for no military purpose. Even in the gardens of the peasants, the little rose bushes were destroyed. I tell you, gentlemen, whether you are from the East or from the West, I bring this message to you from the manhood of the West; before we are willing that these things shall come to our country, we stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the resolution that we had better die, every one of us, and we *will* die, before we will ever permit it to come to America.

One man is responsible for all this, one man with his palaces, with his six bomb-proof sons; for it was amazing to me when I inquired down on the battlefield of the Marne where the

Crown Prince was, and over at Verdun, he was always safely in the rear! There is one family in Germany that hasn't lost a single soul, and that is the Kaiser's family. Some Belgian woman, chided by a German soldier about having no land, replied, "I had rather have a king who has lost his country, than an emperor who has lost his soul." And this is the gentleman who is now trying, by the most skillful intrigue, to bring about peace in the world. Is America going to nibble at his bait?

Austria and Germany are in a conspiracy against freedom. Turkey is their partner. We ought to declare war on Turkey also, unless there is some mighty good reason for doing otherwise, and there may be.

In all of this, what do they expect of America? I cut out of the paper, coming over last night, the words of Churchill of yesterday or the day before: "America, come and aid us with all your might and speed, for this is the time for action on the largest scale ever planned." They are counting on us. That was impressed on me one Sunday evening. We were below St. Quentin, in the third trench, where there was a concealed battery, and a little French fellow in there who could speak English, said, "We are driving the boches out fast; but when you folks get here, we are going to drive them out faster." Those people of France seem to regard us as a poor, weak sister would regard a great big brother coming to save her. We must not fail.

Ships, ships, ships; that is the great need, the tremendous problem of getting our men and munitions and supplies across the water. It is a tremendous problem, and we will get those ships quickly, in my judgment, if all of the quarreling and wrangling and arguing is done away and all the red tape is cut at Washington, and we just get down to plain, common, horse-sense business, and build the ships.

The saddest words that this nation will ever write, if we do not hasten, will be the words, "Too Late." Do you remember when the Saviour was in the Garden of Gethsemane and his disciples slept? Coming back again and again and finding them asleep, the Saviour finally said, "Sleep on now. It is too late." England was nearly too late. If it had not been for the constructive genius, the courage and the dynamic force of one man in England, she probably would have been too late. That man is the best loved man on the Continent of Europe among the Allies, the splendid Premier of England, Lloyd George.

There never has been a war where there was such correlation and the necessity of such correlation of forces. Artillery and airplanes are going to win this war. Infantry is nearly powerless without the artillery; the artillery can do but little with-

out the airplane. At a certain place near Vimy Ridge there was a great gun. I saw it in operation, down under the hill. Over the hill, about four miles away were the German lines. The day before—they told us the operation of that gun, and I tell it because it shows the necessity of airplanes—there were airplanes hovering over the hill. A battery over at the German lines had been doing great destruction. This gun was to put that battery out of business. That was its business. The first shot was fired, and the airplane wired back to the gunners, "Two kilometers too far." At the next shot the wireless came back, "One kilometer too short." The next shot hit square on the battery and wiped it out of existence. Without the airplane it could not have been done. Airplanes are what we need over there, with big cannon. Ten thousand airplanes starting on a trip to Berlin from behind the lines would come mighty near nailing the stars and stripes to the flag-pole of the Kaiser.

And I don't know how you feel about it; I did not have much heart for retaliation, but after seeing the terror and death caused in London by air raids, the one I saw resulting in the death of one poor man and his wife and their six children and nothing else, I became somewhat of a convert to the doctrine of retaliation. You can't justify on our part or the Allies' part going out and killing defenseless women and children. It seems a dreadful thing to do. There is only one theory on which our conscience can be at ease about it, and that is this, it is the only way to stop the ruthless bombardment from the skies of women and children of the Allies, and under that theory we would be justified in doing what we could to protect our own women and children.

I want to relate to you an incident that was rather pleasing to me at Vimy Ridge which was captured just as we declared war. Up the hill went those Canadians in two hours and captured Vimy Ridge; but among those Canadians there were nine thousand American boys. And one of the first flags to be planted on Vimy Ridge right after we declared war was the stars and stripes carried by a long, lanky fellow from Texas.

You hear a good deal to the effect that we have done nothing in this war, that we do more talking than we do acting; but I say to you that the feats of the American Navy are worthy the best traditions of our Navy. In all the criticism that has gone on, there has been no criticism of the American Navy. And when you travel through the submarine zone and wake up some morning to see a little destroyer on each side of your boat with the flag of your country flying, it is the best sight you ever saw in this world.

Those American destroyers have adopted new tactics. The

captain of a great ocean liner told me that within three days after they arrived over there, you could notice the difference in the submarine activities. They do not circle, as the British and French have been doing, around the submarine. No; when they see one, they go straight to it. Dangerous? Yes, but that is the American way. They are so skillful they can almost dodge the torpedoes. And they ram the submarine if they get the chance, hobbing over the waves of the sea, straight for it. They have put the fear of God into the hearts of the German commanders of the submarines, and when the story of this war is told, we shall find that the American Navy has done splendid work, and there will be hundreds of these boys of the sea who stood with their guns all night on these merchant boats, cold and wet. We will know of them on the destroyers, with hardly a chance to rest and never a chance to sit down, they will be some of the great unknown, unnamed heroes of this war.

It is no time for gloom. It is no time to think that things are running against us, because they are not. It took England two years to get on a substantial war basis. It is going to take some time to evolve a great peace nation into a war nation, but in the future we will never be found in such a condition of unpreparedness as we were when this war started, and I believe that one of the best ways to be ready for future troubles will be to have universal military training.

There isn't any trouble with the patriotism of our nation. Don't you Eastern people get it in your minds that there is any trouble with the patriotism of the Middle West. It is about time for the East and the West to stop making faces at each other and lock arms in this contest. There isn't any more patriotism in one section of this country than there is in the other. It is the old American patriotism that will always come to the front. We found it in the days of '61 and it is here now; the same patriotism that was with Grant at Shiloh and at Vicksburg; the same patriotism that was with old Pat Thomas at Chickamauga and that followed Joe Hooker above the clouds until the stars of the old flag twinkled side by side with the stars of the heavens. It is the same patriotism that was with Hancock on those immortal days at Gettysburg; with Farragut at Mobile, damning the torpedoes; and with Dewey destroying the Spanish fleet at Manila harbor. There isn't any trouble with the patriotism of the American people.

Great things are going to come to this country out of this war. We are going to be stronger and better. We are going to be less selfish, we are going to grow great by sacrifice. Oh, we must learn that lesson of sacrifice. They are sacrificing over there.

France has given two and a half million of her men. You can ride along the Somme and see fifteen miles of graves on either side. You can ride up the hill at Verdun and see a great cemetery; and at the Marne I stood and looked over that scene, palms above the French graves, side by side with the German graves, a great sea of waving palms.

They have stood the test. They have sacrificed. In England you will find the women in the munition factories the same as in France. I visited one in England where five thousand women were working; and another in France where fifteen thousand women were working, cheery and singing about their work.

I want to tell you a little incident. It illustrates the character of these British people. Ambassador Page told me that when he had charge of matters there, and I want to say in passing that Ambassador Page is an honor to this country and one of the best loved men in England, that the British women used to come and inquire about their boys, he having charge of such affairs, and he said sometimes he would have to say the boy was gone; sometimes he was a prisoner, and that woman, that mother, would walk out of his office without a tear in her eye. That is the kind of spirit of the women of England.

There is the same kind of spirit in America. They are sacrificing. They are getting along without as much to eat, probably as they should have. There is a gloom over their country, naturally; but there is no desire on their part ever to stop until this matter is settled right.

We have got to sacrifice, save on our foodstuffs, think a little less about self and get to thinking, each one of us, about our nation,—forget ourselves. Patriotism in this country does not consist in attending banquets of seven and eight courses in order to discuss food conservation, or in rising when the orchestra plays the "Star Spangled Banner," and then telegraphing your Congressman at Washington, "For God's sake, don't tax anything in which we are interested." We have got to learn what sacrifice means, and we are going to do it. And out of this war there are coming great things for our country, though the price we pay will be heavy. But when it is all over, we are going to have a citizenship here that means something. We are going to have no more hyphenated Americanism in this country. If there are those in our country who care more for some other country than they do for this, they ought to be escorted to that country at once, and the sooner the better.

I was told of a condition the other day that existed in eight or nine States of this Union, where men can vote for electors who in turn select the President, when these voters are not citi-

zens of the United States, and we have a sample out in Indiana of some man elected mayor of a city out there, who has to get some kind of a pass as an alien enemy to get to certain parts of Indiana! Men who have come to this country and accumulated great properties—some of them have accumulated farms in my State—men who have been here for five years and have accumulated these properties, who evidence no intention to become citizens of the United States ought to be compelled to leave the country.

It is no time, my friends, for partisanship in this nation. We don't have it at Washington. I see a distinguished Senator from your State here, one of the hardest working members of the American Senate. I see him, like nearly all the other Senators, standing squarely behind all of the war preparations, regardless of whether the bill comes from the Democratic side or from the Republican side.

And it is not a time, either, in this country for incompetency. It is not a time to stifle criticism. Honest criticism of the government is helpful, and at Washington now there are going on investigations some of which are helpful. The people of this country are entitled to know how their money is being spent and that a public dollar is going as far as a private dollar. We are submitting to meatless days and wheatless days and sweetless days in our homes. I insist that we shall have porkless days in the American Congress. And inefficiency, wherever it may be, whether it be in Congress or in the heads of Bureaus or in the Cabinet of the nation, inefficiency should go.

And in these days of non-partisanship which we Republicans are practicing, and I think most of our Democratic friends are too (I never dare say anything against a Democrat, because I married one of them and I have learned never to argue with a Democrat!), but in these days, how reassuring it would be to the people of this nation, how it would arouse the patriotic fervor of the whole nation, if we could in this spirit of non-partisanship, have a coalition Cabinet. Suppose we could have, suppose New York could have two members of the Cabinet, and I suppose they are always willing to take them, but if we could have in the Cabinet of the nation Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt—I see Roosevelt is nearly as popular in New York as he is in Iowa—and if in some of these missions abroad, we could have utilized the services of such a magnificent American as William Howard Taft! We need some Republican brains in running this country, just as well as all Democratic brains, although I am not finding fault with the Democratic brains.

This non-partisanship, putting our country above our party,

has characterized the action of the Republican members of the American Congress and I am glad of that, and most of the Democratic members, too.

If it were not for the little bits of humor that creep up now and then, the whole European continent would be one great cloud of gloom; but some of the humorous things you see are rather pleasing, although it is hard to get in a humorous frame of mind in this serious time of the world's history. They have a lot of Chinamen over there, and the first night some of the Chinamen were working at a great English storehouse it was bombarded and a lot of the Chinamen went out and climbed the trees in order to be safe, and some of the Chinamen went and protested that this bombing business was not in their contract!

They dropped some bombs on a camp of German prisoners, and these prisoners insisted that the British send a protest to Germany against bombing them! And one old English Major, telling me about the experiences of his captain, said, "There is a wonderful spirit in those Tommies. Three or four of us went over the top. They were not expecting us. They were in their dug-outs. They go from the trenches into the dug-outs and sleep there. Our captain went alone into one of those dug-outs and brought five of those beggars out as prisoners. That is jolly good work, don't you know." And another of those English soldiers was in the hospital all torn to pieces, and when he came to, the nurse asked him "How did this happen?" "Well," he said, "we had come out of the trenches. We had been in all day and all night, penned up, and we thought we were going to get a good dinner. The captain came along and said, 'Get right back there.' 'Oh,' but they said, 'we want the dinner.' The captain said, 'You don't need any dinner. You will all be dead inside of thirty minutes, anyhow.' And we all were, including the blooming optimist."

I want to just suggest another thing, and I may be wrong about this proposition, but it is something we ought to think about. I wish we could, somehow or other, get this thought under the German skull—perhaps it will take a surgical operation to do it—that when this war is over, if they keep on waging war contrary to all rules of war and humanity, if they keep up this cruelty, that the world, the civilized part of it, after the war, will absolutely refuse to trade with Germany. We ought to organize the financial powers of this Western Continent and send our Ambassadors to South America, in order to carry out that plan, because if you can get that into the brains of the ruling classes of Germany and into the heads of their great financiers and merchants, it will do more to end this war than anything else.

A man told me on the boat, a Jewish friend of mine, that he had a friend over in Germany engaged in business, a Jewish merchant. He said this merchant went to a member of the ruling classes of Germany and said, "You must stop this submarine business. Why," he said, "every time you sink a boat you lose a customer." But if they ever get this notion into their heads, it will do a good deal to end this war, and if this keeps up, who is going to buy German goods after the war? We have had no envy of Germany and its great commercial success, not at all. But we will refuse—I believe people will refuse for a hundred years to come, at least for our generation, to buy German-made goods.

A state senator came down to Washington from my state. He told me he had a pencil marked "Made in Germany." He was a pretty prosperous fellow, so he was staying at the New Willard (unless he goes around and eats his breakfast at Childs; one has to be pretty prosperous to stay there). The pencil was marked "Made in Germany." He cut that off before he went to bed, and he said in the night he got to thinking about it, and he got up and threw that pencil out of the window.

Who wants in their homes any goods made by the hands that have bayoneted women and children, that have dropped bombs on defenseless women and children, that have manned the German submarine, sending men, women and children to their death without a chance for their lives? Who wants to buy any of those things? Let them take their goods and go to Hell with them. That is where they belong. For the Devil certainly, in a spirit of kindness and reciprocity, ought to appoint the Kaiser the Chief of his staff. He has out-deviled the Devil in cruelty.

We hear a lot about peace in this country, and that is what I want to talk about for a minute. I was not one of those who was anxious to get into this war. I hoped we might keep out, but I am just as insistent now that we make no peace terms until we have gone through with this thing to a finish that will mean a permanent peace.

The Kaiser is constantly quoting Scripture for his purposes. And I have a little Scripture here that I jotted down, that I want to commend to him on this peace question. You are all familiar with it, but at the same time I will read it. From Isaiah: "The way of peace they know not, and there is no judgment in their goings. They have made them crooked paths. Whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace." And from Romans: "Their throat is an open sepulchre. With their tongues they have used deceit. The poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways and the way of peace

have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." From Ezekiel: "Destruction cometh and they shall seek peace and there shall be none."

Yes, we want peace, of course. Every one would like to have this slaughter stopped, but what is the use of a patched-up peace that will simply compel us to go through this thing again in a few years? What is the use of a peace unless it is a peace of righteousness? When the Kaiser takes his bloody hands off Belgium and France, it will be time enough then to talk about peace.

We have started out plowing the furrow that we will have nothing to do with the reigning rulers of Germany. You can't trust them. They are not on the square. A peace with them amounts to nothing. They care not for treaties. Their word is good for naught. We have declared that we will do business with the people of Germany and not with this murderous ruling class. Let us plow that furrow straight out to the end and it will bear fruit.

Peace? Yes, I should think the Kaiser would want peace. It has been suggested that before the civilized nations of the world make peace with Germany, that they turn over the Kaiser to a jury of the civilized world, to be tried for all the murders and rapes that he has brought to the world. Would you sit down and make peace with the man who had murdered your family? You might say, "Oh, it is going to cost the life of a sheriff or so to take the man, and so rather than do that we will sit down and talk about peace." No red-blooded man would do it. The Kaiser is a murderer, and a murderer in the first degree; and everywhere in the world murder in the first degree is punishable by death. A million deaths would not punish him for what he has brought to the world, but there is only one death that can be administered to him.

In traveling across the sea a few weeks ago, and witnessing the terrible submarine peril, I wished that before we talked much about peace the Kaiser could be compelled to traverse the sea in an unprotected boat, with the submarines peppering away at him every now and then. In witnessing an air raid on London, I wished that the Kaiser could be compelled to stand where poor working girls and women were compelled to stand, and let these bombs drop all around him. And seeing those ruined cities in France, I wished that the palaces of the Kaiser might be blown up in like fashion. Seeing those poor boys in the trenches in the cold and in the rain, I wished that he might be compelled to stand there with the bombs falling on him and hand-grenades and machine guns spitting at him, and see how he liked the ruthlessness that he had brought to this old world. Let us be a little careful,

my friends, about this peace talk. That propoganda went through Italy, and has been tried in France. It will be tried in this country. Nothing can help the cause of our enemies more at this time than to talk about peace. I don't mean by that that we should not have a righteous peace. But I don't believe you can get a permanent peace until the day comes that we can substantially demand the disarmament of the great military power of Germany, and that will bring a permanent peace.

Oh yes, we want peace, righteous peace. We want a peace in this country now that passeth understanding. It is peace of mind; it is a peace that comes from the rising consciousness of America. It is the peace that we feel because we know that we are fighting for worth-while things, for a worth-while civilization, a civilization based upon justice and not upon greed, and with that peace of our souls and our spirits, which the ruling powers of Germany understand not but will soon understand, we fight on.

America knows the issue in this war. We may have been a little while comprehending it, but we have it now. We know, as we knew in '61, that this nation of ours could not be half slave and half free, so we know now that this world of which we are a part and cannot escape, cannot be half cruelly autocratic and half humanely democratic. The American people know that righteousness must either rule in this world, or ruthlessness. They are ready to make the sacrifice. Loyalty, sacrifice, efficiency, will win this war, and I rejoice that in this great duty, hard as it is, that God has placed upon us, the American people are firm. They are united; no East or West or North or South; a united nation, marching to the music of humanity; a people who cannot be beguiled by false peace projects born of German intrigue; a people determined that they will have nothing to do with the murderous Hohenzollern family; who know that such a peace would be a farce to be broken in a few years. That people, devoted to peace, with the highest ideals of liberty and the greatest love of humanity that any nation has ever known, that people are willing, if necessary, to die that men may be free; and believing that, hard as it is, with determination they war on, their faces fully to the light.

"In the beauty of the lilies
 Christ was born across the sea;
 With a glory in his bosom
 That transfigures you and me.
 As he died to make men holy
 Let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.
 As He died to make men holy,
 We must die to make men free,
 While God is marching on."

TWO: BY REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

I DO not know why I was asked to come here and speak, for men of my cloth are generally sent for only in cases of emergency! I have always felt a rather strongly rooted objection to ministers in politics, because, as a rule, they display the ragged edges of the amateur. And again, after such an admirable and eloquent address as that of Senator Kenyon, I don't see why I should be brought here this afternoon, to add to the embarrassment of your riches. It was said of a friend of mine who was a speaker of the first grade, that his only fault was that his arguments were so abundant that you could not see the wood for the trees, and I am afraid that may be the case this afternoon.

I feel very much like the Irish mother who was asked by her son, "Mother, what is the difference between hope and expectation?" "Well, Pat," said she, "I hope to see your father in Heaven, but I never expect to see him there." What hopes I may have indulged have been taken captive by this mighty man from the middle west; what expectations you may have had in me have been shriveled up!

This crisis should take us out of our usual being, and if it has not done this, we are still living on the surface and in an impoverished way. Even those emotional displays which I have seen this afternoon may be nothing more than sporadic sentimentality, the last result of which is demoralization. You cannot play fast and loose with great virtues. If you do not accept them seriously, they are prone to become devouring flames.

There is in a country like our own a tendency,—and this springs both from its past and from its temperament—a constitutional tendency towards an irrational optimism, which should be corrected, even if by our enemies. For the last forty years some of the best brains of Europe have been polluting themselves in perpetrating this tragedy on the race, and they have now done it with a thoroughness which leaves little to be desired on the part of the forces of evil and anarchy. I have often wondered how long we should suffer from those perils of peace, which are not less renowned, if you rightly understand them, than are the perils of war. The gradual reduction of the essentials of manhood; the weakening spirit of compromise; the attempt to make settlements of situations by minimizing their moral issues or camouflaging them with false names; the worship of the god of comfort, and the keeping of conscience as a pet cat by the fireside instead of as a useful animal chasing the vermin out of the cellar, are enervating

pursuits for the children of democracy. And what is more,—I am not asking here for the impossible out of human clay, since we cannot evoke the impossible—it is very seldom that you find a man whose life center is not selfish. Even so lofty a genius as that of Lincoln who was, by all odds, the greatest spirit that has been produced on this continent, had its flaws; and what he might have been but for the baptism of his early years of discipline, none of us can foresee. The Civil War created what I may call the virtuous element of your own party, which after the war, was in peril of falling asunder for lack of vital principles to give it steering gear, and that is true of all parties, more or less, and will always be true.

When Socrates, a great authority, asserted that knowledge was virtue, he said what was not true. If it were true, there would be transformations, not only at Washington, but everywhere. It is not for lack of knowledge that nations perish; it is for lack of strength to realize the ideals which they fully recognize. So history teaches, and so it seems to me will ever be the case. It is not a question of money winning the war, although I freely concede to you the importance of it. If money would win the war, we could safely leave it to our financial princes.

If mere intellectualism would win this war, I undertake to say to you there is enough of it concentrated in the thousands of our intellectual giants to prove invincible. But, gentlemen, neither money nor intellectualism, in the last analysis, is sufficient to guide this war to victory, or dictate the terms of peace. What I regret in publicists and statesmen is that they do not reflect on this situation. They are always too mundane, afraid of the altitudes. Their lungs seem incapable of standing the pressure of the higher atmospheres.

If you believe in God at all you must realize that He is in this war, and that this is not a rogue-proof or a fool-proof universe in which you can violate the sovereign dictates Revelation has made known to men, and then escape the inevitable consequence. Whenever a historian sits down to write the story of a war like this he is bound to take the longitudinal view. He looks behind the Kaiser and behind the present staff which probably has been ruling the Kaiser, and if he has foresight, he sees professors in their classrooms, ministers in their pulpits, and graduates in their studies, mapping out this course of criminality and barbarism.

That is where the importance of my calling comes in for good or evil. It always comes in for good, gentlemen, if a man has the power to elevate it to a true prophecy of God's will. When every other man has finished; when even the doctor has done his worst,

then we appear, and what could one do better than go back to the great preachers of Israel of three thousand years ago? We are thrown back upon them by sheer necessity of the basic wisdom which yet proclaims the Jehovah of all righteousness to Whom our fathers in the day of their extremity appealed, and did not appeal in vain.

That being granted, let me add another thought which is this: that we have been mistaken in the past, and very much so, by placing our emphasis upon the extensive aspects of any policy. Bulk is no criterion of quality, and we have been led astray by its vulgarity. If there is any word in the English language which I would give well earned vacation, it is the word "great," that India-rubber term which means a different thing in every man's mouth, and is so difficult to define and so easy to apply. The historian has little to do but withdraw it from most things and men to whom it has been applied in the past and give it a new setting in men and things. There is no use in your rearing statues in the market place for parochial heroes who perish speedily. Time always tears them down. And so it is with fictitious greatness in this world. If it is mere size and wealth which makes a country invincible in the day of battle, why did Athens conquer Persia when she was not as big as Jersey City, and give us Pericles, and Demosthenes and Socrates and a hundred others whose names shine forever?

I do not hesitate to say that if Germany were taken out of this alliance opposed to us, the rest would roll up like tissue paper in three months. Germany's strength does not exist in her seventy million, nor in her Kaiserdom. Germany's strength consists in the wide and deep conviction of a national purpose and the consciousness, which, however mistaken it may be, has all the intensity of a zealot; not to recognize this is to go against an enemy underestimating him, and he who underestimates his enemy is liable to be rudely awakened from his dreams.

What is the case with those who are aligned upon our side? There is a residual saving element in Britain, and a very great element—in fact, I speak from the card when I tell you that Britain, no less resolute than ourselves, will never relinquish this business until the rape of Belgium is redeemed. France, as the princess of Latin civilization, so different and so much more beautiful than our own, has her deserved place she will occupy among the premier nations of mankind, without any further interference from that gross and wanton brutality which has always characterized the Teutonic type, whether in this present city of ours or elsewhere on the face of the earth.

For nations, gentlemen, are like a symphony, and as you

know, every instrument blends in the interweaving and correlations of the music. God made them differently, but He intended that their unison should produce a symphony of praise and service, not because all are alike, a dreadful monotony, but because they do differ just as different notes on an instrument differ and yet together strike the same chord.

What party on earth has ever identified itself with that principle more completely than has the Republican Party which was the backbone of the resistance in this nation to undue discrimination against a different race from that of the white man? You professed and believed and still believe that the fact of a man's freedom should not depend on the color of his skin or where he was born under the heavens of God.

In Britain to-day there has been a fixed resolution. She has never been able to secure the favorable verdict of Americans, simply for lack of manners. To be perfectly frank, that has been the standing trouble, a lack of manners. If I were to hint that the lack has not been all on one side, I should be just to the situation. And yet, gentlemen, a sense of solemn glory environs us like an atmosphere when we reflect upon the past of Britain. From Alfred the Great to the present ruler, can you find anything in the history of mankind comparable with the story of this little island? If Germany's hopes were fulfilled and there was nothing left of Britain; if she were completely swallowed up in the sea and the keels of a victorious German fleet moved through the ocean which rolled over what was once Britain, you could never, in the spiritual evolution of the race, destroy the vast and ever accumulating contribution which men like Shakespeare and John Milton and Newton and Pitt and a thousand other heroes of England have made to the advancement and the blessing of mankind.

I get letters occasionally from a highly placed official on the other side, and I think I know somewhat of the inner mind, not only of the rulers of Britain, which is very important, but of her working man, which is far more important at the present stage of the game. Let me tell you that the same convictions which have thrilled this audience to-day are to be found in the minds of the men and women on the other side, irrespective of rank or condition. You will find them in Ireland also, which has contributed a hundred and fifty thousand men to the ranks of those who are fighting in the front trenches in Flanders.

Wherein are we weakest? Simply in the fact that we are separated. Not because we are geographically separated, for east and west or middle west make no difference. My brother is my brother, though at the farthest pole. How are we brothers? Not

by measurement, nor even by consanguinity of blood, but by identity of ideals. That is what makes brotherhood.

Let me say in preface to that, that there is no necessary virtue in democracy, except what you put in it. It has no divine right, except as we make it to be of the divine. We sometimes speak of it with bated breath, as though the word had a hereditary force. Not at all. It is the breasts of free men which make the strength of democracy, and unless it is farsighted, moral, sagacious, it will be crushed in the present emergency. It does not travel by its own motion. So let us dismiss delusions about democracy; let us cease speaking of it as though it were something in itself of royal privilege. And then as to its righteousness, has there been the exploitation of foreign aliens? I don't wish to plead for mere parochialism, for I am an immigrant myself, and assuredly I have no desire to "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." But so far as the doors of this country are concerned, we have too often taken them off the hinges, too often for solely economic and selfish reasons. There is a justice which holds the scales of the nations with unfaltering hands. It never for a moment varies from its great motions. And those which vary from it, even though they are called wise, are really beating the air.

The Bismarckian policy of blood and iron and might on the other side as contrasted with the policy of Gladstone were policies the relative merits of which we used fiercely to argue when I was a student. Gladstone, with all his drawbacks, was yet able to democratize an empire and helped to create a united Italy and a free Greece, yet notwithstanding, the critics of the moment poured scorn on Gladstone. Now this doctrine of Bismarck is toppling over, and the empire he built with the sword has aroused the wrath of every liberty-loving man throughout the world.

So far as our democracy is concerned, it does not pay to make short cuts to mercenary ends at the expense of justice and of right, since men always come back from an interview with God's justice severely mulcted if they are in the opposition. I am simply one of His ambassadors, sustained by your generosity, but I trust I am one of His ambassadors, and as such, I urge that true expediency considers first His laws.

There is a time in the history of men and nations when we have to speak the word of prophecy or perish by the way. In this dearly loved land of ours, baptized in the blood of the fathers; and where men once dwelt with high visions of everlasting issues, you have the lotus lover, who, at the very thought of sacrifice, shivers in his soul. So there comes to him and to all, the stern regimen of war. It finds that, instead of being the "melting pot," we are in danger of becoming a garbage pail. There are a great

many unredeemed portions at the bottom of that famous pot yet. Thank God! there are not so many as there were some months ago.

I remember some years ago meeting a titled personage. It is not often you meet a senator or a duke. The Senator replies that he has met no dukes. Well, I have met a noble on the other side, and he said to me with some emphasis, "Doctor Cadman, how much longer are you going to take the risks of democracy?" Said I, "Just as long as you take the risks of aristocracy." Said he, "What do you mean?" "Well," said I, "you suck the orange at one end and we suck it at wherever there is juice. We often register folly in our votes, and the intelligent American never puts too much faith in a majority, even though he may greatly desire it for personal and political reasons. But when everything has been said and done, we prefer our position and its risks to those of autocratic and monopolistic government." Said he, "You don't really believe in democracy in America." "Why not?" said I. "Well," said he, "there are people in New York who will marry their daughters to anybody with a title." Said I, "They are not Americans." "Yes," said he, "they are Americans, they were born here." "Oh, no," said I, "they are not Americans simply because they were born here, any more than kittens are biscuits just because they happen to be born in the oven." "Well," said the duke, at last, "what is an American?" "America," I replied, "is a big boiling pot of human experiment in which have been precipitated thirty million who would not let you people govern them or whom you could not govern. When the scum comes to the top we throw that back to you and the residuum goes on boiling and bubbling."

And yet, as you very well know, it is difficult for us to create a common consciousness at any time, and I speak with all sympathy for those who hark back to the German Fatherland of happier days.

There are many here who love music and love philosophy and the enterprises of the human mind that give it dignity, who do not for a moment ignore the debt we owe to the Germany of the past. And when you find among the men of German descent those who are hostile to the Germany of to-day, those who desire to make our principles theirs and by them live and die, they are worthy of double honor. There has been considerable progress in that direction since we first began our mission, that is, from April first of last year, and during that time I have had the pleasure of addressing audiences in not less than sixteen different States, and sometimes, in the case of soldiers, audiences numbering thousands, and I have found everywhere a response to the leader-

ship which is being given to our people by President Wilson's unequalled addresses, and by the magnificent addresses of Mr. Root, who speaks all too little for the good of the United States. The sterling manhood and foresightedness of Colonel Roosevelt have been of great assistance to us in this time.

You have heard in the case of Senator Kenyon what is the voice of the Middle West, and you have heard from our own Senator Calder as to the voice of this great State and city.

So far as the pacifism is concerned with which my calling is so often confused, let me tell you that it never represented the clergy of any church or denomination. I know at least five thousand rabbis and priests and ministers who never recognize the proposition that "democracy cannot be safe unless it is helpless."

We have had men in high places in this country, who should have known better, spouting out cheap axioms, showing they have never mastered the first principles of governmental statesmanship. What has saved us from the mistakes of these men? The great hand of directing God and His sword, bathed in the light of Heaven. That takes the superfluities out of the social system, the wanton waste, the wickedness and excess, the cant of the law, and all else of naughty superfluity, these disappear when you come into the presence of His everlasting judgment. That is where we now stand. We are not so anxious to claim God on our side, as to be on His side, until He shall bring forth His verdict.

THREE: PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

Professor of International Law at the University of Princeton

I HESITATE to break the spell of what we have just listened to. We have had the depths of wisdom, the heights of eloquence and the breadth of view which, I am sure, have stimulated us all—I know in my case, almost too much. The emotion that has been stirred in us is such that I think most of us would prefer to go away quietly and think a while.

I appreciate greatly the honor of being invited to this club. I have appreciated the privilege of being here this afternoon. I realize the truth of the statement that Mr. John Bassett Moore made to me several years ago, two years ago at least, when he said that one of the greatest privileges that he had was when he was invited to come here and address this club.

If you were to ask for an authority on international law, I should, without hesitation, ask you to listen again to that great leader of that subject in this country.

I had it in mind to speak somewhat on the subject of international law this afternoon. I think possibly I might differ with some of you as to the nature of its functions. I am prepared, however, to admit, for one, that international law has been discredited in part by its enemies, but I think it has been discredited more by its friends than by its enemies. I think it has not been stated in terms which were applicable to actual conditions. It has been presented rather as a code of morality than as a system of law destined to protect interests, and this war has certainly showed us that we must all of us attempt to make certain adjustments in our ideas, and I, for one, in a very humble capacity, I assure you, shall be doing my best to make those adjustments.

I do not share the idea that it is the function of international law to regulate war. Some people seem to have that idea, that international law has broken down at this time. It never was intended to regulate war, as you regulate the contest of a football game or a boxing match. The true purpose of international law, gentlemen, is to regulate the peaceful relations of states, and as to those functions which you hear so much about, may I call your attention simply to one fact which is so often ignored, that international law is not like ordinary law. It does not pretend to be. Why confuse different laws? International law is, in itself, a different kind of law, as the law which prevails between individuals differs from the law that prevails between groups and corporations. It operates in different ways. And may I suggest to you that its sense, its great, fundamental sense, which is ignored often, is the desire for reciprocity and the fear of retaliation.

In ordinary times of peace, international law is observed without question in the intercourse of nations and diplomacy. We do not know all the successes of diplomacy. Mr. Hay once remarked that in diplomacy as in love, a man was not entitled to boast of his successes. And yet diplomacy has its great successes in normal times, and the difficulties and frictions that are overcome by diplomacy, few outside ever realize.

The great driving power behind international law is, I believe, this realization, which is, of course, expressed in finer terms in the Golden Rule, which, after all, is a utilitarian rule that if a nation does not do these things by another nation it will not receive the benefits from that nation that might be derived by their observance. Or worse still, the spirit of retaliation may be roused.

And when we speak of the breakdown of Christianity or of international law, let us remind ourselves of this simple, practical fact that twenty nations of the world, representing practically

four-fifths of the world, are united together in defense of international law. I would like to speak more directly to the point which was touched upon so wonderfully by Senator Kenyon, the statement of Stephen Decatur, when he said in that toast of his: "Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right, but our country, right or wrong."

Before I plunge into this, may I say a personal word? I have as you know, the great privilege of being in contact with the students of a great university. Since this war began I have endeavored in my own way, from the start, without equivocation, without any attempt to be academic, or even judicially-minded, to maintain before my students the necessity of the United States abandoning its impossible rôle of neutrality and of doing its duty as a good international citizen. It seemed to me to be mere pedantry for a professor at such a time to teach international law without referring to the fact that international law would cease to exist if Germany, by any chance, had been permitted to triumph; and more than that, it has seemed to me that since we got into the war, it is no longer a time for academic discussion. The proposition before us is essentially a military proposition, and I, for one, yielding to the feeling which I know animates every one of your gentlemen here, could not resist the urge any longer, and I am abandoning my work as a teacher to go across to the other side and do the immediate thing that I can, to get as near the trenches as I can, because I think that is the only way I can square my own conscience. When I have seen these young men going out from Princeton, among them a young nephew of Senator Kenyon's, a brilliant student, who is now out flying for his country, I feel it is my duty to go too. And I say this by way of apology, because this is my last opportunity to say one or two things in public that have been on my mind, as it seems to me that this is purely a question of winning out in this war. It is not a thing for discussion. I am not privileged to go into the firing line. I am only going to help out in the Army Y. M. C. A. in Egypt and Palestine, but I hope to God, if the war continues, that I may have my privilege to bear an arm yet.

A German-American friend of mine once said to me, "I never will subscribe to that doctrine 'Our country, right or wrong'; never, never. I shall reserve to myself the right of saying whether I will support my country." That was before we went to war. I am pleased to state that this German-American is one of the most loyal supporters of this country at this present moment, and why? Because he discovered that this thing is absolutely true: There can be no such thing as a divided allegiance. It is a case of your country, right or wrong. In the oath of citizenship you

will find these phrases "I declare on oath that I will support the Constitution and laws of the United States of America, against all enemies, foreign or domestic, and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same." Decatur interpreted that in general as well as in a specific way. Benedict Arnold interpreted it in another way. If we are to believe the narrative that is set forth in that extremely interesting book by Ambassador Stimson, to the Argentine Republic, Arnold got himself into this state of mind through supposing that half of England was willing to make peace with us on generous terms; that the original controversy we had with her was settled and that he would be rendering a great service to the cause of England and the United States if he would perform his dastardly deed. It seems to me there are near-traitors in this country at present. They are the people who have never accepted the verdict of their fellow-countrymen and who are now arguing in every way in their power for a special form of peace. There is a certain periodical that appears weekly which every now and then runs along that line. They are like that kind of man who is a member of a corporation and when he has been voted down, goes out and tries to defeat the corporation every way he can. We have in our midst, I fear, a large number of such people who, without realizing the danger, think that it would be a good thing to make peace at this time.

Then, there is the internationalist in our midst, and there are many such, in my humble opinion. The I. W. W. is, of course, the most pronounced. There is another type of idealist too. You have met them; I have met them; represented by such men as Edward Steiner, who has contributed so much to us, a man who has such vague ideas of international brotherhood that he never has been able to find a definite attachment with any one of them. Some of them preach that we must first be loyal to this great brotherhood of man. They seem to be incapable of realizing that you can't trust a man to be loyal to a vague ideal who isn't true to his own community. These men are men "without a country;" incapable muddlers in a way; men who have not that sense of deep personal devotion and attachment to their own nation.

But there may be men with two countries, as Senator Kenyon has pointed out. And Switzerland, of course, is an example. It is possible to vote here and to vote in Switzerland. It doesn't matter. The Swiss Republic permits it and we permit it. And men can vote in this country for President of the United States and not be a citizen of this country. According to the German Law of 1913, citizenship is not lost by one who, before acquiring foreign citizenship, has secured, on application, the written consent of the competent authorities to retain his citizenship. Before

this consent can be given, the German Consul should be heard. Surely, the significance of this is not lost on you. When it was first introduced in the Reichstag, they were frank enough to say that it was meant to hold the Germans all over the globe, and it was intended to be a reward for those who served the German Government, wherever they might be found.

That is one thing that has got to be straightened out when we come to terms of peace. Such a law as that must not be permitted to go unchallenged. You know, of course, that the Germans have claimed that there were as high as thirty million of German blood or the descendants of German blood in this country. The German-American Alliance claims to reach at least two million five hundred thousand persons. There are six hundred German-American papers. We know of the intrigues, the telegrams, for example, which last April poured into the Capital, five hundred thousand telegrams which I believe followed any one of eight different forms, protesting against our going to war. We know of Count von Bernstorff's "slush fund." We know of von Papen's activities and his reference to the "idiotic Americans," and I think one of the finest things was what Gerard said when the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin reminded him that in case of trouble there were five hundred thousand German Reservists in America, and Gerard reminded him that there were also five hundred and one thousand lamp-posts.

I do not attempt to charge the German-Americans with still carrying on this insidious work. I presume the authorities at Washington have taken care of that; but I do wish to call your attention to this fact, that part of this extreme scheme of Germany's was to get a hold on the vitals of this nation.

Then I want to call your attention to another type. I want to speak now of the intellectual anarchist, and perhaps I am privileged to know something about him, being in that business. But I want to call your attention to the fact that in this country extreme individualism has had full play to such an extent that we are reaping now some unfortunate fruits.

There is an academic attitude throughout the land towards vital problems which I think is unworthy of all who profess to be leaders of thought. We have had a great deal of intellectual gymnastics, a great deal too much. You have seen it in the law. You know with what ease an able lawyer can make black look white. You know how in philosophy the philosophers are still playing the old game that was played two thousand years ago, of toying with the intellectual processes, of showing that by dividing the distance between two points and keeping on dividing it, you never arrive at the point. We have had it in religion. We

have had the intellectual approach to religion, not getting one anywhere. We have had the pacifist propaganda. Our peace men have taught us that wars never paid. We have had the chief apostle of that doctrine, Norman Angell, still writing vigorously in the present year, that there never had been a dishonorable peace or an honorable war. We have been told that preparedness brought on war; that the existence of a fire department created more fires. We have had a great deal of this which, it seems to me, can only be characterized as sophistry. It is intellectual legerdemain. It has been going on until our young men have lost their sense of values, the difference between right and wrong, the practical things of everyday life. They have been taught that everything could be treated from a purely intellectual standpoint.

Now we have the demand for freedom of speech. "Freedom" is a great word to conjure with. A great deal has been said about the freedom of the seas. I am unable to understand what is meant by "freedom of the seas." As far as freedom of speech is concerned, you can reduce it to absurdity at once by saying that no man is free to say what he pleases when he pleases.

Democracy never shows itself, in my opinion, so great as when it puts restrictions on itself. They talk about being "Prussianized" in times of war. When democracy chooses, for the successful prosecution of this war, to put a curb on the freedom of speech, it seems to me it is demonstrating its greatness. I think it is most unfortunate that the issue of freedom of speech should have been raised in the colleges and universities. I think, as a rule, there is a vast freedom of speech in the colleges and universities. I cannot quite sympathize with President Lowell in that regard. I would say, on the contrary, that the college professor is under a particular obligation as to what he says in public and how he says it.

You men who are sending your sons to college have a perfect right to demand that college professors should be extremely careful as to what they say in public or in the classroom, for that matter. There are decided limitations on freedom of speech in times of war. There are home trenches as well as trenches in France. We have our own trenches to defend and protect over here, and when any man claims the privilege of talking near-sedition or real sedition, sedition which cannot be reached by the law, it seems to me that no one that ever criticizes a great liberty-loving people like ours should be surprised if we at times lose patience and say "That is enough of this. This is a question of decency, not a question of law."

Now there is in addition a demand for a restatement of our war aims. I do not see that our soldiers and sailors and all of

those of us who have loyally accepted this war are asking for a constant restatement of the aims. There is no question in our minds as to what we are fighting for. We knew from the start, and we had time to make up our minds—too much time to make up our minds. Who are asking for a restatement of war aims? Well, first of all, the pro-Germans, unquestionably; then, secondly, the pacifists who never accepted this war, the puling pacifists who are permitted to speak and to carry on their propaganda who, because some of their forefathers were willing to die for the right of freedom, are asking us to restate our aims.

And there is the internationalist with the vague ideas, who keep asking us to state our aims. And then, lastly, unfortunately, there is the quitter in our midst, the man who loses his grip, who sees the horror and only the horror, the man who, like Lord Lansdowne, or our own President Eliot, I fear, is tired and weary of the war and would gladly compromise and get out, the man like Horace Greeley in the Civil War, who, if I remember history aright, created untold difficulties for President Lincoln. But this time it is worse than that. This is an insidious propaganda that has been going on, first in Russia with its terrible aftermath, Italy with its breakdown, France with its trouble and what not, and England with a force which I personally am inclined to believe is much greater than is generally conceded.

Why is it that Lloyd George and President Wilson were compelled to come out again and formulate their war aims? I am not concerned with the context of what they have said. The question is, why were they compelled again and again to make this statement? I think the answer is to be found in this insidious propaganda which is trying to cast distrust on the motives of this war, which is trying to sow trouble between us and our Allies; and, fundamentally, whose tactics is to try and concentrate discussion on a program instead of on principles.

You and I know that it is impossible to get anywhere on a program if we are not agreed on principles. It is impossible for us to negotiate with Germany until she accepts whole-heartedly the same principles which we preach. Moreover, you cannot, in a great world war of this size where the situation changes from one day to another, where rules are laid down which cannot possibly be altered, where claims are put forth that were unexpected, it is impossible for one side to come forward and lay all its cards on the table; and any one who demands it and puts pressure on one side to do that is putting that side to an unfair advantage and is really working in favor of the other side. Above all, it seems to me it is impossible to compromise with an outlaw. The idea of any one daring to ask when a bri-

gand, when an outlaw, has his victims by the throat,—to ask the victims what they are fighting for! The idea of putting the victim, Belgium, on a level with Germany and asking for a restatement of what they are fighting about!

I may be too strong, but it seems to me that this thing has gone far enough; that we have no right further to discuss a program of peace until we have settled the fundamental question as to whether or not both sides are willing to agree on the principles.

In closing, may I call your attention to those principles? When is a country right and when is it wrong? Decatur said, "Our country, right or wrong." Posterity can't tell us; we can't wait for history to tell us. We can't ask public opinion abroad to tell us. There are moments when no nation can escape the responsibility for reaching its decision with the evidence before him. I know that probably a good many of you felt that way at the time that in the Panama Tolls question the mere fact that all Europe seemed to be opposed to our point of view made it necessary for us to abandon our point of view. I remember a discussion with a great international lawyer and he said at least the question was debatable, and to say that because France and Germany and all the other nations of Europe wished to benefit by the same concessions that England should obtain did not make the United States necessarily wrong. No one individual can decide the issues. No one individual in a great democracy has the privilege of saying whether his country is right or wrong. The answer surely is plain, that the majority alone can say.

As I understand it in connection with war, it means that when the nation has expressed its deliberate opinion through its chosen representatives then there can be no question of the duty of every other citizen in this country to accept the verdict and to go forward as one man. In that sense, then, Decatur's saying is absolutely true, ethically and every other way. The voice of the people, "the divine average," as Whitman calls it, is what we can fall back on. We may make mistakes; but living in a democracy, that is the only way in which we reach conclusions, and I take it that in time of war the man, the pacifist or any other man, who refuses to accept the verdict of his country is in a position where he must either be an out and out traitor or get out.

The intellectual anarchist such as I have been speaking of has no place in a democracy. The extreme individual who puts pride of personal opinion over all else, who has no decent respect for the opinions of mankind, has no place in a democracy.

When is a country wrong? I would say, briefly, when a

people permit their own destinies and those of their neighbors to be controlled by a ruthless autocracy. When a democracy has had no opportunity to control its own destinies, when it has been thrown into a war as the people of Germany have been thrown into the war, I say that in such a situation a German has a right to question whether or not his country is right or wrong. And there is this difference: In a democracy we have to assume that we are right when we have reached our opinion in proper, legal process; but in an autocracy as in Germany where the German people have been the prey of their own government and that government has used them to make prey of the whole world, I say that we can confidently appeal to a German and ask him to stop a minute, "Are you right or wrong?"

Now, Germany can have peace when the German people assume and exercise this full responsibility. I believe, personally, that there is going on in Germany at this moment, from a great many evidences which are cumulative in their value, a great political upheaval, a revolution. When the leader of the Conservatives gets up in the Reichstag and bewails the fact that the country is in a wrong tendency, that Michaelis was forced out because the Reichstag would have it so, it seems to me we have something pretty solid to go on, evidencing that what President Wilson and the Allies have insisted on is really being consummated.

And, in closing, it seems to me that this is no time for us to weep. Hindenburg, in the beginning of the war, said the war would go to the nation which had the strongest nerves, and it seems to me we are seeing the truth of that to-day. If we can hold out vigorously, without any fear of results, without any desire to compromise with an outlaw, if we can hold on, Democracy which has been working since 1848 in Germany will triumph, and we will be able to negotiate with people who will accept the responsibility for what has happened and will accept the responsibility for peace.

I have taken the liberty to say this thing because I believe that we must not lose what we have already purposed to acquire and the national consciousness that has been referred to the unity that is coming out of this—we must not lose that.

I am so glad that Senator Kenyon emphasized the idea of universal military training. Those of us who have had the privilege of going into the camps and talking with these men have come to realize what a marvelous transformation has come over this land through this compulsory military training. Let us admit it; there was caste in this country, cutting between the rich and the poor, between the educated and the uneducated; and universal military training is doing more to bring the people together than

anything else we have had. Four of the students of my class are already dead. The sacrifice we will be called upon to make in every part of this country is going to do something sublime to us all, and we will get a national consciousness and a national unity which, I regret to say, I do not think has heretofore existed.

And I would plead for a patriotic intolerance at this time of anything that stands in the way of our first of all conducting this war efficiently to a successful conclusion, or our unifying and bringing together all the ends of this great country. We must not lose the fruits of this great sacrifice.

FOUR: HONORABLE LOUIS DE SADELEER

Belgian Commission

FIRST, I wish to express my most sincere thanks for the invitation that you have so kindly extended to me, and for your hearty welcome. I wish to express the same cordial thanks to the Honorable Senator Kenyon for his eloquent words of sympathy to my country.

If this war, as it has been rightly said, has become a world's war, the greatest history has ever known, the reason of its magnitude is that on one side we have the struggle for freedom, justice and democracy by the free nations, while on the other side the barbarity and despotism of the middle-ages are incarnated in the Prussian militarism, and we Belgians are grateful to the honored President of the United States who has recently outlined the conditions of peace and recalled the fate of Belgium, and in agreement with all the Allies, has proclaimed that no peace is possible unless Belgium is restored in her full political, economic and military independence. Belgium, indeed, above all, is the living symbol of the principles at stake in the war.

It was on August the second, 1914. In the morning of that day the German Minister at Brussels, von Bülow, told representatives of the Belgian newspapers, that Belgium need have no fear on account of the war already decided against France, that Germany would respect the existing treaties.

The same German envoy in the evening of the same day called on our Foreign Office, with an ultimatum from Berlin letting us know that if before the next morning at 7 o'clock we had not allowed the German armies to pass through Belgium, surrendering our fortifications of Liège and Namur and thus consenting to become the accomplices of Germany to crush France, Germany should invade Belgium and treat her as an enemy.

A War Council was held the same night at ten o'clock at the Royal Palace, the King presiding. I had the honor to attend it.

We were unanimous in our answer to Berlin. We recalled the solemn treaties signed by Prussia, Austria, Great Britain, France and Russia, after our glorious Belgian Revolution of 1830, proclaiming Belgium a perpetual neutral State, these treaties obliging Germany to defend Belgium, if her neutrality was menaced. We recalled that for more than eighty years Belgium had been faithful to her international obligations. We added that the Belgian Government, if we were to accept the German proposals, would sacrifice the honor of the nation and betray its duty towards Europe, but if Germany should persist in her announced perjury, the Belgian Nation was firmly resolved to repel by all means in its power every attack upon its rights.

You know what followed. Having but a little time at my disposal, I can give only a brief account of it. The same night we sent our mobilized troops to the German border by more than a thousand special trains. The heroic General Leman was appointed Commander-in-Chief for the defense of the position of Liège. He opposed alone with his small but brave army during a fortnight the innumerable hordes and immense war machine of the Germans, blocking their way to Paris, which they had hoped to reach in a few days. The Prussians were so unable to advance that they were obliged to bring big siege guns from Austria, who although yet at peace with us, and although as well as Prussia was a guarantee of our neutrality, committed the treachery to send them.

General Leman, seriously wounded, fell under the ruins of the last fort.

Then followed the battles near Namur, Haelen, Aerschot, Louvain, Malines, etc., the brilliant sorties of Antwerp which contributed so much to the victory of the Marne, the siege of Antwerp; the retreat from Antwerp; the battles of Flanders and the heroic defense of the Yser, preventing the Germans from reaching Calais, one of their greatest objectives; and for more than three years now the Belgian Army, strongly reorganized, has fought there day and night, making vain all renewed efforts of our enemies to reach the French coast.

This has been the response of Belgium to Germany.

The losses of our army have been tremendous and you will permit me to pay a respectful homage to the memory of our noble sons, who gallantly gave their lives for the defense of our sacred soil and the cause of liberty.

Since the sacrilegious invasion of Belgium, the sufferings of

our civilian population also have been great. You know the wanton destruction of so many of our beautiful historical cities and towns, of the celebrated University of Louvain (dating back five centuries) with the invaluable treasures of her library; the murder *en masse* of inoffensive inhabitants, of priests, women, children by the German troops; the organized plunder, the levies of millions of dollars on cities and villages, the absence of all guarantee of defense for the unfortunate, dragged before the odious military tribunals, organized by the Teutons and against which the jurists of the entire world have protested.

You know also of the infamous deportations of more than 100,000 Belgian citizens, reducing them to a state of slavery,

A good many of them died in Germany from starvation. Others are only returned to their country when they are suffering from tuberculosis and other incurable diseases.

When these facts, turning back the Christian civilization twenty centuries, to the darkest times of the Neros and the Caligulas, became known here, just after the presidential election of November, 1916, they raised in this country the most admirable explosion of protest, perhaps, ever seen. Prominent people of all opinions, the clergy of all denominations, the universities and colleges, the newspapers, were leading the movement. Everywhere, from the North to the South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, splendid meetings were organized and the resolutions, unanimously voted were, among others, conceived in the following sense. I am citing textually:

"That, irrespective of former governmental action, it is hereby made known to all men everywhere that no government which, after due protest, persists in casting freemen into bondage can longer be regarded by liberty-loving Americans as having a place in the family of civilized nations." (Philadelphia Meeting, January 7th, 1917.)

America was still neutral. But, Germany having despised all these protests as she had disregarded all former protests against her barbarian warfare, the ruthless sinking of undefended ships by her submarines and continuing to violate all divine and human laws, America, on the next February third, broke off all diplomatic relations with her, and on April 6th she chivalrously declared war on Germany, and was applauded by all civilized nations.

Some friends have requested me to say a few words concerning the present conditions in Belgium, where about seven million inhabitants are prisoners in their own country under the barbarian rule of the invader.

According to all official information there has been for the last few months a real famine in Belgium. Many people are dying of starvation, especially children, women and elderly people.

Owing to different circumstances, imports of food from the United States unfortunately have declined since last summer.

Baron de Broqueville, our Prime Minister, in an address delivered at the Trocadero in Paris, in November last, stated that the Belgian population had only received 14 per cent. of fats and 29 per cent. of succulent foods of the amount needed. In an address delivered in Antwerp, at the meeting of the Relief Committee of the province of Antwerp held also in November, Hon. L. Franck, Alderman of the City, stated in turn, that the program provides for 11,000 tons of imported food every month and that only 60 per cent. or less of that amount had been received. I am proud to add that, notwithstanding all their suffering, the patriotic spirit of the Belgians remains indomitable.

America has most generously helped us morally and materially since the very beginning of the war. Our people feel confident that you will do it more than ever. Every one knows of your endless power and efficiency. You have placed it at the service of the world's freedom. You are gallantly fighting side by side, with Belgium and the Allies. America's flag has never been defeated in any war. Our common cause shall be victorious, for it is the cause of justice, liberty, and democracy, which is immortal!

THIRD DISCUSSION

JANUARY NINETEENTH, 1918

THE AIMS OF DEMOCRACY IN THE PRESENT
CRISIS



THE AIMS OF DEMOCRACY IN THE PRESENT CRISIS

ONE: BY HONORABLE WALTER E. EDGE
Governor of New Jersey

I WONDERED for the moment, during the course of the luncheon, just why you still retain the name of the "New York Republican Club." As I look about the room I think it would be well to call it the "New Jersey Republican Club," as I see many of my fellow-statesmen, and I mean that from any standpoint you wish to take it, in the room. However, that is in no way different from the generosity of New Jersey along every line. We feel, modestly speaking, that we have contributed to New York's wonderful success, New York's "punch," New York's determination, through loaning you in the daytime, at least, thousands of loyal New Jersey men, and we are very glad to have them spend that part of their time in New York, to loan them to you, so far as that would seem wise and proper, to make all the money they can in New York and to spend it in New Jersey! However, we are in no way jealous, and I feel in no way strange. Before I decided that perhaps I might help save the State in those days, I was a New York business man and I see some of my associates of those days in the room to-day, and I thank them for still remembering me, now that I have fallen and gotten into politics.

We are far from being jealous. We realize this, and if I have had one thought beyond all others in connection with the many responsibilities of public life, it has been along the line of partnership between New York and New Jersey. I have felt that this one great big national institution, you might term it, the port of New York, will be neglected so far as New Jersey is concerned, excepting through individual enterprise here and there of course—very much better organized so far as New York is concerned. I am very glad to see, with the inspiration of your distinguished Governor, Governor Whitman, the coöperation of legislators of the two States. We have now entered into a hard and fast partnership with New York. We are not fighting lighterage suits through the courts, but we are coöperating to develop that wonderful institution with its possibilities, the center, in my judg-

ment, or it will be, of all the industrial and commercial development of the world, with our great country on one side, and, when the war is over, the countries abroad on the other. We have entered into a hard and fast partnership, and have succeeded, even in these days of war, in interesting the Government in the importance of it, so that our New York-New Jersey Port Commission is now officially recognized by the Federal authorities, and we are assured by the War Board of the Port of New York that even in great transportation problems under government control, nothing will be done in connection with transportation, without taking into conference both Commissions of our two States now in partnership.

I would like to talk with you in the few moments that I have to remain with you, and that, by the way, perhaps draws forth an explanation of, not why I am here, but why I am protected by so many able, vigorous, healthy looking officers. I don't need all that escort when I come to New York. I frequently come to New York, and I hope even New Jersey doesn't know I am coming to New York, and I don't bring any members of my Staff; but to-day we have a second duty and pleasure. We are going to visit Camp Merritt, with General Shanks in command, to look over the cantonment, visit the men who are there to dedicate one of the public buildings, and that being a military responsibility, of course the Governor must be accompanied by his very good-looking Staff.

I started to say that I would like to talk to you to-day about these business developments, about how it is possible, in my judgment, in normal times, for a state government, with all its power, really to enter into the business life and the business development of a state and its various units. I have been interested in that particularly—the development of public responsibility—how, with the tremendous advantage a state government has, instead of being a deterrent to business, how it can encourage and help mobilize the assets and possibilities of a state in such a way that industrial and commercial development follows, and happiness is brought more and more to all classes of people.

But we all realize that many of these economic questions, so far as they relate to business, must, to a great extent, be temporarily, at least, set aside. We are not putting them all aside in New Jersey. We recognize that even in France to-day, almost within the hearing of the noise of the battle line on the front, they are building tunnels, and we in New Jersey propose to continue, so far as it seems at all practical to do it, the development of our state from a business standpoint. We are going to build

our highways. We have now fifteen million dollars readily available, or at least it will be from time to time as necessary, to build a highway system. We propose to finance at this session of the legislature the problem of joining with you when you are ready, and we hope it will be soon, to build a vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River.

We don't propose to set aside anything that we think important, with all due consideration to our other problems—and we are just as deeply engrossed in this as it is possible to be—we don't propose to put aside anything which we think will, to an extent, not only help solve them, but which will make America all the more ready to take up that unusual responsibility of leading the world in constructive enterprise after the war is over. As I understand it, your Saturday meetings are practically a by-product of the club for the purpose of discussion. Every discussion must necessarily form itself in a way into a war conference, and very properly so. We have that responsibility and we have that problem to solve, and we are all engaged in doing so.

New Jersey,—and I am going to speak particularly of New Jersey in this connection but very briefly,—New Jersey is a busy little state, not large in area, with a population of approximately 3,000,000, situated—I think it is a good illustration to compare New Jersey in a way with Belgium—near the large metropolitan centers; industrially very, very busy, its population very compact; and I might also say that from a standpoint of unselfish patriotism, it likewise, if necessary, can be compared to Belgium. New Jersey to-day, or, at least, up until a few weeks ago—I have not had the actual returns in recent weeks—had more boys in the service of the United States in all branches of the service, in proportion to its population, which, of course, does not necessarily include or exclude the draft, because that is similar everywhere, had sent, in proportion to its population more men into the service of the Government—the military service and the naval service—than any other State in this great big Union. We know the legacy that we have been given and the history of the other wars and other troubles of the United States and the legacy that they have left to this generation, and how difficult it may be to keep up to the traditions of Trenton and of Morristown and of Princeton and of Monmouth and of many other cities in history that you know just as much about as I do.

But to-day we are not dealing with the past; we are dealing with the immediate present and the future, and we are forgetting all those things, as you unquestionably are for the time, reveling as we do in our history, and are preparing to help solve these immediate problems to the best of our ability.

I have refrained from criticizing those in higher authority. We are all in the military. You are in the military; whether you wear a uniform or not, you are in the military too. You have many responsibilities in your own commercial and your own business life which may be contributing to the success of the war. I have felt that even if mistakes have been made, and many mistakes have unquestionably been made, that our first duty was to forget those mistakes and simply do everything that we felt that we could do, following every suggestion from the National Government, meeting every obligation and anticipating some, if it is possible to do it, and it has been, forgetting the errors and endorsing the rapid progress that unquestionably, to an extent, has been made. However, I do feel—and I am going to speak very frankly about it—that perhaps we can best serve the Government if, while adhering to every proclamation or every order which is finally issued, of course adhering to it to the letter and doing everything in our power to have it carried out, at the same time we develop patriotism, which does not keep us from frankly expressing it, when we do feel that some things could be bettered by a more general knowledge throughout the country of the conditions, I believe we are better doing our duty to say so frankly.

In other words, we have reached a period, as I look upon it, in the war, that unfortunately, very unfortunately, there is doubt, decided doubt, in the minds of all classes of our citizenship in different sections of the country. It is not in any way political. It is far from any thought of politics. We don't know any party to-day. We haven't any right to know any party to-day.

Speaking of that which is unquestionably in all of your minds, the recent order in connection with our use of fuel and its relation to industry, I have already expressed myself publicly. I have only this comment—I won't call it criticism—to make, and I think it is proving itself: if the condition is so bad, which it apparently is, as to have required this very drastic order from Federal authorities, then the wisdom of this democratic form of Government, in my judgment, and the question of a democratic form of government, dealing with all its people, should have been so expressed that the people of the country should have known that fact, been given sufficient warning of that condition, and be in a position better to coöperate and meet the exigencies of the government, rather than have an absolute business paralysis. In other words, my friends, and I don't want to be misunderstood, ever since the war started, I have only had one thought, and that is to coöperate with the Government, and I am not going over the details, I will leave that entirely to the people of New Jersey; but I do believe that the mistake of this country in this war, and

it is well to talk about it because it must be stopped, is over-censorship as to what we are doing, when it doesn't interfere with our military or naval problems. You can trust the people of the United States. If you can't, we are not in a position to-day to assume the great responsibilities we are going to assume necessarily when we win this war. I don't mean by that,—of course, I don't, I haven't time to go into the details—I don't mean by that that the Government must tell the public through the press every plan. Of course not. But when things are in such distressing conditions, when furnishing material to our soldiers, are as it was demonstrated they were, it is very much better to put the responsibility frankly up to the business men of the country who are interested in it, rather than tell the country that everything is all right and there practically isn't anything that could be improved upon.

This country is ready to meet its obligations. That is the only general criticism that I would make of conditions to-day—no, it is specific, I believe—the President and his power, his determination, his ability, are unquestioned anywhere. One of the contributions of New Jersey has been the contribution of Woodrow Wilson to lead the country at this time. And I haven't anything whatever to say except in praise, so far as his determination, so far as his carrying the responsibilities of this war, are concerned, but no man, however big, however able, however patriotic, however American he is, and he is all of that and more too, can do this without having surrounding him the men who have made individual successes in every line of industry in this country which has made the country what it is. It is absolutely time to-day to open the Cabinet of the United States to men of this type, not simply to depend on men who are going loyally to Washington, asking to be of help and service and being placed in some of the numerous offices of the National Council of Defense.

That is not the position that some of our men to-day should be occupying, but there should be four or five portfolios in the Cabinet of the President of the United States, headed by men whom this country and practically all countries, from a business standpoint, know as the very heads of business success in this great, prosperous country. It will forever demonstrate that we are fighting this war as an American nation, without any thought of partisanship or party. That will renew confidence throughout this country which will make up for the present deplorable feeling that things are not going right, and that is a bad feeling to have, too, in a war, and with which to send hundreds of thousands of our boys to France to go "over the top."

Certainly I haven't made these very rambling remarks with

any thought in the world excepting that of coöperation. Many incidents might be interesting, some perhaps it would not be well to have publicly discussed because of their influence. It was told the other day by a colonel in the National Guard, a man who had served in the National Guard for thirty years, an excellent soldier from my viewpoint, that he had lost his commission, the only reason assigned being that he had not had the proper elementary education in his early days. I don't know that it was said that it was because he had not had a college education; I don't think it was. I know him intimately. He occupied in civil life a very responsible position with a large concern, for years the same position. It seemed to me that if true perhaps it had better be talked about; if untrue, it had better be denied. It is a tragedy, as I look upon the development of our nation, if true; a nation where Presidents have been born in log cabins, with little opportunity for education, and have always ruled, or at least, influenced the world in the settlement of important national and international questions.

When that colonel, in charge of 3,600 boys, with thirty years of military experience, was able to have absolute discipline in his command, it seems to me that when he leads those boys in France he does not need a text book in one hand and a college diploma in the other; he needs only the stout heart of an American soldier. I say that because, if it is true, for the good of the service it should be stated; it should be answered. I understand the case is to be reopened. I hope it is.

In the National Guard of New York and the National Guard of New Jersey I don't think there has been the slightest discrimination, so far as I know, shown those boys. If it is necessary for the service, so be it; the boys themselves have not complained. It is perfectly wonderful; fifteen hundred Jersey boys in one camp in the South, and I have yet to receive one letter from an enlisted man from that tremendous number, complaining about his personal experience in the cantonment. But I think that these officers who have given all they have, have served so many years, should be given every possible opportunity to lead the boys, should have an opportunity, unless physically disqualified for service. I believe they will be given that opportunity but I am speaking of it because it is along the line of the other thought. I believe a little more public discussion in this country to-day will solve many of these problems, and will probably give a proper answer to many uncertainties which now exist, and it is time to wipe them out.

I have spoken very publicly, very generally, somewhat critically perhaps. It is necessary, I believe, at this time for men who have naturally some power and responsibility not to help the

Government in formulating a new policy entirely but to help the Government to dispel this feeling of dissatisfaction. I am convinced that you cannot dispel it by simply sitting still in a way and carrying out the perfunctory problems that you have. I simply want to contribute everything that is in me and the power of New Jersey to help win this war. And I believe we are better doing it when we frankly, without passion, without prejudice, state our views, as eight or nine months of continued life in a war atmosphere day and night has certainly enabled us to do.

I don't want to cast any gloom. I have, just as you all have, no thought in the world but that America will come out of this war victorious. I have no doubt in the world that we will have our days as we have now, when it is necessary to take an account of stock, and probably in a way begin over again, and the quicker we realize these various cycles in our preparation, the sooner we will correct whatever evils occur. I am here simply as a soldier of the Republic, under the President of the United States. I will cooperate with him in everything, of course, that he wants us to do. I still will always claim the right to give a personal opinion in the interest of helping and in the interest of cooperation.

TWO: BY DR. SHAILER MATHEWS

Dean of Divinity School, the University of Chicago

I WAS born in Maine. No man who was born in Maine and moved elsewhere will fail to tell you of the fact before he has spoken very long. For there is nobody so proud of Maine as the people who no longer live there! I moved out into the United States something like twenty-five years ago, and feel as if it were possible to look out upon the world with a real sense of the fact that there is a world the other side of the Hudson! I have recently had this sense of the extent of our country enlarged. I have been in California and in Texas and in New Jersey, and I feel as if I had been around the triangle of the American nation.

Wherever you go you find a fundamental identity of attitude. True, we do not fly as many flags in the West as you have here in the East; one might almost say that, like the course of empire, westward the course of flag-flying takes its way. The spirit, however, of the Central West and of the Pacific West is identical in its loyalty with that of the Atlantic seashore.

We of the Central West have had our peculiar situations. We

have had to shape up certain policies and develop certain attitudes because of our history and our various economic and social interests; but our attitude towards the war is that of the nation. For we know that the world faces a crisis when the future is being settled.

If you go back to the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, you will see a remarkable development of a spirit which found its expression in America first, and then in France and in England and then around the world. You might describe that spirit as the Anglo-American conception of government. It was not a referendum democracy that was then being developed; it was a representative democracy. The Eighteenth Century's struggle for rights found its completest expression in the rise of responsible government, in whatever form that might happen to be. Great Britain is to-day as truly democratic as is the United States. It is true, they have a king, but there are really two Georges governing England just now, George the Fifth who might be described in the terms of Bagehot as the figure-head of the government, and Lloyd George who is the head of the government. When you contrast a third George with Lloyd George, you see the measure of general tendency of the Anglo-American conception of government, the conception of a representative democracy finding its executive power through representation. Our Constitution is based upon that conception, and nation after nation has followed our example until at last there is no nation on the face of the earth that is not partially organized or fully organized on that fundamental conception, except the German Empire, the Austrian Empire and Turkey. Of course, you must add Bulgaria.

It is a very extraordinary situation, but a student of social movements will question whether it is the end of the story. About every hundred and twenty-five years there emerges a new cycle, which might be called the "Cycle of the Great Grandchildren," in which the accomplishments of the great grandfathers are regarded as utter conservatism, and the future is described in some form of idealism as yet untried.

There are three great political conceptions at work just now on the field of battle, and in the field of diplomacy. The first of them is the Prussian conception of the state as supreme but not democratic; the Anglo-American representative democracy; and that radical democracy which has found expression in these latter days in the Bolshevik party of Russia. I fancy that we can understand the attitude of England towards the Jacobins in the French Revolution, as we compare our own attitude towards this Bolshevik movement in Russia. For the first time, the un-

dercurrent of socialism has moved out into the control of a great state. No man can foretell how far that Bolshevism is to go. As you look back over the last twenty years in the United States, you see a development along the lines which no one of us could well have forecast twenty years ago. To-day we are taking as matters of fact certain governmental activities that we should have denounced as radical dangers twenty years ago.

The days of the future will be testing days—not of autocracy, for autocracy is doomed; the whole course of social and political evolution sounds its death-knell. The other day the Kaiser said to his people that, in view of their splendid attitude during the war, he thought that after the war was over, it might be possible, perhaps, for him to extend to the people a larger extent of electoral privileges. My guess is that his people will get them, whether the Kaiser extends those privileges or not. That is a part of the inevitable, and, gentlemen, the inevitable always comes off!

But the real test is going to come in the struggle between the Anglo-American representative democracy, and the Russian Bolshevik conception of direct democracy. That is an issue of efficiency for which we may well prepare.

Our Constitutional development for the last few years has eventuated in an administration of college presidents. This is a great day for the college president in practical affairs. One college president conducts the government of the United States, and pretty nearly the world just now; and another college president represents democracy in the fuel line. A certain distinguished Englishman came over here the other day, and seeing what was actually happening in the United States, said, "You people in America certainly believe in democracy, for we should never dare turn over the powers to one individual that you are so turning over. You must have an abounding faith that you can get them back again when the war is over." I take it that is an expression of the fundamental attitude, and it may be a prophecy of a more efficient democracy in the future.

Of course, you can always get efficiency if you have a policeman to assist you. I remember when I was a student in Berlin, I carefully deposited the core of a pear in the gutter. I remember distinctly the wave of self-approbation which swept over me. But I had no sooner performed that rite of civic duty than a policeman marched up to me and said, "That is *verboten*. You must pick that core up and put it in that box over there." I obeyed. In a small way that was a specimen of German efficiency. You can always get efficiency of a certain sort if you have somebody to punish the man who won't obey. And the effi-

ciency of Prussianism is a more or less diluted form of *schrecklichkeit*.

The efficiency of democracy is a very different sort of thing. You can't terrorize a democrat into doing what you want him to do. There have been times when democracy seemed to be an ingenious method of unseating a man just as he became efficient, and there are times in which you cannot help feeling that if talk is the salvation of democracy, it is also more or less of a danger.

Educational processes in the development of efficient democracy are slow, and especially when you have, as we have had in our country the extraordinary and pioneering adventures in politics. We had made the State synonymous with citizenship and then opened up citizenship to all persons—by and bye we shall treat women as persons! We are already doing it in more advanced sections.—This double adventure has of necessity made progress less rapid in our group efficiency than would have been the case if we could have forced obedience upon our citizens.

I have been coming to feel of late, possibly rather pessimistically, that the way in which a democracy of any sort can get cumulative efficiency is by a series of explosive novelties. You bring novelties to the attention of a crowd, and they will hurrah and do something. They will get tired of doing it pretty quick and then you have to give them something else to do. The real leader in a democracy is not the man who drags people into doing what he wants, but the one who finds out first what they ought to do and which way they ought to go, and then persuades them into a proper state of mind. That takes leadership. Leadership is not the same as marching at the head of the procession. Small boys march at the head of a procession, and ahead of the band. But they are not the leaders, although they are the foregoers. They always look around to see which way the procession is going!

A genuine leader is able not only to lead his procession, but to keep close enough to it so that the procession does not have to send out reconnoitering parties to find out where its leader is gone. That in itself is a test requiring extraordinary capacity in a democracy. Place a man at the head of a democracy or a section of a democracy, whether it be national or local and demand of him leadership, and you at once face the relationship of the people who are going to be lead, to the leader. A great moment of war, like this, is giving us a new conception of what leadership in a democracy really is. We have thought that leadership meant selecting the small boy to lead the procession, and we dressed him up in certain of the paraphernalia of office and we have said to him, "Go to it, boy; we will follow you if you go in the way in

which we want you to go." And suddenly we find ourselves in a democracy with a leader not only responding to our conceptions, but actually telling us what we have to do! It is not an entirely new experience. The war of 1861-65 did the same thing. The discussions of the Constitutional war powers of the President which grew out of the war of 1861-65 show that our fathers had to learn the same lesson which we have to learn just now; that when democracy requires leadership and not simply silent acquiescence in our expressed suggestions as to a line of march, it has to learn the meaning of efficiency in a democracy.

There are two ways open to us at that point. There is the way of the Prussian autocracy. It is a perfectly consistent expression of the State, in accordance with which there has been worked out in Germany an efficiency never equaled except by the Roman Empire. On the other side, there is the referendum-by-universal-talk democracy of the Bolsheviki. But one cannot find efficiency in Russia. You can't run a government by universal talk. Somebody has got to do something. Between Prussianism and Bolshevism lies our historically originated and progressive conception of the State in which delegated power must transform ideals into executive action. We are learning how to make that transformation. We are actually finding efficiency in our democracy.

Right here is an interesting contrast in psychology, as I catch it. The German, when he begins to fail, begins to brag; the Englishman or the American, when he begins to succeed, appoints an investigating committee to know why he didn't succeed faster!

But as a question of the future, what will be the ultimate outcome of this new efficiency in terms of democracy. Are we to deliver ourselves into the hands of an autocracy masquerading as a representative democracy or are we to move over into the Bolshevik conception of the State? Or is there a third alternative? The Bolshevik attitude is as hostile to representative democracy as it is to Prussianism. None of us can understand what is going on in Russia until we clear our minds of any idea that the Soviet movement resembles our representative democracy. It is a different conception, a different ideal of government that is emerging, and our great task is to determine in what way we shall develop.

Can we carry over our great conception of representative democracy into the new era which is bound to come? We are apt to talk about this new era in a very general way. We forecast the things that are going to come for our children. If I read the situation correctly, we need not wait for our children to have it come. It is here, a new attitude towards the State. A very

new conception of what our government as such is, and the adjustment of the conception of governmental efficiency to democratic interests and democratic efficiency is already on our hands.

When one looks back over the last few months and sees what has been accomplished in the United States, one is amazed at the transformation which has come over the people of the United States—at the extent to which that new conception of the power of the executive in the midst of a representative democracy has gone. I know perfectly well there are plenty of things to criticize. Anybody can see that. I have recently visited a number of the camps. The situation breaks upon one like a revelation. I shall never forget the first time I was on Reilly Field. I may be bringing coals to Newcastle (that is an unfortunate reference! You have probably heard the definition of a fluent speaker. “Fluent—an adjective derived from ‘flue,’ a receptacle for hot air”). But go down to San Antonio and see that great aviation field. It will be impossible to describe the impression which that makes on you. When you bear in mind that the vast field is only one episode in the constitutional reconstruction of representative democracy, you are impressed with the fact that there is a vitality and a power of conservation as well as of progress in our own governmental situation we never had suspected—at least, we men of this generation.

Go back to 1914, when democracy was faced with its great task. You see the extraordinary development of the German State, with the control of Austria as well, and its enormous preparation; and, on the other side, you see Great Britain with what the Germans called her “contemptible little army.” They don’t speak of it as “contemptible” since the Marne. You see an empire scattered over the world, very loosely connected, with Canada all but as independent as the United States, and the same as true of Australia. In three years, in two years, you have seen that democracy organizing itself, transforming itself, meeting the task more efficiently than the autocracy that had forty years the start of it. It is a thing we never suspected of democracy. We feared that democracy would tumble over itself when it tried to run. On the contrary, it goes forward in serried ranks, ready to go “over the top” of anything that is in its way.

What has happened in the British Empire is happening here. We are so close to it that we don’t realize the extraordinary movement, but we are doing something which I doubt whether we thought could be done.

You remember, as I do, a couple of years before the war, or a little longer than that, there was a growing distrust of democracy in America. I remember very distinctly an evening spent

in company with two of the biggest men in the business line in America. (College professors occasionally eat of the crumbs which fall from the high financiers' tables.) I remember our discussion. It was full of pessimism about democracy in America. I tried in my feeble way to say a few kind words for the departed, but it was useless. The tombstone had been ordered and the only question was whether there should be engraved on it the virtues or the vices of the deceased. And yet, at this day one of those men—I don't dare describe his position because you might catch a suggestion as to who he is—is one of the leaders in the reorganization of this country of ours. Instead of a radical distrust of democracy, born of a tremendous success as a business man, he is seeing to it that certain forces of our national life are being organized and brought to a successfully efficient form.

Did none of you, in 1914, go through a period of mental depression, when it seemed as if all the things you had hoped for were shown by the brutal *reductio ad absurdum* of the war to be of no significance whatever? Is there a man who feels that way to-day? We have found the recuperative powers of democracy; nay, we have seen the powers of democracy to beget new institutions capable of facing new situations.

Three years ago I was over in Japan. I think I made something like ninety speeches in twenty-seven days. I remember saying to Mr. Bryan (the late Secretary of State) when I came back: "Mr. Bryan, I don't know as even you can equal that record." I found in Japan a very interesting situation. Going over there with the orthodox American attitude towards ourselves, I suddenly found the Japanese people suspecting us of everything of which we suspected them. It took me several days to get that through my self-satisfied American head. Then I began speaking at meetings which were organized for the purpose of permitting me to set forth the American point of view. I began with an exposition of the spirit of America. Gentlemen, one of the great experiences of a lifetime is to be thrust into an exposition of your national virtues. Of course, an extemporaneous explosion of nationalist buncombe is not difficult. You can always let the eagle scream, provided it does not turn out to be a dove of peace; but to set forth accurately the position of America in international affairs, possessed not only the charm of novelty, but inspiration. In disclosing the general policies of the United States before those who suspected our country I could say what no representative of any other country on the face of the earth could say. It made you proud of being an American! I belong to a group of those who had been, on the whole, rather free in their criticism of America—for there is nothing the aca-

demic mind likes better than to criticise things about which it has had no particular information! But when you stand face to face with your country's relations to international affairs, you see that our representative democracy, however you may account for it, has been building up a series of precedents, which, unless all signs fail, will constitute a great, if not the greatest foundation of the reorganized world.

Last week there were two great speeches, at least: the speech of Lloyd George and the speech of our President. All the world has been struck with their similarity. Lloyd George said yesterday that that similarity was not prearranged; that neither knew what the other was to say. And Lloyd George stands forth before the world to say there are three great purposes for which this war is being conducted. The first is the reinstatement of treaties into the position of power. The second is the establishment of the rights of independent groups of peoples to choose themselves the sort of sovereignty under which they shall live. And the third is the organization of a League of Nations which shall make war in the future less probable. Those three great purposes are the product of a democratic conception of international relations. You couldn't get Germany to avow those three purposes. If she were whole-heartedly to avow them, we should have a peace conference inside of twenty-four hours—to-morrow.

Those are the fundamental things for which we are standing, and our President in his Fourteen great affirmations has duplicated—in his own style—those propositions.

That is no accident. It is the extension into world politics, gentlemen, of the spirit of the United States and of Great Britain in dealing with democracies. If I had time, as I see I have not, I should be glad to set forth some of those outstanding precedents which we have been building up.

Your courtesy makes me think of a story that John Kelman told me about the British censorship. There was a boy who wrote a letter to his father, and after it had been through the censorship, it began, "Dear father," and then everything had been deleted down to the end, "Your loving son, Willie." The censor, evidently a tender-hearted lady, added these lines: "Willie is well, but a trifle garrulous." That is possibly my condition, but with your permission I will mention a few of these precedents which we have built up. Take our Monroe Doctrine. It is a good deal like woman suffrage. We don't know what it is and we don't know what the women are going to do with it, and we don't believe the women know themselves what they are going to do with us, but we know they are going to do it! And so with the Monroe Doctrine. We don't know quite what it is

and we don't quite know what it is going to do to us; but we know, by the grace of God, it is going to do it!

You remember how it arose. Three of the most powerful nations in the world, with a great deal of piety, formed a Holy Alliance; and another alliance, which was not quite so pious but was a little more practical. For sometimes piety in politics is diplomatic camouflage. Those three nations organized a union to put down democracy. Whereupon our little country through the voice of President Madison threw into history a policy with two elements. The first was that hereafter no European power should have another foot of land more in South America, North America or Central America. The second was that no European power should establish any colonies in South America, North America or Central America. We didn't have enough of navy to organize a naval review, and no army big enough for a headquarters' guard. But we notified those nations of our purpose. In God we trusted, in those days! But the singular thing was that it worked! You ask, Why? It is perfectly evident those nations have taken us seriously because Great Britain has backed up the Monroe Doctrine with its fleets.

We talk about our debt to France, and it is a great debt. We paid a part of it when we gave them the idea of a successful representative democracy back in 1789. We are going to pay a good deal more of that debt. We are paying it now. But the debt which the United States owes to Great Britain and has owed for a hundred years is beyond computation. For, if it had not been for Great Britain, the Monroe Doctrine would have been smashed half a dozen times.

I want to read you one little quotation which I carry round with such things as I can afford to carry. You may have read it. It is a report of what a German Admiral said in 1898. It was placed in the archives of the State Department: "About fifteen years from now, my country will start a great war. She will be in Paris about two months after the commencement of hostilities. Her move on Paris will be but a step toward her real object, the crushing of England. Some months after, we will put your country in your place with reference to Germany. We don't propose to take any of your territory (mighty decent of them!) but we do intend to take a billion or so of your dollars from New York and other places. The Monroe Doctrine will be disposed of by us and we will dispose of South America as we please. Don't forget, fifteen years from now!"

International relationship is not built on treaties; it is built on national attitude, and a community of spirit. That the boundary line to the north of us runs across the continent without forti-

fiction and without a soldier, is not a matter of treaties. It is born of a "gentlemen's agreement." In the hundred years in which we have been at peace, there is not a foot of the boundary we have not submitted to court; there is not a codfish on the banks of Newfoundland that has not been submitted to arbitration; but we have not fought. We have been building up precedents, a procedure of spiritual unity, born of a similar experience in representative democracy.

The German attitude, as put forth in all of its treatises on the State, is perfectly clear; a state can grow by war; war is not a thing to be avoided; it is simply to be timed. Germany has grown by annexation and indemnity.

Our policy has been different. Of course, we had the Mexican War, but after we had taken from Mexico the provinces which Mr. Zimmermann was so concerned that Mexico should get back, we paid \$15,000,000 for them. The victor paid the indemnity!

We had a war with Japan in 1868. We happened to be over there, and the other nations got into war with Japan. Of course, Christians ought to hang together. We hadn't any navy, so we hired a gunboat of the Dutchmen and went to war. We took \$800,000 from Japan. We couldn't digest it, and it stayed in the Treasury of the United States for fifteen years. In 1883 we paid back to Japan the \$800,000 with interest for the fifteen years.

We had a war with Spain twenty years ago. When we got the Philippines (or the Philippines got us) we paid Spain \$20,000,000 for the islands. Again, the victor paid the indemnity.

We had a war with China when the European nations began the process of dismembering China. The Boxers arose and brutally tried to stop it. When the disturbance was over, there came the indemnity. They laid on that poor, amorphous nation just beginning to live an indemnity of nearly half a billion dollars. Our share was \$20,000,000. We took about \$10,000,000 to meet our actual expenses and told China she could keep the rest. And China has been using those millions to send her students to our universities.

Take our attitude towards Cuba. Of course, this sounds like bragging; but we know perfectly well that we Americans are not saints. We are not saints, we are Americans. Whether or not it is because we have so much land we don't need any more, the simple, cold fact is, that we have been building up generosity in our international relations. We gave Cuba back to herself twice. It is no mere accident that when war broke out, the Cubans were the first to come forward and stand by our

side; no mere accident that at this very minute a whole division of Filipinos, the sons of the men who fought our country, are being organized to fight for our country in France, with Aguinaldo's son one of the number. It is not an accident. It is the result of the democratic conception of international relations.

It is the same with South Africa. The British know perfectly that there are constitutional questions that must be adjusted there but the Boers are being drawn into a fellowship of representative democracy.

Take our whole attitude towards South America and Mexico. I don't know what you thought about the President's policy, but his wisdom should be apparent at the present time in our relations with the South American Republics as a whole. His refusal to intervene in Mexico is a part of the new mass of precedents we are building up from the point of view of a democracy. And what is that attitude of mind which Great Britain and France and ourselves and others are building up? In brief, it is that, over against the German position that the weak nation has no rights against the strong nation, if the strong nation wants to use the weak nation—stands the declaration of democracy that the weak nation has rights, just as truly as the strong nation; that it is the business of the strong nation to give justice to the weak nation. Over against the idea of the conquest of a nation by brute power stands the right of sovereignty of the weak people.

The great issue rising before Germany at this moment is, whether the liberal German with his clear conception of what real history means shall be at least beaten or shall at last win over the Fatherland party that stands for the monstrous, anachronistic imperial conception of government. The answer may not be immediate, but it is bound to come, for there is no chance in social evolution. The cosmic sanity that keeps the stars from fighting in their courses keeps human life moving. We are not living in a decadent world; we are living in an evolving world.

There came into my office some time ago a negro who had on his cheek three gashes. They were the tribal marks of a primitive savage race. He had never seen a white man until he was eight years old, and now, less than thirty, wanting to know if he could take advanced courses in the Semitic languages! Think of what this boy had done. He had passed the whole gamut of history, from primitive savagery to the university.

Humanity is not headed towards the tribal gashes of primitive savagery. Humanity is headed for these things, for which, let us be humbly grateful as well as proud, we have been able to lay a mass of precedents on which the history of the future can be built.

Representative democracy is learning how to be efficient. It is giving itself to the task of efficiency with the enthusiasm of those who believe in democracy but do not believe that democracy means "mobocracy." It is giving itself, sometimes unconsciously, but none the less really, to the task of democratizing the relations between nations. It has a long way to go before the goal is reached. I hope that no goal will ever be reached in human progress. We want a moving goal. But we shall go forward, and the world will go forward. Twenty years from now, as we measure the advance, we shall have made I dare predict that we shall find that the idealism of Anglo-American representative democracy will have flung itself out into international relations; that, enlarged and given the beauties of other civilizations and other experiences than those of the Anglo-American, it will still be loyal to that sacrificial conception which is the heart of true democracy, that it is more blessed to give justice than it is to fight for rights.

THREE: BY HONORABLE GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
United States Senator

It is a great pleasure, I assure you, to be with you again. I have gotten to be almost an annual pest here with this club, and although I am a Democrat and have sometimes feared that it was a case where the lion and the lamb were lying down together, I have never yet found myself inside the lion! They have always treated me with such distinguished courtesy that, in the language of the British Vice Consul in my State, who, after hearing a patriotic American speech, said jocularly, "I almost feel like an American citizen"; so I almost feel like a Republican when I come up here.

Under the Food Administration Measure, they have meatless days and wheatless days, but your club does not seem to have any speechless days, and I sometimes feel that it would be nicer to come up and put my feet under your table and have a good, social time, rather than make a speech; but these are times, my countrymen and my friends, when every true American, every red-blooded American, ought to be ready to say something about his country and its cause. And so feeling and so believing, notwithstanding the fact that I have been working sixteen and eighteen hours a day since the first of December, I still am willing to devote a little of my time to talking to my friends on a subject in which we are all vitally and nationally and internationally interested.

I do not know what you want me to talk to you about. I suppose, however, that the subject of most interest to us all is the question of preparedness for the fight that we are now in. Some of us have been talking upon this question for a good long while, and I think you will bear testimony to the fact that I shared the time here a year ago with a gentleman, a very distinguished New York citizen, who took the position it was not necessary to make any preparation for defense and that it was not necessary to be prepared to fight.

I remember asking that distinguished gentleman, when we were discussing this proposition of preparedness on another occasion, what would have happened to France, if, when the efficient and well trained German Army appeared on her Western front, France had then occupied the position which America occupied at the time this war broke out, and which we in some measure—I say it regretfully—occupy to-day, a condition of unpreparedness, what would have happened to that magnificent republic? His reply was that if the German Army had come to the Western front of France and found a country that was disarmed, in her compassion and her sympathy, she would not have undertaken to attack her. That is the opinion of a great many pacifists to-day; that being prepared to fight leads a country to want to fight and instead of avoiding difficulty, is apt to bring about difficulty.

If this country had done what some of us were advocating three years ago, shortly after the war began; if it had gone to work, as it ought to have gone to work and as it ought to do now, and trained her young men from sixteen to twenty-one years of age to fight, instead of having an untrained drafted army of business, commercial and professional men, absolutely unprepared, we would to-day have had a perfectly trained army, and, in my opinion, that very preparation on the part of America would have made the Teutons hesitate a long while before forcing America into this fight.

But that appeal was disregarded. It was not heard. It was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, to people who had lived the life of ease and peace so long that they could not realize the necessity of getting ready to defend America; although the fight is on a distant shore, they would have been prepared to have made America and the world safe, not only for democracy, but for liberty and justice and right. Although this fight is not on American soil, it threatens not only the liberty of the citizens on the continent of Europe, but it threatens as well the liberty and the institutions of America.

I think the statement attributed to a prominent German officer

that Germany would march through Belgium to France, take Paris, cross the English Channel and take Great Britain, and then seize America, compelling her to pay the indemnity that she would have demanded from these countries to pay for the war, was absolutely true from the standpoint of autocracy and militarism. And I have no assurance to-day that the war may not come to our shores yet.

There was a time when America boasted of her isolation; but that boast can no longer be made. It took longer for a force to travel from Washington to Petersburg during the Civil War, than it takes now to carry troops from America to France. The expense was greater then than now; and fighting was a mere child's play from the beginning of civilization to the present time, as compared with the methods of warfare that have been adopted now. There has not been a conception in Hell itself which has not been seized by the Hun and put into use in the destruction of human life and of property as well.

Is America to lie supinely by and say that no danger can come to her, because, forsooth, the Atlantic separates us from the immediate scenes of war, when it is absolutely true that the means of communication are almost automatic and instantaneous, not only through the air and on the land and on the waters, but under the very waters themselves, and we see the hidden assassin in the trenches as well as under the waters, and the very heavens themselves rain down missiles of destruction upon innocent women and children everywhere?

Let me tell you, as was very ably presented by a distinguished ex-President of the United States a while ago, that you are fighting the battle of the women and children of our land just as well as of the men; and they are just as much interested in it as the men; because America occupies no different position so far as her splendid women are concerned than the women and children of poor devastated Belgium, who were murdered in the very market-places of that unfortunate country.

Arouse yourselves, my countrymen! This is not a one-man fight. This is the fight of America as well as the fight of the nations that are engaged in it on the immediate scenes of the war.

Not only have we not enough trained men now, after ten months of America's part in it—we are getting trained, and we will be trained—but we are only training one million men or a little over, and God grant that that may be all that we shall need, but we shall probably need many million before the end comes. If America does her duty, she will hasten to get a million or two more men, and if necessary, to have more, and she will have them prepared to play their part in this terrible conflict.

We have had no very definite war programme, up to this time, I am sorry to say. It seemed to me that when the first conflagration was started in Europe in August, 1914, that any man who had any sense of proportion at all, that any man who was able to visualize not only our own country but the countries across the waters and take in the situation in those countries, must have realized that America must, by the very fact of her wealth and size, become a party to and take an active part in that fight.

It has been with that in view that some in Congress, and some not in official life—and we can do nothing without having the people behind us—saw fit to urge our country, when the war first broke out, to get ready to fight. The timid and the pacifist said when the selective draft law was before Congress that America did not need to get ready; she did not need to draft her men. And this for two reasons: first, that there would be volunteers spring up from every section and offer their services to fight the battles of our country. I believe that was true, but can any sane man tell me why the red-blooded boys of America should be the first to go to the sacrifice? Why the young men of the stores and business houses, should go to the front, and leave behind the coward and the craven and the men who are too busy making money to want to help? Why should these leave the coward and the craven at home to procreate his species and perpetuate the race? Why should your son, with red American blood flowing through his veins, offer his life upon the altar of his country and another gentleman's son, of equal capacity and of equal opportunity, be allowed to remain behind and not offer that same service?

In other words why should a volunteer system continue as a system which spares the slackers and takes the lives of the patriotic young men. As said by another, "The casualties in the French Army, for instance, represent virtually a 'perpendicular' loss; or, in other words, a loss of a part of each stratum, from the highest to the lowest, in human value to the French nation. On the other hand, the casualties in the British Army, under the voluntary system, represented a terrible 'horizontal' loss, or a loss of the bravest and best, a loss of human value taken from the highest strata of Great Britain's manhood. And so it was during the greater part of our Civil War, with what result to posterity no man can tell."

There is no doubt that the young men would have volunteered, but every war has proved that in a long protracted war, you cannot depend on the volunteer system. There comes a time when the volunteer system is insufficient to fill the depleted ranks in the army. It was the same in the Civil War. Washington is author-

ity for the saying that patriotism alone cannot save a country. There must be some compulsion somewhere; and every man, woman and child must learn to realize the obligations of citizenship, that the benefits of citizenship carry with them the obligation of service when the country needs that service. That was one argument that was made for the draft law. I think it was that distinguished citizen, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who said you could get out a million citizens that would spring to arms in twenty-four hours. But, oh, at what a sacrifice; what a slaughter would follow their actual engagement! Put one German division of thirty thousand men against them and they would melt like snow before the morning sun. To send an untrained force, however large, against a trained force would simply mean death to those whom we sent to do a duty that ought to rest on all.

But it was urged there was another and a second reason why there should be no selective draft law, that conscription was violative of the traditions of America. The argument has been made from Revolutionary times down to the present, that military service ought to be rendered only by volunteers. Washington differed from that view as have all distinguished military men. Washington took the position that men ought to be drafted. He found, early in the Revolutionary days, that he could not depend on volunteers. The Continental Congress did undertake a draft law, but they had no power to enforce it.

Kentucky, in its practical wisdom and foresight, undertook to enforce a draft law, but it was ineffective, because it didn't place the responsibility on all alike. The fact is that there has not been a prominent military character since the foundation of the republic who has not held that it would be necessary in a protracted war to conscript the young men of the country.

I do not look upon the draft as a disgrace; the registration list is an honor roll; it is a certificate of fitness, a certificate of strength and virility, and the certificate that the drafted man gets is a badge of honor telling the world that he has been called as a fit subject for the service of his country.

How has it worked? Take it in my own State, and it is true of other States. Acting on the theory that to be taken under the selective draft was a disgrace to a man, many volunteered. They did not want to wait for the draft, and we had to draft only about five or six hundred men in order to fill Oregon's quota, and if we had just waited a few days longer, we would not have had to draft any.

What was the result? While the draft law takes one man in ten according to population for the service of his country, the

volunteer system sometimes took ten out of ten in some communities without regard to population, with the result that agricultural life was disrupted; industrial life was interfered with; all the young men on the farms in certain places left to volunteer for the service of their country, with the result that agricultural life was paralyzed. In industrial life many young men laid aside the chisel and the hammer and the mallet and went to volunteer in the service of their country, with the result that industrial life was paralyzed. Young men in the employ of public utilities laid down their implements of everyday life and went to the front, and they have not been able to fill their places yet, although the gallant young ladies have gone out to the farms and tried to fill the depleted ranks so far as they could do so. I presume the same is true in every State in this Union. No law more just ever graced the statute books of this country than that which compels its citizens, men and women, to realize that as one of the duties incident to citizenship is the duty to serve the country in any emergency which confronts it. There is no higher duty that any man or woman can be called upon to perform. So, we have departed from tradition with reference to the draft law, and it was not an easy measure to get through because of old time prejudice. Tradition, my friends, is oftentimes more honored in the breach than in the observance.

You of New York have departed from tradition in the last six months, and have conferred upon the women of your State the right to vote, and whether your action was right or wrong makes no difference. This is a country where the majority rules, and whenever the majority says that the women ought to be enfranchised, then that right is theirs, no matter what the minority may say; but you have departed from tradition, just the same.

Oregon, that splendid State from which I hail, has violated nearly all the traditions in governmental policy. The difference between the Western man and the Eastern man is that the Western man is willing to try anything; if it is good he holds to it, and if he does not like it he gets rid of it! We have conferred upon the people of Oregon the right to enact laws, and on the other hand, to veto laws which the Legislature passes. Conservatives said that would destroy the civil and political institutions of the State. It has been the making of Oregon. The State has grown in wealth and population. Long ago we gave the women the right to vote. They have purified the State politically and socially. We are called the "legislative experimental State of the Union." It may be so, but we find the staid old State of Massachusetts and other States falling in line, following the example of Oregon. It was a distinguished statesman from Massachusetts

who once said to me, "You don't hesitate to violate any tradition when you think that by so doing you will strengthen the country's stand among the nations of the world." And so we do not.

When we come to talk to you about universal military training, they tell us *that* is contrary to tradition. I say violate it! Take your young men from sixteen or eighteen to twenty-one and train them. You need not put them into service until they are twenty-one. Train them from the time they are sixteen until they are twenty-one, and in three years you will have an army that can conquer any nation on the face of the earth. You will not by such course have done any violence to your civic or political duties. Let us do that, because, as has been said, so forcibly by another this very afternoon, America, unless she has a peace that is brought about by victory, will have a dishonorable peace, no matter who makes it.

Now we need the help of you people; you business men of New York. We need the people of the country to get behind this movement. You cannot remain in your counting rooms and in your offices and in your club rooms, and bring about the accomplishment of any great purpose. You have got to get behind it with all your power; you have got to give the Representatives of New York in the Congress of the United States to understand that the man who is not for America is against America, and retire him. They are doing this in some States and they will do it in others. There is danger now, my fellow-citizens, that the pacifist and German propaganda which has been flooding some parts of this country may defeat men who stand for preparedness, and, if all happened to be defeated who stand for preparedness, then God help America!

So that if you believe in preparing our country to fight, you ought to get out behind this movement. Write to those who represent you and appeal to the legislators as well as to the voters of the different States for their assistance in fighting to a successful conclusion the greatest war in the history of the world.

I may say to you, and I think I speak knowingly, that what I have attempted to do in Congress to assist in this war, has not been done as a Democrat; it has been attempted to be done as an American citizen. I have had men say to me that the investigation that the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate was engaged in was wrong in this crisis. Some say "You discredit your own administration." Others say, "You imperil the chances of our country for success."

As to the first charge, if that were the only consideration, I would say "Amen," I do not care about such charge, because

if there is anything wrong with the party to which I happen to belong, the best friend of the administration is the one who will show inefficiencies wherever they happen to exist.

As to the second proposition, I say that it doesn't tend to injure our country to insist upon honesty and efficiency. The fact is, the American people are denying themselves everything. They are taxing themselves as they never were taxed before. They are yielding to orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, sometimes with a protest, but in the last analysis, with willingness to do whatever is necessary to win; and the men and women who are making these sacrifices are entitled to know that the money that they are putting up and the sacrifices they are making in blood and in treasure are being made in the interest of the American people.

Now, that is what the Senate Committee is trying to do, and that is what, with the help and assistance of the American people, that Committee is going to do, no matter what happens. Already, work of all kinds is speeding up. Inefficients in every department are gradually stepping aside. Unfortunately some who have been proven inefficient, instead of being retired to positions of innocuous desuetude, are being elevated to higher places. Fortunately, they are being put in places where they cannot do very much harm. What America wants in this crisis is young blood. She wants fighting blood. What America wants is efficiency in every department, and men at the head who will take inefficiency by the neck and shake it out of the administration. England tried it with success, and we are going to do it. And if we fail to do it, the American people are going to know where the responsibility for it rests.

There is a lack of coördination and a lack of efficiency in the War Department and the present administration is not entirely to blame for it. I am not criticizing the administration; I am criticizing a system which has come down to us from the fathers. The principal trouble is, that decisions of solicitors of bureaus, controllers of one department or another, auditors of the different branches of the government, have rolled up a ball of red tape so intricate that when one starts out to do anything and undertakes to unroll this ball of red tape, it is like getting through a labyrinthine maze.

I saw a paper the other day that might have been answered by the first man to whom it was presented. It had twenty-one endorsements on it. It was referred to one officer who put an endorsement on it. It was sent to another department where it received another endorsement, and so on, until the twentieth endorsement simply stated that the first endorser was correct,

and when it finally got down to the twenty-first endorsement, the statement was simply this: "You are right."

We are trying to cut tape that has been in process of enrollment for a hundred years or more. And how are we going to do it? By simply applying the knife fearlessly and effectually.

Here we have this peculiar condition: there were different bureaus in the War Department bidding against each other for supplies. There were different bureaus in the Navy Department bidding against each other for the same supplies; in the same field, at the same time, for the same commodities! What is the inevitable result? Higher prices and unequal distribution. If there was not enough to go around, there ought to have been and ought to be now a coördinating agency with power to take all of a commodity and then distribute it according to the needs of the different departments. There is no other way to get proper results.

Now, the Military Committee, as the result of its hearings, has undertaken to put the supply departments of the whole Government under one responsible head to be appointed by the President who is to be known as the Munitions Director and has prepared a bill for that purpose. He can utilize any or all of the present organizations of all the bureaus and departments—all or any or none of them, just as he sees fit—for coördinating the purchases of supplies of all kinds; but in the last analysis, that man is to be the responsible head, and then if anything goes wrong, the people can put their fingers on the man who is responsible for it. That is what we are going to try to do.

Let me illustrate by one simple instance the evils that should be remedied. Take the ducking that is used in large quantities by the Army and the Navy. When the supply was short, it happened that both the Army and the Navy needed it, but the Navy, which had a better organization than the Army, purchased the entire supply, paying whatever price was asked. I do not mean to suggest that they paid an unfair price, but to show that under a bad system one branch of the Government got it all, while the Army had to go without. They have had to organize the industry in this particular commodity, in order that, instead of three million yards, we could manufacture eighty-five million yards, which is necessary for all these departments, and see to its proper distribution.

If we had one responsible head to take up the subject of buying and distributing these supplies, we would get better and speedier results.

But the Committee has gone further than that. I do not know where we are going to land, but we are going to try, for as a

business proposition, it seemed to be right. We are going to report out a bill in a few days creating a War Cabinet.

I want you to know that these measures have not been prepared on the spur of the moment. We have been working on them, some of us, eighteen hours a day for many days, and have been basing our action on the experience of other countries in coördinating the efforts of the Government and planning for a prosecution of the War.

Great Britain and France were groping in the dark for the first years of the war; and, as a result of their effort to create an efficient war programme, they created War Cabinets. Some of the members hold portfolios, while others do not, and they devote all of their time to formulating plans for the future. And so we have this in view without in any way authorizing the War Cabinet to interfere in the least with the constitutional powers of the President, but making it under him and subject to his direction.

The business man who sits down in his office and does not look forward and arrange for the future had better get out of business while he has any capital left. He must look months ahead and provide for expansion and the manufacturer of goods for the western and other markets must make estimates for not only six months ahead, but a year ahead if deliveries are not to be made until the expiration of that time. Why not apply business methods to the administration of governmental affairs? Great Britain and France had to come to it in order to get efficiency. America has been groping in the dark for the last ten months, with able enough heads, but with no responsible head for coördinating the war programme. Now, America must follow in the footsteps of her allies in order to coördinate the instrumentalities of government, and plan for future emergencies. If not by the system here suggested then in some other effective way and that too by legislation.

I hope I shall not be guilty of treason if I suggest to you that in my humble opinion, there was no need for the coal shortage now upon us if a plan had been mapped out six months ago. I do know this, that when the discussion about coal came up here some time last summer, it was brought to the attention of every man in the country, because it was printed in the newspapers that coal production was increasing up to a certain point, when one administrative branch of the Government fixed a price after conference with the operators which seemed to be satisfactory. Now, that price didn't stop production. The chart showed that there was still an ascending line of production; but, when another department reduced the price to a point where it could not be

produced except at a loss, the line of production commenced to descend, with the result that there was no coal produced and an inevitable shortage such as we now have followed.

I sustained the action of the President and the Fuel Administration in regard to the use of coal. I was one of the nineteen Senators who did so. Why? I did not think it was a wise order, but it developed in the course of the investigation before the Military Affairs Committee that there were 127 ships in the port of New York that could not carry supplies to the Allies because they did not have coal. I had no other information about it, but I proposed to put life above property so long as we have boys in the front in Europe, and wanted to see those ships supplied at all hazards.

One of the functions of this War Cabinet which we propose is to map out programs for the future, so that if there is likely to be a shortage in the production of artillery, ordnance and guns, or anything else necessary for carrying on the war, provision may be made to meet it and for the proper distribution of production.

Every man can make estimates for the future. We have not had any reliable estimates yet for six months or a year in advance, but before another year passes by, I predict that efforts will be made not only to estimate with practical certainty what the needs of our country are likely to be, but how distribution of all necessities shall be made, and in addition thereto, there will be some method adopted for coördinating governmental as well as industrial life.

I want to say for our distinguished President that in this crisis he is the Premier of all the world in ability. His statements are looked upon in Europe as the statements, and properly so, of a very great man; but neither he nor any other one man can take all of these problems and accomplish all that is expected. There must be responsible heads of his own choosing under him, to do what is necessary to be done in order to see America safely through this war. I am not a pessimist, but I know the policies of war, the implements of war, the methods of warfare, all may change and all do change; but rules of strategy never change. We see the most efficient military power on the face of the globe following a well known rule of strategy, that of concentrating its forces on what it thinks are the weak points of the Allies, and America, if she would save her Allies, must get on the ground with the men and money and means to successfully help them at these supposedly weak points.

If there is any country on the face of the globe to which America is indebted, it is that country on whose soil the battles are waging. America ought, without hesitation and as quickly

as possible, to go to her relief with millions of men. When Washington through our representatives appealed to France in 1781, and told her that he did not have money to pay the men who were hauling supplies to his army, and asked for assistance, France gave the money, not only in hundreds of thousands, but in millions, more money than we are taxing ourselves now as compared with the difficulty of obtaining money and the scarcity of wealth, as compared with our own day and generation. Not only did she do this, but she sent Rochambeau with five or six thousand trained soldiers to America and these landed at Newport after seventy-seven days of tremendous suffering, and dodging the British fleet, to do or to die for America.

And now, while it took them seventy-seven days to get over here and they came, and it takes us ten or twelve days at the outside to get our men over there, why, in God's name, cannot we reciprocate the splendid work of France? But that is not all. Cornwallis was concentrating his troops at Yorktown. He was confronted by Lafayette with his tatterdemalion and barefooted colonists. The British commander was at New York getting ready to embark his troops, to supplement the force that Cornwallis had at Yorktown, and Washington called on Rochambeau to come to his relief. He started on the long march from Newport to join Washington's forces at Yorktown, and successfully accomplished the junction.

While this was going on, De Grasse, the French Admiral, who was at the Bermudas, with positive instructions to convoy merchant ships from Bermuda to France, violated these orders, came into Chesapeake Bay with ships and men and prevented Cornwallis from escaping. Washington himself later gave it as his opinion that but for the relief that France gave in the war of the Revolution, America might not have been able to achieve her Independence. The debt of gratitude that America owes to France should and will be repaid to her in money and blood.

America is getting ready to do it. America is going to do it. But America must speed up the programme she has in progress, and that too at the earliest possible moment, and every American citizen owes it to himself, to his country and to his loyal Allies across the water to do all in his power to speed the program and to accomplish some results, so that America can play her part in this great war that is threatening not only republics and empires, but threatening civilization itself.

FOUR: BY HONORABLE JULIUS KAHN

Member of Congress

It is a surprising thing, when one begins to study the present situation, how this country has drifted along all these years, as if the people were living in a fool's paradise. In the Spanish-American War we had some experiences that ought to have taught Americans some lessons; but we went on in a haphazard way, making money and money and money, and we didn't care about our own country and its preparedness.

What is the crying need of the hour? Ships. Ships, to transport our men and our supplies across the ocean. I can remember in 1907 when some of us were making an effort to produce ships. We were defeated by just one vote. We tried to put through a Mail Subsidy Law. We had subsidized four ships, if you remember, before the Spanish-American War, and when the war came those ships were converted into auxiliary cruisers, and they did magnificent work, in conjunction with the navy, for the American arms. In 1907 we presented a concrete proposition for the establishment of seven routes upon the Atlantic and the Pacific to South America and to the Orient. Between five and six million dollars a year would have been expended in mail subsidies if that law had been enacted. It would have cost us, up to the present time, about sixty million dollars, but we would have had thirty or forty ships. And now we are appropriating one billion dollars to build some three thousand and five thousand ton ships that will probably have to go on the scrap-heap when the war is over.

I suppose the gentlemen who voted against the ship subsidy or mail subsidy at that time prided themselves on the fact that they saved the American people five million dollars a year! That is the way they say it. Oh, how expensive, how awfully expensive, that five million dollars a year has become! If we had spent that money, we should be sending our men and our supplies in an undiminished stream to the other side.

Are we going to learn any lessons from this war? In the Committee on Military Affairs of which I am a member—and I don't suppose I violate any confidence—we have men who really are speaking about disarmament and the return to our former policy of drifting when this war is over. All honor to Senator Chamberlain for the work that he has done!

You know, we do things in a funny way out west. The Senator comes from a Republican State. He has been elected by Republican votes and he is a Democrat! In my District, when I

first ran for Congress, I had 8,000 Democratic majority. At the election of last November, or a year ago, we polled 65,000 votes. I ran on the Republican ticket and got 52,000 out of the 65,000. So that, a good many Democrats out there voted for this Republican, but I have always said, ever since we got into this war, this is the time when party politics must be subordinated to Americanism. We must all be Americans first and partisans afterwards.

We have many great problems, as the Senator pointed out. We need the backing of the people at home to carry them out. The boys in the field must understand that the American people are behind them.

I can readily see a condition that would be very unfortunate for this country. The pacifist, the propagandist, is altogether too much in evidence in these trying times. The men who are sowing seeds of sedition and treason, the enemies within, ought to be brought up with a round turn. If the people here, if some people in these United States, who, in the days of peace, have had all the opportunities which our country gives, are not willing to stand behind it with heart and soul in this great struggle, in Heaven's name, let them get out of the country. We don't want any of that kind here. There is no room for them and there should be no room for them in this country.

Congress will be called upon to legislate for our armies and for the navy. Watch the votes of your Representatives. See that those who represent you stand solidly and firmly for American rights. That is what we are fighting for, in the final analysis.

This is the fifth time that we have gone to war to defend the very rights we are defending to-day. Americans don't seem to realize that almost before we were ten years old as a nation, before we had passed our first decade, we were fighting naval battles—no land battles but naval battles—even with France that had been our friend and ally during the Revolution, because she undertook to do the very things that Germany is doing to us to-day. She seized our ships; she sank our ships; she drowned our people; she made them prisoners; and, although we recognized all that we owed her, Washington himself came from his seclusion at Mount Vernon and took command of the American force, ready to lay down his life if need be for American rights.

We fought that war for two years, and then we made peace with Napoleon who followed the Directorate and became First Consul. France recognized our rights on the high seas, and we have never had any trouble since with that great country.

In 1801, the very following year, we fought Tripoli, Tunis

and Morocco. Congress declared war because they sank our ships; they seized our crews and sold them into slavery; and we wouldn't stand for it. We sent our fleets and we fought that war for four years before we made peace. Pope Pius VII, who was then on the Papal throne, said that America in those four years had done more for human liberty and human rights than all the Christian nations of Europe put together; so that, the present war is not the first time that we are fighting for humanity. That war continued for four years, and the Barbary pirates recognized our rights on the seas.

Then, in 1812, we fought England the second time. We fought her because she seized our men on our merchant vessels. We fought that war for two years. It is not necessary to recite the details of it now, but we made a treaty with her and since that time she has never interfered with our rights.

In 1815 we fought our fourth war for those rights at sea. We fought Algeria. Commodore Decatur was sent by the President across the ocean with a fleet of ships to defend the American nation against the Algerian pirates, Decatur, the man who said, "Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country, right or wrong." And we defeated the Algerians and we made a treaty of peace with her under which she agreed that American ships could go anywhere on the high seas where they had a right, under international law, to go.

And then for 102 years, we had no further trouble. Our ships had the right to go everywhere until on the 31st of January, 1917, the Imperial Government of Germany served notice on us that on the very next day, on the first of February, she would ruthlessly sink any American vessel that dared to go beyond a certain line on the high seas which she, herself, drew, and beyond which line, under international law, we had an absolute right to go. She would ruthlessly destroy such ships, and perchance drown those aboard.

We didn't declare war, even then. The people of the American nation have always been slow to enter into war. We did what we did in the French situation. We sent the German Ambassador home and we recalled our own. Congress was then in session. The session adjourned on the 4th of March by limitation. Congress went home, and there was no declaration of war. When we had been gone about two weeks, Germany carried out her threat. She sank our ships and she drowned our people, and no red-blooded American citizen was willing to stand by after that. We were ready to fight, and we have *got* to fight to lick the enemy. There must be no half-hearted business about it. Our

victory, as the Senator said, has got to be absolute and complete. If we don't attain that kind of a victory, the German propagandists in the Latin-American Republics, in my opinion, will stir up such strife and such hatred and such animus against Americans that we will have constant trouble with the very nations that ought to be our allies for all time. We can see what they have been doing; we know what they have been doing; the very things that I spoke about.

About these ships which we needed: Who defeated that legislation? It all comes to us now, when we think back about it. At that time the agent of the Hamburg-American Line right here in this city printed arguments right in your daily papers in this city, why that law should not be written upon our statute books. Many men in Congress took his arguments to defeat the law. We can see why he wrote those arguments. We can see now why he printed those letters. He had visions. He could look a long way ahead into the future; and unfortunately, the American statesman has not often had mental vision.

There are only two great men in this country that I can recall just at this moment who had the foresight, prescience, to look into the future. One of them was your own great statesman from this State, William H. Seward. And so, when he bought Alaska, they referred to it as "Seward's Folly," "Seward's Polar Bear Garden." Great Scott! Alaska has paid for itself to the Union time and time again, and the wisdom of your Seward is now thoroughly appreciated by every American.

And then, we had a man in the west who had vision, who had foresight, who realized what a great country this could become with that great western territory. I refer to Benton of Missouri. You know what Daniel Webster said: "What do we want of that vast, worthless area, that region of whirlwinds of dust and deserts of sand, of cactus and prairie dogs?" Well, we have almost exterminated our prairie dogs, and the cactus in the western states has given way to blossoming gardens and magnificent orchards, and a population of loyal, patriotic, warm-hearted Americans inhabit those states that were thus derided at one time in our country's history.

We have got to have vision, and the statesman to-day who is not willing to make provision for the future safety of this country, as the Senator said to you, ought to be forever relegated to the obscurity which he would much better grace than a seat in the House of Representatives or the Senate.

I have taken up too much of your time, but I want to say to you that it has been a great pleasure for me to come here for a few minutes to meet the men who are doing things in this club.

Your Senator, Mr. Calder, is an old and valued friend of mine. We served in the House together, and I need hardly tell you that Senator Wadsworth also is a very old friend of mine. They are doing fine work. They are doing effective work. I know that you are with them in their efforts. I know that with the backing of men like you, representative of this greatest metropolis on the Western Hemisphere, our arms will be held up, and that you will coöperate with Senator Chamberlain, that you will coöperate with us, through your Congressman in the House of Representatives, and we, working all together, for a common good, will be able to write on the statute books of the Republic such beneficent laws regarding future preparedness of our country that no nation on earth, after this war is over, will ever again want to assail our rights or to try conclusions with this great and mighty people.

FIVE: PRINCE LAZAROVICH

Of Serbia

I AM not a Representative of Serbia; I am a simple Serbian, and the Chairman could have even omitted the title and called me simply "Mister." It would have been all the same, as I am as much an American as you are, although I am not a naturalized citizen yet. You see, one of my ancestors fought at Yorktown; one, his son, had been sent here by Napoleon I as French Ambassador, to engage and to drive this country—to inveigle it—into the war of 1812, and succeeded. And, furthermore, I have married an American woman, a Miss Calhoun, a grand-niece of Judge Calhoun.

As the Serbian Mission has come to this country, I don't think it is my duty nor would it be appropriate of myself to speak for the country, especially as I understand that the Mission will be received to-morrow. But I had yesterday the occasion to make a speech at a gathering, and one of your members—I think a member of your House Committee—asked me to speak to you this afternoon. What I said that evening I think it might be perhaps worth while to repeat to you.

Too much has been said in this country of your going to fight over there for somebody else for somebody else's rights—too much; and who says it to you has the interest to discourage you and to lead you into a peace. You entered this war to defend your own homes and your social fabric and your own state construction, and what you esteem more than all, your democratic government.

I mentioned yesterday a very interesting thing. I must tell you, I have been connected in Europe from 1894 on to 1905 with the Macedonian Revolutionary Committees, having been there as their representative, and really, I was the "boss of the show" as you, in good Manhattanese, express it. During that time I had dealings with the Foreign Offices in Europe and made quite an enormous amount of acquaintances with people who are very well informed. Some of those people sometimes come from the under-current. It is a secret service.

In the beginning of 1914 I met a man here who just came across to New York, and the man—I knew him in Europe and I knew him as a man extraordinarily well informed—told me the following story: He told me that the British Secret Service a few weeks before had made a huge haul of interesting correspondence in China, and that the story contained in that correspondence, which not only was a correspondence of the moment but stretched back to years back, up to, I believe, 1904 or 1905, dwelt with preparations and plans and exchange of ideas between Germany and another power for this war. It dwelt with and showed how, during that time, the treatment, at least, the relations, between the countries, how Germany, especially Germany, through its diplomatic representatives, tried to keep England out of this conflict. Their idea was to first go over on the Balkans, because that is the door to the East; then to throw down France and Russia and Italy, and when that is done, when that has been accomplished in Europe, and one central power erected in Europe, then to tackle Great Britain and *this country*.

In 1914, before the outbreak of this war, it was intended to include this country and to tackle this country and to conquer it. At that time, that same gentleman told me that—now, what I will tell you will perhaps surprise you, but I am not a pro-German; my poor country has suffered enough from them not to make me a pro-German and not to admire Kaiser Bill—but the story which was told is this: that from 1913 on, Austria and a certain party in Germany tried to force Germany to support Austria in her war-aggressive policy; that it was Emperor William who refused, saying "Germany is not yet prepared." He thought that Germany would not be prepared to undertake any kind of a world war before 1916. You must know it is the old question between the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. If the Hohenzollerns would have been allowed to begin the war at their date, 1916, the Hapsburgs would have been wiped out. If the 1914 date was chosen, with Germany's preparation not quite complete, and Austria ready, after her preparation in the Balkan Wars, it was believed in Germany that Austria would be the upper

dog in the combination. The one man in the way in Austria, that is, dangerous to the dynastic ambitions of the Hapsburgs, was Francis Ferdinand, because he had come in 1913 to the conclusion that it might be possible by evolutionary means to solve the Eastern question, and by revolutionary means in Russia to solve the Russian question and get Poland and Serbia under Austrian rule.

He told me at that time that the assassination of Francis Ferdinand had been decided upon, not only because he was in the way of the aggressive policy of the Hapsburg family, but because his assassination would be the one means to throw Emperor William into the war.

And he told a lot of stories further of what this correspondence contains.

If I remember back to 1891, in 1891 I had been at that time delegated to the great General Staff of the Austrian Army for service with them, and in our hands came for study a document, a memorandum of the Reichstag in Berlin, made for the use of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This is a yearly memorandum which is prepared in a kind of routine way, but this time that memorandum was considered to be a model of that kind of work, and it was given to us to study.

This memorandum outlined the military resources of Germany in case of war, the political condition which could be counted on if they could interfere with the conduct of any war. Then it began to sum up in review the same things for each of the other countries with which any political difficulties may arise. France was mentioned, and for France the following was said: Since 1870 when there was introduced in France the Military Obligatory Service Law, the French army had been improving, and was at that time, 1891, at the highest point of proficiency. At that time the Chief of Staff was Sleicher, who submitted to the Chancellor of the Empire a warning to be very cautious in his policy and his relations with France, and to avoid for years to come at least, any friction which might lead to an incident which could be followed by a declaration of war. Then came a rider which is interesting and the rider was a review of the French political condition and latent opposing political opinions. Then it also referred to the curious condition in France before 1870, where the army during the Empire had been more or less put aside as a kind of a show piece, and it went on to say: "To-day the French Army has become the pride of the nation, and it might be possible and it is suggested to the Chancellor of the Empire on the Business of Foreign Affairs of Germany, to use these political latent antagonisms, to use them, to work them up, and if possible, to

involve the army with them, so as to estrange the nation from the army."

That was in 1891, and in 1901 the French Army as a fighting force scarcely existed, as an efficient fighting force. The men were held, but you know what happened at the outbreak of the war? The French Army, the men, were equipped with shoes which had been acquired and bought in 1871 and 1872, and from that moment were in the magazines.

Before beginning this war, slowly, everywhere, propaganda such as that included in that memorandum, had been sown everywhere, all over the countries which were destined to be the antagonists of the Central Powers. If you go a little bit deeper—take simply the Russian Revolution—now, the gentleman, the Dean of the University of Chicago, spoke of Bolshevism. To pronounce Bolshevism even in the same breath as the western ideas of the social fabric is stretching the word a little bit. You understand that in Russia and with us in the Balkans, in Serbia, that individualism has never been a conscious force among the people. We have always been practically coöperative and practically communistic. The basis of our village communities, of our workmen's unions, is coöperative and communistic, and the same is true in Russia. The very basis of the Russian community is a communistic affair, and if you have five workmen in Russia from five different villages, meeting at one cross-point, and they should all be carpenters, those men will form a workmen's union and they will go to seek work in common. If only two men are used of that union, well, the pay of those two men will suffice to pay the five.

Since 1861 in Russia a form of evolution has slowly worked itself out. You had fought a great war in 1861-1864, really on two principles, that is, the federal and confederate principle, states rights and central authority. Here you have exactly the same. The whole Russian fabric from 1861 on was absolutely separate. Between the self-elected judges to the Zemstov there was the Federal Agent which was the central government. This was by reason of the increase of population which became an economic question, of which outside interference took charge.

The idealism of the Russian common man was excited and the program given him in Bolshevism will not remain in Russia. It will calm and settle down. That is a phase. A firm structure will be constituted when the dream passes over, but here in this country, in England and everywhere, money is their god. You were the agents for the revolution in Russia. I was for the evolution and for the changing of certain things in Russia.

The same men, the same money, which furnished the Russian

Revolution, which paid for the Russian Revolution, is to-day working and has been working in France. Here it is the same. You have pacifism first and the I. W. W., and all the other forms which are not legitimate. You see, even socialism can become legitimate to a certain point, and there are other movements which are legitimate. But there are movements of that kind, like the People's Council, which are not legitimate. They are outside of any legitimate democratic development, because they only tend to destruction. Any fool, any child, can destroy; a child could put fire to this building; but it took an engineer and an architect to build it up. And in this country, I have made it my task, I look about, knowing the mettle of the enemy, as having had the occasion to study in his war schools, and then having had the occasion from 1894 until this day to be considered by Austria-Hungary to be its bitterest enemy. You have only to read my books which I have written, published in this country by Scribners. If you will read them, and aside from those books, criticisms published here in the newspapers, in which I am told that I am presumptuous and impertinent and bumptious, and I don't know what else, to dare to speak of the great Hapsburg monarchy in the way as I do, if you will read these you will be able to follow the trend.

It will interest you, perhaps, that the man who has been charged by the Austrian Government to gather up the last threads and the last documents for the Revolutionary organization who overthrew Russia, in favor, not for any democratic reform in Russia, but to facilitate the conquest of Russia and its destruction and to facilitate that great dream, that is, the accomplishment of that great dream of world domination, that man is in this country at present. He was pointed out to me by a countryman of mine who knew him personally and who had been in Austria and had come as a refugee here and knew exactly where he is; that man is here in this country. Up to now I haven't even heard that this man had been watched by the Secret Service.

Another matter I will only touch. There is a very insidious campaign here. The first one is to find fault with England, that is, make it out that the moment the war is at an end, you will have to come into conflict with Great Britain. There have been certain articles printed in this country, very insidious. It is not on the surface, and especially is it interesting because it was Great Britain who had defeated the success of this war in the beginning, because, if Great Britain had not entered into the war,—the Austrian Ambassador in London did his best to prevent Great Britain from entering that war—France, Russia and the rest would have long ago been defeated. England would have

had her turn and you would have had your turn here. Now, we have Great Britain to thank, and especially at this moment, because her fleet has kept the Germans back from the shore. Great Britain with her army in France is helping the valiant French army hold the line until you are ready to come for your own home defense.

Already you can see the trail of red, already you can see the trail coming and beginning to poison your minds, with one intent, so that men should be convinced it would be better to make peace in the present dark hour. You must make your minds up the victory will not be here immediately. Before you hear of a victory, you will hear that your own troops have got a confounded strong licking. That does not mean that they are not brave. They are untried. I speak as a soldier. They are untried men, and have before them tried men. What it means you have no idea. We consider in Europe an army to be battle-ready when an army has twenty-five years' life back of it of organization. You can't ask from your troops, so fine, so brave, so willing, they may be, you can't ask to have that smooth working, and you have to expect some hard hits first; but don't let those hard hits discourage you and lead you to make an immature peace. If that peace is made, then you pay the piper, and so, don't be afraid and don't think that you are fighting anybody else's fight than your own; and make your mind up as being men that debts in your business will come, situations where you look out and say, well, is it better for me to close up or go to the wall, or tide over? I must not be afraid of anything; I must say, if the break must come, I am honest of purpose, I am honest to the men with whom I deal; but I must win out. And that must be your will.

FOURTH DISCUSSION
JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH, 1918
VARIED ASPECTS OF THE WAR

VARIED ASPECTS OF THE WAR

ONE: BY HONORABLE WILLIAM H. SKAGGS

ONE of the encouraging features of the present distressing situation, which I have observed during the few months last past, is that the American people are keen to get information. It is well that we are making progress along this line, because it is important that we understand, not only the vital issues involved in this mighty conflict, but that we also understand the history, the purposes and the methods of the people with whom we are at war. You have heard it said that in the beginning of the Christian Era, God pronounced a curse on mankind. If that be true, the German people, for two thousand years, have furnished evidence of that anathema.

I shall not speak this afternoon touching my personal opinions or conclusions. I shall limit my remarks to excerpts from history, which, in my opinion, form the strongest indictment that could be made against the German nation or the German people. The German spy system and bureau of propaganda were organized in this country, as in other countries, before the beginning of the present atrocious world war. Each was thorough and efficient in its work, and each has been a menace to the life of this nation for more than three years.

One phase of German propaganda, plausible and effective in its dangerous subterfuge, has been the assertion that the development of German industries and the expansion of German commerce had aroused the jealousy and apprehension of her rivals in world trade, England in particular. And it has been charged that her unsuccessful competitors had made war on Germany for the purpose of destroying a dangerous rival. It could be easily shown that these charges are not true. I speak advisedly, with due appreciation of the force of my words and all that they mean, when I say that Germany has utterly failed in open and legitimate competition and that her success has been due largely to her cunning and her corrupt and unsafe business methods. But this phase of Germanism is not for the present discussion.

The issues in this war are not, primarily, economic, nor are

they of late development. They are social and political, and they come within the broad scope of moral questions, and are, therefore, fundamental. They are as old as civilization. If the issues were economic, the outcome of industrial development and commercial progress, they would ultimately yield to the usages of diplomacy; but as they are organic and lie at the foundation of civilization and Christian society, they are not matters of trade and commerce, and cannot be adjusted through the skill of the diplomat nor the shrewdness of the trader.

Germany has tried in numerous instances and divers ways to becloud the vital issue; she has claimed that her enemies tried to check her legitimate and proper growth, and that this war was essential in self-defense as a matter of preservation in the rapid increase of her population, the development and expansion of her industries and commerce. There is as little truth in this assertion regarding the economic feature of the present situation, as there has been in many false moral teachings promulgated by German propagandists.

While safeguarding her home markets with high tariff and other protective measures, giving industries and commerce governmental support with subsidized steamships and other fostering agencies, Germany has been privileged to reach the markets of the world. She has entered English markets and been given the opportunity of developing colonies that were presented to her. Her people have been privileged and encouraged to settle in every country of the Western Hemisphere and in Africa.

The issues are not economic, but in truth, moral and fundamental. Moreover, the people engaged in this mighty struggle of civilization are arrayed as they have been, with few exceptions, for two thousand years. The difference between the Central Powers and the Allies is innate. From a moral and social point of view it is fundamental. It is as irreconcilable as the difference was between the Phoenicians and the Greeks, so forcibly and clearly pointed out by Plato, more than four hundred years before the beginning of the Christian Era. And here it may be interesting to note that the Germans may be likened in their ideals, theories and practices to the Phoenicians of antiquity. In many respects a comparison is striking. We have been told that the "Art of the Phoenicians was both cosmopolitan and commercial. Their lack of originality and of artistic sense made it easy for them to turn their energies to copying the Arts of their powerful neighbors, especially Egypt and Assyria, and to cultivating those branches of Art that were merchantable and transportable." The Phoenicians can be traced back to the earliest times. They built the cities of Tyre and Sidon. Moloch was their chief deity and

to him children and captives were sacrificed. He was the chief deity of Carthage, a great commercial city, that at one time had a population of 1,260,000.

A large part of northwest Africa was colonized from Phoenicia. Carthage was a great commercial center. Her fleet traded with northern Europe and southern Africa. Herodotus said that the Phoenician cities distributed to the rest of the world the wares of Egypt and Babylonia. Ezekiel spoke of their wonderful prosperity and Jeremiah prophesied their downfall. We are told "in the Greek world the Phoenicians made themselves heartily detested. Their characteristic passion for gain was not likely to ingratiate them with those who were compelled to use their services while they suffered from their greed." Cato saw and appreciated these things and he wisely admonished the Romans that Carthage should be destroyed. Civilization feels the need of a Cato in the present crisis.

The Germans are very much like the Phoenicians of antiquity and between them and the civilized and cultivated peoples of the present age there can be no compromise, no common ground on social and political questions. If one survive, the other must perish. The sooner we awake to this great truth, the sooner we shall feel more secure in our own existence and in preserving our government and conserving the institutions under which we live.

We are at war with a race of barbarians who never have observed any rules of civilized warfare, who are without any sense of honor or chivalry, and who have no code of ethics.

The social and political antithesis of English institutions is found in the self-abasement of that aggregation of vandals, robbers and murderers, known in international politics as the Imperial German Government. The antipodes of civilization, as expressed in the institutions, policies and practices of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and the United States, is found in the theories and practices of the people who support the German Government. It is the eternal struggle between might and right. The fetish worship of the dangerous and superstitious doctrine of "divine right" against the will of the people which should be and is the supreme law of the land of all English speaking peoples.

Fifty years after the Barons of England forced King John to grant the Great Charter, there assembled the first English Parliament. A few years later the House of Hapsburg first appeared in history and one hundred and forty-two years later we find the earliest record of the House of Hohenzollern. During this period of nearly seven centuries, the history of Europe has been a struggle between the forces of absolutism and barbarism, as repre-

sented by Germanic races of the Holy Roman Empire on one side, and the forces of humanity, civilization and democracy, as represented by the English, and later the French, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian and Italian peoples, on the other side. During this long period the Germans have made no progress in democracy. They stand to-day, as they have stood for seven centuries, the savage enemies of human liberty and the stumbling blocks of civilization. Before all civilized peoples the Germans are to-day regarded as the outlaws of Christendom. When I speak of the Germans, I mean the German subjects of Austria as well as the German subjects of the House of Hohenzollern. There is no difference except that the Austrians have a veneering which, from a social point of view, is more agreeable than the bumptiousness, coarseness and vulgarity of the typical German. The Austrians were a part of the Holy Roman Empire, and Mr. Gladstone once said you could not put your finger on the map of Europe and say that "Here Austria has done well."

It has been suggested by those high in authority that we are not interested in the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. The Austrian Empire has been, and is, a menace to civilization. The territory and sovereignty of Poland cannot be restored, nor can the territory and sovereignty of Bohemia be restored, nor can justice be done to the Jugo-Slavs without the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. A peace without justice to the Slavic races, especially the Poles and Bohemians who have made so many sacrifices for the cause of liberty and contributed so much to civilization, would be an inconclusive peace. The armies that are fighting the battles of Democracy will never consent to an inconclusive peace. Nor will the intelligent and liberty loving English speaking peoples, wherever found, accept an inconclusive peace.

President Wilson has said that we are fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Later, he asserted that we are not making war on the German people. I hope I am well within the proprieties of the occasion, when, solely for the purpose of having a fair discussion of this vital question, I take the liberty of saying that I have been unable to comprehend how the world can be made safe for democracy until we make war on the German people and continue to make war on them; until they are punished for the great crimes of which they have been guilty and placed in a position where they never shall again have the power to threaten civilization.

Of the many blunders—and I hope I am not using partisan language, because I do not so intend—of the many blunders we have made, none has been more unpardonable and certainly none

more hazardous, than the declaration that we are not making war on the German people. So far as either may affect the progress of civilization, there is no difference between the German people and their rulers, and it is foolish, and in our case, suicidal, in the present crisis, to try to differentiate or treat separately the German people and their government.

If we are not making war on the German people, we ought to make war on them, and we should have begun in August, 1914, to prepare on a gigantic scale to make war on these ruthless enemies of civilization, and necessarily and consequently, enemies of America. For more than three years they have made war on us. They have fired on our flag; they have sunk our ships; they have robbed and murdered our citizens and abused our hospitality in forming conspiracies against the life of the nation. Too long have we indulged the narrow and selfish view that we were not concerned in the questions of this life and death struggle of Christendom. We have not yet paid the full penalty of our error. Let us not make another humiliating and dangerous mistake by trying to teach the people of this country that there is any difference between the German people and their present rulers. The German rulers and the German Government have been what the German people desired, and what was and is best suited to their customs and such ideals as they have shown in history. Had not the German people been pleased with their rulers, had they desired a more humane, civilized and liberal government, they would have done what the English, the French, the Dutch, the Italians, the Belgians and other civilized and liberty-loving people have done. They would have destroyed the absolute governments and set up in their place more liberal governments.

Judged by their support of the brutal and despotic governments which they have always had; judged by their declarations, their avowed purpose and their deeds, the German people are the most savage, inhuman, treacherous and dishonorable that have existed on this earth, not excepting their prototypes, the Huns of the fourth and fifth centuries. The policy of Prussia, from its earliest history, has been to rob and take territory from its neighboring states. From the time of the great Elector of Brandenburg, who was a coarse, savage brute, every German ruler has stood for absolutism and "divine right."

I have said that differences between the German people and the people of democratic governments, represented by the Allied Powers against Germany, are innate and fundamental. For seven centuries the English speaking peoples have been, slowly and with great sacrifices, evolving the social and political institutions which we call democracy and which the Germans are now trying to

destroy. From the Great Charter of English liberties, which marks the beginning of the evolution of democracy among the English speaking peoples, the Germanic races, whether under the House of Hapsburg or Hohenzollern, have been open enemies of English institutions. Enemies of every form of democracy, they have brutally fought every struggle for the advancement of human liberty.

As a result of the War of the Austrian Succession, Frederick the Great grabbed Silesia in 1742. Next to the dismemberment of Poland, which was also planned by Frederick the Great, a few years later, the taking of Silesia was one of the most diabolical deeds in the history of Europe. Macaulay said of Frederick the Great, that in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other on the Great Lakes of North America. The Germans, whether under the Hohenzollerns of Germany or the Hapsburgs of Austria, have made no progress in democracy or the high ideals of civilization.

From the time of Julius Cæsar to the present day, the Germans have been engaged in the savage practices that they have shown during the present war. You could not find a more damning, a more condemnatory indictment of the German people than is found in Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. He had utter loathing for them, and on the other hand, he had great confidence in and great respect for the Gauls whom he made allies of Rome, and called them brethren.

In the days of Cæsar the Germans crossed the Rhine, drove the Helvetians into Gaul and occupied the territory now known as Alsace-Lorraine. Cæsar went into that country to drive them back. He knew the Germans. He had some experience with their treachery and frightfulness, and his writings are as condemnatory as anything you could possibly read against the Germans. I repeat, that the issues between the Allies and the Central Powers are the same to-day as they were in the days of Cæsar, and we find the same races arrayed against one another.

If you study the history of the great decisive battles of Europe that have saved civilization, you will find three that are worthy of particular note. The Battle of the Marne in the early days of September, 1914, was not the first Battle of the Marne that saved Europe from the domination of the vandals. The first Battle of the Marne was fought nearly fifteen hundred years ago on the same territory, substantially by the same races and the result of each battle was the deliverance of civilization. It was about the middle of the fifth century that the Gallic tribes, the ancestors of the French, met the "Scourge of God," Attila, the leader of the

Huns, and drove him back and saved Europe. We know in the light of history what would have been the future of Europe if the Huns had not been defeated at the Battle of the Marne in 451; and we can easily imagine what the situation would be in the Christian world to-day if the Huns had not been defeated at the Battle of the Marne in 1914. We know what would have happened had the vandals reached the channel coast when America was unprepared and "too proud to fight." It is of little consequence, so far as we are concerned, because they are questions for the ethnologist and the historian to determine, whether the Germans are in fact descendents of the Huns; we know that their practices and their methods are the same.

The next great battle that saved Europe from the barbarians, was about the middle of the eighth century, when the French again on French soil, under the leadership of Charles Martel, drove back the Saracens.

Again, it was in 1683 that the Poles, under John Sobieski, saved Europe from the barbarians. The Turks with an army of 300,000 invested Vienna, the metropolis of Christendom at that time. Leopold, the Emperor of Austria, true to his Hapsburg inheritance and bringing-up, had run away when John Sobieski with his brave Poles went to the relief of Vienna and saved civilization. So that we find on down through the centuries of history, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present hour, the Slavic races of Poland and Bohemia, the Gallic and Celtic races, have on more than one occasion saved civilization from the Huns and preserved the institutions of liberty.

I challenge any defender of German policies and practices to show one spot on the map of Europe where Germany has ever made any sacrifice for the cause of civilization. I have made that statement before, and on one occasion a man rose with some indignation and said, "How dare you make that statement if you know anything of the life of the German martyr, Martin Luther?" I said, I did not intend to mention Martin Luther, but I thank you for affording me an excuse for referring to him. When you tell me that Martin Luther died a martyr, I can tell you that history denies it, because no German of whom I ever read died a martyr. As a scholar and as a leader, in attacks on the sale of licenses and privileges, what we here in America would call corrupt practices in the church, Martin Luther cannot be too highly praised.

But a little more than one hundred years, or hardly a hundred years, before Luther, there was, across in the adjacent country of Bohemia, John Huss. Huss not only attacked corrupt practices in the church, but he stood for civil liberty and uplift

of the poor serfs of that country, and, Bohemian-like, he died a martyr to his faith. German-like, when the poor serfs, thinking that God had sent them a leader, to lift some of the burdens of German oppression, rose in rebellion, Martin Luther turned to the princes and advised them to shoot down the people for whom John Huss had died. Luther was a Saxon, the best of the Germans, but withal he was a German and his life gave striking evidence of Germany perfidy and cowardice. In comparing the life of Luther with John Huss, we find the innate racial difference between the Bohemian and the German, and it is just as marked in America to-day as it was in the middle of the sixteenth century in Europe. I have attended meetings of Bohemians and Poles in this country, when they expressed in words and showed by deeds their loyalty to America, but I have not had the privilege of attending any German meetings of that character.

A little while ago in a great Coliseum in the city of Chicago, there assembled some fifteen thousand Poles, under the leadership of that great artist and still greater patriot, Paderewski, who spoke with the fervor and patriotic eloquence of the illustrious Kosciuszko, and at that meeting thousands were mustered in to fight for the country of their adoption. No such meetings of the Germans have been held in our city. I don't know how many you had in New York, but I have not read of any in this city.

The Germans were brought up, from the cradle, to war and rapine, so Cæsar said. And here, it may be interesting for us to recall one point in the early history of the Germanic tribes. Rome always succeeded in defeating the barbarians. She defeated them under Alaric and Attila; but she never took the precaution to destroy their power so that they would not be able to attack again. The Allies should take warning.

I come now,—if I haven't over-reached my time—I come now to discuss briefly Germanism in America. At the outbreak of this war I read numerous articles in the papers, not only of my own city, where Germanism is strong, but also the New York papers (some of them)—statements made by irresponsible and fulsome writers, testifying to Germany's alleged friendship for America.

There has not been a day in the history of America, from the time that she sent her first commissioners to Europe, that Germany has not been the enemy of America, and there has never been one occasion that she showed her friendly spirit. Frederick the Great refused to receive our commissioners, and Joseph II of Austria also refused to receive them.

Arthur Lee was sent to Berlin as the envoy or commissioner from the American colonies, but Frederick the Great refused to

receive him. Frederick declared he would first try to find out which side would win and then go with that side. This decision of Frederick the Great, respecting the representative of our colonial fathers, who were fighting against the oppression of a German King of England, was in full accord with the code established by Frederick the Great, expressed by him in these words: "No ministers at home, but clerks; no ministers abroad, but spies; form alliances only to sow animosities; kindle and prolong wars between my neighbors; always promise help and never send it; there is only one person in the Kingdom, and that is myself."

Benjamin Franklin warned America against the Germans. He was in Europe in the interest of the American colonies; first in England, before the Declaration of Independence, then in France and other countries of the continent after our declaration of war with England. In his prophetic warnings against the Germans he said: "Measures of great temper are necessary with the Germans. . . . Not being used to liberty they know not how to make a modest use of it. In short, unless the stream of their importation can be turned from this to other colonies . . . they will soon so outnumber us that all the advantages which we have will not, in my opinion, be able to preserve our language and even our Government will become precarious." Franklin saw far into the future and the situation that he anticipated confronts us today. It is a pity his admonitions were not heeded.

Before going further into the history of Germanism in America, I desire to call your attention to one important event in history, which sustains my grave but just charge that the Germans as a race have no sense of honor. We know that there are notable exceptions. We have distinguished exceptions here in this country of loyal Germans, but I am speaking of them as a race and nation.

When Napoleon started to Egypt, without firing a gun, he took the Island of Malta, supposed to be impregnable if there was one impregnable spot on the Mediterranean Sea. One of his staff remarked to him when they entered that it was well they had somebody on the inside to let them in. They did have somebody to let them in. The Knights of St. John, for nearly three hundred years on the Island of Malta, had defended Europe against the attacks of the Turks. It stood as the great outpost in defense of Christian Europe against the attacks by sea, but in an unguarded moment, in the period of decline, the Knights of St. John, later known as the Knights of Malta, elected for the first time and for the last time a German as Grand Master. He was the last Grand Master of the Knights of St. John; because, German-like, he destroyed them. Immediately after his election as

Grand Master, he entered into negotiations with representatives of Napoleon, and he engaged, for a consideration of 600,000 francs and an estate in Germany, to surrender the fortress, and he delivered the Island of Malta to Napoleon without firing a gun. Baron Hompesch, the German Grand Master, who betrayed the Knights of St. John, was seized by the Knights and later the island was turned over to Great Britain and the English have held it to this day.

There is not a spot on the Western Hemisphere where the Germans have built for civilization. In the early history of this country, following the discovery by Columbus, the Spaniards, English, Dutch, French, and in a limited way, the Danes and Swedes, settled and built well, and farther South the Portuguese came. Each of these races and nations, in its own way, came as pioneers and built for civilization and has left its lasting imprint upon America, but the Germans came only as camp followers and sutlers. The German has never built in America as a pioneer, nor has he ever gone into any other country as a pioneer.

But there is one notable exception to this general charge which should be noted because it is interesting and well illustrates German practices and methods. Charles the Fifth, of the Holy Roman Empire, also known as Charles the First in Spanish history, was a great borrower of money. He borrowed large sums of money from a German banking house, the name of which I do not recall at the moment, and I will not tire you to look it up, but one of the noted German banking houses of the sixteenth century, and he gave them as security Little Venice,—Venezuela; and that country has been a sore spot on the Western Hemisphere from that day to this blessed moment. Their enslavement and murder of the natives and their unspeakable crimes actually shocked Charles the Fifth, and you may know how bad they were when they shocked him, and he revoked their charter. That was their only attempt as pioneers on the Western Hemisphere in America and that was a monumental failure.

The war of the American colonists against the oppressive measures of a German king of England involved substantially the same issues, and the same people were engaged in it on the same sides that are engaged in the conflict to-day. It was in truth a war between the French and English on one side and the Germans on the other side. The House of Hanover came to the throne of England as the result of one of those unfortunate dynastic marriages. George, Elector of Hanover, known in English history as George I, was the son of Sophia, granddaughter of James the First of England. He succeeded to the English throne by virtue of an act of Parliament, known as the Act of

Settlement, passed in 1701, which, in default of an issue from Anne and William, entailed the crown on the Electress Sophia and her heirs, being Protestant. George went over to England, unable to speak a word of the English language, ignorant of English character and with no proper conception of English institutions. He took with him a train of mistresses and ascended the English throne as George I, first of the House of Hanover.

Trouble with the American colonies followed the coming of the House of Hanover to the English throne, and it continued down to the reign of George III, whose arbitrary measures brought on the Declaration of Independence and the War of the American Revolution. We should not forget to-day, in the present world crisis, that practically every great statesman in England at that time was openly and earnestly with the American colonies and against the policies of the throne. George III could not, and he did not, get English troops to fight the war, but he went where the crowned heads of Europe had been going for centuries to buy soldiers. He went to the little principalities and dukedoms of Germany, and there he hired from his kinsman, the Duke of Brunswick, six thousand mercenary troops that landed at Quebec, and later were captured at Saratoga. The landgrave of Hess and the Duke of Brunswick were the first to sell soldiers to George III, but later other German Princes got in the market. There were at that time over 300 principalities, dukedoms and whatnot, claiming sovereignty in Germany. Princes were plentiful and all were in the market for money any way they could get it, just as they were in the time of Cæsar and as they are to-day.

And further to illustrate the innate racial differences to which I have referred, and to show how frequently in history we find the same people arrayed against one another, the Germans, without exception, always on the side of oppression and absolutism, it is interesting to recall one of the most important events in the American Revolution. The battle of Saratoga was the first great victory for the American patriots and the immediate wholesome result of that victory was to cement not only the friendship of the French people, but also the active material support of the French Government. And for that victory the American patriots were largely indebted to the Polish patriot, Kosciuszko, who planned the battle of Bemis Heights and Saratoga, and who later built the defenses at West Point. This splendid Pole, illustrious patriot and statesman, after fighting for the American patriots and rendering most valuable service in this country, returned to fight again for his native land, and well has the English poet said

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

There were engaged in the war of the American Revolution some thirty thousand Hessians, German mercenaries. They represented nearly about ninety per cent of the English Army. The atrocities and outrages of the Hessians in that war invited the protest of General Washington. In answer to his protest, it was said that they had been offered that inducement to come to America, and that they were accustomed to frightful practices and that without it they would not have come. If you read Bancroft's story of the atrocities in the American Revolution, particularly in the Carolinas, you will think that you are reading the story of the German atrocities in Belgium and France in 1914 and 1915.

Germans began coming to this country in great numbers about 1840. I have frequently heard it said that they ran away from the so-called revolution of 1848. Practically all of Europe was involved at that time but it was a small affair in Germany. The Germans have never been very strong on revolutions in their own country. There were social and political disturbances in Europe in '48. One of those outbreaks evidencing the growth of democracy, but the democratic feeling did not show great virility or aggressive force in Germany. The Germans ran away. This has always been their policy. Some of the leading German-Americans are very boastful about the fact that their grandfathers ran away from Germany in 1848. The Germans are the only people who come to this country and boast about having run away from their own country. The English, the French, the Belgians, the Italians, the Serbians and others who are engaged in this war against Germany have never boasted about their fathers running away from their native country. The truth is they did not run away. They stayed at home and fought the battles of democracy and many of them gave their lives for the cause of human liberty. Cavour and Garibaldi did not run away from Italy and that is the reason Italy is a democracy today. Only the Germans are proud of the fact that their ancestors ran away from their native country. Germans were considered undesirable citizens of this country when in 1838-1848 German immigration was investigated by the United States Senate at request of a resolution passed by the General Court of Massachusetts.

And what is the record of Germans here in America? There have been some Germans who have made good citizens of the United States, who have come to claim the protection of our flag and to enjoy the greater opportunities for making a living and for

the pursuit of happiness, and some who were brave soldiers in the Union Army: but it is also a fact, so far as I have been able to gather information from the records, and it has been published in your papers here in New York, that the highest percentage of desertions was among the Germans. Sixteen per cent. of the Germans deserted in that war and seven per cent. of the British. That is the comparative record of the Germans in the Civil War.

There is the record of Franz Sigel, who was a German-American soldier. Born in Baden. He rose to the rank of Major General of Volunteers in the Civil War, but the Administration lost confidence in him and he was relieved of his command. I believe you have a monument to Sigel here on the Riverside Drive, not very far from the Grant mausoleum, but there is also a monument to Frederick the Great at the National Capitol, not very far from the Washington monument.

The German educational work has been very efficient and effective in this country and we have been too indifferent about the influence of German propaganda. There are monuments to Franz Sigel in other parts of the country where German influence is strong and German bumptiousness is unchecked; but there is another monument to Sigel, not built in marble or bronze, nor placed conspicuously before the public. It is enduring evidence of German faithlessness, if that may be called a monument, and can be found in the second volume of the Memoirs of General Grant and expressed in these words "Sigel's record is almost equally brief. He moved out, it is true, according to program, but just when I was hoping to hear of good work being done by him in the Valley, I received instead the following announcement from Halleck: 'Sigel is in full retreat on Strasburg. He will do nothing but run. Never did anything else.' The enemy had intercepted him about New Market and handled him roughly, leaving him short six guns and some 900 men out of 6,000."

The German-Americans point to Carl Schurz as the most distinguished of their sect, and what is his record? When Carl Schurz left Germany he lived for three years in other countries of Europe,—first in Switzerland, then in France, then in England. In 1852 he came to America, and resided first in Pennsylvania, then in Wisconsin, then in Michigan, then in Missouri, and then in New York. Mr. Blaine said of Schurz that "he has not become rooted and grounded anywhere, has never established a home, is not identified with any community, is not interwoven with the interests of any locality or of any class, has no fixed relations to Church or State, to professional, political, or social life, has acquired none of that companionship and confidence

which unite old neighbors in the closest ties, and give to friendship its fullest development, its most gracious attributes."

I don't suppose there ever lived a German in America who brought more trouble on this country than Carl Schurz. In 1865 he was appointed by President Johnson, with General Grant, to visit the Southern States that had been in rebellion. Grant was a gentleman as well as a broad, patriotic American. He had received the surrender of General Lee, but he was too brave and chivalric to use his possession for prosecuting a defeated foe. He made a report substantially in line with the views expressed by the Duke of Wellington when he protested against the conduct of Blücher following Waterloo, and declared that the presence of a victorious army in the conquered country of a highly civilized, liberty-loving people prevented the establishment of permanent peace and stable government. The report of Mr. Schurz was the opposite. German-like, he had no faith in the people, and no plan of dealing with a defeated foe except the brutal German plan of physical force and oppression. His report was made the basis of the reconstruction measures of Thaddeus Stevens, and we know how those measures prolonged sectional prejudice in this country, accentuated racial prejudice and brought needless suffering on the poor negroes.

In writing an epilogue to a very interesting volume under the title of "Why Europe is at War," my distinguished friend, General Greene, who is here to-day, refers to the action of Carl Schurz during the Franco-Prussian War, in these words:

"It is a well-settled principle of international law that any change by a neutral nation, after the outbreak of hostilities, in its neutrality laws is in itself a breach of neutrality. It is an interesting fact that in the war of 1870, Carl Schurz, then United States Senator from Missouri, protested in the Senate against the sales of arms to France; and his action had important political consequences in this country. It was one of the factors which led to the formation of the Liberal party in 1872, the nomination by that party of Horace Greeley for President, the endorsement of the nomination by the Democratic party, the overwhelming defeat of Greeley in the election of 1872, and the death of Greeley soon after the election. I had the story at considerable length from his standpoint, and a very interesting story it was, from General Grant at St. Petersburg in August, 1878, at the time that he was making his tour around the world. I remember his saying that while he had great respect for Carl Schurz he could not but think that his conduct in this matter showed him to be more of a German than an American. . . . The enmity of Carl Schurz toward President Grant and his Administration

dated from this controversy, and because the Administration did not accede to Schurz's view, Schurz set out to split the Republican party and to defeat General Grant for the nomination; or if he received the nomination, then to organize from a minority of the Republicans and from the Democrats a party which should defeat him at the election. The plans of Schurz and Sumner and Greeley, as is well known, came to an ignominious failure."

I have already referred to the Duke of Wellington's protesting against the policies of Blücher following Waterloo. Blücher with the German Army was the first of the allied armies against Napoleon to arrive in Paris after Waterloo, and he at once began the German practice of murder and looting. Alexander of Russia was the next to arrive, and he protested. The next proposition of Blücher was to assassinate Napoleon. He sent one of his staff officers to the Duke of Wellington, stating he had the matter in shape and could do the job. Needless to say, the Duke of Wellington dismissed the German officer with indignation, stating that it would be a stain on the English from which they would never recover and would destroy all the glory of Waterloo. Blücher's next proposition was to dismember France as Frederick the Great had dismembered Poland.

If any people had just cause to feel a resentment against the French, it was Russia; but Alexander of Russia joined with the Duke of Wellington to prevent the dismemberment of France. The last proposition made by Blücher was to maintain indefinitely forces of the allied army in France. The Duke of Wellington replied that the presence of the army would prevent permanent peace and the establishment of a stable government. General Grant used almost the same language in his report about conditions in the South, in the latter part of 1865, that the Duke of Wellington had used in speaking about conditions in France nearly fifty years before.

In the history of the Franco-Prussian War, we find the same story of German frightfulness, vandalism and perfidy. Every village that the Germans passed through was made the victim of organized pillage. The German troops murdered civil populations and indiscriminately massacred, solely to spread terror. Large and populous cities were bombarded and burned and the women and children in them slaughtered with the sole object of inflicting suffering. The horrors that France has passed through during the present war are but repetitions of her experiences during the Franco-Prussian War.

A word more about German-Americans. I fear I have already gone beyond the time allowed for this topic but with your indulgence I desire to draw attention to one more incident in

American history which so forcibly illustrates the disloyalty of German-Americans. It was an event of such gravity that it could almost be called an epoch in American history. I refer to Germany's action at the time of the trouble respecting the Samoan Islands.

In 1873, one Col. A. B. Steinberger, a native of Germany, migrated to this country and in due time he took the oath of allegiance to the United States, renouncing his allegiance to Germany, and became a citizen of this country. Through German political influence he was appointed United States Commissioner to the Samoan Islands in 1873. He reported on conditions and was sent back in 1874, but instead of going to Samoa he went to Berlin and placed himself in connection with Godeffroy & Co. "Thence, indeed, he proceeded to Samoa as United States Commissioner in name, but in fact as agent of the German firm." Trouble began as soon as he returned to Samoa. "He played American against German interests." Had himself made prime minister of Samoa. The British government deposed him and the United States repudiated him. Later in the Samoan affair, it was just after the German flag had been fired upon in connection with that affair in Samoa that feeling was running dangerously high, when nearly 200 German organizations met in Chicago and with cheers for the Kaiser passed resolutions declaring that it was to their interest to foster German language and traits of German character. Similar meetings were held in St. Louis and Kansas City.

We have heard a great deal about German efficiency. We frequently hear it said that the Germans are wide awake, progressive and successful business men. That they have built up a great commercial nation and are successful in business in other countries to which they migrate. It is true that Germany has made wonderful strides in commercial development and the Germans are successful in business and prove themselves excellent tradesmen and merchants, where cunning and shrewdness are necessary or can be utilized in business practices, but so far as commercial integrity and business honor are concerned, the Germans do not possess it, as a nation or as a people. One striking event of late American history will illustrate the point.

In the great conflagration at San Francisco, following the earthquake of April, 1906, the total loss to insurance companies of the world was approximately 225 million dollars and the estimated actual value of the property represented by these losses was nearly or quite 100 million dollars more. The record of the settlement of these losses furnishes interesting figures for comparative purposes. The record of these settlements furnishes

further evidence of innate racial differences to which I have so frequently referred. These differences crop out in business affairs quite as frequently as in social and political affairs wherever the German is concerned. I have not the time and I fear you would not have the patience to listen to the figures in detail, but a summary of those settlements for comparative purposes illustrating my point and showing that the Germans are lacking in business integrity, may be briefly stated in a few words:

There were twenty-seven English companies interested in the San Francisco losses. Sixteen of these British companies paid losses immediately without any discount; three paid on an average of 95 per cent. to 98 per cent.; two paid 85 per cent. to 90 per cent.; one paid 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.; four paid 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. and one denied all liability on account of earthquake clause.

Of the forty United States companies interested, seventeen paid the full amount of adjusted losses without discounts; six paid from 90 per cent. to 97 per cent. of the adjusted losses, the 2 per cent. to 5 per cent. discount usually being for cash payment. Two paid from 85 per cent. to 90 per cent.; five paid 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.; three paid 40 per cent. to 50 per cent.; two declined to pay anything, and no definite figures exist regarding two companies.

Of the eight French companies sustaining losses, seven paid promptly and without any discount for cash settlement; one paid 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.; none denied liability.

One Belgian company was represented and paid the full amount of its losses without discount.

Of the thirteen German companies represented, one paid the full amount of its losses on a basis of 92 per cent., but the total losses of this company amounted in the aggregate to only \$2,751. One German company paid 85 per cent. to 90 per cent.; four paid 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.; one paid 50 per cent. and six companies denied all liability. At least eight of the German companies were known to be able to pay the full amount of their losses without discount.

From Julius Cæsar to the present hour it is one continuous story of German treachery, German vandalism, German barbarities and German dishonor, national and private.

Within the limits of this hour's discussion I have been able to refer only briefly to some of the most striking incidents of German perfidy. A great deal more could be said touching the facts that I have gathered from the history of this people, but it would be only cumulative evidence in support of the general indictment against these outlaws of Christendom.

TWO: BY CAPTAIN A. P. SIMONDS, U. S. A.

AFTER the splendid historical address of my good friend, Mr. Skaggs, perhaps it might be ill-timed for me to bring to you my message from the Government. Unfortunately, it is not a simple story, but a gruesome tale. There isn't anything simple to-day about this great tragedy and struggle in which the nations of the world are arrayed against one another. The facts are horrible, and when I was selected to bring before the American people, to bring the war home to them, it was with a great deal of hesitancy that I finally yielded to the entreaties of the Secretary of War, to awake the people to conditions as they are. However, I was American enough to know that just as soon as the American people realized the facts as they were and as they are, that nothing on top of God's earth could stop the result, the inevitable result, the ending of this war as we knew it would be.

In the first place, it was my fortune, or misfortune, as you wish to call it, to be in the fortress on the German frontier with Colonel von Biedelmann of the Tenth Hussars, when the word came to mobilize the German Army. Perhaps it might not be amiss for me to tell you civilians that at no time, does any one, outside the German staff, know when the order to mobilize is given. It comes utterly unknown, which will, in a measure, further illustrate to you the marvelous efficiency of this great fighting machine which to-day is our foe. At a quarter to eleven at night the order came, and in a little less than twenty-four hours, to be precise, twenty-three and a half hours, I saw one million, seven hundred thousand men mobilize on the German frontier. I mean, of course, the start of the mobilization, as no one man could see that all at one time.

There isn't one of you gentlemen, within the range of my voice, who has ever seen a million of anything, outside of figures. Think, for one moment, of one million, seven hundred thousand perfectly equipped, trained and well-armed men. When we speak of mobilization in the Army, we speak of it in a strictly military sense—armed, equipped, provisioned, clothed and ready for instant and active orders. It would have taken any Colonel,—and I think I say this safely within the hearing of my friend, General Greene,—it would have taken any Colonel in our regular service thirty days to mobilize his regiment. I mean nothing disparaging against our Army, because, understand that our slogan had always been taught, "A land of peace, plenty and liberty." I shall illustrate as I go along that ever dominant phrase throughout the

German Empire: "In the event of war." It dominated every German mind from Potsdam down.

To-day Germany has five million men on the fighting line. She has two million men in reserve, and she has three million boys between the ages of thirteen and sixteen who, in three years—which is the very shortest possible time that the most optimistic men in our War Department look and hope that this terrible struggle will end—who, in three years, will have reached the very height of German military efficiency. Ambassador Gerard the other day went a little better by saying eleven million. I am perfectly willing to yield to Mr. Gerard's judgment, as he should know. Ten million men on the line. Remember the finest trained and most efficient fighting machine that the world has ever seen, and I go on record here as saying that the world will ever see again.

Secondly, let me tell you just a few things from a military standpoint which I observed, which illustrate the marvelous efficiency of that army. I was struck one day in a German city by the coincidence that all the trades wagons throughout the various German cities that I had just visited, while the tops were painted in gaudy colors, advertising the various businesses and wares of the merchants, the gearings were all painted in what we call in the army, "The Army B. & G."—black and gray. When I asked my friend why this was, he laughed with that German sneer which perhaps some of you know so well, and said, "In the event of war."

As I called your attention to it a moment ago, I want you carefully to pay attention to that ever dominant phrase in the Prussian mind: "In the event of war." Off come the tops in the twinkling of an eye. The gearings are all standard gauge, and are used and were used in that very way, in conveying munitions, supplies, etc., to the various German frontiers—a fine piece of military efficiency.

Again, imagine my surprise, when I was conducted in a certain German city through what, some years previously, was, or seemed to be a warehouse. I was shown the most complete hospital that I ever saw in my life; the ground floor containing forty rooms with portable baths, a like number of the second, third and fourth floors, tiled, sanitary, throughout. When I asked my friend how this was, and recalled the fact that I had visited this warehouse, again he replied, "You Americans never look toward the future. *In the event of war.*" And you have this hospital—that very hospital to-day is the second largest, best hospital on the German frontier.

Then, every single telegraph and telephone line is govern-

ment-owned in Germany, there being no corporate-owned lines. There are always two wires which are controlled and used exclusively by the army and navy, for no other purpose whatever.

At the declaration of war by Germany on France, in exactly thirteen minutes and a half, instruments were attached to the various termini of these two lines, connecting the entire German frontier with Wilhelmstrasse in that space of time—a marvelous piece of German efficiency.

Let me tell you that to-day the system, the military Prussian system, is so inculcated into the German, as my friend has said, from the cradle up, that as I sat one night after the opera in a restaurant in Berlin, I was struck by the fact that all the guests there were in evening dress except one man. You, as Americans, and some of us as Army men, know that it has ever been the custom of American Army officers to be inconspicuous. Imagine my surprise when I saw this Prussian officer of very high rank walk into the dining-room, seat himself at a table and order lavishly. In a moment a waiter sidled up to him—fortunately he was sitting only a few feet from me—I saw a piece of paper laid in front of him. I saw him leave his meal half eaten.

Determined to see or follow the thing as far as I was able, I followed him outside into the courtyard, heard him speak a very few hurried words to the concierge and depart. I went outside, and there stood his orderly with his horse all ready for instant active service. He clicked his heels and saluted in the German fashion, mounted his own horse and drove away. What I finally found out was that that officer had received his orders at that moment, totally unexpected. I asked the question which would naturally arise in your mind—how that man was to be found at that hour of the day or night, and this time I learned that there is not an officer, from the General Staff down, in Germany, who is not within two hours' orders from the General Staff. Think of that for German efficiency!

To give you just an idea (I was asked to bring this to your attention) of the arrogance of the military men, I was standing in a hotel one evening with my wife and family, when a German Sub-Lieutenant sidled up to the table, tapped me on the arm, saluted and said, "I am Lieutenant So-and-so. Present me to the ladies." I had no idea as to whether it was a joke or otherwise, at first. It suddenly occurred to me that I thought I had seen him at a function of our Ambassador's, and then, after deciding it was not so, I said, "I will ask the ladies whether they would like to meet you." He said, "I am Lieutenant ———. Present me to the ladies." I said, "In my country, it is customary to consult the ladies as to whom they will meet." He said, "Do you

know who I am? I am Lieutenant ——. Present me to the ladies." My good American blood asserted itself, and I said, "I don't give a damn who you are. In our country our wives and ladies decide whom they will meet." And I didn't say it, I thought it, I didn't give a damn whether he was the Kaiser or not. He walked away and said I should hear from that. I never did! As Mr. Gerard says, it was one time when I could say "Damn" with an American punch.

To get back to the subject in hand. I want to tell you an alarming piece of news. In the first place, in my travels throughout this country, I find that not five per cent of the American people to-day realize what this war is. I don't mean to cast one aspersion against the loyalty and Americanism of our citizens throughout this land, but I tell you, that to-day America is literally asleep and you don't know, but I shall tell you, that the very dragon of the Rhine is literally at your front door.

I go into these towns and outside of these service flags or some war charities, there isn't a single, solitary evidence in that city that this country is at war. Men are spending money lavishly and burning up thousands of gallons of gasoline by the hour in useless joy-riding, and with no thought that right at your very doors are things which will literally turn your blood cold. You don't know it; you don't know it.

When you take the peaceful cities of the world where nothing but peace reigns and turn them into a veritable battlefield of Hell as it is "over there," when that grim destroyer has struggled against you and taken its toll, when on every third door hangs its crape, where every single woman is some widow or mother or sister in mourning, where on the streets you can't find an able-bodied man between the ages of thirteen and seventy unless he has an arm or leg gone or face smashed or gashed, then will America realize it; but realize on top of that that there has never been any doubt in the minds of Americans as to how this war will end. We *know* how it is going to end, but it is the price, it is the price, that we have got to pay. And you don't know and you don't realize now, scarcely any of you, what it means. Why, it means the very sanctity of your homes, and we know it, and we are trying to tell you so as to awaken you and make this price less.

Oh, there has been too much talking of *preparing* to fight. We have got to prepare to *win* and win quickly. The last words that General Joffre said when he left this country were not alone to express his praise and gratitude to this great Republic for its entrance into this fray, but, with his hands outstretched on that vessel, and the tears streaming down his face, the very last words he said were: "For God's sake, hurry up." And I tell you now

that you don't realize how much you have to hurry. This is a war of preservation, which means just exactly one of two things. It means either freedom or slavery for America.

We don't care to-day what a man's religion or his creed or his color is, so long as he is American through and through. No German-Americans; no English-Americans; no French-Americans; a man is to-day either one of two things in this country; he is either *against* America, or *for* her. If he is against her, then I say to him "Get thee hence from out our midst."

We have a national job to attend to now, in which all petty jealousies must be dispensed with, and we must devote our resources and energies to the business in hand, which is the business of winning this war.

You have no idea of the foe against you, until you know and see what is going on somewhere "over there." Ask yourselves the question, if you will, What right have you, what have you done, any of you throughout this great country, what have you ever done, that you can ask my boy to die for you, or your neighbor's boy to die for you? And yet, "somewhere over there," quietly, we have got thousands of our boys, boys who are willing to pay the supreme price that you may live in peace and happiness, in the comfort and sanctity of your own homes, and they ask you, in return, to do your bit.

Oh, and yet you don't realize now what it is. We were forced into this war finally, after what? After that flag, which had never yet borne the record of being defiled, had been besmirched and insulted; and not only that, but our very national honor had been trampled under foot, our citizens had been murdered on the high seas; for the moment Germany declared that war zone and told us where we could and where we could not go, she might just as well have told us that we could not go outside of our three-mile limit. No nation can tell an American, so long as he conducts himself as such, whether or when or where on the high seas, he can go. But for every single boat that lies whitening in the depths of the Atlantic, for every single American human life that has been sacrificed for this tyrant, this German murderer, I tell you, Uncle Sam has rendered a bill and not until his approval is on that bill, will this world be safe for democracy.

But we have sent thousands of our boys, and we have got to send five million men to the firing line. How many of you men know that it takes four soldiers to handle every other soldier on the line? Remember that a million men "over there" don't mean a million men on the firing line. I attended a banquet recently with one of our great military strategists, in which he made the remark that it would take five American boys in khaki to handle

every German. That German is there behind almost impregnable force, inviting you, "if you want me, come and get me." Ordinarily, in normal times, I would take any one of our boys in khaki and match him against any five Germans in the world; but that brings us to the point of not dodging the issues as they are.

Make the sacrifice. Remember that Germany has been successfully, connivingly and secretly striving for this very catastrophe for the last forty-seven years. We knew it; we saw it; but we felt as every great, Christian, diplomatic nation did too, that it would never be allowed to come to the preparation and murder of millions of the flower of youth of the countries of the civilized world.

Take Canada: For the first time, General Milburn showed me a cablegram announcing casualties, Canada's sacrifice. You think you have done your bit, you think that America has sacrificed and is doing her part. Why, it is like a peace conference as compared with what that great ally, and England and France have to this moment done. Four hundred and six thousand Canadian boys, the very flower of Canada, out of a population of approximately eight million, 406,000 have gone over seas, and in exactly two months, or eight weeks ago, when General Milburn for the first time gave out the figures, he said that 186,000 had casualties. Think of what that means, you men. Just compare the pro rata, the American population, to get America's price. That is all you have got to do, if you think there won't be crape on every other door in every American city. You take England. Look at what she has done. The first thing you see in England to-day, is that England is at war, and it is the business of war to win. Everything is laid aside except that very object. We must win, but they go on paying their supreme penalty and price without a murmur; and let me tell you, that these very atrocities, these very horrors, these unspeakable crimes against women and girls even, the butchery of soldiers in arms, the impaling of babes and handing them to their half-crazed mothers, have been only a part of it.

Up to Germany's entrance into war, the nations had solemnly agreed—I, myself, was in the Hague on the very day that this treaty was signed—the Ambassador of that murderer, William, agreeing to respect the rights of non-combatants and neutrals and follow the international laws of nations; and up to Germany's entrance into this war, they had been considered a civilized nation. To-day Germany stands branded before the whole world as having broken every single law of God and man—every single one. She has respected nothing. She sent her men to destroy wantonly our commercial life—and right there it brings me to a

point which perhaps is as grave within as the enemy without, and that is, this propaganda, this enemy within our midst.

And while a world can forgive almost any crime, to-day I tell you that the most despicable creature on God's earth that calls himself a man and breathes the breath of life, is an ingrate. And I brand von Bernstorff as the king of ingrates, a man who, a Minister, came to this country and under the very guise of his highly exalted office was immune from our law, who with one hand partook of our hospitality and enjoyed our social life, and with the other hand was trying to destroy our commercial life by imbroiling us with our neighbors, Mexico and Japan. It will go down to the crack of doom as the blackest military page ever written, and that was where his dirty hireling not only defiled a fellow-legation's code, but von Luxburg issued that order which to-day is looked upon as the vilest, most damnable order that was ever issued from a human mouth, that *spurlos versunkt*. Nothing more brutal will ever go down in history than the taking of those twenty-one men, removing their life-belts and their life-boats, and then leaving those souls to fulfill that damnable *spurlos versunkt*. Nobody will ever know how many souls have paid that penalty. But a great Deity interposed. One of those men was spared to bring back that order of German intrigue.

I tell you that America hates an ingrate. Even a dog will not bite the hand that feeds him, but that is just a part of Prussianism to-day, and it is nothing more or less than the utter annihilation of everything opposed to Germany. It is nothing more or less than a cool, calculating, deliberate march to murder. That is all.

In the first place, Germany, while her big men were masquerading before the world as statesmen, in reality they have proved themselves to be the rottenest, most colossal blunderers the world has ever seen. She had the effrontery and the audacity to believe that Italy, the very country which she had robbed of her Adriatic provinces, would cast her lot with Germany and Austria. Austria! who had grabbed her railroads and banks and commerce with a firm German grip which was not pleasant to feel.

And then Belgium—and when I say "Belgium" my heart goes out to those poor souls—if you knew the horrors and the suffering that patient little Belgium has borne, the very spirit within you would rise up and call "Vengeance." I could tell you things that have happened in Belgium that would freeze the blood in your veins. Don't go out from here and say these atrocities are hearsay. They have been minimized a hundred times where they have been magnified once. But Germany thought that Belgium, for the sake of peace, would allow that great German fighting

machine to cross over and make an armed camp of her country, with the ultimate, certain destiny of Antwerp as a German sea-port town. You must remember that all along, Germany had felt that England would not enter this conflict. On that memorable day of August 4th, 1914, I know that the German Ambassador had sent word to his imperial master at Potsdam that he was unable to say for the life of him just what England would do in the event of war between France and Germany. The very next day England staggered the world by her declaration of war against Germany, and that same Ambassador was constantly watched day and night to prevent him from committing suicide because of his inability to get word to his master of England's position in the situation.

Do you know that the German Ambassador to France appeared in public places in the city of Paris and invited insult? So acute did the situation become that the Prefect of Police issued declarations imploring the people not to offer any umbrage to this man, that his sole object was to fasten responsibility on France.

And lastly, England. Germany knew that England was having troubles with her own armies. It was a matter of record that the English Army officers had resigned their commissions rather than fight against their own men in the Ulster uprising, and Germany had the audacity to believe that England, for the sake of peace, could be bribed into a state of degraded pacivity, while she crushed her ally, France.

Do you know that von Jagow literally wept when he was unable to convince the English Ambassador that an international treaty was nothing but a mere "scrap of paper"? In failing to realize that England possessed a national sense of honor, a thing that was an absolute stranger to Germany, which Britons to the end of the world would defend with their lives and their last dollar, I tell you again, von Jagow and his partners committed a gigantic, colossal German blunder, a blunder which even a child with a simple taste of history never would have made. To-day the blundering of the Imperial William and his cabinet stand out as plainly as the pyramids of Egypt. Germany had judged England by herself.

Lastly, we come to America, a country of money-loving people. We were making money so fast in this country that it became a question of how to spend it. Germany knew all this, through her great espionage system which covered every foot of civilized territory, and she knew to a gun and a man what we had, what England and the other Allied countries had. Through that system she knew that we were a people "slow to anger";

that we were engaged in our enormous commercial enterprises, and that we would stand for almost anything. We did for a time; and not until that memorable April 6th, when our Chief Executive threw down the gauntlet in absolute determination that we could no longer see our national honor dragged in the dust, did we decide to throw in our lot on the side of democracy and Christianity.

It is a fact that this country came to the very verge of war with England because she stopped the American steamer *Trent* and removed the Commissioners Mason and Slidell. For two and a half years, without protest, she had poured insults upon our flag, defiled and besmirched it, and then, when we finally ended it, this slogan began to be heard: "Beware the fury of a patient man."

And to-day thousands upon thousands of our men have gone over there, to fall there, to prove to that German murderer that the words of our Chief Executive are no idle bluff.

However, across the sea, across three thousand miles, comes the echo of those words, cries of "Help!" for you here to heed, and I should hate to think that there was a man within the confines of our great country who would fail to heed that cry. They have no reward and they ask for none. They merely ask you here to sacrifice and do your duty, and when you sacrifice you have got to save and skimp and serve and sacrifice until the very skin is worn to the very bones of your hands, and when that is all done, you have got to save again. Not until then will you realize what literal sacrifice you have got to make to win this struggle.

That "Dragon of the Rhine" is just outside, waiting, and it is no military secret when I tell you that Germany's knowledge and determination from the very outset of this terrible struggle has been that America must pay the bill. At no time in this great struggle has this great Prussian machine of materialists ever admitted a single setback, only illustrating the great egotism of Prussianism. Even at the Battle of the Marne, those "square-necks" were beaten so badly, and they don't know it yet. At the Battle of the Somme, when they retreated, they said, "Oh, yes, we retreated, but according to plan"—but they didn't say whose plan!

Shall I tell you what Von Hindenberg looks like? He has a great, big, square neck like a bully, and he looks just exactly like his picture, and even more so!

But all through this great struggle, and this thing I want you to remember, that the only thing in God's world in the last three and a half years that has stood between you and

that Hell over there, has been the British fleet and the French Army. Not down to the crack of doom will we ever be able to pay the debt that we owe to England and France and Italy—never. You don't know what it is. Why, to-day France is bled white. I don't mean bled white in one way, from fear; I mean from lack of men. To-day she has reached the end of her tether. She is crying to us to take the place of the thirty million man-power of Russia which is to-day eliminated from the contest, even from the point of view of the defensive. Some weeks ago, the least we hoped was that we might form something out of this chaotic Russian State, which might mean somewhat of a mild defensive on the Western front; and to-day America has been asked to fill the breach of a thirty-million man-power.

We owe France a debt that only God Almighty knows the magnitude of; France who loaned us her money during our great struggle and men who sacrificed their lives that this country might be what it is to-day; and now she is calling for help. She is asking you to come and help her. And I tell you that while America stands for free speech and free thought, I would hate to think that there was a man living to-day in America who at this time would think or say ill of America. France is calling. Italy has made one of the greatest defensive moves that has ever been known. And that retreat at the Battle of the Marne—if you knew the inside of it—will go down in military history as the greatest piece of military strategy that the world has ever known. Not only has General Joffre been the Saviour of the Marne. This I can say truthfully, that to-day he is the Saviour of the world. That was a magnificent piece of strategy.

Referring once more to your duty, let me remind you again that those boys—my boy is fighting your battles; they ask for no reward. They only ask you to come and be big enough for the task. This is no time for destructive criticism. It is a time when every man may lay aside everything personal and turn his energies to this great task which confronts the nations in the world.

Those boys in the war: Why did you, the first time the casualty list was published, why did every eye in this great country scan with burning eyes that list, why? For the same reason, I think, that there might be among that list some boy of some friend or neighbor. Is it necessary for Americans to see newspapers filled with column after column, filled with the dead, to see some transport filled with the flower of our youth, before we win? No! A thousand times no! America will awake, but I say in the words of that immortal soldier, "For God's sake, hurry up."

THREE: HONORABLE WILLIAM M. CALDER

United States Senator

You had at your meeting last Saturday two men who have contributed more to the legislation enacted at Washington since we declared war, than any other two members of either the House of Representatives or the Senate. Senator Chamberlain has had charge in the Senate, not only of all the important bills dealing with the war problem, for he is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, but, because of the fact that the Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture refused to handle the legislation dealing with the conservation of food, he was also called upon to take charge of that measure during the two long months that it was under consideration in the Senate last summer.

He came to you with an extraordinary amount of information and with a knowledge of the affairs of the Government unexcelled by any other man at Washington. He got in serious trouble because of his speech here last Saturday, and, perhaps I ought to refrain from following in his footsteps.

Senator Chamberlain is a member of the same party to which the President belongs. I am not; and perhaps for that reason, it would be more improper for me to criticize than it was for him. Many of us at Washington have been exceedingly careful concerning our criticisms about the things that have displeased us. There are those of my party who have often felt constrained to express their opinions, but have been afraid that we would be charged with playing politics. Let me say to this audience there has been no political speech uttered in the Senate by a Republican in serious criticism of the Government; and solely because we were fearful that what we said might be misconstrued. A distinguished resident of this State said at a little private gathering in Washington the other day that he thought this was the "open season" for telling the truth!

We Republicans in Congress, in the main, have voted for every single thing asked for by the Government, dealing with the war. Your two Republican Senators and every Republican Representative from this State have, without exception, on every occasion, stood by the President. When the Draft Bill was enacted some months ago, many more Republicans, in proportion to the size of our representation in both Houses, voted for this measure than did the gentlemen of the President's party; and so I think it can fairly be said that we have not unjustly found fault.

Now, how far can men go in criticism, so that criticism may be helpful? We have gone along now, for nearly ten months. It seems to me the time has arrived when men have a right to speak out fairly and honestly, always sticking strictly to the truth. I think it is just to say that our Secretary of War has done pretty well. He has had a great problem; but the trouble is not so much with him as with the neglect to get ready months before we went into the war. The Secretary of War has failed to understand the magnitude of the problem. It has seemed to me for many months that what we needed at Washington was just plain, business planning. If we had planned last Spring for our coal situation, if we had just had some one in charge of coal matters—I mean some one with knowledge of the coal business—I am certain we would have had no trouble in supplying the needs of the people. If we had had some one who had knowledge of shipbuilding at the head of the Shipping Board from the beginning, and had kept him there, we would have had no trouble with our shipbuilding scheme, and so right down the line.

I am hopeful that, inasmuch as we have begun to criticize constructively, that when the President gets over being angry, he will realize that no one is trying to drag him down, but that every single one of us at Washington is more interested, much more interested, a hundred-fold more interested, in winning this war than we are in taking party advantage. At the same time I don't think it is fair that because we may differ with the President in party politics, that we should be asked to lie down completely and give up our party.

I am going to make a statement that will be interesting, and I hope I shall not offend any Democrats who may be here. We are going to have a Congressional election in New York City in a few weeks to fill vacancies caused by the resignation of four Democratic members of Congress. These gentlemen resigned their seats to better their conditions! I ask if it will be unpatriotic for the members of our party to contest for those four seats?

As against the record of these four members, it can be pointed out that four Republicans also resigned their seats in Congress, not to better their financial condition, but to offer their lives for their country. One of these, a man who served ten years in the House of Representatives with me, Major Gardner, has already given up his life. Another, a Representative from the District just below where this Club House is situated, Congressman La Guardia, is now with the Aviation Corps in Italy. Another, a Republican from Ohio, is Lieutenant Colonel in the Na-

tional Army; the fourth, a private soldier enlisting from the State of Washington, is with the Army, at Camp Meade. And so I submit it is fair to maintain that Republicans in Congress have done their best to help the Government, and will continue to do so until the war is over.

There is one thing that has troubled me much, and it is a thing which I fear we haven't quite taken care of properly. The gentlemen present, who have studied the Russian problem, I am sure, realize the difficulties of it and our neglect of it. In the days preceding the Russian Revolution, Russia was filled with German propaganda. We made no effort to offset it. The revolution came, a bloodless one, in fact, and a group of men liberated from the yoke of autocracy took hold of the government. I think it can fairly be said by those who know him that Kerensky is one of the greatest patriots this world ever produced. Kerensky failed. He had to deal with a people of whom ninety per cent. could neither read nor write. He failed and another group have taken hold. Perhaps some of us do not sympathize with that group; but those men represent an element in Russia; and despite the fact that we may not be in accord with their views nor with the things they stand for, it seems to me the duty of our people at least to accord them sympathy and moral aid.

If I had my way about it, I would have the Russian rulers of to-day understand that we are not engaged in an effort to destroy them. Theirs is the only government in Russia, and perhaps the very fact that it is a radical government, in the end, may contribute much for peace. Have you ever stopped to think of the danger in which Germany will be if she makes peace with radical Russia and the things that radical Russia stands for? Can Germany afford to make peace with that sort of a Russia? I am not a prophet and don't know what the next day or two may bring forth; but I rather doubt if Germany will make serious peace with Trotzky and Lenine and the cause that they represent. And so, if I had my way about it, I would have to-day in Russia, working with our Red Cross and with the Young Men's Christian Association—both institutions doing wonderful work in Russia—I would have working with them a group of men who could instill in the minds of the Russian people the things that our country stands for and the sympathy that we have for all men who are struggling for liberty.

We have difficult problems to solve to-day and we have such confidence in our own people that we are certain they will be solved, with the help of every man and woman in America doing their part. I hope that before this session of Congress adjourns, legislation will be enacted tagging every man and woman

from eighteen to sixty and then putting all of us to work where we can do the most good for the cause. The able-bodied men between twenty-one and thirty are required to go, and there is no reason why those of us who have passed thirty should sit idly by and let the boys bear the entire brunt of the conflict.

And so, gentlemen, let there be a consecration anew to the great undertaking in which we are engaged. Our forefathers made sacrifices that this country might exist. The long years that they struggled and the many brave men who died willingly that we might have liberty here must indeed be an inspiration to every thinking man of to-day. And so in the days of the Rebellion, when the men of this land struggled to keep the country together and to free a portion of the human race, what an inspiration these two great wars should be to the man of to-day!

Sacrifice? We have made no sacrifice yet. We may be asked to make serious sacrifices, for the sake of our children and our grandchildren; we should willingly make any sacrifice we are called upon to make, even if it means giving up our lives. We have but one life to give, as the great Nathan Hale said. Let us give it willingly.

FOUR: BY REVEREND GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

I AM glad to see this congregation has increased since I turned my back on it. That is not the usual experience.

I want to make a correction in the interests of truth. Although I have never been unwilling to sail under the flag of Columbia, I am unwilling that you should any longer think that I am the present Chaplain of Columbia University. When the time came, after fifteen years of very pleasant and to me profitable service, as Chaplain of the University, when there was a resident body of students, it became necessary to have a resident Chaplain, and now for several years one of my naming and approval has been the Chaplain of Columbia.

During the last three or four years, there have been times when my interest in Columbia University made me wish that if possible some influence, even of a Chaplain, might be brought to bear to intensify the strength of its patriotism. But during the last year, my heart is rejoiced that Columbia University, through its Board of Trustees, has taken action and enacted legislation which, faithful to the tradition of Alexander Hamilton and other patriots of that estimable institution, has put patriot-

ism to the front and magnified the liberty of the world over any consideration of professorial or academic freedom.

Now, I am afraid I am banking a little too much on your physical strength, or if not that, your courtesy to me. I really do feel that you have heard enough, and I am so anxious that you should not forget anything you have heard, that I not only have gladly relinquished my time, but would stop this minute if I thought you would forget a word you have heard. But if age has taught anything and experience justified me in the conceit that I can perhaps sum up the questions that have been presented to you at this memorable meeting, I shall be glad to do something that will help the noblest cause that was ever presented to the mind and heart and conscience of man.

First, you will allow me to confess to a little overconsciousness, in your presence, of the fact that I am the only minister present, so far as I know. That does not make me feel lonely, but it makes me throw myself, as it were, on your charity. There have been reasons in the last few years why one should recall what Charles Lamb is said to have said on one occasion when he spoke of the human race as divided into three classes: men, women and ministers.

I have been reading in the last twenty-four hours what I consider one of the strongest articles of the war, in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled—words familiar to me; I don't know whether they are to you—"And Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself." I tell you, I felt as if my skin had been taken off my body, and I was being larruped with it. Buy a copy and read it. It will do you no harm to buy also the December and January numbers, because there is an article in the January number on "The Decline of the Betini," written by two people of the name of Phillips, telling exactly the influence upon a community of such rotten philosophy as has obsessed the mind of the Germans; and also in the December number of 1917 of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is one of the best articles written on the war, by André Cheradame, in which he hints at the important considerations of paying attention to the Eastern as well as the Western front, and giving our aid and assistance to a war of little governments of peoples desiring freedom.

Now, my friends, certainly not since the Civil War, if during the Civil War, have the citizens of this country been compelled to face such calamitous conditions as exist to-day. They have been rehearsed to us in a very academic manner to-day. It was entirely proper and appropriate that when you were fresh, ready in mind to listen to the first utterances, you should have been asked to sit here as university students and listen to what was a

recital of historic facts to justify the conclusions drawn; that, however horrible the action of our enemy, that action is entirely consistent with everything that history has recorded of that people.

You know you may love a man never so much, but you love him a little more when he says the things you like to have said. I have been thinking for a month or two back, 'way back in my summer vacation, how marvelous it is that the present German attitude is a mere recrudescence of what I read in Julius Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, and I was tickled to death when this historic scholar,—for that is what he is; I don't care what he does—rehearsed for us the lines of history as given by that great general and analyst, Julius Cæsar.

We are, fortunately, past the time of urging preparedness. We are so scared to death we now urge speediness. I have been reading all my life that the wicked flee when no man pursueth; but I have always observed that they make better time when pursued!

The wicked *will* flee: that is the message that I have to deliver to you to-day. I want it to be the message of optimism, the last you hear to-day. Don't be discouraged; don't discount a thing you have heard said. Believe it all; anticipate what is sure to come. Don't be mean enough, when you have taken a Liberty Bond, to think you have sacrificed anything, because it is a good investment, unless the Germans come over here, and then there is no such thing as an investment. Don't criticize the income tax nor the surtax. No man is surtaxed who isn't a lucky dog. Any fellow, including myself, can afford to pay his income tax, so long as he can go to bed at night and feel he has paid his debts and has enough left to live on. If he has anything over two thousand dollars left for himself and his wife, he is a mean thing if he grumbles.

Be willing to suffer. We shall have to, but I don't want you to suffer too much in *mind*.

I have dismissed the speech I had in mind for this afternoon. I think there will be three points to my talk; three reasons for optimism.

The first is, "A tree is known by its fruits." But the fruits are determined by its roots. And the roots of the German tree are rotten. Ideals rule the world. Whether the Germans believe it or not, they rule the world, in Congress, in Wall Street, in Church. Ideals; they are the things that stir the heart. What is there in a beautiful poem that sends a thrill through you or maybe a tear to your eye? It is an old story, but "I love to tell the old, old story, of Jesus and His love." He who preached

peace was indignant in the presence of monstrosity and wrong. He scorned not to call the religious leaders hypocrites and vipers; He drove traders and traffickers out of the Temple with a whip lash; and although He loved a sinner enough to die for him, He never compromised with sin. Nor, in my judgment, will any true follower of His, layman or clergyman, ever be so mealy-mouthed, so muzzle-mouthed that he will do any such miserable thing.

Wrong is wrong, and right the day must win;
And to doubt would be disloyalty;
To falter would be sin.

I am very, very sorry that there has been no voice speaking the English language in Church or in religious assemblies in America, in the ranks of the clergy, during this war, to compare with that magnificent "St. John," I call him, "At the Cross," Cardinal Mercier of Belgium.

It is some satisfaction to me to know, possibly due to the fact that I had experience and training under so gifted a Christian and military leader as General Greene, that from the very beginning of this war, I have been consistent, and have not felt called upon for any consideration of Germans in my parish, and I have them, to cease speaking out boldly against vice and wrong.

Now, Germany is not going to succeed. Pray and pray; shell out for shells; do your utmost to conquer an enemy, who unconquered, will conquer the world and destroy it. But, don't get discouraged. Germany cannot succeed. Do you know why? Because there is a God in the Heavens. And there is truth yet in the world, waiting for triumph. Old Samson gives us a riddle, and tells us that you can get honey out of a carcass. Shakespeare, in later times, with whom perhaps most of you are more familiar, tells us that there are

"—Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Well, I take my religion and patriotism from Samson's riddle and Shakespeare's saying. I have already found a great deal of honey in this miserable old carcass of war. Why, we have come to have a vision. Everybody I see is better already. We would not have asked for it; but since it had to come, we have been getting nearer together, and may I not reverently say, we have been getting a good deal nearer to God. People are thinking now, seriously. You know, I go into a club now and then, and it is the rarest thing in the world ever to hear a champagne cork pop. Some men who have been accustomed to saying, "I am going to

have a cigar" either don't smoke as much as they did, or they don't smoke at all. Where the bread used to be rolling around, now you pay ten cents more for having it, and get one little piece, not very good at that, and you are glad to do it, feeling that you must do without something. We will wear our old clothes. We will not order another pair of shoes when we have fifteen in the closet. We are ready and willing to serve a good cause. Women are knitting. I tell them, except during prayers, to knit in church. Children are asking what they can do, and they are glad to turn in their money for the war needs. All these things are the results of a beautiful vision of a world made free, of an oppressed people finding their liberty. And I will tell you another thing that is most magnificent. I have been worrying a good deal about it, because I have it very near to my heart. I don't think many in the country ever succeed who think "This life is the only life to live"; but I have been surprised by the rank materialism that, largely due to German propaganda, expresses itself in this fashion: "Well, I don't know what is coming after. I am an agnostic," said with more pride than intelligence. Read your war books. Talk with the men in the trenches. What do they say? Listen: "Long life is nothing; a well filled life is everything." Of course, Nathan Hale lived longer than Methuselah, because life is not made up of moments, days or years; but of deeds; and the man who dies young living right, lives longer than the indulgent, satiated old citizen who cares only for self and for nothing beside as if Jesus Christ had never lived and as if He had never died. That is the honey we are getting out of the carcass, and that is the soul that we are getting out of evil, and that ought to make us cheerful and happy.

Why, Mr. Senator, should you limit the age to sixty! Don't throw *me* out. I have been holding on to 63 until the first of January. After that, since I am 64 in April, I am ashamed to say "63." Immediately on the proclamation of war, I wrote to a state official and said, "What can an old fellow 63 do? I can do something, and I want to do something." He wrote back to me: "Say, hold your horses, Chaplain; it may be you can be a doorkeeper in some armoury." I answered and said: "Very well: I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of patriots than to dwell among the tents of the pacifists."

I have told you one reason why Germany won't succeed. Remember about the tree, but don't forget what the other gentlemen have said. I shall never again believe in that tradition that a soldier is no orator. Such oratory! I don't wonder that they brought you back from abroad, and I don't wonder that you refused to introduce that German soldier to your lady companions.

It reminds me of the darkey who walked up to another darkey and said, "I guess you don't know who I am." The other one said, "Yes, I does; I knows who you am, and I knows who you ain't am, too." If that little Second Lieutenant could have taken that in, that would have been a good thing to have told him.

The second reason why Germany cannot win this war. First, its roots are rotten; the second one is, its philosophy is false. Ideals rule the world. They have been just as consistent with their philosophy as they have been in all their history. They began with the idea that matter is everything; they deny soul. They even to this day pay their ministers from the exchequers of the Government and the ministers submit, on all important occasions, their manuscript for the Kaiser's approval. The sermon has to be read by him before it can be preached. That is why those ministers are preaching in the Name of the Lord such abominable doctrines of monstrosity; they are compelled to. But, being materialists and knowing nothing of the Gospel but the gospel of dirt, they have denied everything that is precious about the soul, forfeited every opportunity for inspiration and idealism, and have concluded that might can make right. As long as there is a God in the Heavens, a nation that has adopted a philosophy like theirs, even when taught by a Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi, must go down to the vile earth from whence they sprung, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

And there is a third reason why Germany can't win. Its courage is nothing but bluff and bluster. Now, I have been in Germany. I have been among those who have admired its universities and thought that the Germans were, to a far greater extent than I have learned they have been, wonderful inventors in making everything that is not only "made in Germany," but must be used everywhere; but I can very distinctly recall one time traveling in a train in Germany. There were four or five Americans, ladies and gentlemen, in the car, chatting, when there entered a German officer. As soon as he came in that compartment, they stopped talking. It was as if "the Lord was in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." I have walked down the Unter der Linden and have seen those little fellows coming down, clanking their sabers, and even a little German dog will get away. That is not courage; that is bluster; that is bluff.

Real courage does not manifest itself in any such way as secretly mustering millions of men and then trampling down the children of Belgium to get to a coast where they can bombard another nation. A really courageous nation will not stoop to such low scheming practices as they have in that country. A man with an ounce of humanity flowing in his veins would never

attempt to justify such abominable murders as were committed on the seas in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Moreover, I could tell you things that have been told me by those who know. Consistent with their philosophy, and according to their kind of courage, they can stretch a nude mother in the style of crucifixion and hold her baby before her dying eyes, in order to scare a community into submission. That is the fact. As for the poor devils who do such deviltry, I suppose we might at least offer the explanation, if not the excuse:

“Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs but to do or die.”

And for that reason, you will find no individual courage, as you will find in nations that have an exalted idea of freedom. You will find no men scaling walls as ours did in China and going over alone, in order that they may accomplish something for their lofty ideals. There is with Germans no individual initiative. They will fight *en masse*; they cannot fight alone. They haven't the courage; and with all their talk about strength and might, they have not those individual characteristics that, in the end, will enable them to win. You can puncture a German's pomp with the point of a pin.

Men and brethren, get this idea fixed in your hearts and minds:

Our cause is just;
In God we trust;
Conquer we must.

FIFTH DISCUSSION

FEBRUARY SECOND, 1918

WHAT HAVE WE AGAINST THE CENTRAL EUROPE
POLICY OF GERMANY?

WHAT HAVE WE AGAINST THE CENTRAL EUROPE POLICY OF GERMANY?

ONE: BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Harvard University

I TRUST that I shall be successful in living down the two handicaps which have been placed about my innocent neck by the toastmaster. In the first place, that I should be here to adumbrate so famous a speaker, so renowned a publicist as Mr. Beck! And the only remedy that I see for that state of things is the suggested one; that you may have the substitute to-day and the true thing at a later meeting! Again,, the chairman has made things delightfully easy for me by his plain, matter-of-fact introduction. It is on record that the great Daniel Webster, on an occasion in Congress, when a fellow member saw fit to say things, less, apparently, than your toastmaster has said, replied with a classic phrase drawn from his own youthful experience in New England. He simply turned and said, "Git out!"

It seems fitting enough that I should be before the Republican Club of New York to-day, inasmuch as I have been informed on most credible authority that at the age of two I participated in the campaign of 1856, giving all my influence in behalf of the Republican candidates of that day! Nor did my Republican experience end there; for one of your members has graciously remembered that we were both members of that famous Republican Convention at Chicago in 1912, the most prolific of all conventions, since its result was twin candidates!

I am going to speak to-day of a subject which is to my mind, the most significant and important before the American people; the more significant because we are only waking up to what it means. Here we are, in the midst of a prodigious war, the greatest in the history of mankind, making such efforts as this country has never made, and, please God, we never shall need to make after the war is over; and yet everything goes easily, we have had an excellent luncheon, and it appears that the scarcity of coal does not extend to the Republican Club. It is amazing how easily and quietly we go about. We are just learning for the first time the difficulty as to fuel, and a smaller difficulty

at present as to food are really the first suggestions to most of us, that we are not in normal times. We belong to a comfortable, well fed nation, in which we expect ease and we are fed from day to day. We have the most tremendous advantage over all the other contestants in this, that we do produce our own food; we feed ourselves; we have supplies for our allies and friends.

We are in the war, however, and we are just beginning to bring together the reasons why the United States of America, so many thousands of miles from the seat of hostilities, apparently so far removed from those international discussions and rivalries, dissensions and greed, which are at the basis of the present war, we are only just finding out, ourselves, why it is that the United States of America must forsake the position which it has occupied for so many years as the greatest peace nation on earth, as the one great power which has been able to maintain itself with the smallest expenditure for military and naval defenses, in proportion to its population.

Those reasons I am going to summarize briefly, because they all touch, eventually, on the theme of the address that I am going to try to make to you to-day. We have gone into this great world war, first, for the defense of the rights of neutrals; for that is the first thing that came to our attention, and the *Lusitania* is the key word. Again, we are fighting for the defense of the rights of nationalities, the right of the gathering and assembling of a body of people who are ready to live together as a nation, to live so without asking for permission of somebody else. Eventually, we are fighting for the defense of our own territories, a point to which I will recur; beyond that for the defense of democracy, our own and the democracy of the world. And, finally, the main object of war,—of this war as of every war,—is not to fight, but through fighting, finally to reach a state of peace and quiet.

We are fighting to bring about peace, a peace, however, that shall be peaceful, a peace that will stay when it is made.

Now, none of these objects, with one or two exceptions, seem very closely connected with the principles and conditions of Central Europe. Our allies lie on the western fringe, Great Britain, France and Italy. Our traditions are permanently against taking an interest in the affairs of Central Europe. It is true that in 1849 Dudley Mann was sent by the United States Government to Hungary with a commission authorizing him to recognize the Republic of Hungary if, in his judgment, it was a permanent and stable government. In his judgment, it had not reached, and never did reach, that state. That instruction, therefore, could not be carried out.

We have nothing to say about the Polish Question. There

was an insurrection in Poland in 1893. The United States was silent. The only form in which the United States has taken any share in the internal diplomacy of Central Europe, or in their international relations, from the beginning, has been when we have undertaken to secure the rights of Jews in Roumania and in Russia. Our State Department has departed from the usual principle by setting forth that American citizens and persons not citizens at all ought to be treated with humanity.

Nevertheless, contrary to all our propositions and our former traditions, through the formal action of the Federal Government, we are now distinctly, clearly, strongly, deeply, and permanently interested in what goes on in Mid-Europe. Way beyond the Italian front and the western front, there is now going on in that part of the world a process in which you, you, you, your children and your grandchildren are interested, which, if we are not able to adjust or to aid to adjust, will, to remote generations, bring upon our part of the human race, our bit of it, evils which are hard to conceive in advance.

In order to make that clear, I shall say a few words then of what the actual conditions are now in Mid-Europe. What were they in 1914? Well, there was a group of powers, Germany, Austria-Hungary, half a dozen Balkan States, a small part of Turkey in Europe, Russia—I leave out of the accounting the Scandinavian powers, those that were on the fringe, Switzerland. Their policies had been defined for nearly a century. There had been certain consolidations, but very little transfer of territory, except in the Balkan region. That, of course, was in 1914. To-day, three and a half years after the breaking out of the war, you have got a different Europe, and the war may result, conceivably, in a redistribution of boundaries.

You have now a nation of such power, might, majesty and of such ambition as the world has never known, not for two thousand years. The empire guided from Berlin, including the German Empire, the Empire of Austria-Hungary, the Kingdom of Bulgaria, the Sultanate of Turkey—that empire is at this moment an accomplished fact. There is only one government; it is a great consolidated power. There are, of course, local authorities; there are in Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary assumptions of being independent. They are no more independent than the county of New York is independent of the State of New York, or of the Union. Turkey is no more independent, in any proper sense, than the State of California is of the United States. Austria is no more independent than the Central Western States of the United States. Nominally, she considers it a temporary matter, simply an exigency of war.

Germany happens to be the most powerful state, and in a military sense, a great organizer. Where the German troops come, there is victory expected. When the Austrians gave way in Galicia the Germans pulled them out. When the Austrians gave way in the west, in the neighborhood of the Adriatic, it was Germany that came to the rescue. When the Austrians were three times defeated by little Serbia, one against ten and yet three times victorious, it took the force of the German Empire to subdue that proud and splendid little people, the Serbians. But for the German aid, organization, officers and ships, the Allies would be in Constantinople to-day. Germany saved the Turks from the extinction of their empire, which was certain except for the influence of Germany.

But Germany has not performed these services out of friendship or without hope of reward. The expectation of Germany is that those three so-called independent States shall together, with one little break, make a complete unit, extending from the North Sea across to the Persian Gulf. Unless we, the United States of America, prevent it, the Germans will accomplish the task of making that tremendous, that powerful, that rich, that populous, that amazing empire. Why, Alexander the Great would turn over in his grave at that plan. He wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. The Germans have found another, the world of Central Europe, of which he knew nothing.

The power at which the Germans now aim in that Central Europe combination is unexampled since the Fall of the Roman Empire, which empire comprised a little different grouping of territories, but almost as many—perhaps quite as many—square miles. There is a difference also, in the fact that the Roman Empire fell because she could no longer defend her frontiers; and the Germans make a German frontier wherever they go, by building their railroads and transporting their troops.

That whole plan of Mid-Europe is a plan which we now know very considerably antedates the war. The proofs are accumulating. You are doubtless familiar with the numerous collections of extracts from German statesmen and writers, upon the plans of the German people, the German Empire, the German Government, plans which go as far back, certainly, as 1893, when a commission of German officers in active service went through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia and made elaborate investigations and reports.

A few years after that, in 1898, the German Emperor went to Turkey. Eventually, he went to Damascus. It was there he announced that he was the friend of all Islam all over the world, and practically asked them to rally around him. Certainly by that

year, 1898, it was in the minds of German statesmen that a new career was to be open before Germany. To that career as planned many different terms were applied. The Germans themselves have since formed a Pan-Germanic League. That is one term, a term that is most familiar; but Pan-Germanism does not cover the whole of that plan, because it includes many non-Germanic elements.

The whole plan of Germany, the organization of Central Europe, of course, goes back further, to that German conception of the world, of the state, of the individual, particularly of the Teuton, which is the cause of such fearful woes to mankind. From day to day, the German newspapers, the German publicists, the German colleges have been setting forth that German conception of the world. Ten years ago, even twenty years ago, fifty years ago, they began the process of grinding, grinding into the minds of schoolchildren, of secondary students, of university students, of professional men, of business men, of military men, of all the conscripts that went into the army, grinding, grinding the bottom principle that the German was superior to all other people on earth; that it was the duty of the German to extend his civilization as far as he could reach, and, further, that it was his duty to extend it at any cost of suffering to any other people than Germany.

I have no cause to feel unfriendly to Germany or the German people. Thirty years ago I was a student; I secured a degree which I fairly earned from the University of Freiburg. You can take Freiburg away; but you can't take away from me the consciousness that I did my job there, and that I was proud to have among my friends German-Americans. There are no better people in the world than those people. We are warm friends still, and the best of Americans, but we cannot deny that there is no German-American here or anywhere else who is not aware that the spirit of the present German Empire is a spirit which looks upon the German as a superman, raised above the rest of the human race by superior intellectual endowments, by superior organization, by his superior sense of his political machine, which not only makes him superior to other people, but enables him to trample on the rest of the human race. The presence of that feeling in the minds of Germans the present occupancy of Europe proves too clearly. Day after day comes the word from distressed Belgium, almost the same from Northern France—the same story of murder and robbery.

One of my colleagues has been Professor Depries of Louvain, Belgium. He is now going back to help prepare to reorganize his country. He told me the other day that the Germans were

blowing to pieces the blast furnaces, blowing up the heavy machinery that could not be taken home to Germany, so that when the war was over, the Belgians would have nothing. And a great bronze dragon which for about five centuries has adorned a spire in the city of Ghent, the conquerors of that place, the Germans, have taken down and melted it as old metal. Evidently, they expect to leave Belgium and they intend to leave it so that it will take the Belgians a generation to reestablish themselves as they were when this war broke out.

Again, in Serbia and Montenegro—poor Serbia! It is but a few months ago that I was in that country, in fact, in all the Balkan countries, and never have I more enjoyed associations than I did with the cultivated Serbians whom I met at Belgrade. They are a fine race, a musical race, a democratic people, a race of plain farmers, with few wealthy men among them, a race capable of large progress, a race reaching out, as was its God-given right, to associate themselves with others of the same nationality, to form a larger nation. Serbia has been murdered. Not less than one million people, perhaps two million, of those people have given their lives in order to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Germans that they were the superior power, and that any one who stood in their way should be ground into dust. If you want a proof that the Germans are obsessed, beset, insane with the feeling of their superiority to any other race of men, and their right to trample on the prostrate bodies of other nations, then go to Armenia; for it is the literal God's truth that if the German Ambassador in Constantinople or his German General in command of the troops of the German Emperor sitting in Berlin had interposed his will, those massacres would have been stopped in twelve hours and have saved the lives of two million people.

The principle of the Germans is, "If the rock fall on the pitcher, the pitcher shall be broken; and if the pitcher fall on the rock, the pitcher shall be broken." Well, what does that mean to us? If Germany orders it, we can't help it; we can't put an army into Serbia or Armenia: we are not in a position to save those people. We do deeply sympathize with them, and express our sympathy by the sending of that magnificent list of physicians to stamp out the typhus in Serbia, by feeding the Belgians, by a thousand acts of interest and sympathy with all the distressed people. We do deeply sympathize with those people, but we are not able to reach them. Why should we concern ourselves? We are going in on the western front. We are going to help protect ourselves; don't let us forget that. Undoubtedly, there is a great altruistic influence in the minds

of the American people; but, at the same time, the best coast defence of the United States to-day is the western line between the Germans, and the French and British. That is holding off the warships of Germany indefinitely.

But why are we to be so concerned with the conditions in Central Europe? Because the condition of Central Europe is at present the proof that the Germans aim at nothing short of world sovereignty; that they have in their minds the Romans, and that they hope and expect to create a power which within a generation or two shall dominate the world, so that no state in the world can be independent except by their consent; that wherever Germans go there are going to follow them their men to protect them and protect their power.

The consciousness of this state of affairs, of this tremendous danger to mankind, has, I own, been slow in coming to me, and I own that, for a good two years, I had it in mind that the end of the war was going to be about the *status quo*. It is perfectly clear that Germany is excessively anxious for peace, because her people are rising in great numbers to demand bread. The voice of the German people is, "If you can't give us bread, then give us peace." The Germans are exceedingly anxious to return to the *status quo*; the whole attitude of Germany is a desire to return to *status quo*. They will return to the *status quo*; but take the four powers which have been gathered together in this conspiracy;—it is an international conspiracy—those are the ends that are behind it, and the purposes that control the Germans' willingness to return to the *status quo*.

Undoubtedly, they would leave Belgium and Northern France. Leave what? The bare shell, a few walls sticking up. Forty-six thousand houses have been destroyed in Belgium—destroyed absolutely, blown up, burned—and as many more looted and left desolate. The peasantry throughout the country apparently have all been looted and all been destroyed. That is what it means to return to the *status quo*.

But we want peace; we want a peace that will relieve the world from this frightful sacrifice of life. We want a peace that will bring our own sons back from the trenches, nobody more than I. There are a great many fathers here; I am one of them. My two sons are over here at Astoria, in Uncle Sam's army, enlisted for the emergency, and their parents will see them through. Well, a hundred men here can say the same thing. There is no distinction in that; the only distinction is that I am expected as a man who has a stake in the war—my own children—to feel that there is a bigger stake than my sons, and that is the life of my country. And I sincerely believe that

the consummation of the German program in Central Europe, if it is carried out, will mean the eventual death of popular government in the United States of America; that it will mean in the end either a self-consuming or an invasion of the United States, that it is time for us now to take measures.

The German people may say it is very convenient for them to have a German Emperor. Everybody knows, however, that the German Emperor is perhaps less responsible than many other individuals in Germany, and although we have great authority to the contrary, I have never been able to believe that you can separate the German Government from the German people. If you were a German in Germany, you would say, "Oh well, with all its deficiencies, the Imperial Government has kept the invader out except for the little invasion of the Russians in the first weeks of the war. Our blood has not been spilt on our own soil. Furthermore, the Imperial Government has protected Germany from the fate of invasion which it has been suffering from for centuries." Germany has never been safe from the invader. In the Napoleonic times the country was covered with French garrisons. It has at least given them nationality and power.

And, more than that, accumulated evidence shows that the leaders of German thought, the ministers, the professional men, the publicists, as well as the military men and the business men, have all united in this detestable theory of the supremacy of the Germans over all others. And as for the Emperor! Well, we might apply to him the gibe of the Englishman. "Who rules England? The King. Who rules the King? The Duke of Buckingham. Who rules the Duke of Buckingham? The Devil. Let the Duke look to it."

Now let me describe a little more clearly what the actual conditions are, and this map which M. Savic has given us will illustrate some points about which I wish to speak.

What is this combination of four Powers? Well, Germany has sixty-eight million population; Austria fifty-one million; Bulgaria about eight million or nine million; Turkey had about twenty million at the beginning of the war. Turkey's population is much depleted, and depleted how? By knocking out the brains of the best people in Turkey. They are the best people in the empire, and that is why they have been assassinated, to make room for Turks or Germans, who knows? at any rate, for some other immigrants they are cleared out of the way. You have those four Powers, extending eastward to Arabia and down the Mesopotamian Valley to the Gulf of Persia, and south to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea on the north, and it even has a little territory outside the walls of Constantinople. Now, those four Powers,

with perhaps one hundred and thirty million people, are now closely united. Why, take the military commands of the President of the United States, which every soldier and every civilian obeys as the lawfully constituted authority in time of war, within the limits to which he applies it; the will of the General Staff in Berlin is just as effective from end to end of that domain as the will of the British Government over its population or the will of the French over theirs.

There is no longer an Austria-Hungarian Empire, and I don't mean to say that in the course of time there won't be a so-called Austrian-Hungarian Empire restored, with boundaries perhaps somewhat enlarged. I don't mean to say that Bulgaria and Turkey will not, if the Germans have their way, continue as nominally independent countries; but I do mean to say that there is no independence during war, and that it is not the purpose of the Germans that there shall be independence in time of peace. The German policy of extending its power may be summed up in two or three phrases. One of them is "Pan-Germanism." That does not cover in the least the present ambitions of Germany. Pan-Germanism, if it were carried out, would add to the Germans perhaps Holland, part of Belgium, on the ground that they are a Germanic people, the Germanic part of Switzerland, the nine or ten millions of Germans in Austria, and that is about all. That is to say, you could enlarge by perhaps twenty or twenty-five millions, making a German population of ninety to one hundred millions in Central Europe, in which all the people would speak German in the course of time. A good many of them could be taught to think German!

But that is not what is meant by Pan-Germanism, and we know by the indisputable testimony, both of public and private writings, when, for instance, the Emperor of Germany a few years ago announced that he was going to make it his duty—I quote him here—"It is my wish that, standing in closer union, you help me do my duty, not only to my own countrymen, but to the many thousands in foreign lands." That is, "I must protect them." That was in 1897. Just what did he mean? He meant, I suppose, Germans in English-speaking countries that were not able to resist the economic pressure of German visitors and German traders; but it apparently means more than that.

In 1913 the German Government passed a new act with reference to citizenship. In many ways the principle is the same as that of an earlier act, but it is a great deal more explicit. A German who becomes naturalized in a foreign country, under the previous acts if he came back to Germany, severed his relations. If he went back and severed his relations to us, of course

his German citizenship might be resumed. Now comes the expansion. In this new act there is a provision that while a citizen of a foreign country the German may remain inscribed as a citizen of his own country, if the consul in his neighborhood will endorse him.

That is, that act was conceived to create that perfectly intolerable situation wherever Germans went and settled, by which if a man swore that he gave up his allegiance to any foreign potentate and power, still, in his own mind, he was a citizen of Germany and was entitled to the benefits of German citizenship. Furthermore, it does not appear that certain extravagant German writers have been seized and sent to the trenches because they said that the Germans in Brazil and elsewhere in South America must be followed and protected by the Home Government.

I don't like to think that the Germans are so far superior to the rest of mankind that they can make unfailing plans years in advance, and see them come out precisely as they desired. I am not willing to credit the Germans with superhuman sagacity, in view of the fact that when the war broke out,—with their vast system of intelligence, spies penetrating every country, this country, the City of New York, the ward and this street in which this building is situated,—I am not willing to believe that they are, after all, superhuman, when, in the face of all that, the Germans went to war totally misconceiving the frame of mind of the Belgians, the British, the Irish, the Canadians, the Australians, the South Africans and the people of the United States of America. Having made every miss out of a possible total of ten, I am not willing to admit that they are wise out of all the people on the earth!

Nevertheless, they have been a great deal wiser than we have in trade matters. A part of this whole pressure of Pan-Germanism is to plant Germans where they will do the most good. You meet people who have been to South America. You say to them, you having been away from that country seven or eight years, "How is the Bank of Venezuela getting along?" And they will tell you the Germans bought it. Or, how about the traction line of Buenos Aires? It got into German hands. The Germans have been planting all over the world wherever they could; they have been planting machines, partly trade, partly political, partly getting ready for the time when they could be made available.

And Germany never forgets that one of the main objects of this war is to wrest out of the hand of Great Britain those magnificent fortified posts, islands, fortresses—Gibraltar, Malta, Aden and Colombia and Hong Kong—all about the world, those

places where English ships can recoil and refit. Those are the places that have made possible the driving of German commerce and German commerce-destroyers from the seas. The Germans would like to have some of those, and there is no doubt that they were making preparations to have the right people in the right places to exercise the right influence, when the time came.

In the first place, the Germans are perfectly willing to include within Pan-Germany a considerable number of race elements that are not German at all. For instance, in Posen, the German-Polish Province: are you aware that a little way north is Prussia, Prussia par excellence? And yet in Posen there are two hundred thousand people who can't speak any German, grown people? They are Slavs; they have been there for ages; and they haven't yet succeeded in making that population swallow the German language; but they are included in Pan-Germany.

The Danes are included in Pan-Germany; and, what is more, this conception of the *status quo* has been somewhat broadened, because the Germans now hold the whole of Poland and Lithuania, and those Slavic people are to be incorporated in Pan-Germany.

Furthermore, Pan-Germany could not be made to include only the German-speaking parts of Austria. People thought it would be very easy to transfer those ten million people. Do you realize that that would transfer that Catholic population over into a Protestant one. The bringing in of those people would just change the religious balance in the Empire, and as that division has frequently been reflected in the representation in the Reichstag, No. The Germans propose to include in Pan-Germany the nationalities enclosed in Austria.

That is a thing that comes very close home to us. What have we got to do with the subdivisions of Austria? The President has said we have nothing to fear, provided a reasonable adjustment is made. What is Austria? It has about twelve million Germans, ten million Magyars. That is twenty-two million. And the rest of the population, twenty-nine million, is non-Germanic. The citizens of Hungary are a very gifted race of most interesting individuals, and yet they have accepted an artificial attachment to the German whom for centuries they hated and despised, and whom they were fighting with all their might as late as 1849.

What about the Slavs? We have been told so much about the Slavs. The Germans had a great deal to say about the "wave of Slav barbarism sweeping over Europe." The Slavs are just as good Europeans as the Germans. They have been there just as long as the Germans. They are a people in many ways gifted. They are as capable of self-government as any other European

people. There could not be a greater mistake than to put the Slavs down as a people of inferior mentality. They have been crushed to the earth for hundreds of years.

Take the Serbians whom I saw in 1913. They were just emerging out of the awful pressure of Turkey, just coming up. Now they are struck down again and dragged in the mud.

You have got to reckon with the Slavs. Perhaps one hundred and twenty million out of one hundred and sixty million in Russia are Slavs.

Have you ever met any of those business men of Bohemia? There is not a more hard-headed banker in this assembly, nor a keener professional or business man than the Bohemians I found over there. There had been a typhoon that had destroyed their sugar factory. People had been buried in the ruins. Sitting there in the hotel, exactly as Americans would have done, with their wives and children, sitting about the table, they were planning to rebuild their factory. And they set about it directly. They can take their part if they have a fair chance, side by side with the other races of Europe. Furthermore, you will observe that the Bohemians are essentially Slavic. When the Bohemians and the Serbians are on good terms, they can understand each other perfectly; but when they are not, neither can understand the other's language!

The Rumanians like to think they are Latins, because they have some Latin words in their language; but they are practically Slavs.

Well, either the world has got to settle down to the idea that the Slavs are to be beasts of burden, hewers of wood and carriers of water to the end of time, or you have got to admit that they have their rights. On that point the President is very firm. He is for the principle of nationality. We, as a nation, stand for the principle of nationality. We don't stand so hard when we come to our immediate neighbors; but there are several little races that we intend taking care of in Central Europe. We are profound supporters of the principle of nationality in small states. If you don't have small states, what are you going to have? Well, you are going to have one state. The world has expected that out of this great war there would come about a readjustment of Austria-Hungary. You know how, for centuries, the Magyars were thrust down as far as the Germans could thrust them. They tried to prevent the development of their leaders, their language and their national feeling. They never have been able to do it.

Take the Serbians and their desperate condition. Out of

that million Serbs you will have a nation if you will give them an opportunity.

How is the United States affected by this extension of Mid-Europe into Asia? Well, there is no denying that Turkey is the great crime of Europe; that a handful of unorganized Asiatics from Northern Asia, Mongolians, should have been able to ride down the great Greek Empire, the Balkan States, Hungary, where for a hundred years, they held dominion,—that Europe should not have organized against them. Let that be the lesson for us at this time. If only the Europeans had girded their loins and kept Europe for Europeans! Unless the rest of mankind can organize against the Germans and the Turks, you are going to have another empire with the principles of Turkey. Do you realize that the Turks have always been in a minority in their own country? There have always been more people of the Christian races than of the Turks themselves. They are the poorest of governors—delightful people personally but poor governors. Put any ten Turkish people together and give them political rule, and they will treat you exactly as a German general does his foes; only they treat their friends exactly as the Germans do their enemies!

If the Germans are allowed to restore the nominal *status quo*, with these four adhering Powers, all independent—simply agreeing that they will be ruled by common interest—if they are allowed to make a customs union by which they will give each other advantages and so far as they can shut out the rest of the world, it means that the whole of the rest of the world suffers.

The Empire they are planning will have a frontage of the Baltic Sea, the North Sea, the White Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Black Sea, the Ægean Sea, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Gulf of Persia. It will bring them within striking distance of the English communications through the Suez Canal.

Jerusalem, the center of the Christian faith, the scene of the life, the works, and the walks of our Lord and of His death and burial, has been taken out of the hands of those who reject His religion, and if the Germans win, Palestine will invariably go back on some terms to Turkey. Of course, the Germans as a nation have a Christian form of worship and it is probable that there will be some protection for people, life and property in Jerusalem; but it will be nominally Turkish; that is, the Germans will perpetuate solely the conditions permitting the enormities of the previous system.

When you get that empire, you will see a glad hand presented to India and Central Asia, because that is where the ambition of the Germans extends. In the first place, because the

German policy is a policy of a world power of one great state, at least of a great European power; and all other powers in Europe and in Western Asia will live by the sufferance of the Germans. We have no territory there, but we have territory in other parts of the world. Can anybody doubt that if that empire is once established the next thing will be to send out creepers, the octopus arms, to other parts of the world or to other parts of South America? There is no evidence that the German has ever formed any definite plans for invading South America, but it is the natural outcome of German power. Wherever you have Germans, there you find a German Consul to protect them; and wherever you have a German Consul, you have next a German warship to protect the Consul; and then a Minister to protect the warship!

In the second place, that power is an autocratic power, a sublime and imperial power, going back, finally, to one man, the German Emperor. No, to a self-constituted group of autocrats in Germany, military men, choosing A, B, or C; because he is an able man he shall be our statesman. If we don't like his type of statesmanship, out he goes! It is perfectly idle to talk of the government being the government of the Hohenzollerns; it is a government of a small group of persons with the control of the government in their hands. Even the Emperor may be the cork on that stream. Those are the people who are going to settle it. Of course, there is democracy in Germany; but the primary ideal, that the ultimate decision shall be made by the intelligent majority, by the people themselves, is contrary to this whole idea; because Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey have got to be subject powers, and do you think the people in Germany are going to be free?

It is an attack on that principle which is dear to us. I knew a man once who had been a public man known in some centers, who made a visit to Germany in 1911, had been in Africa and other places, came back greatly interested. "Why," he said, "I got to the point where I said, 'If I am introduced to another king, I shall cry.'" His point was this: He said, "Germany was the only country where I felt that every man, woman and child was my enemy; not personally, I was treated with great respect; but the feeling was that the United States was the enemy of Germany." Why? "Because," he said, "we have accomplished the attainment of wealth, power, eminence, by a road which the Germans think is unsuitable, by democratic government, and that, to the German mind, is an affront.

Again, there is the question of commerce. That great Central European power is going to be a closed economic power. I say closed. Their principle will be to close it, so far as their ad-

vantages will go, to other people, and to open it, by force of arms if necessary, where their trade is concerned. It is the most frightful principle. You take Germany feeding itself in the present war, and where would the rest of the people be? Germany is shut out, at present, from the sea. Under the new regime, Germany will have ports, thousands of miles apart, the whole route strung together by the Hamburg-to-Bagdad Railway which can be completed in a few months when the war is over.

No, I wish no ill to any people because they are different from ourselves; we wish no destruction to Germany, *per se*; but unless we are ready to arm, to fight and to persist, we shall find established on the other side of the world a government in which we have no share, and which will have a tremendous share in settling *our* destinies.

TWO: BY DR. ROBERT M. McELROY

Educational Director, The National Security League

WE are not dreaming dreams of politics to-day, but we are thinking of that narrow line of Americans in which all of us would love to stand, a line existing not to save France, but to help France save civilization.

I never speak from the same platform with Professor Hart without feeling that it is hardly worth while to attempt to add anything to what he has said; his mind is so virile; he covers so many phases of life that it is impossible to find any unoccupied cranny into which you can creep after he has had a hearing. I must say that when the telephone message was sent to me about an hour ago with the suggestion that I attempt to impersonate James M. Beck, I felt overcome with the honor; but evidently the idea was that it would take two university professors to fill the place of Mr. Beck. After the address which has just been delivered, however, I venture to assume that that was what might be called a false diagnosis. No one admires James M. Beck's wonderful eloquence more than I; but I doubt if any man in this or any other country could roam over so wide a field in so brief a time, with more certain knowledge than the eloquent and brilliant historian who has just spoken. I therefore rise with unusual reluctance, although I always go to the platform as a man going to his own execution, sit down with the feeling that perhaps it would have been better so.

A few years ago, one of my little girls came into my room and I said to her, "What are you going to do when you grow up?" "Well," she answered, "I think I shall be a professor; I can read books. I would like to be a carpenter, but I am not

intelligent enough." Frankly, I feel that I am not intelligent enough to add anything to what Professor Hart has said, and I feel that I am not intelligent enough to face alone the enormous responsibility which hovers about the head of the one who attempts to direct the Educational Campaign of the National Security League. That is a task which no man can accomplish. It is a task which no small body of men can accomplish. It is a task which can be accomplished only if our citizens, of whatever race, or color or creed, are willing to face the responsibility which belongs to-day, and has belonged for three long years, to every citizen of this free republic. Ours can never be a one man democracy—the old French proverb speaks for all democracies when it says: "There is some one wiser than Talleyrand, wiser than Napoleon. It is the whole world."

One year ago I went to China, as the guest of the Chinese Government, charged with the enormous task of trying to set in motion educational processes which would in time interpret to the Chinese people the meaning of the magnificent institutions which we have inherited, without effort of our own, but which we can no longer expect to keep except by a real and vital struggle. For we must realize that by the irony of fate, or by the Providence of God, call it what you will, this country which gave organized, representative government in its most developed form to all the nations, has got to settle the greatest issue that was ever presented to the world. We are confronting to-day the hosts of reaction, who, since the first moment when Prussia entered into the history of Europe, have dreamed dreams of conquest. You know the words of the Kaiser?—"We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone; on me the spirit of God has descended; who opposes me I shall crush. . . . He who listens to the voice of public opinion runs a danger of inflicting immense harm on the State." That is Cæsarism and Napoleonism and all the vile, miserable militarism which has dreamed dreams of world conquest for a thousand years, summed up in a single phrase. "From childhood," he said, on another occasion, "I have been under the influence of four men, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric II, Frederick II, and Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire, and they failed. I am dreaming a dream of German world empire, and my mailed fist shall succeed."

You know the words which he used in addressing his troops in June, 1915, "The triumph of the greater Germany, which some day must dominate all Europe, is the single end for which we are fighting;" and if this descendant of the Hohenzollerns—the despicable Hohenzollerns, really speaks, as he claims to speak, as the

Vicegerent of God on earth, he ought to speak the truth, and with clear knowledge. In a recent conversation with the Prime Minister of Japan, Count Okuma, I referred to the "Divine right" of the Kaiser, and one of those inscrutable looks came into his eyes. "We think here in Japan that the God who crowned the German Kaiser is what we call the Devil," he answered.

Do we realize in this country—I realize it, facing it as I must—what it means that we have from one end of this nation to the other hundreds of thousands engaged in the process of propaganda? Propaganda means this, from the point of view of education. It means that, when the great crisis has come, the mind of your people has been found not to have had implanted in it the ideas which are necessary to sustain the duties of citizenship. It means that your educational system has failed. If your educational system had been a success, you would not need propaganda.

I was six weeks in Germany at the beginning of this war, and the only propaganda which Germany needs to-day is the propaganda in America, in Russia, in China, and in those countries in which it is trying to get into the minds of the people who do not belong to it ideas which will unfit them for the service of the country to which they belong. Germany devised a system of education thirty years ago. She has solemnly and deliberately put into the minds of every German exactly the ideas which were necessary to sustain this unconquerable ambition when the hour of destiny should have struck.

It is an interesting comment on humor, that Professor Lason, in spite of these high rolling phrases to which the Kaiser is continually giving vent, spoke to his students in these words. "The more successful the Kaiser is, the more modest he is." The comfort of that statement is this; it means that the Kaiser has failed.

But have we succeeded? Have we given free government the basis for complete success? We begin to see that we have not. For a hundred years we have been conscious that free government can only rest on the basis of universal education, a sound primary education for all. We now realize that we have never had anything approaching universal education in the United States. Instead of universal education, we now begin to realize that we have local option. We have been teaching our children that we got rid of the doctrine of nullification when the rough voice of Andrew Jackson declared one section of the country should not set at defiance a law which was considered necessary for the whole of this country. We are now beginning to realize that nullification in this country is as really a fact to-day as it was in 1832; but it is not political nullification. It is educational

nullification. I mean this: We say there are certain things which are absolutely necessary to the success not of any one State, but of the whole great Federal experiment, on the success of which I believe depends the rapid success of our form of government throughout the world. For the time is coming, probably within our lifetime, when the only form of monarchy left in the world will be the form of monarchy where the monarch is preserved in rose-water and served at pink teas. Every form of autocracy is going to pass; it is passing before our eyes. Autocracy has failed; but we must not fail to realize that democracy is on trial, and the success of democracy requires two steps, and not one.

You cannot make democracy safe by beating Germany. You may kill every German on God's earth; you may bury the whole German Empire forty feet under ground; and still you have to face the second step in your process, which is to show the world that free government can do everything that autocracy can do; that free government can be both honest and efficient. Instead of that, to-day we are resting, satisfied, in a period of nullification. Universal education is necessary to the success of our government, and what do we say? We say to New York, "If you give universal education, we are pleased." We say to North Carolina, "If you do not give universal education, you are at liberty to refuse it." That is nullification, and it is the most insidious form of nullification, for it is nullification by negative and not by positive action.

Every section of this country to-day is at liberty, by the organization which we call our system of education, to fail to give to its citizens the education which is necessary, absolutely necessary, not to the success of that State or community, but to the success of the whole Federal experiment in this country.

Do you realize that in this country there are thirty million people—and this is another phase of the question—thirty million people who were born in foreign countries, or whose father or mother was born in some foreign country? Take New York to-day. In spite of the fact that we have had almost no immigration for three years, New York has 500,000 people who cannot read or write the English language. There are hundreds of schools in this country that teach the English language as an incidental subject, exactly as they teach Greek or Latin or other dead languages.

By the accident of geographical location, an abnormal proportion of this immigration settles in the City of New York, and we know that the assimilation of this foreign population is absolutely necessary, for if it is not assimilated, as Professor Hart remarked to me, it is clear that this nation is headed in the direction of a

modern Austria-Hungary, an empire which some one has said is not an empire but a mistake.

Allow that process of non-assimilation of the race groups in this country to continue for a few generations, and you have got an American which is not only polyglot, but which has not got into the minds of the people which make up its population the principles which make American citizenship. America: What does it mean? What is an American? An American is only a person who has caught certain ideals and visions, who has certain definite ideas; and if your system of education does not put those ideas into the minds of your people, how, in God's name, will you ever be able to face the crises in the future any more successfully than we have faced them in the past? And there has not been a great crisis in the history of this country which we have not faced more by the grace of God than by the application of any forethought.

Certain ideas are now found to be absolutely essential to the safety of this country in the hour of emergency. They demand propaganda. We must carry through this propaganda, no matter how much it costs. We must get into the minds of the people of this country those ideals which will enable us to act and to think as a nation and not as a collection of polyglot groups, with different ideals and aspirations; but if we do that, still we are face to face with the problem, how are we going to avoid in the future the errors of the past? Professor Hart will agree with me, that history is of little value merely as a record of the past. History is valuable as a guide-book of the future, and if we do not profit by the errors and mistakes of the past, the pursuit of the historian is no better than the pursuit of the man who collects nonsense syllables or postage stamps.

We have got to face the great reconstruction which is to follow the victory over Germany as surely as we are facing German bayonets to-day. Victory we must have; but military victory alone cannot make the world safe for democracy. Nothing can make the world safe for an ignorant and an inefficient democracy. We must have education. We must do away with the idea of nullification in education, so that anything which is necessary for the safety of the republican experiment shall clearly fall within the power of the Federal government. We must concentrate to the extent of having somebody in this country whose business is to think of education, not in terms of science as the universities think, not in terms of village community or small districts as all of our educational commissions and all of our boards of education do to-day, but to think in terms of America, to think of the problems of the nation and of the nations; for the

age of international thinking is already upon us. We dare no longer think with provincial minds.

President Wilson's most striking sentence increases in value as we understand that it is merely the reformulation of an idea which runs through our history like a thread of gold. "The world must be made safe for democracy," represents a culmination. The American Revolution meant in essence that thirteen colonies must be kept safe for democracy and nothing more.

We made those thirteen colonies safe for democracy; and the oppressed of all nations since that time have rested in the pleasant shadow of that safety. Then, as the means of communication became more efficient, the continents drew together and we began to realize that to keep thirteen colonies or forty states safe for democracy, you must keep the whole continent safe for democracy; and then James Monroe, in 1823, issued the Monroe Doctrine, declaring that the American continents must be kept safe for democracy; and, by the mercy of God and the efficiency of the British fleet, we have kept these continents safe for democracy. And now, by the Yankee ingenuity which has made of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans merely convenient highways of approach, we have begun to realize that two continents cannot be made safe for democracy unless every foot of the earth's surface is kept free from the menacing power of an ambitious autocracy; and therefore we have undertaken the final task of making all the world safe for democracy, which means also safe for all kinds of government except that which lives by plunder.

We are fighting to-day the battle of democracy, democracy expressed in terms, not of the individual man alone, but of the individual nation as well.

THREE: BY DOCTOR SAVIC

Of Serbia

THIS fine spirit which has animated this great country of yours has encouraged me, and after these hours of tragedy through which my nation has passed, my spirit has again been raised and I should like so much that I could bring all my nation here to witness your nation, to see this great world struggle through, and to be convinced, as I am now, that you must be victorious, and with your victory that my country will be saved. I don't doubt it any more.

But allow me only to draw your attention, after these splendid and these brilliant speeches of the present speakers, to some concrete facts.

Serbia is to-day invaded by German and Austrian and Bulgarian armies. She is invaded first because that nation was as determined in spirit as your nation to oppose the spread of German autocracy and stood in the way of German world dominance. But, more than that, my nation, and very unfortunately, is geographically situated in a most dangerous corner and a most interesting corner in the world. It is a bridge connecting the west with the east, and the German main ambition, as you know now, is directed towards the east, and the Serbian nation and the Serbian resistance was to be broken and the Serbian nation to be wiped out, not to form any more an obstacle to German ambition.

And Serbia fought for her own freedom and existence, and Serbia fought for the great principles of democracy and freedom that have been inscribed on your banners, and Serbia fought for the freedom and unity of her own race. It is a fact that besides Serbia and Montenegro which are inhabited by the Serbs, there are oppressed and enslaved in Austro-Hungary seven million of my race and of my people. Serbia was poor but was in process of being developed into a prosperous and satisfied democracy. Even by our principles of self-government, we have been an obstacle in the way of the German spirit and of the German rulers.

We have been for a century an attraction to our kinsmen in Austria-Hungary, which is nothing else but a dependency of Germany. Serbia was to be finished once for all. She was obstructing her way to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean and of the Adriatic Sea.

But now I have no doubt that with your armies and with the armies of all our allies, we will be victorious on the battlefield; but I have really some doubt whether these splendid principles for which you are committed to war will be concretely materialized by future peace in the world, and it is my deep conviction, as you could gather from the foregoing speeches, that there is no lasting peace in Europe and there will be no lasting peace, but only a German peace, in Europe and in the world if you will allow after this war, for a single day, Austria-Hungary to continue as she has.

We have these facts: If you will only look at the map that I brought with me, you will see that she is inhabited by parts only of different nations. In Austria-Hungary we have some twelve millions of Germans, some eight or nine millions of Slavs, five millions of Poles, four or five millions of Rumanians, ten millions of Magyars, and seven millions of Slavs, Croats and Czechs; and by the Germans and the Magyars who number twenty million, Germany was able by her statecraft to attach so completely Austria-Hungary to her car, and to conquer all these people in

Austria-Hungary, thirty million in number, that they fight to-day Germany's battles against their own will and against their own interests.

The victory of Austria-Hungary means national and political death to those people that are now put against their will in the forefront of Germany's battles. You know that the Hungarians, Slavs, with many others, sympathize with the Allies and tried to revolt; but the military efficiency of the Central Powers has been too prompt and too quick for any attempt at revolution. But these people did not stop at that. They have been sent to the Serbian front, to the Russian front—they have sent them there, they have formed the army corps which day after day are fighting on your side for the same principles for which this country is fighting, and they are fighting against Austria-Hungary which has been to them the stepmother Austria, that was only animated by a spirit of slavery, by abject subjugation and absolute subservience to German ambitions.

And if we come to take literally the tasks as outlined by Lloyd George, and understand them literally, that they mean the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, it means that there will stand in the most dangerous corner of Central Europe the causes that have brought these great crises in the world, that these causes will be made permanent, and we are looking for a new crisis which will be, I fear, a better opportunity for Germany to realize to-morrow what she was unable to realize to-day.

I ask you to put a question to yourselves, why twelve million Germans will remain in Austria-Hungary. Is there any external power to compel those Germans to live in Austria-Hungary? I think that your answer must be, No, there is no external power, as there is an external power to compel my people and the people of Rumania and the Czechs and the Poles to live in that empire where they find no protection and no justice; but the Germans, if they are to remain in Austria-Hungary, are to remain only to be able further to exploit the resources of that empire in the interests of Germany.

It will come, this reorganization of Austria-Hungary on a sham democracy. It is a worse thing than we know now. It will be a sort of autocracy in which there will be no spirit of freedom and no spirit of sincerity. After this war, if you leave all these broken nationalities in this empire, then the Germans will be able to say to my people, to the Rumanians, to all around them, "Look how you have failed in the fight in the company of these great democracies of the world. You have been broken; your country has been devastated; you have lost the youth of your nation; come to me; I am the leading nation; recognize me; I am

ready to recognize you, to obtain the maximum of the 'output,' " as they express themselves, "and by serving me you will be spared and we shall be, of course, the rulers of the world, and you have only to accept my mastery and my leadership."

And if the nations will not listen to that temptation, is there any one in this fine gathering of men that can hold that on a new occasion when Germany will again arm her forces to push to the east, that there will again offer in the world this great coalition of nations against the Germans? It would not be necessary for Germany to make a new war; it would be perhaps only enough for Germany to send the ultimatum, just such a shameful document as was sent to my country on the eve of this war, and I fear very much that there will be no nation that will have the destiny of Serbia before her eyes, to oppose the German power. It would be enough for Germany to bully all those around her and they will bow to her, and the spirit of slavery and the spirit of German autocracy will be predominant all over the world. And it can be only extirpated out of Europe and out of the whole world if you come to the only safe, to the only logical, assertion that has truth and sincerity in it—it is to dismember Austria-Hungary. That is the source of all political unrest and of all political trouble in Central Europe.

When you will be true to yourselves, when you will be true to the great ideals of freedom and of democracy that are so inscribed on your banners, you will fight in Germany, you will give to the oppressed nationalities in Austria-Hungary complete freedom, complete independence, and then you will raise the finest monument to your nation. Instead of a down-trodden, instead of a subject empire, there will arise in Central Europe, as at the stroke of a magic hand, a free nation, beginning from free Poland that has fought to have its liberty, free Rumania, free Serbia, and that will be the best warrant to protect your liberty and the best monument for this bravery and for this great determination with which you have entered into this great war.

And if the other nations in Europe are saved, my nation is saved too. And if we have in this war placed all, we have saved only one thing; we have saved only our banners, our national honour; and I appeal to you that you will create such conditions in Europe, especially in Southeastern Europe, that there will be complete justice, not only to my nation that has suffered as much and more than any other in this war, but justice to all the other nations to-day oppressed by Germany. And I hope that you will, finally,—it is your duty to do it and it is the best to accomplish and protect the interests of your nation.

FOUR: BY REVEREND J. PERCIVAL HUGET, D.D.

WHAT would Lincoln say to this generation?

Lincoln would be entitled to a hearing by virtue of the power of his mind and that singularly clear and penetrating wisdom and judgment which enabled him always to penetrate beneath the surface or the appearance of things, to the underlying issues and values, to strip away the artificial and the non-essential, and to arrive at the heart of every issue presented to him.

Lincoln would be entitled to a hearing also because of his soul, the integrity of his manhood which has won him, more than aught else, even his martyrdom, his place of supremacy among the Americans of the nineteenth century. Lowell is altogether right in the mighty words of his Commemoration Ode, when he says:

"He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Lincoln would be entitled to a hearing also because he emerged under circumstances so great, and so compelling, as to make his thoughts and the utterance of his thoughts significant for his generation, for his people, for the world. In order that I may say in rapid introduction, more rapidly and more accurately than I could in my own words, permit me again to quote the greatest of Lincoln poems, that of Edwin Markham:

"When the Norn-Mother saw the whirlwind hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
 The tang and odor of the primal things—
 The rectitude and patience of the rocks,
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the graves' low hill as to the Matterhorn,
 That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
 From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
 One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
 Forever man, he burned to do his deed
 With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
 He built the rail pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
 The conscience of him testing every stroke
 To make his deed the measure of a man.
 So came the captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
 He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
 The rafters of the home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a kingly cedar green with bows
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Now, how shall any man in the compass of a few moments endeavor to answer the question I have propounded, "What Would Lincoln Say to This Generation?" It can be done best by a selection of his own mighty words and by the adoption and application of those words to the crisis of our own hour. I call your attention rapidly to the fact that this man, who had less than six months of academic schooling, who, at the age of twenty, walked twenty miles to Springfield to borrow his first law books, that this man, so unlettered and unschooled, was able, after he emerged from obscurity to national prominence, within the space of eight or ten years, to deliver a large number of political addresses of such ability and such worth that they justly rank with the great utterances of our American life and at least half a dozen of them are comparable with all the utterances of the Presidents and statesmen in the history of the nation; at least, the Gettysburg Oration and the Second Inaugural Address have not been matched in public utterances since the days of the orations of Demosthenes.

First of all, let me bring before you as typical, the address delivered before the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, at the time of the meeting of the newly organized party in that State. This address is commonly known as the "House-Divided-Against-Itself" speech because of the sentence which I quote. Lincoln was warned against the utterance of a certain phrase. They said, "It will mean political suicide." Have you ever noticed how many times he committed political suicide, how many times he was dead and buried, and how many times he came again to life and power? His reply was, "The time has come when these words need utterance. If their utterance by me means political death, I had rather go down to my grave with them uttered, than survive with them silent." And therefore he said, when slavery was the great issue before the American people, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Take those words of sixty years ago and apply them to American public life to-day, and permit me to say to this distinguished Republican Club in this clearly great hour, that any man, whoever he may be, who seeks for personal advantage or political gain to himself, can set one element in our national life so against another element as to set city against city, class against class, is not only guilty of failure to meet a foe, but is also traitor to his land in its great and desperate hour of need.

Let me tell you again of Lincoln's speech delivered in Clinton, Illinois, at which time Lincoln first came in controversy with Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln had come to Clinton at the time of a country fair, and if there are gentlemen here who, like myself, are familiar with the rural districts and county fairs in the fall of the year, you will know what sort of an occasion it was. Douglas was speaking to a great crowd, and Lincoln came to the edge of the crowd. There were cries for Lincoln. He said, "My friends, this is Judge Douglas's speech. I have no right to interfere, but if you will meet me later on the east side of the Court House, I will make some remarks on the issue of the day."

Lincoln said two things; as illustrating the type of political campaigning, he said, "I understand that this afternoon Judge Douglas, losing his temper a little possibly, or becoming nervous, said that he would be willing to engage in personal combat with me; that he would like to thrash Lincoln. I understand that another, a partner of Douglas, even more nervous, took off his coat and said he would take the job off Douglas's hands. Did anybody hear him say that? I shall not fight Judge Douglas or his bottle-holder, for that might prove that I am more muscular than he, or he more muscular than I, and that is not the question before the American people." He went on to say, "I understand

Judge Douglas to say that I am in favor of negro equality (in order to put Lincoln in a disadvantageous position). In a certain sense, I am in favor of negro equality. In the right of the negro to eat the bread his own hands have earned, he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other man." Those words are applicable to-day to all men, the world around, and we lift the question of patriotism into the realm of morality when we declare that no ruler, that no Reichstag, that no Congress, has the right to consider the multitude of toiling and suffering men, women and children of the world as subject to their whims alone. One of the things that needs to be burned in the hearts of the American people is the right of the common man to live in peace and live in the enjoyment of his own work, and enjoy the product of his own toil. In a wider realm, you come to what has just been argued for by the gentlemen who have just preceded me; the recognition of the right of self-determination of peoples, the right of every people, little or large, highly cultured or at a primitive stage of advancement, to find their own way into the light and into civilization, and to work out the destiny which God has appointed to them; and the instinct and heroism of every man who loves his fellows rises in answer to that affront.

I call your attention to the Lincoln-Douglas debates which occurred in 1858, for one sentence. Douglas was a candidate for the United States Senate. A young man twenty years of age, he walked into Winchester, Illinois, with thirty cents sewed in his pocket, and within fifteen years he became an auctioneer, then school-teacher, then a practicing attorney, then Attorney-General of the State of Illinois, then Registrar of Deeds, appointed by the President Secretary of State, then Justice of the Supreme Court, then a member of the lower House of Congress, and then United States Senator, all in less than fifteen years.

On a bronze tablet by the gateway of Knox College, are inscribed these words:

"They are blowing out the moral light around us, who contend that whoever wants to own slaves has a right to do so,"

for the first time lifting the whole issue and program and outcome above the level of political expediency up to the level of morality.

Abraham Lincoln was invited by a Young Men's Society in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to come to Brooklyn and deliver an address for which he was to receive \$200. He had neglected his law practice, and \$200 looked very good to Abraham Lincoln; but he said, "If you find you are not likely to

sell tickets enough, let me know." He found it was to be held in Cooper Institute. When the hour came, that great auditorium was filled with a mighty company that contained every man of prominence in the intellectual and political life of New York. He was escorted by Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Choate and David Dudley Field, the Chairman of the meeting being the poet, William Cullen Bryant.

He came an unheralded stranger, but he took that audience of culture in the hollow of his hands, and by the magic of the simplicity of human speech, won the hearts of those people. The prophet of that day said,

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Four years ago and less, as the result of a long calculated and deliberately laid plan, there was flung into the world the insolent challenge that might makes right, and the nations of the world have responded with the answer: "It's a lie."

I omit entirely the First Inaugural Address to which I should like to refer if time permitted, to go to the Gettysburg Oration. I have a personal friend, the last surviving member of the Gettysburg Commission, who tells me that that oration very nearly was never delivered; but one day when the Committee met, one of them said, "Perhaps we have made a mistake in not including an invitation to President Lincoln. We ought to invite him." So the invitation was extended, and Lincoln said that he would accept. Then the Commission said, "Now, what shall we do with him? He is a ready debater; he is a rough and ready lawyer; but this is a solemn occasion, and we don't want to spoil it by any uncouthness." One of his friends undertook to guarantee him.

After one address, a tall, lank fellow arose and came to the front of the platform. It was in November, 1863, that Lincoln delivered in a little more than two hundred and fifty words, twenty lines of ordinary print, the most matchless utterance in our speech, containing all the elements of a great oration.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live."

You might talk for an hour and not get a situation any more clear than that.

And now I come to the most dramatic episode in all public utterance. Lincoln had come to dedicate a few acres of ground. He saw the vices of his countrymen and saw beyond them the vices of all the nation and of all the people to come after them. The great commoner was a prophet of freedom.

"It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

I believe that at that hour Lincoln was speaking, not only for himself, not only for the cause of liberty then, but for the down-trodden of all time; speaking, as I verily believe, for all the generations of all nations through the ages; dedicating himself to the cause of liberty; and at that hour he made it impossible for the American people permanently to stay out of this war. I almost think I ought to stop at that point; but because of your very ready response, I shall not. I must not forget that we have not yet reached the culmination even of that short address. The distinguished historian said it, the gentleman at my left said it, the gentleman at my right said it, all in different words, what Lincoln said, and what I say again, when he went on to say,

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

Think of the five millions of men in their graves, and other millions of men, women and children who have died and whose bones bleach beneath the skies, who have suffered all manner of torture, and, speaking in the same words as Lincoln used, let us "here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain"; it is not for you or for me or for men who sit around any council table to make any peace that forgets the men who have given their lives.

And there is a third thing in that speech, which I must point

out to you. I never saw it until six months ago. Lincoln was not speaking merely of the maintenance of democratic institutions in America, for, by a strange providential circumstance, he used a different word.

Let us highly resolve "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Not merely from America. God kept this great land secret for the centuries, that mighty Mississippi Valley from which I came, until less than a century ago, untouched, uninhabited. For what cause? That in such an hour as this there might be men into whose hearts had come the mighty vision to meet the great assault, and to make it true that the common man should not go down in sorrow, in tears and in suffering; but that they who do the work of the world, who bear the burdens of the world, who, after all, are humanity, shall not be the property of kings or the playthings of men of power.

I come, for speed, to the last; but before I close, I want to ask your indulgence for another local, immediate touch. It is rather interesting how a man can sometimes come in from outside and tell people who have lived in a city all their lives of something about it that they may not have known. How many of you knew Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet of New York? When Lincoln was in the White House, in the dark hours of the Civil War, he came one day to his Cabinet meeting laughing, reading one of the books of Artemus Ward. Stanton and Chase looked rather surprised that Lincoln could laugh at such a time as that. He took the occasion to read to them a poem written by Edmund Clarence Stedman, which I quote:

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
 Terrible words are thunder-tost;
 Full of the wrath that will not yield,
 Full of revenge for battles lost!
 Hark to their echo as it crost
 The Capital, making faces wan,
 Went this murderous holocaust:
Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!

Give us a man of God's own mould,
 Born to marshal his fellow men;
 One whose fame is not bought and sold
 At the stroke of a politician's pen;
 Give us the man of thousands ten,
 Fit to do as well as to plan;
 Give us a rallying cry and then
Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!

No leader to shirk the boasting foe
 And to march and counter-march our brave,
 Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low
 And swamp-grass covers each nameless grave,
 Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
 Aye in disaster's shameful van;
 Nor another to bluster and lie and rave;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!

Is there never one in all the land,
 One on whose might the cause may lean;
 Are all the common ones so grand
 And all the titled ones so mean?
 What if your failure may have been
 In trying to make good bread from bran,
 From worthless metal a weapon keen;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!

Oh, we will follow him, court death,
 Where the foeman's fiercest columns are;
 Oh, we will use our latest breath,
 Peering for every sacred star!
 His to marshal us high and far,
 Ours to battle as patriots can,
 When a hero leads the Holy War;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!

New Yorkers, don't forget, when sometimes you question the loyalty and patriotism of the Middle West, that when Lincoln found the man, though he sleeps in his splendid grave on Riverside Drive, nevertheless he came from Ohio.

I must here introduce two words, in which, before the last part of the second inaugural, Lincoln says that both North and South prayed to the same God, and that the prayers of both could not be answered. I am a preacher of religion. I measure my words. I speak, I hope, without hatred or bitterness. I utter what I believe to be a solemn truth when I say that the God of the Emperor William is not the God of the American people, and we do not pray to him. The kind of a deity who he believes is the unfaltering and unwavering ally of murder, piracy, lust and greed, is no God of mine.

But, after that, he went on to say:

"Fondly do we hope—ferently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right; let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

May I close with the words of James S. Mackey?

“And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
 Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
 In any vault, ’neath any coffin lid,
 In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
 ’Tis false—he never in the grave was lain.
 You could not bury him although you slid
 Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
 Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.

They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free:
 In all the world his great heart beats as strong,
 Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
 And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
 Whoever will may find him anywhere
 Save in the grave! Not there! He is not there!”

SIXTH DISCUSSION

FEBRUARY NINTH, 1918

THE MORAL ISSUES OF THE WAR

THE MORAL ISSUES OF THE WAR

ONE: HONORABLE FREDERICK C. HICKS

Member of Congress

FOR a great many years I have had the pleasure of sitting there in the rear, listening to the discussions on these Saturday afternoons. I little thought then that I was in line for promotion from the gallery to the stage; but I appreciate sincerely the courtesy of being asked to come here to-day to speak to my fellow-members of this Club. It is very pleasing to me to be asked to speak on the subject which has been mentioned as the topic to-day, the question of *morals*. It is a very gratifying thing to a politician at any time in his career to talk about morals; but I am considerably puzzled to know where I am going to come in, for the simple reason that my friend on my left told me privately that if it was going to be anything in favor of morals he wanted to speak on it, and if it was going to be anything on the other side, my friend on my right, Mr. Biddle, will speak for me!

It so happens that I am a member of the Naval Committee of Congress and we are spending day after day in going over items in the great Appropriation Bill now before us, which carries over one billion dollars, the largest naval bill in the history of this country. When I speak on the Navy I must apologize to you in advance, as I can't be as specific as I would like because of public policy, and I will ask you to bear with me if I omit some figures or dates here and there. I want to say to you that the Navy of the United States to-day is prepared to do what the Navy of the United States has always done. There are in foreign waters at this moment a number of the capital ships of our Navy as well as a large fleet of destroyers, yachts and small vessels used in patrol work, the first of which reached the other side on May 4th last, all manned, armed and equipped by the American Navy. We have placed many hundreds of gunners on our own armed merchant ships, supplying both the crews and the guns. We have furnished many guns for use of the mercantile service of our allies and are ready to send to the battle fronts from our great gun factories many pieces of ordnance,

not small guns, but large guns, guns that will answer the challenge that has been sent out from Berlin.

The personnel of the Navy has expanded three hundred per cent. since this war began, and to-day, roughly speaking, represents three hundred thousand men in the service. The training facilities of our Navy have increased from six thousand men a year ago to one hundred and thirteen thousand, and there are in training now about ninety-five thousand men.

The building program of destroyers, submarine chasers and other small craft has been tremendously augmented. Despite the former pacifist views of Mr. Henry Ford, he is to-day performing a great work in advancing the fighting forces of the nation, by constructing a large number of chasers of the most improved type. These vessels will be fabricated and launched in Detroit, and then brought through the canals to the seaboard. It would hearten your spirits could I tell you all the Navy is doing. Rest assured that the Navy of the United States, imbued with the courage and determination that has come to it from an heroic past, stands ready to maintain America's honor and America's purposes. Despite submarines and mines, despite raiders and aeroplanes, those ships, whether they are lying in readiness for an offensive move or whether they are convoying a fleet, wherever they may be on the surging seas, the Allied Navies of the world are still the masters of the wave.

I am going to speak now, of some of the things that I saw on the battlefield, having been one of that party of ten Congressmen who, three months ago, went abroad. We spent several weeks going from one end of the line to the other, traveling six hundred miles along the Western Front. I am going to make this a running narrative, because, after Doctor Williams has spoken so eloquently of the great questions at stake, it would be out of place for me to endeavor to discuss the issues. I am going to pass over the trip from New York to Liverpool, except merely to say that in going out from Sandy Hook we realized at once that we were in war. No running lights on the ship, no side lights, port holes battened down at night from the outside, and no one even allowed to smoke on deck, for fear that a lighted match would disclose the location of the vessel. Day after day we plowed eastward, the only break in our daily program being the few hours spent each day in drills and gun practice, when the ship maneuvered round a target while our gun crews practiced shooting. Two days before we reached the Mersey we were met by two destroyers which convoyed us into port. At Liverpool we saw ship after ship unloading their human freight of American soldiers and it was inspiring to see our boys

in uniform following the old flag three thousand miles away from home.

From Liverpool we went to London, where we were met by Ambassador Page and Mr. Ian Malcolm of the British Foreign Office. The next day we were informally received at the American Embassy by Mr. Page and attachés. It is both a duty and a pleasure to pay a well merited tribute to our representative in London and his staff. The United States has never sent to Great Britain a more popular or more able ambassador than Mr. Page, and the work he is doing and has done reflects the greatest credit upon our country and is deserving of the highest praise.

London to-day is different from the London of peace times. We saw in the city and nearby towns, buildings partly completed and temporarily abandoned, for practically all construction work not incident to the war was stopped at the outbreak of hostilities. You see on the face of every one you meet that stern, set expression which means undying determination to win the war. There are soldiers marching up and down the streets, some wounded, others on leave of absence, and still others who are on their way to the front. At night almost total darkness prevails, just a faint glimmer in the streets, for only one out of three lamps is lighted, and these have great reflectors to prevent any glare shining upward. No shop windows are allowed to have their shutters open at night, and in the hotels the blinds are all tightly closed. It is a severe offense to open them when a light is burning. We had an interesting experience in an attempted raid, and, while we were not bombed, we had all of the sensations. We were at a conference when suddenly we heard the cry "Take to shelter," "Take to shelter," as the Boy Scouts, who are in charge of this duty, ran through the streets warning the people. The authorities knew of the approach of these raiders, because when the airships fly over the channel, the moment they are spotted on their approaching land, it is telegraphed to London, and the officers have an hour's leeway in preparing for defense. When we started for our hotel the streets were almost deserted, the only sound being the scurrying of feet and the cry of these boys. The few people remaining were hurrying in every direction to shelter. All through the streets signs are posted with a directing finger to indicate "Safety zones," "Fifty can be accommodated in this cellar," "Seventy-five can find shelter here." Stations in the tube, cellars, underground passages, every refuge that will afford protection, is utilized. I can assure you we did not waste much time going to our hotel. We finally reached our destination with the night air still resounding with the cry "Take to shelter." How-

ever, there was no raid that night, for the aeroplanes had been checked by anti-aircraft guns some distance from London, and so we missed the experience of having bombs dropped upon us.

In food supplies England is feeling the effect of the submarine sinkings, and there is a shortage of some of the staples, especially flour and sugar. The portions placed before one in the restaurants, though sufficient, are small, and strict limits are placed upon the quantities served. At breakfast, for instance, two pieces of brown war bread was the allowance, and two small lumps of sugar—lumps no larger than raisins—and if one ordered oatmeal the little pieces might be exchanged for the same amount of brown granulated sugar, and then one would have to drink one's coffee without being sweetened.

I want to speak for a moment of some of the great hospitals in London and especially the orthopedic hospitals, where they rebuild the human wreckage of war. It was one of the most depressing as well as one of the most encouraging sights I saw abroad. It was really marvelous to see the way in which surgeons at these institutions salvage the men who are sent there, and it means much for the economic future of the nation. Some men come in without arms, some without legs, some are blind, others are so shattered in their heads or bodies that it seems impossible to do anything to remedy their pitiful condition. I have seen men with parts of the jaw fractured, others with nose and cheeks lacerated by a piece of shell. In restoring face wounds where the bone has been cut away, they take a piece of a rib of the wounded man to replace the loss, carefully fitting the new part into the cavity. Or, if this be impracticable, they take the rib from a brother or sister or some other near blood relative. I saw one of these men after he had been treated for several months. They showed us a picture of him taken the day he was received at the hospital. The change was almost unbelievable—his nose, cheek and one-half of his jaw had been blown away. When I saw him several months after the initial treatment, while there was still a frightful scar, he was able to use his jaw almost as well as you or I. He could speak, he could eat, and all without pain. One man who had lost a leg at the thigh and the other at the knee was so reconstructed by the use of artificial limbs that for several moments after I saw him I was not aware he was not using his natural legs. Another man had lost an arm at the shoulder and had an artificial one, which was so adjusted with contrivances and pulleys, that he could use it with almost the same power and dexterity as formerly. He was able to write, ride a bicycle, use a typewriter, row a boat, dig with a spade, and even shave himself. I saw him

lift, at arm's length, with the artificial limb, a fifty-pound sledge hammer, and what was probably more startling was to see him take his pouch of tobacco from one pocket, which he held in one hand with his pipe, and then with the contrivance on the artificial hand, take a pinch of tobacco and pack it into his pipe. Many soldiers suffer from shell shock, due to the terrific bombardment to which they have been subjected. They may be physically sound and in perfect health except for dislocated nerves. Some are unable to walk; others cannot use their arms or hands. For hours, volunteer nurses sit beside these men, searching with electric vibrators for a nerve which yet has life. Perhaps at first the dormant nerve will respond by only an almost imperceptible quiver but by constant treatment, day after day, it will be restored to its normal condition. Then another nerve is treated, until finally the man can again walk or use his hands.

Great Britain cares for her blinded sailors and soldiers at St. Dunstons Hospital, where 350 of these unfortunates are quartered. The hospital is situated on the estate of Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York, who contributes the use of his property to this splendid work. Sir Arthur Pearson, himself blind, is the financial sponsor to the institution. The men are taught useful occupations and everything is done to prevent the blinded soldiers from falling into the slough of despond, which usually engulfs a man who has suddenly lost the sense of sight. Instead of this, his fighting spirit is aroused as he learns of the full and wonderful lives of usefulness achieved by others, and he realizes that closed eyelids do not mean lack of vision. He is inspired with the motto "What others can make of life I can also make." Gainful trades are taught, which will enable these sightless men to take their places in the economic world. Shorthand writing, telephone operating, shoe repairing, mat and basket-making, joinery, gardening, poultry raising, and massage are the occupations in which these blind veterans find their opportunities to become factors in the industrial life of the nation. Many volunteer workers give their time and patience to this noble work. The men are taught to read and write by the Braille system, and a short address I made to some of the workers was handed me as it had been taken down by the blind typist in this code of the sightless. The days are divided into class and lecture room exercises, shopwork, and recreation. In many of the workrooms the men were singing as their nimble fingers plaited the baskets and mats, and everywhere there was an absence of that depression and helplessness which is so often associated with a life of blindness.

In the shops, although there are sighted foreman in each de-

partment, the instruction is mainly given by men who are themselves blind. The mere intelligent and apt soldiers are kept to be pupil teachers, in order to encourage the newcomer by the fact that he is profiting by the knowledge of a man, who was himself blinded on the battle field only a short time before.

The amount of ingenuity that has been put into this salvaging of human beings is one of the marvels of the war. The science of medicine and surgery under the spur of necessity has made rapid strides in the past three years, and the knowledge and experience acquired will be one of the compensations for the sacrifices made. When the true history of this war is written in the perspective of future years it will tell of the movement of ships and of armies, of victories on land and sea, of heroism in the air and in the depths. It will speak also of that great human side of the conflict—the silent, prayerful sorrows of devoted mothers, wives and daughters. It will tell of the men of genius and women of patience who gave every ounce of their strength and the full measure of their skill to the task of restoring human beings, of rebuilding the bodies and the minds of men seemingly hopelessly injured, and implanting in their shattered frames hope and confidence to fight life's battles anew.

On our first Sunday in England a very gracious compliment was paid us. Under the escort of Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., we were conducted through Windsor Castle, the great halls of this ancient fortress being opened as a special favor. We were first taken to St. George's Chapel, the meeting place of the Knights of the Garter, where we were honored by being seated in the stalls occupied by the Knights when in attendance. At the close of the services, the great organ in deep, dulcet tones, pealed out the "Star Spangled Banner," the first time in history that the American national anthem had echoed in this stately church.

The day previous to our departure for the Continent was a memorable one, for we had the opportunity of hearing Lloyd George deliver in the House of Commons one of his masterpieces of oratory. This great commoner, every fiber of whose being responds to the call of democracy—alert, resourceful, courageous and determined—delivered that day, on behalf of the sailors and soldiers of Great Britain, one of the finest, most inspiring eulogies that I have ever listened to. We lunched that day with many of the leaders of Parliament, and to my oft-repeated query, "What can America do to bring this war to a speedy termination?" I invariably received the answer, "Build ships, airplanes and guns." Transportation is undoubtedly the greatest factor in the struggle. On it depends not only the sending of soldiers but the shipment of supplies to maintain them.

Transportation is vital also for the support of our allies. Both airships and artillery are almost as essential to the success of our cause as ocean tonnage. As Sir Charles Beresford, retired admiral of the British fleet, said, "We want guns, guns, and then more guns." Mr. Lloyd George was equally emphatic about the need of ships, aircraft and artillery. He said, "Do not overlook the supreme importance of a large number of guns of all sizes, especially the three-inch caliber and larger."

Paris to-day presents almost the same appearance that it did before the war. It is true that the streets are full of soldiers, and that women and old men have to a very large degree taken the places of men in the stores, but the streets at night are as brilliantly lighted as formerly, the restaurants and theaters are open, the shops offer their usual display of attractions and business goes on in much the same way as it did in pre-war days. Underlying it all there is that ever-present nervous strain and the faces of the men and women show the tension under which they are living. They are economizing too and husbanding their resources, as France, for three and a half years, has borne the brunt of the conflict. Think for a moment of her burden; think, too, of the rekindled heroism of her people that carried forward her soldiers under the most terrible blows of war ever known. One and a half million of her sons dead, one and a half million more either prisoners or so injured as to be of no further military service; thousands of her women and children victims of the savagery of war; scores of her cities and towns shapeless ruins; hundreds of acres of her rich soil desolate wastes; her churches desecrated, her homes destroyed; and yet the spirit of France rises supreme to the horrors, the losses and the sacrifices that she has made and will continue to make. The heroic nation, bleeding and maimed, yet stands steadfast between Prussia and her ambition to rule the world. It is the soul of France that speaks through the tears and gloom, giving a promise, like the rainbow in the heavens, that democracy is safe in her keeping.

The first real battle front we saw was at Soissons, where there was a terrific bombardment last summer. It was here at Chemin des Dames, "the road of the ladies," a long, low, nearly level ridge, that the French, in seven days' fighting, expended \$100,000,000 worth of ammunition. As we approached the line the highways became choked with the moving mass of men, guns and trucks. There was no shouting or singing by these silent, grim, determined soldiers. No bands played, no colors waved, no sound save the thud of marching feet and the clank of moving wagons. The men appeared well fed and clothed, and the horses

were in superb condition. We found this true along the whole battle front and especially among the British troops. There is something inspiring about great masses of men; something that stirs one's blood at the thought of the power of a mighty army. All the way from Paris we had met and overtaken large numbers of auto-trucks, called "lorries," which go back and forth carrying ammunition and supplies. We passed thousands of British and French troops on their way to Italy to reinforce the Italians after their reverse. As we approached Soissons we obtained our first view of airplanes operating in the war zone. Soaring above the rolling country, like great eagles, these daring birdmen—the cavalry of the air—whose fields of battle are the clouds, darted hither and yon across the line, scouting for the enemy. For miles here and on our way to Rheims we passed along camouflaged roads, protected from aircraft observation by great screens of woven grasses and artificial hedges.

As we neared Rheims I happened to see several dark puffs of smoke smudge the leaden sky over the lines. Colonel Parker, who was with us, said that they were shells from anti-aircraft guns. While we were looking, one of the shells struck home, for the great black envelope of a French balloon silhouetted itself against the clouds. Like a handkerchief cast to the winds, the torn bag flattened itself out, and in fantastic curves slowly sank to the earth, a mass of flames. Late in the afternoon, when the lengthening shadows of a gray November twilight were casting their somber hues upon the battered and broken walls, we entered Rheims—ill-fated, battle-scarred Rheims—the center of an ancient civilization and for ages the sought-for prize of military aggression. What memories and associations of the past; what pathos and sorrows of the present are awakened by that name! History, religion, art, romance, and chivalry—the epitome of human endeavors and aspirations—crowd the centuries of her existence. Rheims to-day is a melancholy ruin, a city of the dead, abandoned and closed to the outside world. Houses demolished, streets torn up and filled with débris, crumbled walls and battered pavements, tell the story of the bombardment of Rheims.

Surmounting all, a pathetic monument to the wreckage and frightfulness of war, stands the shattered cathedral. For eight hundred years this masterpiece of architectural splendor has been the shrine of countless thousands. But yesterday the pride of France, to-day a bleak and broken relic of its former glory. Birds wing their passage through the empty windows, once studied by the noblest product of the glazier's art; gothic arches and chiseled columns, rich with the tracings of a master hand, lie

as heaps of dirt upon the pavement, mixed with bits of glass and fragments of holy figures. A pile of débris now defiles the altar where stood Joan of Arc when her king was crowned. Ah, the pity, the pathos, and the wantonness of it all!

Cardinal Lucon, gray-haired and benign, to whose care the sacred edifice and its service have long been intrusted, extended to us a sad welcome. In the gathering gloom of his ruined church, this patriotic and devoted prelate who has remained steadfast at his post, came forward to meet us. He grasped the hand of each, and in a few simple words expressed gratification at America's entrance into the war, "For," he said, "it will mean the restoration of my devastated country." A total of three hundred and five shells have struck the edifice since the beginning of the war, sixty-four of which were fired within the last few months, and the ancient church is yet a target for the artillery, each shell taking its toll of carved statue and molded arch.

During its early bombardment, the cathedral was used as a hospital, Red Cross flags flying from its spire. But this did not save it from destruction, despite the fact that it was filled with wounded German soldiers. A scaffolding which had been erected for repair work was fired by an exploding shell and the flames spread to the woodwork above the main entrance. Soon the interior became a raging furnace, which threatened to incinerate the helpless men within. The old cardinal and a young priest began the work of rescue. By this time a great crowd had gathered outside. Suddenly one of those strange and unaccountable phases of mob fury seized the throng made frantic by suffering, the killing of relatives and friends, and infuriated at the sight of their beloved church in flames. The mob rushed to the entrance, demanding that the German soldiers lying on their cots be compelled to die in the hell created by their comrades in arms. It is related how the aged cardinal stepped forward and confronted the angry crowd. Placing himself between the mob and its intended victims, with hands outstretched in appeal, he said to them, "Very well, my children; but you must kill me first." Silence and shame fall upon the frenzied crowd; madness gave place to reason, revenge to sympathy. With a mighty impulse, as their hearts were moved to pity, by the benevolence of the cardinal's act, they sprang forward vying with one another in their efforts to rescue their hated enemies in distress. As we lingered in the presence of these doleful scenes, the only sound that broke the stillness of the deserted streets was the deep intonation of distant guns, booming on the battle front. That, and the echo of one's footfall on the stones and the throbbing of

one's own heart-beats as the terrible sacrifices and the suffering of it, all struck home.

Passing through the country around Soissons and Rheims, we noted the seeming indifference of the inhabitants to all personal danger. Old men and women were working their farms close up to the firing line. Occasionally a shell would burst overhead, but they kept right on at their work, oblivious to all danger, so accustomed have they become to the artillery. On our way to Verdun we passed acre after acre of vineyards which have made this part of France famous for its wines. For miles before reaching the historic fortress of Verdun, we saw grim evidences of the titanic struggle. Houses destroyed—they are always the object of attack—bridges wrecked, trees felled, and everywhere soldiers, supply trains, and motor kitchens. The very air was laden with depression—a silence of dejection reigned over all as if the spirits of those in the ranks were stilled by the memory of those who had made the supreme sacrifice.

One of the peculiar sensations of the battle front is the feeling of loneliness. Back of the lines one sees soldiers by the thousands, but close to the firing line one sees or hears none. Except for the roaring of the guns and the whining of the shells, one might imagine one's self in a desert land. When standing on the hills at Verdun, knowing that there were thousands of soldiers near by, we saw not one of that vast army. The men were concealed in dugouts, trenches and underground galleries. Without the blare of trumpets or the waving of banners, they silently awaited the command to "Carry on!" This war is devoid of all the glamour, glitter and romance—yes, of all the chivalry, too—which in the past has been associated with great military movements. No flags float above the clouds of smoke and mist, inspiring men's hearts with love of country; no martial music stirs their drooping spirits; no strains of national anthems thrill their souls and steel their courage for the coming charge. Everywhere it was the same. Once only in that long journey along the line, did I hear music, and then it was a single fife and drum corps marching with its company to a reserve camp, miles behind the trenches.

We reached Verdun at noon and dined with the commanding general in a vaulted mess hall, deep in the recesses of this ancient fortress. Miles upon miles of galleries have been constructed in the fort, forty and even sixty feet below the surface. As we ate our war lunch the plates and glasses on the table trembled when the French guns answered the German artillery, for the bombardment still goes on. Verdun stands at the apex of a great triangle where the hills crowd down to a narrow pass. It is like

the prow of a great snow plow, and here the French, hundreds of years ago, built this great fortification to guard their eastern frontier. Verdun, the rock of destiny, against whose slopes were hurled the mightiest assaults in the history of man! Verdun, whose hills burst asunder beneath the shock of the heaviest cannonading that the world has known! Think often of this heroic spot, for it was here that civilization paused before that impact, then tottered and fell as the Prussian hosts swept onward; then rose again as the dauntless soldiers of France responded to that watchword of liberty, "They shall not pass!" and rolled back again and yet again the onslaught of the Huns. For ages that name will be the brightest page in the history of France, and you, as long as you live, will know of the glories of Verdun.

The great battle of a year ago took place on the hills which encompass the city: We went out to Fort Souville, five miles from the citadel. The hill on which it stands has been blasted almost to its base. Everywhere are trenches, wire entanglements, camp equipment, broken gun carriages, shells, guns, hand grenades and pieces of shell. Here is the most stupendous, the most terrible example of the waste and destruction of war imaginable. I have seen the ruins of Port Arthur in Manchuria, and have been to the top of 303 Meter Hill, where the Russians and Japanese fought for supremacy; but what I saw at Verdun was ten times more awful than the ruins of Port Arthur. The whole hill has literally been blown to pieces and is a desolation of shell holes and craters, filled with cartridges, unexploded bombs and pieces of rifles. The ghastly wastage is appalling. When the Germans made that terrible attack they swept on over these hills and came up the crests, line after line, like waves of the sea. Where once a forest had stood, now nothing but blackened stumps remain. Fifty yards from where we were on the summit, was a shattered tree trunk, torn and blasted, which marks the highwater mark of the German advance. One remarkable occurrence of that onrush was related to us. The infantry attack had been preceded by a heavy artillery fire, which buried in the ground a French machine gun and its crew, over which swept the first line of Germans. These Frenchmen dug themselves out of the débris, set up their machine gun, and began firing at the Germans from the rear. Caught between two lines of fire, the advancing Germans, not knowing the strength of the attack, became panic-stricken and fell backward. The few who managed to escape were glad to seek refuge behind their own lines. All of the men behind this machine gun were killed, but they saved the day for France. Eight hundred thousand men laid down their lives at Verdun—five hundred thousand

Germans and three hundred thousand Frenchmen. We saw cemeteries containing thirty-five thousand graves. I asked where the rest were buried and the commander replied, "Here they lie beneath your very feet, ground back into the elements." Five men were killed for every nine square feet of earth on this bloodsoaked hill! The battle field extended over about three and a half square miles; every hill and every valley tells its story of tragedy and death. At the present time the firing line is several miles distant, but the French artillery all around us were firing at the German trenches and the German guns would respond. Every few minutes we heard the sharp report of a Boche gun as a shell was hurled toward us. There was a constant roar of artillery, our conversation at times being interrupted by the din. No greater glory will ever come to France than the victory of Verdun; no greater honor will ever come to a Frenchman than for him to be able to say, "I, too, fought at Verdun." To-day with all its devastation and ruin, with all the sacrifices of life, with all the sorrow it represents, Verdun stands forth as the greatest monument to courage, bravery and determination, of which the world knows. Let us hope, too, that it is the sepulcher for the hopes and ambitions of Prussian military autocracy.

Now I am going to take you for a moment to the American Headquarters, back of the lines, where we were received by General Pershing and his staff. Let me say of General Pershing, that in my opinion, he is a man not only of courage, experience and ability, but that he is also an officer possessing the qualifications to lead our troops to victory. We were taken through the headquarters, where Major Robert Bacon, by the way, is in charge. Everything was shown us; their plans for future campaigns; their means of obtaining information; their method of transportation;—every detail was laid before us. We then went out to where the soldiers themselves were quartered. I talked to the men, ate with them and mingled with them. In some cases the equipment was not as complete as it should have been, perhaps their quarters were not as comfortable as we would like to have them; I saw men sleeping in barns and in improvised shelters, but they were not grumbling. They knew the difficulties of getting supplies across a submarine-infested ocean. They knew that when a ship was sunk, the cargo could not be replaced over night; but they were not complaining. They said, "Oh, yes, we know that it is going to take time to get supplies over here. We know that our country has built a great machine and like all machines, friction is bound to develop in some of the bearings." I said they had no complaint. They did have one,

and that was at the delay in getting to the front. Every one I talked with said, "For God's sake, give us a chance to fight before the war is over."

Let me digress a moment from my narrative and speak of our work in Congress. I am a Republican, but party lines no longer exist in the Congress of the United States. Republicans of the House and Senate have voted for all the measures necessary to carry on this war and they will continue to vote for them without political motives. We have submerged partisanship to the single purpose of winning the conflict to which America is committed in the shortest possible time, and with the least sacrifice of life. There is no division on political lines in Congress, for we are all standing squarely behind the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy.

This war is calling forth the patriotism, the genius, and the supreme power of a mighty people. We are proving to the world that democracy, which has opened the floodgates to opportunity, can rise to the highest plane of national unity. It is a demonstration of democracy in its fullest, truest expression, calling upon manhood without distinction and upon wealth without exception.

In referring to our boys, let me quote from General Odlum, of the Eleventh Infantry, Fourth Canadian Division, C. E. F.:

"We have recently had quite a number of American officers attached to us. They are splendid fellows. The Canadians have taken to them at once. We have a great deal of faith in them, and we wish we were working together. The Americans are making a splendid impression over here."

That night we slept at Chalons and in the morning proceeded to Amiens, in northern France, where we were met by British officials, who escorted us to a chateau used for the entertainment of visitors. On the way to Amiens we drove along the Valley of the Marne, for several miles. After crossing the Marne, we passed numbers of villages partly destroyed by shell and bomb fire. Crossing the Aisne River, we came upon a part of the battle field of the Aisne, where we saw wire entanglements and old trenches and piles of worn-out army paraphernalia. For miles these plains are marked by the devastation of war. Innumerable dugouts line the road on either side, just as they were when they were abandoned. Two miles north of the river we passed a village blown to atoms, with not a house standing; nothing but foundations, with broken walls a few feet high. I saw not a living thing in that city of once happy homes. Yes; I did see one

living thing. It was a raven on the stump of a tree, the only inhabitant of this city that had been destroyed by German artillery.

We lunched at Noyon, which, owing to the rapidity of the evacuation of the Germans, has been but little damaged. On leaving Noyon we entered the battle field of the Somme, where, in the late summer of 1916, it is said the English suffered 320,000 casualties and the Germans 500,000. We passed mile after mile of complete devastation, where hardly a house remains. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, which added to the depressing effect of the frightfulness that stretched away in every direction. Just as night fell we reached a spot where once stood the city of Chaulnes, with a population of ten thousand, now a mass of bricks, without even the semblance of a house standing. We stood on piles of débris at what was once the center of the city; the sight in that dead silence and in the gathering darkness was of the ravages of the demon of destruction, in his full power of annihilation. Not a sound save the sighing of the winds and the falling of the rain, where but a few months ago the laughter of children rang out; not a light piercing the night, where only a little while ago the lamp on the table, in even the humblest home, welcomed those children to the family fireside. Words fail to describe the anguish and the sorrow of it all. In one corner of a wall we saw three mounds marked by the tricolors of the Republic. They are the sentinels of the tomb watching over the city of the dead, where the solitude is broken only by the wind, moaning as it were, a requiem over the graveyard of homes and happiness; every gust whispering of suffering, sadness and sacrifice.

You will pardon me if I wander in my address. You know this is not a speech, it is just a simple talk. I know that the question has often been asked, "Why can't the advance on the Western line be speeded up?" "Why not push on faster toward the Rhine?" We all want to see, as Doctor Williams has just said, "more troops sent over to France"; but I do not believe at the present time, until we have more ships, that it is a wise thing to do. You may ask "Why not?" I will tell you. Unless you are certain of the tonnage on the ocean to carry the food supplies, the medical supplies, and to transport reinforcements to those men at the front, you are going to endanger their lives and handicap the Allies. The whole thing has to be proportioned—no more men than you have ships to carry the supplies to. The very moment that our Shipping Board increases our tonnage, the very moment that we get more ships, then we will send more troops; but until that is done, it will, in my judgment, be unwise to overload the Allies. I am not expressing my own

opinion, for I am not a military man, but I am giving you this suggestion which comes from those who know. The problem has been worked out and figures tabulated, showing how many tons it will take per man, and how many ships are available with the percentage of monthly sinkings. Don't let us be in too much of a hurry, so that we may have our boys killed because of lack of reinforcement, or suffer because we cannot get supplies to them. We are going to do it; we are going to have the ships; and we are going to have the men there; but be patient and give us a chance to provide for them.

From the chateau we visited Calais, the great distributing point for a part of the British Army. Here is where the supplies are received and sent forward—ammunition, food and everything that is required at the front, from pins to projectiles. Many Chinamen are employed in these great storehouses loading and unloading ships and trains. They told us a very interesting story about these Chinamen, who, by the way, came from northern China. This town is frequently bombarded from the air. After these Chinamen had been here a short time they became panic-stricken and went to the boss and told him, "We came contract to work, no contract bomb." I do not know how they settled the strike, but the Chinamen remained. One day, when a very heavy bombardment was going on, an officer happened to look up at the trees and was amazed to find them full of Chinamen who had conceived the idea that it was the safest place to be. To assist them in their scramble to the branches, the Chinamen had left their shoes behind at the base of the trees. As the officer approached he noticed one Chinaman coming to the ground and he said to him, "What is the matter; are you coming down for your shoes?" "No," said the Chinaman, "me no wantee shoes, me wantee tallee tree."

At Calais are great reconstruction works where everything from the battle fields that can be of service is made over and sent back to the lines. Immediately after a battle the first consideration is the care of the wounded and then of the dead. After this the salvage corps depending, of course, upon conditions, come with their lorries and gather up everything that is of value—helmets, rifles, gas masks, bicycles, wagons, artillery and shoes. I was much impressed by one shop employing hundreds of persons, where they reconstruct twenty-five thousand pairs of shoes a week; they are disinfected, patched, oiled and then turned over as good as new, and strange enough, the soldiers prefer these second-hand shoes to new ones. If some one should ask me as to one of the many things that impressed me from a business man's standpoint, I would say that it was the system

with which this war is being conducted, not only from a military standpoint but from an industrial one. It is organized efficiency on a grand scale, where nations, not armies, are making a business of warfare. Great Britain, France and Italy realize they are not fighting a war as wars have been fought in the past. To-day it means mobilization of all man power and the utilization of all resources. Sacrifice and economy are synonymous terms in this great struggle.

One of the most impressive facts along the battle fronts as well as behind the lines, is the order which prevails everywhere and in everything. There is neither confusion nor hurry. Every man has his appointed task to do and he does it methodically. Nothing is left to chance, for every action of the soldier, every movement of the guns, or supply trains, every action on the land or in the air, goes forward according to a regular, closely dovetailed plan. When a barrage is lifted and the charge takes place, it is timed to the second, the watches of the commanding officers being regulated to the exact time.

The next morning we drove to Arras, which has been badly damaged by shell fire. The great cathedral is a mass of ruins, only one arch remaining over the lofty aisle. Wherever there had been a bronze tablet or statue in any church or upon any monument, they have been chiseled off by the Germans for the manufacture of cartridges and fuses. Many troops are stationed in Arras, it being close to the firing line. From here we went to the American engineers' camp, some distance away. There we met the boys from home, many of them from the city of New York, and it was a keen pleasure for us to meet them, and, I feel, for them to have met us. They were comfortably housed in galvanized roofed barracks, ceiled with wood and warmed with stoves. They were happy in their condition and satisfied with their equipment and food. These engineers were laying railroads, digging ditches and building bridges, preparing for the great forward move which will mean victory to our arms. We went from here to Vimy Ridge, passing on the way innumerable dugouts and abandoned barracks. I was much amused by many of the signs in these barracks, for the British and Canadians had marked the crude streets with names from home. One street was called "Piccadilly," another the "Strand," while yet another was "Manitoba Boulevard." One sign in particular caught my attention. It read, "To Petrograd," with a finger pointing to that far-off capital.

We saw troops going into the lines and troops returning from the trenches, the latter very grimy and dirty; but they were swinging along the roads in that happy-go-lucky way, which

tells that they are in this fight to the finish. We climbed up Vimy Ridge, passing by a great gun which had taken part in the bombardment only the day before. From the summit of Vimy Ridge we obtained a splendid view of Lens, and could see the German lines in the distance. The hill was a mass of shell-holes, filled, as at Verdun, with the relics of war. In one hole I saw the skeleton of a poor soldier whose life had been given in the cause for which he fought. We could see the flash of the German guns, hear the shriek of the shells, and then would come to us the roar of the explosion. We could see where the shells struck, for great masses of brick and dust would be thrown into the air as the projectiles exploded. The Allies' guns would respond, and flash after flash, followed by the roar, came to us as we stood there watching this scene of actual warfare. Above us, in the clear sky, many airships circled about, taking observations and noting the effect of the artillery fire. Vimy Ridge will forever stand on the roll of honor of Canada's fight for home and freedom. Here the blood of the Dominion soldiers was given like water when these brave boys from across the border marched up these heights and drove back the Germans. Vimy Ridge will stir the blood of Canadians for generations to come, for it represents the heroism and courage and the supreme sacrifice of Canadian manhood in the great struggle to "make the world safe for democracy."

The next day we went to Albert, which has been only partly destroyed. The great modern cathedral, however, is a mass of ruins. This famous church of Notre Dame de Bebrières is crowned with a statue of the Virgin, which has bent forward and is now hanging from the campanile with the face of the Madonna gazing on the ground. The French have the belief that the statue will not fall until the war ends in their triumph. From there we went to Fricourt, or at least to what had been that city, for it exists no longer.

The whole country shows the effect of the battles that have been fought here. For miles and miles it is nothing but desolation, with the ruins of houses, broken trees, and implements of agriculture standing out in the weather, going to decay. In many places in this valley of the Somme, the land has been so torn up, that it is not possible to raise enough to support a single family. It must all be leveled and cleared of the débris before people can live here again. We went over many parts of this battle field, picking up pieces of shell, grenades and belts. We went down into many of the dugouts, great rooms excavated in the chalky earth, thirty or forty feet below the surface. Everything is just as it was when the battle swept over the field,

save for the rescue work of the hospital staff and the activities of the salvage corps.

At Peronne we visited the citadel and saw the city a complete mass of ruins, where the devastation had been planned and consummated by the German Army. Some shelling, as at Albert, had been done by the attacking Allies, but the bulk of the destruction had been wrought by the Germans when they evacuated the place. The favorite way of demolishing a house was to blow out the front wall, which would let in the elements and eventually cause the whole building to collapse. Street after street presented the terrible spectacle of frontless houses, and here in the deserted rooms we saw beds, bureaus, and chairs, with the carpets still on the floors and pictures on the walls. I went into many of these former homes and saw hanging on the hooks clothing and hats, just as they were left when the poor people were driven out. In one house I saw lying on a table a child's tin horse, dented and marred by the little infant who had played with it. Where is that little tot to-day?

On our way back to Amiens, we stopped at the Butte de Warlencourt, which the French Government has reserved as a national monument. It is a low salient, only about forty-five feet high, and here was witnessed some of the most terrific fighting of all. Nothing has been touched on this blood-soaked hill. Shells and rifles lie about just as they fell, and dead men, too; a simple cross crowned with a helmet or twisted rifle marks the spot where a nameless hero, a lost but not forgotten son or brother, sleeps the eternal sleep. The view from the top is awesome. Ruins everywhere as far as the eye can see, an unbroken stretch of desolation, destruction, chaos, with the land so cut up that one can walk over it only with the greatest difficulty. Shell holes and craters, craters and shell holes, crowd one upon the other in this inferno of man's making. Every foot of land scarred with pits like pockmarks, as if nature herself, under the carnage wrought on her bosom, had sickened and died of this dread disease. Near by were several abandoned tanks, those great caterpillars which have been so effective in many of the engagements. We saw one of them that had been destroyed by an explosion, which had burned the interior and of course killed the crew. In front of it were the graves of the men who had manned it. There they lie by that great engine of war, with the machine they operated standing as their monument. Farther on was a great crater, about thirty feet deep and two hundred feet in diameter, the result of the industrious work of the British sapper. Above this hole at one time stood some German barracks, but when the explosion took place soldiers, wagons and

mules were thrown into the air, lost forever to the German cause. Men are not only killed in these mine explosions, but their bodies are dismembered—bleeding fragments of men and animals, equipment and trench paraphernalia mingle in a gruesome heap. As an officer who had seen the explosion, said to me, "Some of those Germans haven't come down yet."

Even at the risk of tiring my audience with a narrative which I feel is already too extended, I cannot omit mentioning the noble work being done by the Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus and other kindred organizations. This war, which is a battle of nations, fighting not alone on the firing line, but throughout their length and breadth, calls to humanity for help and the Red Cross has answered generously, ably and fully. Its workers minister to the sick and wounded, reconstruct villages, purge towns of disease, supply farm implements and seeds, and carry on relief wherever it is needed. It has established canteens and bath-houses on the firing line, supplied milk to babies and food and clothing to the old and feeble. In the operating rooms, in tuberculosis wards, in tenements, in devastated villages, in stricken homes, it has made France, Belgium, and Italy know that America from across the seas is at their side and will be with them till the end. In addition, and primary to the practical relief to the military and civilian population of our allies, the Red Cross stands ready to care for our own soldiers and sailors on duty, wherever and whenever that care may be needed. It is coöperating with the Army and Navy for the protection of the health and welfare of soldiers in camps and cantonments and has established agencies for the care of dependent families of men in the naval and military service.

Closely allied to the Red Cross are the Young Men's Christian Association and Knights of Columbus organizations. They are the foster mothers to these faraway boys of ours, supplying the home influences to the men in uniform, giving to our valiant fighters a spark of spiritual life, cheering them in the performance of their duty, comforting them in their loneliness and stimulating their mental and social instinct under proper guidance. It is impossible to more than touch upon the varied activities of these splendid institutions, the hotels and restaurants maintained for soldiers arriving or on leave of absence, the huts with dining rooms, sleeping accommodations and reading rooms supplied with American papers and magazines where men can read and write to their families at home, the portable lunch-counters awaiting incoming trains, the rest stations and bath-houses near the front, refreshment booths, the canteens which supply wants,

the entertainments and moving-picture shows, the circulating libraries, concerts, lecture-courses, religious and educational classes, sports and sight-seeing trips, and the ever-present offer of friendship, sympathy and assistance to all in distress or perplexity.

On our return to Paris we were given receptions by the President of the French Republic and by the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, as well as by the Premier. Nothing was left undone to make our visit both instructive and enjoyable. From Paris we went to Belgium—desolate, almost annihilated Belgium. To-day Belgium is only twenty-six miles long and six miles wide. It is not as large as my own Nassau County, but there in that little remnant of a nation resides Albert, the heroic King of Belgium, who will not leave his native soil. It was on his birthday that we arrived in Belgium, and he invited us to come to his simple house. We were dressed in our trench clothes. I had on a pair of blue overalls, heavy tan shoes, an old flannel shirt and a sweater; and I assure you it was hardly court attire for a reception. But the King was glad to see us, because he knew we came as sympathizing friends and that we were representing the power, the prestige and the purposes of the great Republic of the West, with its hundred and ten millions of free and determined people. That great democrat, King Albert, six feet six inches, stood in his home and welcomed us in a most democratic manner. He said, "We are going to continue to fight until every Belgian is killed and Belgium is no more." I asked him what message I could take back with me to America. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Take this message to your people: Tell them that without their generous aid my people would have starved to death, and from the bottom of my heart I thank them." When we left the headquarters of the King it was about six o'clock in the evening, and as we came out into the darkness, the sky to the northeast was bespangled by the flash of guns on the firing line and there was an incessant roar of cannonading which shook the ground on which we stood.

We went to our hotel but a few miles from the line and at two-thirty a. m., my room being on the side of the hotel facing the line, I was awakened by the roar of a terrific bombardment. It kept up for forty-five minutes as the big guns along the battle front saluted each other with deadly shells. We had breakfast at four-thirty and with darkness still about us set out for the trenches. We arrived about daybreak at the point where we were to enter the communicating trench which led to the front line on the Dixmude sector. We found that the bombardment of the morning had destroyed many parts of these trenches. There were great holes in the road, and a few dead horses were

lying about. We saw, too, soldiers who had been killed within an hour being carried back to the cemetery. We were all provided with gas masks and steel helmets in case of an attack; for we were going to the frontier of "No man's land." The fields we passed were desolate, ground torn up, fences down, trees broken and shattered, for the country surrounding this section of the line has been for months in the war zone. Every house had long since been pounded into fragments, the only habitations being the rude, improvised shelters erected by artillerymen from the débris that lay scattered about.

Just as we entered the communicating trench two gray German airships swept over our heads, and as our costumes were of a different color from the uniform of the Belgian soldiers, we felt certain that our presence was known. The trenches were a mass of mud, slimy and treacherous. Crude wooden revetments lined the bottom of the zigzag ditches, over which we slipped and stumbled. We passed many dugouts—concrete bombproof structures—in which men were sleeping on straw or blankets spread on the wet ground. Here a few soldiers performing their morning toilet from a bucket of water, there a group preparing breakfast over an improvised stove of stones and discarded tin cans. Everything was mixed with dirt, mud and slimy water, but the men were cheerful and bright and looked healthy despite their comfortless surroundings. They all saluted us, for they knew we were Americans and that our Nation had come to help their crushed country.

As most of us were fairly tall, we had to keep our heads well down, for these trenches were built for Belgian soldiers who are not as tall as we, and we knew that "somewhere in Flanders"—and that less than a hundred yards away—the boche had declared an open season for Americans. These trenches are different from those we had seen elsewhere, for as the land here is low and wet they are built above ground, being constructed by piling up bags of dirt which are reënforced by wooden stakes. "No man's land" was a great lake, with several feet of water and mud between the opposing lines, for the Belgians, to prevent an infantry attack, had flooded the land between the trenches. Finally we came to the front-line trenches, with the Germans only forty yards away. We were among the men charged with the duty of holding the line or dying in the attempt. Then came to me that admonition of Demosthenes to the Athenians:

"Go yourselves, every man of you and stand in the ranks and either a victory beyond all victories in its glory awaits you or falling you shall fall greatly and worthily of your past."

Trench mortars, machine guns, rifles, hand grenades, cartridges, gas masks, helmets, all were in place ready for instant use. That we had been discovered was soon evident, for we had hardly reached the front trench before the Germans opened fire. We crouched down in a heap as the machine guns and the snipers concentrated their fusillade upon us. Zip, zip, the vicious bullets flew over our heads or with a thud embedded themselves in the soft dirt of the trench a foot or two from us. We were spattered by mud, but fortunately none were hit. Then they opened with howitzers. The whine of the shells is an uncanny sound, half moan, half screech, and it is a peculiar sensation to have these projectiles, intended for your destruction, come screaming towards you. First you hear the sound on the left, then on the right, then it seems as though the shell were directly overhead, the roar gaining in intensity until the shell strikes the earth. Fortunately, all of the projectiles passed over us and exploded in the mud several hundred yards away. The captain who had escorted us to the front deemed it unwise for us to remain longer, so we retired to safer ground. The one great trouble about these visits to the trenches, aside from the personal danger, is the fact that after the visitors leave, the poor soldiers who remain at their posts must endure the bombardment. While we were in this front line an officer was killed just next to us and a soldier wounded.

That morning's bombardment—the one which had awakened us—had destroyed parts of the communicating trench, leaving great gaps fully exposed to the enemy's fire. Coming in, as there was no firing, we did not realize our danger; but on our return, knowing that the Boche were aware of our presence, these gaps became real danger spots. We would wait a moment on one side of the broken trench and then throw ourselves across the opening in the hope that the sharpshooters would not have time to bag us. At one gap I asked the captain where one of the machine guns which was playing on us, was located. He said, "Just over there where you see the old foundations of a mill." I peered around the open space—I can assure you my head did not protrude very far—and looked in the direction the captain indicated. There, sure enough, about sixty yards away I saw the machine gun resting on the wall of the old mill and could see the flames spurt from the barrel as the gunner blazed away at us. We then visited the northern part of the line and met the major in command. He invited us to his palace. We found it a miserable little lean-to, built against the only remaining wall of a house, just large enough for two or three people to squeeze into. We told him that after the war we would visit

him in his headquarters in Brussels. "Surest thing you know," he replied in perfect American, and we felt very much at home.

I am going now, for just a moment, to England. I wish I could tell you about the gallant fleet we saw anchored in the North of England, but that is taboo. I am going to take you to Glasgow and tell you that there, on the Clyde, they are to-day manufacturing not only ships, large and small, but aeroplanes, tanks, ammunition of all kinds. We saw the great Singer Sewing Machine factory, not making sewing machines, but turning out thousands and thousands of great shells, and thousands and thousands of fuses. I can't tell you the number, but if Germany thinks that Great Britain is getting short of ammunition or supplies, she has got to revise her estimates.

From Glasgow we went to Carlisle, and there we saw the wonderful powder plant that employs twenty thousand persons, one-half of whom are women. Eighteen months ago there was nothing here but a green pasture. To-day over sixty thousand people have their homes in this locality. They have schools, lecture-rooms, stores, theaters, bakeries, electric lights—everything that a complete city has. We went through the houses where the employees live. The girls, if they are without their families, are quartered in large wooden buildings called "cubicals," one-story dormitories accommodating ninety-six girls each in charge of a matron and an assistant. Each girl has her own little room, partly inclosed, furnished with a bed and bureau, and there is in each cubical a general assembly room for reading and social meetings. Everything in this plant is carried on with mathematical precision. Every ounce of powder is an exact ounce, for any variation in the quantity anywhere along the line would upset the range of the guns on the firing line. At first they had great difficulty in making the girls realize the importance of accuracy, and many cases were reported of overcharges. When spoken to, the girls would reply, "What difference does it make? It's all for Jock and a little extra good measure will help him win the fight." Here let me pay my tribute to the splendid womanhood of Great Britain, to the women, who, irrespective of social position or financial standing, are doing their part in the great struggle. Each is doing her bit, the best she knows how, heroically, nobly. No sacrifice is too great, no hardship too severe, whether it be in the hospitals, in the workshops, on the farms, in the offices, their determination, their zeal and their courage surmount all difficulties and nerve them to face sorrow and suffering without a murmur. Ambassador Page related an instance which happened to him. He knew a lady and gentleman of rank and wealth who had an only

son. This boy volunteered in the army. One day Mr. Page met the lady at a reception, and with a smile on her face, she came up to him and said, "Mr. Page, have you heard of the great honor which has come to my husband and myself?" He, knowing of the promise of the boy and the brightness of his future as well as of the hopes they had in him as the heir of their title and wealth, supposed, of course, she referred to some promotion. He said, "No; I have not heard of the honor." She replied, "Our boy has been killed fighting for his country." My friends, when you think of what this must have meant to that woman, when you think of what the heartache must have been as she faced the future, you can realize what courage means when the supreme test comes, and her case is only one of thousands. From the mansion to the hut, the poor and the wealthy, the high and the low, meet on common ground in the great democracy of patriotism and death.

Let me recount another pathetic story, or at least one showing the splendid spirit of these magnificent women. While in Flanders I became acquainted with an auto driver, a young soldier who had been in the regular army, had been wounded and honorably discharged and then had volunteered as chauffeur. He asked me which way I was going home, and I told him by way of Liverpool. He said, "I have a mother in Chester, and would it be asking too much if you would go and see her?" I told him if I were to be in Liverpool I would also be in Chester and that I would call on his mother. I did so, and found the address he had given me in a very lowly part of the city. It was a simple house, a humble home. I knocked at the door and an elderly woman with pleasant face and kindly manner greeted me. Sleeves rolled up and a great apron showed that she was at work in her kitchen. I told her I came with a message from her boy and her face became radiant as the sun. She invited me to the kitchen where she was preparing dinner, and I met there her five daughters who had come home from their work to take lunch with their mother. I told her her boy was safe and happy and had sent his love to her and his sisters. She said, "Oh, he is a good boy; he is the hope of my life. I have been his father as well as his mother, because my husband died when he was only two years old. When the war came he was determined to do his part and enlisted. I did not try to stop him. After his honorable discharge on account of his wounds I thought perhaps he would stay at home, but he was not satisfied because he thought there was still some work he could do and so he enlisted in the auto service. I did not argue with him, for I knew where his heart was and mine was

there too; it was the call of duty." She told me that her five daughters were all in the service, one in an ammunition plant, one in a gun factory, one a conductor on a trolley car. I have forgotten what the other two were doing, but they were all doing their bit in the war; and then the mother said, "Husband gone, one son at the front, five girls at work, my only regret is that I have no more children to give in the cause of my country."

That is the spirit of the hour to-day in France and Great Britain, in Canada, in Australia, in Italy. It is the spirit of freedom and liberty ringing out from brave hearts. That is the spirit which inspired Washington and the patriots of our own Revolution. It is the spirit, too, of America of the present, calling to her sons and daughters in this hour of trial. That is the spirit that impels men to follow onward and plant the old flag forward in the fight.

You may ask me how long this war is going to last, and I say, I do not know. You may ask me how many men it is going to take to win this war, and again I answer, I do not know. But I do know this, that no matter how long it may take, or how many men it may take, the war is going on backed by all the resources of this country, until it is won for justice, liberty and righteousness. The pathway we are going to follow is a pathway of hardships and of sacrifice and of trials. It is a path that will lead by the graves of sons and of brothers, heroes who have fallen in the fight; it will lead down into the darkness of sorrows, into the vale of tears; but it is the pathway to that victory which will mean a permanent peace and the supremacy of the principles of our Republic now and for evermore.

TWO: BY REVEREND ISAAC J. LANSING

We are told that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the Governed." This noble phrase from the immortal Declaration of Independence, is sometimes said to contain the adequate definition of a democracy. But this quotation requires explanation. If it means that all governments derive their just powers from the active consent of those governed, we must urge that this is plainly untrue, since the women living under such governments and constituting fully one-half of their responsible inhabitants, have rarely or never been asked their consent in any form of government. This fact alone invalidates the quotation as a definition.

If the statement means that all who live under a government must give active or passive consent, it then appears that no government exists wherein there is not a considerable minority which lives in a constant state of protest against it; and these are not all law breakers necessarily, but oftentimes are the most progressive of its people. The truth is that governments derive their just powers not primarily from the consent of men but from the universal and benevolent laws of God, laws not primarily made or amended, neither created nor repealed by any human legislative body. Nor can they ever be. They are the established code of an eternal order.

A few days ago the Premier of Great Britain, Mr. Lloyd George, in a very impressive speech to an industrial Convention, defining democracy, used these words: "Democracy, in plain terms, is the rule of the Majority." But from time to time in our own country, which we claim to be representatively democratic, the Administration, under our system of voting, has been elected by a minority of the voters voting, and a more marked minority of all the legal voters. And in such a case if the administration is partisan, the will of the majority is subordinated to that of the minority. If it is said that the majority passively consent, it would not help matters to say that in a government ruled by a minority to whose rule the majority consents, the result is a democracy. It might be an oligarchy.

Once again, we note that a few days ago the Japanese, who have really an autocratic government, hearing so much said by us and others about our purpose to foster democracy, took alarm and inquired whether they were to understand that we purposed to make of their government a democracy,—a natural and very embarrassing question. To this the minister of the United States in their country replied, that "The Allies were fighting not for democracy *in* nations but for democracy *among* nations." Deft and novel as this turn of speech may be, you cannot suppose that it satisfied the acute Japanese mind. No more does it satisfy our own. It may state a fact or it may not, but if this is the test of democracy, then our government in the past, and that of monarchical states which have constitutions and parliaments, are not warranted in being classed as democracies.

Once more, by your leave, I note that a sagacious publicist has recently said: "In an autocracy, the administration directs the people and their representatives; in a democracy, the people direct their administrator or administrators." The day after I first read this, the "Overman Bill" was presented to the Senate of the United States, by request of the President, asking that

Congress which had recently granted him powers in excess of those of almost any monarch on earth, should add almost indefinitely to those powers. Is it not obvious that the President for practically all the term of his presidency, has constrained and directed the representatives of the people, and so the people themselves? If this is true, as it appears to me to be, then this fourth definition of democracy is not applicable to this country.

You have borne with me while I have tried to prove to you that I do not so fully know what democracy is that I would assume to define it or its aims to you. And I shall be very glad if you know so well what I do not know that I need not try further to define it.

Our general topic is "The Spiritual Aims and Gains of the Nation." This subject I should be able in some degree to illuminate. I am well aware that I am in the presence of statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, philanthropists and masters of affairs. Each of you know much that I do not know as well as you know it, about statecraft, law, military affairs, and various specialties relating to the public welfare. Toward your larger knowledge I feel a becoming deference and respect. My specialty is the things of the spiritual life as relating to God and man. Trusting to the large hospitality of your minds, may I be permitted to reveal my own thinking on the subject which, as a minister of God to men, I ought to know more about than any other. Let me speak as a Christian teacher who seeks to have also the vision of a statesman.

All that I say will be within the limits of the defined policies and purposes of that American statesman now everywhere acclaimed as most worthy of the respect and honor of all who love liberty under law, Abraham Lincoln. Of his spiritual vision and piety as applied to the conduct of weighty affairs in which he won immortal fame, Mr. James G. Blaine, one of our most honored names, thus speaks in his "Twenty Years in Congress": "Throughout the whole period of the (Civil) War, he (Mr. Lincoln) constantly directed the attention of the nation to dependence on God. It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single state paper. In every message to Congress, in every proclamation to the people, he made this prominent.

"In July, 1863, after the Battle of Gettysburg, he called on the people to give thanks because 'it hath pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe signal and effective victories to the Army and Navy of the United States,' and he asked the people 'to render homage to the Divine Majesty and to invoke the influence of His

Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion.'

"On another occasion, recounting the blessings which had come to the Union, he said, 'No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, Who while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.'

"Throughout his entire official career,—attended at all times with exacting duty and painful responsibility,—he never forgot his own dependence or the dependence of the people upon a Higher Power.

"In his last public address, delivered to an immense crowd assembled at the White House on the 11th of April, 1865, to congratulate him on the victories of the Union, the President, standing as he unconsciously was, in the very shadow of death, said reverently to his hearers, 'In the midst of your joyous expression, He from Whom all blessings flow must first be remembered.'"

This reflection of Mr. Lincoln's thought and spirit, attested by his eminent contemporary, may well impress upon us the wisdom and the source of true and immortal statesmanship, and vindicate, if it needs vindication, my purpose to discuss the emergence out of this war of those spiritual certainties which have appeared and will more fully appear to those who watch for the stars which are rising on the brow of this dark and dreadful night.

What broadest principles of enduring life, principles which are momentous and everlasting, essential to the life of human society and the continuance of the civil state, have become clear since the war began and are destined to grow clearer as long as reason and life last? A selected few of these permit me to discuss.

FIRST: Materialism is discredited, stripped and repudiated—materialism, affirming physical energy but denying the soul, rejecting God and lightly regarding authoritative morals, has been rampant. Its creed is atheistic; its fundamental theory is of a Godless world. It declares matter sufficient unto itself to produce itself, to account for itself, to guide itself, to be in itself an end and goal, and all without God. It has been assumed, allowed, promulgated, accepted as having its adequate basis in atheistic evolution. Evolution without God, blind, without foresight or mind, if begun at all, proceeding by an irresistible force, (whether backward or forward it offers no criteria to prove), in which human life appears as other life appears, doing what it

must, without controlling volition and without either duty or obligation,—this had become the conceived background, the alleged cause, the assumed uncontrolled certainty in individual and collective life.

Germany, possessed with this prevalent idea, has exalted to the position of axioms of interpretation in social and national life, the two fundamental passwords, supposed to govern the origin of species, namely, "The struggle for life," and the "Survival of the fittest." They were logical in assuming that if these tests are true anywhere, they are true everywhere; that if they apply to the human species at all they apply to it always and under all circumstances. What more natural or pleasing in their life than to conclude, as they might say, irresistibly, that they, as individuals and as a people, had made the "struggle for life" in competition with other peoples, and had proved in themselves by their superiority, as they conceived it, that their fitness was the fitness of "the fittest" and their "survival" was actually and prophetically assured. This they had the courage to affirm. In so doing their main premise being allowed, they were perfectly logical. They were carrying their theory to its practical application and limit.

Out of this process emerged for Nietzsche, "The Superman" which (or who) is the finality in his conception and philosophy of the individual, and that of Germany which follows him. The "superman" is he who is superior to all but himself, superior to all law but that of his own volition, a perfect egoist, who, untrammelled and of necessity, sacrifices all to himself. In self-assertion he holds his might to be the only right, and he practically worships himself, his own desires and his own will.

Treitschke, chief of Germany's political philosophers, their acknowledged master, at first strongly averse to Nietzsche, later took advantage of the latter's suggestion to affirm that the "super-state" was the one and only superior of the "superman"—the state affirming its will, its unrivaled and uncontradicted demands, from which there could be no appeal and beyond which no right. The affirmation of German superiority is a natural and logical result of the doctrine of evolution without God,—materialistic evolution. Fixing on this their gaze, the whole teaching force of this empire proceeded to work out and to teach its philosophy through all its educative agencies, until, after the lapse of years, it came to be the fixed belief of their intellectuals, their civil leaders and their military men. Might being declared to be the only right, and might only and always materialism in one or another form, from this they reasoned that they had before them the duty and the destiny of subjugating the world. The scheme

of thought has governed their education, has made their theory of the Nation; their theory has ultimated in their policy and conduct, and ignoring all that the rest of the world holds as the true theory and right action of men and nations, they have undertaken to conquer the world, which they despise as inferior in its evolution to themselves. They are absolutely true to the doctrine of evolution as they hold it, having no God over all and no spiritual nature in man. And this is called a "scientific" view, that being a momentous word with which to conjure confidence.

Asserting it, gave them an assumed leadership in education. Their imitators were found in many lands, their propagandists everywhere. Their idea of themselves they wished us all to entertain, and an idea of ourselves which subordinated us to them. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who, I believe, was in the University with the Kaiser, well says: "The great German propaganda is more than twenty years old and was part of a general scheme to prepare the United States for the war in which we are now engaged. Not only the Imperial Staff of the German army acted as a central bureau of information on all things American; but the schools, the universities and societies for the propagation of *Deutschthum* and *Deutsche Kultur* were steered by military officials to prepare the American mind for a beneficent German Empire in which a Germanized America would be one of the many provinces bowing down to a Germanized Augustus Cæsar.

"Every American school, university or scientific institution was feeling the spell of this propaganda without knowing its source. American colleges were commencing to feel that there was little worth learning in France or England—that the goal of academic ambition was a Berlin or Leipzig Ph. D. degree. The arrogance of all Prussian professors at our seats of learning was mistaken by us for the assertiveness of great masters and we little dreamed that these poisonous pundits thought more of a Fourth Class Red Ribbon in Berlin than of the good will of their colleagues of Harvard or Ann Arbor.

"And then the Exchange Professors and the visit of Prince Henry, and the Germanic Museum for Harvard, and the statue of Frederick the Great for Washington and the persistent and nauseating celebration where glasses were raised to the 'traditional friendship' of the two countries—and all the while the great general staff of Berlin was feverishly at work preparing plans for an invasion of America on the Belgian-Rumanian plan." With Mr. Bigelow agree the best informed students of affairs everywhere.

Plainly stated their purpose is the mastery, enslavement and robbery of all nations. This purpose is now resisted by all but

their present dupes and slaves, and the principles which they profess are equally repudiated. If we were once blindly drifting into their way of thinking, we now renounce it. Their philosophy is no longer philosophy, their science is no longer science to us. Both are Prussianism at its worst. In every realm we have partially conceded to them the primacy which they have claimed. Now we see their falseness and our folly. Their high priests of science falsely so called, have not the first quality of a scientific mind, namely truthfulness—the love of truth. In the first year of the war nearly one hundred of the most distinguished of them drew up and signed a declaration addressed “to the civilized world” in which among other statements, these are given prominence: “It is not true that Germany is guilty of having caused this war. It is not true that the life and property of a single Belgian citizen was injured by our soldiers without the bitterest self-defence having made it necessary. It is not true that our troops treated Louvain brutally. It is not true that our warfare pays no respect to international laws.” A distinguished American specialist in physical science truthfully says, “In these false declarations by German scientists whose names, many of them, are household words,—declarations which have never been withdrawn—German science has met the greatest downfall in her history.” Yet these are the leaders, the masters who have been sought, lauded and blindly followed for two generations as having the right, because they claimed it, to reconstruct human ideals and thought on the basis of their scientific dicit. We are ashamed of our fatuous folly. These immoral, inhuman slaves of their Prussian masters have been sought to teach us science, theology, sociology. What are academic degrees worth, given by such critics and professors? They have sown the wind; we are now reaping the whirlwind. Their materialism is bringing forth its expected and legitimate fruit. Their national goal is consistent with their characters and word. *They* may be willing to be slaves to Prussia. *We* are not. Their national aims may be consistent with their theory though without a shred of morality or humanity. One such nation wrought out on their materialistic plan is one too many. We repudiate their theory. We are shamed by our own act in having followed them. We abandon materialism as an aim for our own or any other nation. And I hope we are penitent for the misery which we have caused by foolishly following such pretenders.

SECOND: Wealth as an object of worship is dethroned.—It had been allowed to usurp the throne of God. Of this peril we had been warned ages ago. The great Saviour of the world

lived and wrought in an age when sculptured and painted idols were everywhere and mythologies about these were religion. Of any one of these idols of wood and stone, He never spoke; concerning them, He uttered no warning. There was but one idol to whom He alluded as disputing with the one true and living God the homage of men. It was Mammon. And Mammon had never been painted or sculptured. It was merely a name, used three times in the New Testament, for wealth as an object of worship. Christ knew that long after all worship of stones was abandoned, wealth would dispute with the true God the devotion of men.

Our age illustrated the fact. Money, or wealth, has been the measure and gauge of success. He who gained it was the envied and successful man. Gradations of society have been fixed by it. The upper class has been the rich; the lower class the poor. Pride, show, splendor, extravagance, have been the touchstone of coveted life. Moral and spiritual standards have been subordinated to gain. The market was esteemed more than the martyr. Lying to gain financial advantage was accounted venial. Education was bent to moneymaking vocations. At length the naked wickedness of Mammon worship became clear, as the German-Austrian-Turkish robbers began to assault and plunder the world. When empires lie, break treaties and steal, the magnitude of the disaster frightens us. The lust of wealth in this so-called cultured age, then takes on a fury if ever equalled, certainly never surpassed. Wealth was so lordly and so mighty that we had been told that there could never be a general European war, that the bankers of Europe would not permit it; their money power would be the final arbiter. When the actual crisis came they had no more power than children armed with reeds, pushing back the avalanche. Mammon attacked, was afraid. It could not protect itself nor the world which had worshiped it. In dire extremity, it called for help; called on Patriotism to come to the rescue. But even patriotism was enfeebled by subordination to wealth, lying with its head in Mammon's lap, like Samson in Delilah's. At length patriotism slowly broke from deadly dalliance and called on Honor, Liberty, Humanity, Morality, to come to the rescue and save wealth and country. And these powers not material but spiritual; not the creatures nor the worshippers of wealth but the offspring of the living God, leaped up and entered the fray. Hindered so long but ever persistent, they alone could defend Mammon which they always regarded as a slave. Like Dagon before the ark of the Lord, Mammon groveled and begged. Its prestige and its power were gone. It could not help itself, much less defend

others. Then we saw and confessed that we had a primary duty to One higher than money; that the things of the spirit were most worth saving, that for them we might wisely spend all our wealth. And at the call of Patriotism, Honor, Morality, Liberty and Humanity, we began to pour forth the accumulated and stored treasures of years. They became a sacrifice on the altar of eternal spiritual good. By spiritual energy, motive and intelligence they made wealth a powerful defensive agency.

How better can this great fact be shown than by the motive and the act which gave fifty million dollars to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association? The gift was asked to make great and noble the souls of our soldiery. Early in the war the cry came that the first thing in the making of a first-rate soldier was the spirit of him. The French called it the "morale," best paraphrased as "the state of mind." It meant everything which operates in the inner and spiritual life of the men; sympathy, duty, care, purity, cheer, faith, fealty, spirituality, loyalty to the unseen and the Eternal. From the spiritual energy and wisdom which saw and urged the need, came the outpouring of our gold, now doing its worthiest service. And now we know that wealth is a good servant and can ever be such; a servant of man, of the man with a soul, and with a duty to God and to his fellows, but nevermore enthroned as master of souls. Money is the servant of God and the servant of men. It should cease from now on to be the boast, the hope, the goal of life and be only its servant. We are laying it on the altar of God and humanity. It shall never dispute His throne.

THIRD: God is enthroned as the essential head of government.—The recent past has seen the rise of numerous speculative theories of human life and society. With differing labels they have had a general likeness, and without practical tests, have gained credence. Because new, they have been assumed to be true, if indeed they can be said to be as original as they are vague and novel. Private morals and public duties have been thrown into confusion. Most of these theories have had this in common, that they were atheistic efforts to do without God and to be substitutes for religion and morals. Two of these may stand for the rest, Anarchism and Socialism. In practical application Anarchism is adverse to all governments and all government. It objects to all morals and moral laws, protests against restraint, opposes rule and rulers, and is not only oblivious of God but rages against Him. Not definable in few words, it rejects almost all institutions and the principles on which they are founded; calls all morality "slave morality," and assumes that each individual is the only authoritative ruler. Within a

few weeks a woman now in a United States prison, holding all these ideas in a most outspoken form, has assembled an audience of three thousand in New York, and held them for three hours in enthusiastic approval of her words, while she has denounced practically all individual, social and legal restraints. That audience, composed largely of people recently come to this country, is representative of great numbers in this and other lands who endorse these crazy dreams. They systematically teach to young children all these subversive ideas, and practice, defiantly, their teachings. One prominent among them, once a Christian minister, in a widely circulated volume, strenuously objects to the idea of God as Father, declaring that we neither need nor want a father—God, nor any kind of relation which suggests subordination and dependence.

Socialism in its most strenuous forms, as in the German Social Democracy, is an association of people, found in many countries, which is difficult to define briefly and characterize; difficult to define because there is no authoritative representative whose definitions are standard; and not easy to describe because there are many varying stages of the thought, which do not agree one with another. Allowing for these variations, we may take the mass of the Social Democrats in Germany and their sympathizers in Russia for illustration. All are atheistic, selfish, intolerant, violent against wealth and equally against work, whose purpose is to dispossess those who have any accumulated property, or any control of machinery, business and goods, and to rearrange the whole direction and ownership of the same. The Bolsheviki represent a sufficiently large number of these to illustrate what they may do if they gain control in any land. The product of these theories is in sight. It is chaos. Russia is illustrating it. Here is a headless nation, because it is without control, without law, without government, and pervaded with a reckless sense of irresponsibility to any power human or divine.

Stability in a community, a state, a nation, must rest on a foundation of laws; these on an underlying foundation of principles and these must express reverence for duties and rights, and good will for one's neighbors. The deepest principle is a sense of Right and this has been placed in the constitution of things by the Creator. Out of Right as conceived and affirmed by God, come rights, duties, authority, government, order, harmony and prosperity. By these are upheld honor and liberty, in their only true and reasonable definitions and sanctions. On anarchy you cannot predicate order. Its outcome is chaos, confusion.

In a godless society, right, authority and government are impossible. These must be founded on God and derived from Him. And He from Whom these are derived and by Whom sanctioned, is and must be much more than a Being of might, authorizing any and all actions which one can assert the power and the will to do. Sanctioning virtue He must possess it. If He were without holiness or righteousness, mercy or love, He could neither direct nor demand these. The basis of society is not any conception of God which a heathen or a Prussian may conceive to best correspond to his ambitions, but the one and only God, the God of universal man, of universal right and of universal law. Human good will must find its sanction in Divine good will and the spring of good will in man or God, is and must be love. Out of this attribute comes and becomes all benevolent feeling and beneficent law. As we know God, the ultimate statute of His kingdom is the command to men to love Him and to love one another. Unless He is lovable in His character no one, by being commanded, could be compelled to love Him. A god of mere Might or a man in whom Might is all, does not suggest love nor show love, nor show the least possibility of evoking it. A nation to which Might is supreme, cannot know love and cannot be loved. Unless there is the sanction of the heart to the principles, purposes and motives of government, it cannot hold and direct the race. And laws arbitrarily forced upon men by a characterless being, must issue in characterless society.

The God who being enthroned, assures social order (including civil), must be the God who is revealed as Power and Love with all that these imply. And there is but One who has ever been revealed to men who has this character. He is the living God whom Jesus Christ especially has made known to us. And so Christ revealing Him becomes "the chief corner stone" of the world order, and love becomes its vital and universal principle. Any other view of man and society leaves the individual selfish, greedy, cruel and detached. At the same time it disintegrates society, condemns law, causing repulsion instead of attraction, confusion instead of order. It is not possible to have society, the social order among men, without bringing them to reverence and obey the God whose law is wisdom and love. To make order possible, to save the state, to create society, to establish law, we enthrone God.

The Prelude to the Constitution of the United States reads: "We, the People of the United States, in order to secure a more perfect union, to establish Justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, and to secure the blessings of

Liberty for ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish the following Constitution"—"Order," "Union," "Tranquillity," "Defense," hold beneficent meanings only when limited and defined by the Law of God. Reverence for Constitutions must be assured through reverence for God.

FOURTH: Transcendent spiritual necessities demand and justify physical sacrifices. Having wisely and rationally apprehended that spiritual good and attributes are of the highest worth to us, we are readily and eagerly giving and exchanging for their maintenance all physical possessions, and even life itself. If we have repudiated materialism as a theory of human life and advantage, and accepted spiritual treasures instead, we are proving our practical faith by offering all we possess to uphold our good confession. Unlimited material sacrifices are being poured out by which to maintain, conserve and promote our spiritual possessions. Not mere passive assent do we give to the proposition that spiritual good is worth more than material, but we actively offer all we have in proof. Of our surrender of wealth and goods we have already spoken. A vastly greater gift asserts a much deeper faith. It is the gift of life and suffering.

Of this supreme personal sacrifice an immortal example is found in the martyrdom of Edith Cavell. Serving the cause of humanity and right, she refused to count her life dear unto her at the dictate of brutal might. With her beautiful life on the one hand and the grave on the other, life to be preserved by inhumanity on her part, and death to be visited upon her for benevolence, she chose the immortal good. And she deserves immortal fame. Yet she is only one of her sex of whom uncounted thousands have the same estimate of the duties and values of life. Our gold is dross compared with such offerings of flesh for spirit.

As this and these are personal sacrifices, so on a national scale, we have seen the devotion of the nation of Belgium to honor and truth. The choice was deliberate. History can never describe the grandeur of that choice. There was the offer of protection and material advantage without limit at the hands of the German tempter. The alternative, undisguised, was devastation and death. It was a clear choice between physical riches and spiritual wealth. And there was no hesitation, no uncertainty, no debate. Belgium offered all. Her rulers, her men, women and children surrendered every visible and estimable treasure so that she might keep an unsullied soul; so that the honor, truth, duty of the nation might shine as the stars forever. Wonder seizes us whenever we reflect on the exaltation of

motive, and the sacrificial exchange which Belgium made of the things which are seen and temporal for the things which are not seen and eternal.

As Belgium illustrates this spirit of sacrifice on a national scale, no less have the Allies done likewise in the International policy which they have adopted. Their choice has been of the same nature. Their governments have staked all on the greater value of spiritual character and qualities. All that can add glory and pleasure to the outer things of a transient world they have offered up so as to gain and own forever the spirit, and the deserved reputation of honesty and integrity of life. Their whole populations, of one and another country, have vied with each other in proving their loyalty to morality, humanity, integrity and liberty. For Right, moral, humane, God-revealed and God-sanctioned Right, we offer, and if need be, will give up all our physical possessions.

Such sacrifice is not only made but gladly and quickly made, as we are moved by spiritual impulses and guided by reason. For the law of sacrifice is a wholly reasonable law. Seeing that all things have value, and that some things have a much greater value than others, we compare and measure these things and choose that which has the greater worth. For this we give the lesser. The exchange is made; we are enriched; and the act of sacrifice passes into the records of wisdom and goodness. Thus we estimate the things of the spirit, and we estimate the things of the flesh. The latter are very precious; the former are much more so. We choose the things which we are sure are worthiest and most precious. And it is the consciousness of doing this which exalts our seeming losses to immortal gains.

How significant is this exchange when we consider that now, for the things of the spirit, human life, many countless lives are being given. This very fact assures us of the immortality of our personality. If the spiritual attributes of the man are worthy of defense through giving up our material goods, much more the spiritual personality which these attributes express and adorn, is undying. We cannot rationally hold to the theory of a merely mortal life, ended at the grave, and then give it for so-called spiritual good. If this life is all, if there is no more life after it, then it is all and the best I have. Indeed it is so valuable that nothing can be measured against it. When it is gone, all is gone, and as for me, I am gone. Were that the fact, then I would not on any account or for any cause, surrender my life. Not anything nor everything else could be weighed or measured against it to warrant the exchange. If I give all for nothing, I am a fool. But we all wisely postulate immortal life. After

this life, there is more life for us. We end our career on earth, but we go on beyond. Only the certainty of this makes reasonable our offering of life.

And so in this great day, taking inventory of our greatest treasures, we have come to have a clear view of our spirit and its immortal future. This estimate is what Jesus Christ made,—He who brought life and immortality to light. He made the sacrifice of all material things to be the attestation of the greater value of the spiritual things which remained, and He gave His life because eternal life is better and because He had more life than can ever be subject to death. The war is, on the German side, the battle of materialism, of might. Necessarily it must be stated in physical terms. Their war is immoral, unrighteous, unholy, unmerciful, inhuman, without honor, and with plunder and merely material gain for its purpose. By their purpose our spiritual heritage is assailed. Against their design we array all our spiritual forces which carry with them all our physical possessions, so that Right may rule, that eternal Right may govern the souls and the lives of men and nations, and the essentials which are eternal may remain our immortal possessions.

FIFTH: Through world-wide coöperation we are coming to world fraternity. With our Allies we are working unitedly and drawing closer in a coöperation which is at once a fellowship of suffering and of mutual love and help. Hitherto we have not realized that we are really near neighbors to them. Fraternity has been more spoken of than felt. But now all indifference has been dissipated and our former isolation has ceased to exist. We could no longer withhold from them our sympathy or our service. Joining with them, we resist tyranny and contend against a common foe. Uniting with them in merciful service, our sympathies as well as our courage unify us.

How could real fraternity be more assured than by the friendly aid of which the Red Cross Society is the most conspicuous example? Is there any kind of need which we are not eagerly seeking through it to alleviate? Its emblem, the Cross, is the sign of reconciliation of two worlds, heaven and earth; and of two continents and all peoples. Others suffer. That is all we need to know. And we hasten to them, bearing in our hands and in our hearts whatever will alleviate their distress.

Of kindred character and influence is our policy of "Food Conservation" by which, with self-denial, self-control and self-sacrifice, we build up the strength of others. Even to this day, as many times in years past, when we move against the sale and use of alcoholic beverages, some men remonstrate with us and ask, "Are you daring to invade our liberties and to tell us

what we shall drink? By and by, you will tell us what to eat." Quite true. Our government is now welcome at our homes and tables as it comes in and tells us what to eat. For it not only advises and urges us what to eat but prescribes what we shall not eat. Four years ago we should have jeered at the possibility of such a course. Now we know that our very life as a nation depends on our compliance. And even more marvelous is the fact that we are doing this so that what we save shall be sent across the sea to feed and strengthen millions whom we never saw and never will know. Our most private and personal use of food is being governed in the interests of the whole world. And we are glad to have it so. "Deny yourself" is as truly a government order as it is a command of Christ. It is the only rule by which the nations are to be saved.

The Salvation Army, in its extreme poverty, used to advertise, "Self-Denial Week." We were wont to smile at their ardor and to count its fanaticism. Its purpose was good, but in their poverty and manifest need, we wondered why or how they could exercise self-denial. Now, we who then smiled are doing as they did to save our lives by saving others. It has been told that when our soldiers first went to France, they were greeted as "The Salvation Army." Such they were and are. We are all marching with them. They and we and all who deny themselves for others are the Salvation Army of the World.

And how remarkable that we are becoming clearly aware that salvation comes through self-denial, and wisest self-direction. No man is living to himself if he is living usefully or rationally. We now regulate our desires and our actions by God's commands and by the needs of others, as the national government makes them known to us. Our interests affiliated with our Allies make our evident obligations. Selfish purposes are shamed and fought. Profiteering is forbidden by law; that is, taking selfish advantage in the commercial world of the necessities of others and enriching ourselves at their expense. From a new angle we see that waste and wickedness are inseparable from the liquor traffic. We protest on the broadest grounds against food-stuffs being used to make ruinous and poisonous drinks. There is something to be done with grains which must take precedence of any selfish use of them. Our care for our human brothers is being emphasized. On it depends our own welfare, inseparable from theirs. We are brothers in spirit and action. We suffer and serve in love for one another. And so we come to live as men must who live well. The love for our neighbor is the goal of our highest victory, the motive and result of self-mastery.

SIXTH: The Christian doctrine of human world unity is vindicated. The word "Christian" I use unhesitatingly because all the gains and aims which I hereto have named are Christian, and expressions of Christian principles and teaching. Essentially spiritual, Christian truth must repudiate mere materialism and put in its place the truths of a spiritual world. Likewise Christianity dethrones Mammon and makes wealth the servant of higher things. It enthrones God and finds in Him the source of the laws of life and human order. One of its central doctrines is that of self-sacrifice for the good of others. And it leads the world in announcing and cultivating the spirit of brotherhood in and among men. So likewise it assumes and teaches the unity and equality of men of every race and clime as subjects of Divine mercy and care.

In theory and practice this teaching has been always contested by mankind. Men of one nation or tribe have considered themselves superior to their fellow men of other locations and characteristics and have usually held a hostile rather than a friendly relation to the stranger.

Assuming human unity, Christ directed a universal propaganda of teaching and evangelizing among all men. The four universals of His final commission to His disciples are thus given in the Bible: "*All* authority hath been given me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of *all* nations baptizing them into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe *all* things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you *all* the days, even unto the end of the world." This is an announcement of a world religion, teaching the unity of law, of morals, of truth, of humanity, of kindness and help everywhere.

So, obedient to this broad direction, the followers of Christ in every age have gone into all lands and among all peoples vindicating world unity, a common humanity and a universal duty of man to God and of man to man. Extensive and inclusive as this conception is, it has by many been opposed, traduced, belittled and scorned. Without hesitation, those who understood their Lord have persisted in their glorious enterprise. By their doctrine of God and their love of humanity they have profoundly impressed the mind of the as yet unchristian world. And so well have they represented and taught the doctrine of Christ that, at this time, among other world-wide benefits which they admittedly have conferred, is that they have visibly given to the leaders of every land of the Orient a lofty conception of the Christian spirit and purpose.

Naturally the preponderating millions of Asia might have assumed that all the peoples of the West from whence these missionaries came, were Christian. But they have learned to discriminate. And now when nations of the western world who might have been expected to be Christians, have assailed the rest of mankind in ways so selfish and so wicked as to shock even a savage mind, all these oriental nations understand that such assailants are not Christians. They also understand that the defenders of the best things in human life, because they so defend, are not to be classed with their assailants, and that on the side of Germany are the foes of humanity as on the side of the Allies are its friends. The Asiatic nations therefore are the friends of the Allies. And while by the vastness of their numbers they might, if hostile, overwhelm the western world, they are now its friends, ready to police the world and to preserve and defend the things which the missionaries have taught them are the best and the most sacred for universal man.

We owe it to-day to the work of the Christian missionaries teaching the nature of God as Father and the privilege of men as brothers, that the sympathies and alliances of the Asiatic and even the African world are with the Allies.

The grounds on which Germany seeks to subjugate and tyrannize over the human race are totally unchristian. Assuming with unspeakable conceit that they are superior to all the rest of mankind and that they shall be masters while all the rest are their slaves, they have not only awakened Europe and America to resist them but have shown to the Far East as well, their presumption, their savagery and their unfitness to rule.

It remains for the nations of the West to see their duty to send hereafter their best representatives to the East to give to them our very best treasures, training and culture. Last year by dint of great self-denial, the Christians of the North American Continent spent twenty million dollars, most freely given, to carry the best of their possessions, the truth of the Gospel, to far lands. Last year the smokers of tobacco in the United States spent more than a thousand millions for smokes, fifty times as much as the Churches could send to teach and care for the heathen world. Suppose that a spirit of self-denial had come over those who waste this vast sum and suppose that it were diverted to give our very best people and the best truth, undoubtedly the truth of Christianity, to the world—what relation would that have to the consolidation, prosperity and peace of mankind? And suppose even that our Government as a matter of economy, so as to save billions of American money and bil-

lions of value of goods, with millions of invaluable lives, should hereafter pursue the purpose of uplifting and unifying the world of mankind in a wholly kindly, brotherly, unselfish, philanthropic and Christian way. What more wonderful political economy could be launched and out of what could spring greater universal advantage?

Seriously and reverently let me say that the foregoing facts of life and reason made known to the world and impressed on the minds of men, seem to me a rich compensation for our defensive war and a call far more impressive than the war cry of "Democracy," to furnish a reason and a means of bringing to us victory. The form of government is of far less concern than its purpose and spirit—and that spirit with its form and fruitage, the love of God and love of man, reveal the prizes of victory now inciting us to battle.

THREE: BY DR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS

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NOTHING could have done more to awaken the country than the occurrence which took place this week. We think of the men who have met death in the waters of the sea which our fathers crossed to seek liberty, with the renewed determination that we shall continue to final, complete and absolute victory the war on which we have entered for the freedom of the world. Those men who have given life's last sacrifice are the pledge of the Republic, and while tides move and winds blow, this Republic will continue to be the guardian, not only of its own liberties, but of the freedom and peace of the world. It is fighting this war to secure both. We are doing but what we have done before. We fought one war to secure our independence, and we won that; we fought another war to secure the liberty of the slave, and we won that; and we are fighting this war to secure the liberty of humanity, and we shall win that!

This great democracy is sometimes spoken of as casual in its decisions, as passing from phase to phase. There is not in the world to-day, and there never has been in history, a marching host whose marching orders were so constant and continuous, and which, like the men of war in the army which Ezekiel saw, turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward.

We determined to draw a ring fence around the thirteen colonies, unite them in a single nation and guarantee peace for the

Continent. It was for this our Fathers called their army the *Continental* army. And we had peace, except for the war brought on by slavery, that bitter evil whose seed our fathers planted and whose sour grapes their descendants ate, and I see before me at least one, Senator Miller, who shared in that great war. I remember him in the Assembly at Albany when he could still draw you into a corner and tell you of his service as a cavalryman; but you have forgotten his military experience in the abundant service which he rendered as a statesman during the course of the score of years when he was in the forefront of legislative work.

Having drawn a ring fence around this continent, ninety-five years ago, we decided to draw a ring fence of peace around the Western Hemisphere, and we did that when we proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine. That was our second step; and to-day we are proposing that, leading the self-governing nations of the world; we will draw a ring fence around the world and allow no aggressive warfare within that.

Exactly as we made small states as safe in their rights, their liberties, and their peace, exactly as we decided that we would as little permit San Salvador which is a fraction of the size of Delaware, to be invaded by a foreign foe as ourselves, so, following the same policy, unchanged and unalterable, which has come down to us from the fathers, we propose that, however small the country may be, no country shall ever be great enough to do it injustice while a league of self-governing states stands to guard the liberty and rights of men and of nations alike. That is the great task to which we have set ourselves, and we need to look upon this war as no accident brought on by aggression. When we decided to be free ourselves, we became the enemies of the king business, and we propose now to end the king business, once and for all. We propose that never again shall it be possible for a man who believes himself ruling by divine right to kindle the world in flames, and the reason why we propose to do that is because it is as immoral and impious for a man to look upon himself as called and born of divine right to rule other men and decide their destinies, as it was for those who believed in slavery to assert that there were men set apart to serve other men and who had no rights which other men were bound to respect. Those two heresies are both the same heresy. It was as impious and immoral to assert the divine right of slavery as it is to-day to assert the divine right of kings, and the same tidal forces which enabled the United States to sweep slavery off the face of the earth, those same tidal forces and the stars in the firmament are fighting for us to-day

and will enable us to sweep off the face of the earth the other impious and immoral heresy, that any man is set apart by birth and divine right to rule his fellow man.

This is the great task which we have to accomplish. We are under the same marching orders, with the same determination, with the same resolution, and, thank God, more united than we have ever been in our history. If you will turn to the history of the Revolution, you will find that at that time there were relatively more dissenters than there are to-day, and I doubt very much whether a plebiscite of the colonists before the blow had come and men knew what was before them, would not have decided in favor of that insane German sovereign—not the only insane or semi-insane German sovereign in history—who was known as George III. He believed in divine right and that he could carry out any policy which he chose to undertake. He met from the United States his first defeat, and another insane German sovereign who has the same views on the subject is going to meet exactly the same defeat in the same way, from the same land.

I hardly think we realize, as we look back on the heroic past of the Civil War, against what odds the cause of union and freedom was won, won by the party which this Club represents, won by the first President that the Republican Party elected. Abraham Lincoln has come to be the hero, the model, the guide of all Americans, without distinction of party. We have almost forgotten that when he was elected, in 1860, if you took the total vote cast for all the candidates and matched it against his, his vote was 600,000 behind the total vote cast, before any State had seceded or anybody had left the Union. Taking all the States together, his vote of 1,800,000 was 600,000 short of the vote which was cast for all the other candidates together. The Democrats were on the side of slavery; the party as a whole was pro-slavery; and there were Americans then who were anxiously seeking a rat-hole to disappear into, without saying what they believed about slavery, one way or the other. And there are people in this country to-day who are seeking anxiously the same rat-hole in regard to the principles of this war.

Now, even in the North, in a vote of about 3,000,000, Abraham Lincoln had, of all the candidates a majority of about 260,000. It was heavy in some States; it was light in others. California was a State which had an overwhelming Democratic vote, but that vote was so divided that under the laws of California the electoral vote of that State was cast for Lincoln, and I could run through the list of the Northern States and show you in how many of them the vote for Abraham Lincoln in

1860 was in its total smaller than the total vote of the Democratic candidates.

The election in November, 1862, came nearer to wrecking the cause of liberty, of emancipation and of the Union than any battle fought by the Confederate armies; and we need to look like perils directly in the face now, to make certain that every one of us is determined, that whatever else is done, this war shall be fought to a victorious end.

I wonder how many here realize that in the great State of Ohio, in November, 1862, when Lincoln had just issued his Emancipation Proclamation, when the battle of Antietam had driven Lee across the Potomac, and the brief chapter of defeats in the summer of 1862 had begun to register the great succession of victories which was to end the war at Appomattox, that in Ohio, with nineteen Congressional Districts, fourteen out of the nineteen elected men on an avowed peace platform, with resolutions asking in each Congressional district for an armistice, the suspension of the war, and peace with the Confederate States.

In Illinois, a legislature was elected which, in both branches, passed peace resolutions, and condemned the administration of President Lincoln in his conduct of the war.

In Connecticut, in New Jersey, in New York—alas, in New York,—in Ohio, in Illinois, the State election went in favor of a peace platform, Maine in one district electing a peace Democrat instead of a fighting Republican. The majorities for the men who supported Lincoln and who had been elected in 1860 were cut down, taking the average of the North, from one-half to one-tenth of what they had been in 1860. I speak within bounds when I say that those elections added at least a year to the war; and of the million lives which the war cost, North and South, more than half of them were lost *after* that election. As nearly as I can make out, about 650,000 of the deaths caused by the war took place after November, 1862. If every political party in the North, without distinction as to its previous record, had in 1862 closed up solid behind Victory, the prosecution of the War, and the determination that no peace should be considered or thought of, no compromise permitted, excepting the emancipation of the slave, and the sovereignty of the Union from the Lakes to the Gulf, the war would have been over from a year to a year and a half earlier than it otherwise was. Let me add to all these things, that in that winter a mayor of New York City was elected by the vote of the men who were the friends of the enemies of the Republic.

I see your faces sober as I speak, with a new sense of the responsibility of American citizenship. We drank the toast to

the President and the Army and Navy of the United States. I think, myself, that we ought no longer to drink a toast to the "President of the United States;" we ought to drink the toast "To the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and to the Army and Navy which he commands." That is the side of the power of the Chief Executive which we should think of, and we should put ourselves on record to that effect.

As I have already said, I see you feel a new sense of the responsibilities of the Republic at war. We need to remember that this nation has never looked upon peace as a thing to have unless we were ready to defend it by the sword; and when we crowned the Capitol with the figure of Liberty, we put at her side the sheathed sword as she looked eastward to see what enemies might come. It is that sword which this country drew ten months ago, seeing that enemies were staying our passage on the seas, which is now consecrated by our dead, and is to be glorified by returning legions as they come back with victory in their hands.

We need at a time like this, not only to remember what we would wish to have had different, but what has been also actually accomplished. It is ten months since war was declared, and we have to-day more soldiers—I know I don't betray any secret in saying this, because most of us won't be able to remember the figures—but we have to-day more soldiers in France than Great Britain had in May, 1915, ten months after the opening of the war in August, 1914, with an army ten-fold as large as ours at our entrance on this war; if you include all forms of their army and all forms of ours, with an army then, in 1899, five-fold as large as ours, we have at the end of ten months more men in France than Great Britain was able to put into South Africa for the Boer War in ten months. I rejoice to say that the army of the United States is to-day, ten months after we entered, occupying within a trifle as many miles of that red gash which is cut across the face of Europe by the trenches of the Imperial German Government, as were occupied by the British in ten months. This speaks much for the Republic, and most of all for the fashion in which the Party which was once opposed to President Wilson while he was a candidate and will probably always be opposed to him as a candidate, rallied behind him when the Providence of God made him the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

Never in the history of representative government, never in the annals of representative institutions, has there been an equal instance of the throwing aside of all past party affiliations and a

like readiness on the part of every man to stand behind the man who is waging the battle of civilization. If it had not been for that, if the Republic in this day had been as divided in these matters as it was between 1776 and 1784, and between 1861 and 1865, in all human prospect and possibility, the Imperial German Army would be to-day in Paris; for what has kept it out of Paris has been the new strength which was given to the armies of the Allies in France by the certainty that overwhelming aid was to come across the sea.

There needs must be an election next November. We have to stand by the principles which we believe are necessary to this government; but I have recited these facts before a body of men, even on an inclement day like this, singularly representative of the best political thought of this city, because we need to be guided by the example of the past, and to be certain that our elections be so conducted that there shall be no flicker of encouragement the "Tuesday after the first Monday" of next November among the "Predatory Potsdam Gang!" Whatever else we do, we want to be certain that none of those men will be elected whose election gives encouragement to the enemies of the Republic.

We have another duty to discharge, a duty as great as that of winning the war, which is the indispensable necessity of the future. Who does not realize that as Belgium kept the gate for France, and as France kept the gate for England, and as England is to-day, with France, Italy and Belgium, keeping the gate for the American Republic, that this is only to throw the gate open, that through it victorious legions may pass, with the future of the world assured?

And I wish to say, simply in passing, that for years it has been part of my duty to write about military affairs and to study the military situation; that this war I am not only following day by day, but that I have used every possible means to acquaint myself with it, because I lecture upon it as part of my duties in training journalists, and I am glad to say that of the men who have registered in the School of Journalism since it was opened in October, 1912, to-day thirty per cent. are in khaki, and a dozen of them are in the trenches at this present moment.

Now, taking that view, there never was a time when the victory of the Allies was so certain as it is to-day. I was asked the other day when the war would end, and I tell you now what I said then, that this war will end when the American people has done its complete duty. These two things are absolutely certain; both that the American people will do its complete

duty, and that the war will be over when it has done its complete duty. It may take time; it will take time; but done both will be.

I wonder if you realize that this year, no matter if the submarine sinkings exceed the tonnage of any past year, December will find more tonnage afloat than was afloat in January of this year? I wonder if you realize that in 1919, by the end of the year, the tonnage at the command of the Allies will be three million tons ahead, though the submarines were to continue to destroy them as fast as they have in the past; and that by 1920, taking the way tonnage is being planned and built, it will be possible for the United States to do as it pleases, to put four million men in France, added to the two million that will be there, and if we put eleven million men in France, we shall have only equalled the number of men which eighteen millions in the North put in the battle line between 1861 and 1865. The sacrifice of that day must be the measure of our devotion to-day to the Republic.

Since victory is certain, I want to ask you to consider our responsibility with regard to the fruits of victory. Victory is certain, but whether the fruits of victory are won and lasting depends on the American people and depends more than any other group of men upon those who represent what the men who are within this room represent, the sober, clear, loyal, thinking of the Republican Party; for the great question which faces the Allies, our allies in Europe to-day, in considering the future, is: "How far, after the war is won, the United States will discharge its responsibilities?"

I will put concretely before you a fact which is simmering under the surface of affairs. The Allies, our allies, have conquered already about one-fourth of the Ottoman Empire. It is certain that after victory comes, the fate of the Ottoman Empire will be in the hands of the Peace Conference, and at that Peace Conference the United States will be, as the United States has been since it entered the war, the leader of the thought, principle and action of the allied forces of freedom. Now, what is being proposed on the other side and talked about, but which is not yet in the newspapers on either side of the water, is this: Here is the Ottoman Empire, with no one race or faith in a majority, except that several of the races are Mohammedan and Mohammedan rule has made such a mess of the business of government, as the million men, women and children slaughtered in massacre for two years past show, that it is not possible to put Mohammedans back in power. There is no other element in the Ottoman Empire which can take charge of the government. If

it is put in the hands of any one of the European powers, the moment peace has come and old jealousies revive, every other European power will begin to suspect everything that that country does. If you divide the Ottoman Empire, every one of the new frontiers will offer a new chance for aggression and you will increase the possibility of war, and war will finally be made certain as it has been by the division of the Balkan Peninsula into four states which have shown themselves unable to continue self-government, while under the necessity of arming against constant assault from without and ambition from within.

Now, it would be possible, if the American people chose to assume the responsibility, to do for the Ottoman Empire exactly what we have done for the Philippines, to put in there a small force to organize a constabulary officered by Americans, but made up of the various races of the Ottoman Empire, to conduct its affairs with perfect justice and impartiality, though there would be a period in which outlawry, which is rife over parts of the Ottoman Empire, would have to be suppressed. And I want to say that pretty nearly all the flub-dub and camouflage we heard about the fight for freedom in the Philippines between 1898 and 1902 was nearly all the pillage and plunder of village bandits, trying to preserve the oppression and personal profit permitted under Spanish rule.

In another year, it will be a hundred years since the American missionary first appeared in the Ottoman Empire. Within that time he has established all the higher education that the Ottoman Empire has. He has planted hospitals in nearly all the large cities but one; he has not only preached the Gospel, but he has virtually raised the educational standards of the Empire, not only for the men and women he was brought into the churches he has founded, but for nearly all the higher education of the Ottoman Empire too. For a century, we and we alone of all lands have been known alone for works of healing, of mercy, of charity and of teaching.

There is not a race in Turkey—and I was myself born in Turkey, lived there the first sixteen years of my life, speak one of the languages that are spoken there, and am meeting people from the Ottoman Empire every day of my life—which would not prefer a protectorate by this country if the United States were willing to assume a responsibility of that sort. After a year or two in which peace was being restored, which would never require anything like the force which we had to put in the Philippines, there would not be enough news out of the Ottoman Empire in ten years to give a first page display once a year in any newspaper in this city. All sides of the Ottoman Empire

and every European people would rather have us there than any one else, though you were to run through the whole catechism of the European situation. Whether the call for this responsibility will come or not, I do not know; but if it does come, will the American people, having put their hands to the plow which they are going to drive through the furrow until the seeds of liberty have been sown in every country in the world, will our people be willing to stay and reap the harvest of assured liberty, by assuming new responsibilities for a territory like the Ottoman Empire, not for rule or ambition, but solely training it for liberty and self-government?

In regard to its demand for defense that would be guaranteed by our treaties in a League to Enforce Peace; but the responsibilities of order and the growth of liberty would be ours if the Republic were willing. Why are we thus trusted? I wonder if you realize that never before in history did it happen that a principality, a region as fertile, as full of wealth as Cuba, was conquered, lay in the grasp and power of a great nation, and then was turned over to its own people to work out their own destiny? The Declaration of Independence was not a greater act than this free surrender of one of the great prizes of conquest. That is one of the reasons why this country, never selfish, always willing to make sacrifices, has in its record in Cuba, a capital asset in the confidence of the world, which no nation has ever had in all the annals of war or peace. Now, will the Republic be able, will you be willing, to lay that asset on the altar of freedom, to do our part to prevent wars over these pieces of coveted territory? If it is, then the problems of Asia will be solved. First for the Ottoman Empire, and then for Persia, and finally for China itself, these all will emerge as self-governing, liberty-loving lands.

Abroad, while the better public opinion of the allied peoples favor some such policy—opposed though it is sure to be by national ambition, public policy and those in England, France and Italy already holding concessions and conducting enterprises in the Ottoman, the proposal is still mere suggestion because no one believes that when the war is won, the American people will put its soul and strength, its men and its resources behind any far-sighted policy for the world's peace and the protection of lands that can be exploited from the spoils. Take the Monroe Doctrine; it was over forty years, from the time President Monroe launched the doctrine, before Congress backed it in a resolution ordering Emperor Maximilian out of Mexico and warning Napoleon III that the French troops that were supporting him should leave forthwith. During all that forty-two

years, from 1823 to 1865, Congress took no action on the Monroe Doctrine because it was perfectly well understood that if the issue came to a vote, though every President from Monroe to Lincoln had supported the national policy of the former Congressmen, Senators and Representatives, both, would not risk their seats on a vote for an aggressive national policy.

Even when the Government at Washington sent General Sheridan and 50,000 men to the Rio Grande our active aid consisted in leaving rifles and cartridges, batteries and ammunition, where the forces of Juarez, driven to the farthest corner of Mexico, could find them. General Sheridan himself reported that a warehouse full of arms "guarded by a sergeant had been seized and carried off on the Rio Grande." From the fall of Maximilian, solely due to our action to 1868, our Government declined to assume all the responsibilities that were thrust upon it opening the door to the salvation of Latin-America. These refusals to act when the call came are not familiar because our public opinion and our newspapers were opposed to more than a negative support of the Monroe Doctrine. There are unwritten and not creditable chapters in our diplomacy known only to the State Department and to newspaper men like myself who believed that the United States ought to meet permanent and positive duties and obligations in the hemisphere it guarded and not content itself with simply hanging out on the Atlantic a sign of "No Trespassing," which could be read across the ocean in the glare of our naval searchlights, when we had any afloat.

I first knew what Spanish rule meant, when, as a reporter on the New York "World" I wrote up the New York end of the *Virginian* affair in 1873. I learned as correspondent at Washington first for the "World," then for the New York "Sun," and later for the Philadelphia "Press," in October, 1873.

When the *Virginian* was seized and Captain Frye, a gallant Confederate officer, and 48 Americans were shot against the wall of a slaughter house at Santiago, we could have freed Cuba, and again in 1878 the opportunity was presented to us, and we hesitated, and twenty needless years of cruel wrong passed before we acted. That great man, Secretary Blaine—alas, that that should be the highest title that I can give him before you—Secretary Blaine (I speak here of personal knowledge) showed me the dispatch, instructions and agreement which had been reached in 1881 with Argentine and Brazil. They agreed to mobilize their forces to check Chili's ruthless conquest. We were to send a fleet off the Western coast of South America. The full proposition was that Chili, which had seized two Peruvian provinces

and proposed to take them, in defiance of the unbroken usage and common law of South American States that no territory should be transferred breaking old boundary, was to be forced to submit to the general demand that there should be an arbitration as to the right of that nation to have the Nitrate of Tarapaca, Tacna, Arica and Bolivian territory, shutting that Republic from the sea.

Those territories gave sixty per cent. of their exports of niter to Germany in the five years before this war, and this was one of the most important preparations that Germany made. It had been absorbing between 25 and 30 per cent. of the production of niter, and just before 1912 it took in 60 per cent., accumulating the stock of niter on which it was able to carry on its manufacture of explosives, until it discovered a cheap way of taking niter out of the air. If the action Blaine proposed had been taken, we would not have to-day Chili neutral in a contest where neutrality is perfidy to liberty, and ought never to be allowed on the Western Hemisphere.

Again, in 1881, we could have freed Cuba, for Cuba was organized for revolt, and all that was necessary was to prevent the Spanish troops from being reinforced to free Cuba and we waited until 1898, with our ports yearly ravaged with yellow fever. Blaine again urged action; the country was indifferent and President Arthur did not feel justified in acting.

We, first of all nations, recognized the Congo Free State in 1885, and when we had done that we could and should have stopped Leopold, in whose exploiting companies Germans of high place held shares which paid one hundred per cent. dividends at the cost of the death of 6,000,000 blacks, slain to pay those blood-stained profits—Leopold was a "financier" on the Berlin plan. Committed, for over sixty years, to a moral protectorate of the west coast of Africa, we could have used our moral power and said to Leopold that butchery in a new country which we had recognized must stop and if it continued we would put our fleet off the West Coast of Africa and ended the thing by blockading the ports of that artificial creation, the Congo Free State.

In 1895-96, after one hundred thousand Armenians were massacred and two of our colleges had been burned down, if we had thrown our moral force into the struggle, we could have enabled France, England and Italy to have enforced the Treaty of Berlin, when the Imperial German Government, as its first step towards the present war, protected the worst miscreant in history, who has ever sat on a throne, Abdul Hamid.

We gave over in 1898 the Caroline Islands to Germany, be-

cause we wanted to placate Germany after she sent a fleet to seize the Philippines. What is the result? Japan occupies them to-day because at that moment we did not assert ourselves.

We had owned the Samoan Islands under a treaty which Grant negotiated but which the Senate refused to ratify and through all the thirty years our people have been bickering over our taking the Samoan Islands. What is the result? In 1900 we turned one of them over to Germany. We gave Samoa to Germany. The Kaiser paid a visit to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, in 1900, to show he would not interfere in the Boer War, and Queen Victoria's government gave us changes in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty over the head of Canada. The Kaiser gave away the Boers, England gave away Canada, and we gave away an island in Samoa. We all gave away what did not belong to us, in order to bring on the peace which brought on the present war!

In San Domingo and Haiti we did what we ought to have done. An American President took the matter into his own hands in the Venezuelan question. You will all remember the fashion in which a flat declaration was made by President Cleveland to England: "You can't adjust a boundary on the Western Hemisphere without arbitration. If you attempt to do it, we shall go to war." Business elements protested that had never protested before and it was clear that this country had a strong opposing sentiment.

At Algeciras, when the Morocco question came up in 1906, what took place? We instructed our representative, a most able diplomatist, Mr. Henry White, and he adjusted a fair arrangement with reference to Morocco. The arrangement dropped to pieces because, after it was done, we were unwilling to step in and enforce that arrangement. If that had been done, it would not have been possible for Germany to go on harrying France until this war came, because it would have been perfectly clear that the great Republic of the West was ready to use its power in favor of the right, wherever it was threatened.

Once we did do this. The German fleet was on its way to seize a port in Venezuela, when President Roosevelt gave the Kaiser forty-eight hours to change his mind, and it didn't take him forty-eight hours. If the Kaiser had known what this people was ready to do, he would not have believed the lies of the German newspapers subsidized in the United States—paid in order that the German Government might be able to inform itself about the opinion of the United States. After Germany had made that costly bargain, its Government decided that our German-American citizens, who have proved loyal to the core,

would break faith with the Republic to which they had sworn allegiance.

I lay these matters before you. I ask you to think of these two things: the necessity that we shall so conduct ourselves that no enemy of the Republic shall receive any encouragement from any act or vote of ours next November; and the second, that we shall so educate our fellow-citizens, that when destiny again calls they will answer the call to duty of the Republic, so that having set victorious feet on foreign shores and vindicated the liberty and preserved the civilization of the world, we shall be willing to enter a league to enforce peace, to preserve peace and these liberties; and, that since we are the one unselfish power of the world, we should be willing unselfishly to take the guardianship of weak nations which have been the cause of woes innumerable, and have brought on this war, because the United States is the only country which all countries trust.

SEVENTH DISCUSSION
FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH, 1918

UNITED STATES AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES

UNITED STATES AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES

ONE: MR. JAMES S. LEHMAIER'S INTRODUCTION OF Mlle. SILVERCRUYS.

It is just one year ago this month that the Secretary of State, at the direction of the President of the United States, handed his passports to the Imperial German Ambassador at Washington. That action was taken only after the most careful and deliberate consideration. For two years and a half, this great neutral nation of America had endured a series of outrages, intrigues, arson and murder at the hands of Germany and her diplomatic agents in this country, who disregarded the obligations due to the hospitality which we had extended to them—a series of outrages such as no nation having the power to resist had ever endured at the hands of another.

Beyond that, the German Government had offered to Mexico and to Japan as bribes to join it in war upon this country, portions of our own free domain. It was this accumulated aggregation of outrages and insults that finally forced this peace-loving country into the attitude of a belligerent. Almost unanimously the people of the United States, from the very outset of the world war, although the Government was formally neutral, never wavered for a moment in their conviction that the cause of the Allies was just and righteous.

I speak as one of a number of men in this room whose sons are at the front, when I say that we re-echo the sentiment expressed by Professor Hart here two weeks ago, that, infinitely precious as it would be to have our sons return to us, there is a greater stake at issue in this war than even the lives of our own sons. Thank God, the spirit that animates the men and women of America is that of the Roman matron who, when sending her son to battle, said, "Return with your shield, or on it."

We are grateful to the brave and courageous soldiers and sailors of France, to the brave and determined and liberty-loving soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, who, for three years and a half, have stood between us and the aggression of German autocracy; but more than that, in a higher sense than that, we are

under everlasting obligation to that little Belgian army which, during those fourteen fateful days in August, 1914, withstood the legions of Germany and made it possible for Great Britain and France to mobilize their forces so that the Battle of the Marne marked the highest tide that German aggression has reached or will ever reach.

We recall, as the world will always recall, the magnificent figures of that Spartan band that stood and held the Pass at Thermopylae; our admiration has ever been challenged by the bravery of the Six Hundred who rode into the very jaws of Hell at Balaklava; but as long as valor and chivalry and bravery and courage are esteemed cardinal virtues, that little army of the truly royal King Albert of Belgium will always be regarded as the greatest champions of freedom and saviours of democracy.

Not content with devastating the beautiful plains of Flanders, not content with ruling with autocratic and despotic hand the population of Belgium, the non-combatants of that little country have been subjected to murder, outrage, rape and deportation such as have never before been visited on a subjugated people. When the history of these years comes to be written, the names of Attila and Genghis Khan will be regarded as those of gentle and kindly rulers as compared with that of the present German Kaiser.

One figure stands out beside that of King Albert, that of that priest, that great prelate who with simple dignity, has fostered and sustained his people and his countrymen in their trials, the figure of Cardinal Mercier.

You will hear this afternoon from a young girl still in her teens, but made a woman by what she has herself experienced and seen in her own country, the story of the German invasion of Belgium. You will hear in simple, photographic language, the plain, unvarnished story of Germany's shame, and as you hear it, I am sure that you will feel, as all Americans must feel, that this war can never cease, *must* never end, until Belgium has not only been evacuated and restored, but adequately compensated. When Belgium, Serbia, Rumania and France have been redeemed and compensated, when Alsace and Lorraine, wickedly wrested from France in 1871, are returned, when Russia is freed from strangulation and every section of that vast dominion is liberated from its political and economic thralldom to Germany; then, and not until then, can American freemen stand erect.

It is my very great, my very deep pleasure, to introduce to you a young lady who comes from that beloved country of Belgium, herself the daughter of the Chief Justice of that brave little country, who will tell you the plain and simple

tale of what Belgians have endured under German rule.

TWO: BY MADEMOISELLE SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS

Daughter of the Chief Justice of Belgium

WHEN the war broke out, I was staying with my parents in our country home which is about twenty miles from the Fortress of Liège and very near the Dutch frontier. Even when our men were called away, even when our horses and machines were taken away by the Government, even when the ultimatum of the Kaiser was sent to our King, even then we could not believe, we would not believe, that the Germans would really violate our neutrality.

But on the fourth of August, in the afternoon, I was playing outside with some spaniel dogs, when I heard the first gun-shots. I did not know what it was, never having heard any guns before; so I went inside the house to call my father; but by that time it had stopped, so we went inside the house for dinner. After dinner, we walked to a nearby town and when we were there at that little town, we heard very clearly the gun-shots. It was so clear that you could tell the difference between the German guns and the Belgian guns. The women were running wildly all over that little city—they were crying and screaming. They came to my father and asked him what it was. He said, "The Germans have violated our neutrality; what you hear is the voice of the country calling for defense." And we walked home, over that lonely road, under the moonlight. The stars were shining and everything seemed so peaceful, that we could not believe that the country was at war, if it had not been for the roaring of the guns going all the time. As we entered the house and opened the door, we heard moaning. It was my mother in despair, because my brother, the only son in the family, was in the first regiment who met the Germans at Liège. That morning we received a card from him, in which he said, "Our regiment has been directed towards the fortress of Liège, but I don't think the Germans will come after all; it is only bluff."

But that night, at the open window, we listened to the guns, and every gun-shot was stabbing every one of us in the heart, because we knew every gun-shot was killing one of our boys, one of those little Belgian boys holding the Germans there at Liège, and they held them for eight days.

Next morning we tried to escape. My father realized he had to be back at the Capital. We went to the station and found the

last train had left. The railroad line was cut up by the Uhlans. That night we tried to find our horses and wagons to load up during the night. There were none in the whole country round. At four o'clock in the morning, a man ran in from town and told us there was a street car leaving, and we tried to leave that way. I very foolishly said, "We must take with us our spaniel dogs." We traveled in street cars from four o'clock in the morning until twelve, traveling from village to village, until at twelve o'clock we got into the place where the Belgian soldiers used to be trained during the summer generally. As we got there we saw boards and stones in the middle of the street, and they hollered to us, "Run away, because the Germans are coming and they will shoot." We ran into the station. A man ran in and told us the last train was pulling in, that the Uhlans were about two hundred yards from there.

We finally got to Louvain at five o'clock in the afternoon. When we got there the King was at Louvain and fresh troops were going away to the front. We finally got a train, a train full of refugees. People were there with all their belongings in a sheet, carrying calves, cats, dogs, bird-cages, everything imaginable. We finally got to Brussels, and naturally the dogs were lost. Daddy tried to find them, and mother and I sat on a station bench. And suddenly I saw all the people rushing toward something. I stood up and saw stretchers and I realized that those were the first wounded brought into Brussels, and I knew if my mother saw she would not be able to stand it; so I told her I was hungry and we went to the restaurant, and while she was ordering something I went out and made my way through the crowds till I reached the wounded soldiers. I bent over each of the wounded, hoping to find my brother there, because I knew if he was wounded her, he would not be lying among the dead at Liège.

There they were, lying there, those little heroes of Belgium, full of mud and blood, and one of those men I shall remember as long as I live. As I was looking, the blood was dripping from the side of his head. He was from the Ninth Regiment, and just as I was bending over him, the young recruits were going away to the front, singing their national anthem and carrying our national flag. And this man heard the song that he knew and loved and he tried to get up and salute the flag, but he could not. And they passed and they passed and they passed. And then some of them came who were only wounded in the arm or the leg, and I said to one of them, "Do you know anything about soldier Silvercruys?" And he told me, "I don't know anything, but half of us are killed;" and I went back to mother. Soon the trunks and the dogs were found, and we went on in the city.

You could hardly make your way through the crowds. Everybody was on the streets, just like a city in revolution. People were singing the national anthem of Belgium everywhere, and when you looked up, instead of seeing the sky, you would only see the three colors of the Belgian flag hanging at every window.

That night in my little room I could not go to sleep. I prayed all night. I wanted to do something for the war, something for the boys; I wanted to do my bit, or rather, I wanted to do my best; and the next morning I told my father I wanted to do something to help Belgium. So I went to see a very good girl friend of mine who is twenty-two years old, and we went to the hospital which has been made at the Palace of Justice. You see, in Belgium, there were no trained nurses ever, only Sisters of Charity. So when the war broke out, the ladies and girls in Belgium volunteered to do all they could and the best they could for the wounded.

I thought I would be accepted as a nurse, but when I went to the Superintendent of the Hospital the gentleman said, "What do you want?" I said, "I wish to be a nurse." "How old are you?" I said, "About sixteen." And he said, "What can a girl of sixteen do? It is perfectly silly; you can't enlist as a nurse, only sixteen years old." I said to him, "Can't you think of something I can do?" And he said, "Well, if you want to go into the kitchen and peel potatoes and onions and wash dishes, you can do that." I said to him, "If that is my bit, I am glad to do it." So I went to the kitchen and peeled potatoes and onions and washed dishes for two days, and I was the happiest girl on the face of this earth. In the beginning of the third day I heard the ladies in charge of our store-room in the hospital. They have to have a store-room. They had a fuss and they all left! So this girl friend and I, we went upstairs to the store-room and took charge for two days, from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. At the beginning of the third day I went to the Superintendent of the Red Cross. When I went to the door, he said, "Young lady, you are awfully young, but we will try to give you training in one of our wards;" and from that time on I worked in ward No. 2 at the Palace of Justice. I nursed first the Belgian wounded and then the German wounded for three months; but during that month, on the 15th of the month, I went to Louvain where my sister lived. My brother-in-law was Professor of the University of Louvain. I went there to see my brother who had escaped, and just to tell you how cheerful those Belgian boys were, I will tell you what my brother said to me when I met him: "Hello, little sister, we had fried chicken last

night, and I was able to sleep in a bed and wash and shave, the first time for fifteen days." He came home with us, and I never saw anybody eat the way he did. He ate for two hours straight. We looked at him, and at one another, and finally he said, "Now I am all right for eight days." Those boys had come back from Liège; they had seen the fight there, but they were still full of jokes. That is the way with our Belgian people.

One of the most pathetic things that I have heard my brother told me. He told me that he went to Liège and that the first night there, as they were marching up the hill—the Germans were at the top and they were to take the hill back—my brother said, "We marched in the moonlight. We walked in the road, and I was walking in the back of the regiment with my chum when a bullet came, a single bullet, and it killed him. I ran on him and shook him and called him, but the officer said, 'Come on; you will see some others later on.' After that I was thirsty for blood," said my brother.

Then, after the siege of Louvain, one day as he was coming on the road, he met the father and mother of that boy, and they looked all over and then they saw my brother, and the mother, smiling, came up to him, saying, "Do you know where my son is?" My brother said, "I wanted the earth to open under my feet to let me go in and disappear;" and, with that mother looking up into his eyes, my brother said, "Oh, I think he has been wounded; yes, he has been wounded; I think he has been wounded seriously and he was not able to follow, so he was kept in Liège." And the mother was looking in my eyes, trying to read them. She had in her hands packages that she had brought to her son, and then she said, "As long as he is not here, here are some packages for you—all I have brought." And then, just to tell you how she felt, she took off the papers which were around those packages and carried the packages to a window sill, and then she just plaited that paper and her hands were going like a machine all the time. Her whole body was going like a machine and her husband had to take her away. Only a few days after, she was notified of her son's death.

I saw those boys in Louvain and talked with them. Some of them told me they were grabbed away from their mother at the moment she was dying.

In a few days after, as I was home for luncheon, I heard the bell ring and I looked and then I saw my sister with her husband and her three little children. This was her greeting: "The Germans are in Louvain. They will be here to-morrow morning." We could not believe it; we would not. The next morning we were notified of the Germans' coming. Our beloved

Mayor, Mr. Max, at twelve o'clock went to meet the Germans outside of town. The City of Brussels had to pay the sum of one and one-half million francs, and it had to be in the City Hall within twenty-four hours. I call the Germans the barbarians of the twentieth century.

Those people have a wonderful organization;—that cannot be denied;—their spy service is so complete, and they know the names of all the important people in the city, the names of all the public buildings, and all the hospitals; and a small detachment of soldiers takes everything, all the public buildings. We were in a hospital, and were a public building, so they did not forget us! They came in and requested our services, to nurse the German wounded. When the Germans "request" you to do a thing, it means that you are obliged to do the thing under penalty of death or whatever they will invent at the time.

We were given a pass to go in and out of the hospital, and every time I clenched my fists at having to go between those Huns.

Nobody was on the streets that did not have to be on the streets. Every blind and shade were closed, and you would have thought every house deserted if it had not been for the living Belgian flag still hanging there. Naturally, we were "requested" to take our flag down; but we Belgian people were not going to take our flag down. They could take it by force if they wanted to; we were not beaten; we are not beaten; we never will be beaten!

For two days and two nights a gray stream of Germans passed through Brussels with their big 42-guns, marching to the North of France. At that time our troops were confined in the fortress of Antwerp. A few days after, at nine o'clock at night, we saw the sky all red at the side of Louvain; it looked like a big fire; it could not have been the sunset at nine o'clock at night. The next morning the refugees told us the whole city was on fire; and then an old friend of ours came to tell us of some of the atrocities of Louvain, which I knew of because I have seen the people themselves. If somebody comes to me and says, "I have a friend who has a friend who has another friend who knew somebody who knew somebody else, etc.," that doesn't work with me at all. I want first-hand information. These girls were very good friends of mine. Their father was known in Louvain as "old M. Luprès." One of his sons was a first lieutenant in the Belgian Army and the youngest was a lad sixteen years old.

The Germans got into Louvain, and for eight days stayed in every home, ate their meals, and as a sign of their gratitude, this is what happened on the eighth day. These girls were at home

at night, and the German soldiers came to them and said, "Get right out of this house." They put them right on the street, all the women on one side of the street and all the men on the other. They said, "Kneel down." They all knelt down, and then, right over their heads went the machine guns. One of these girls said she saw that her father was too old to kneel, so she went over on the other side of the street to help him. The soldiers said to her, "Go back." So she went back, and after a while the Germans said, "You all turn one side, and if one of you dares look, she will be shot." And then they went to shooting, and after three-quarters of an hour, when they were allowed to turn, the men had left, but there on the street were lying the bodies of a few of them. They were not even allowed to go and look to see if it was one of their own lying dead. To make it more cruel, they had turned the bodies face down on the ground. The city was set on fire. These two girls got to a wind-mill outside the city. They knocked at the door. A low voice said, "Come in." When they went inside, they saw an old man lying on the floor and crying. They said to him, "We have been chased from Louvain. The city is on fire, set on fire by the Germans." His answer was, "Oh, the Germans just passed here and killed my son." The girls stayed all night there, came to Brussels and came to me. They cried with me there in Brussels, not knowing where their father and little brother were. After a while my father went to von Bissing and asked him where the old man and the little boy were. Von Bissing said it was none of his business. After a long while it was known that this gentleman and his little son were in a civilian prison camp in Germany. After six months he was sent back to Belgium and I went to see him. This little boy who had always been full of fun before the war, was shaking like a leaf. I said to his sister, "What is the matter with him?" And she said, "He has been this way ever since he came back. Every time the bell rings, he thinks it is a German gun, or the Germans coming to take him back to Germany."

I saw old M. Luprès. He said, "I beg your pardon, but I can't stand up any more, but I am so glad to see you." He said, "We had to eat the skins of potatoes, and go with a little bowl to get our soup, and if I could not go fast enough they would hit me. We were all put in the trains, waiting in the station. Those that could not get in were shot. I saw lots of young men shot by the Germans because there was no more place on the train." They were all standing in the cars. They traveled four days without being able to move in that train. If one of them dared to step out of the train he was shot. They

slept against one another, and the only thing that was done for them was that a pail of water was passed around for those men to drink. The torture of those four days is not imaginable. Nothing could—no words could tell the torture of those four days. When they got into Germany the women just cried and screamed and threw all sorts of things at them. "But here I am," he finished. And I told him, "I am awfully glad to see you, now it is all over, and glad that you are back with your daughters and with us who love you." But a week after, he died.

The Germans send them back when they know there is no more hope for them to live. One of our biggest men in Belgium was sent to Germany. He was sent back to Brussels. Three days after he got back he died.

Another instance was that of a well-known professor at the University at Louvain. He was an old gentleman and his son was also a professor in the University of Louvain. The old gentleman was dying of pneumonia. On the eighth day the Germans came into the house and said, "Get right out or we will set the house on fire." The young son said, "Don't you see that my father is dying? Let him die in peace, and do what you want with the house afterward." As he was able to speak German, the son was able to get back. When he came there, what did he see but his old father dead on a mattress in the middle of the street, and his old mother kneeling there in the middle of the street, and the house itself in flames.

And then, very near my brother's home, here is another instance: There were five men who were dragged away into the woods by the Germans, and when they got there they saw other men there, digging their graves, their own graves. It was the cruelty of the Germans. They made them dig their graves, then they would be shot, fall into the graves they had just dug and the earth put right over. One of them escaped. He was shot through the leg, but escaped. He was pursued by the Germans, but another regiment of Germans got in front of him, and in that way they did not dare to shoot any more and so he escaped. When the others followed, they were shot.

And down in Dinant there was the case of a father, mother and four little children; they were dragged out of their house and they were killed right away, the mother and father and three little children. The baby escaped, because the Germans did not know that he existed. Their sister who lived in Brussels went down to Dinant and got the baby.

There are things in Belgium so horrible that there are no words for a girl to tell. But all those things will come out after the war, because there is now, right now, in Belgium an Inquisi-

tion Service working, and I know people who are working on it. There are proofs and pictures of everything.

A few days after the fire of Louvain, in the beginning of September, we heard guns from Antwerp so clear that the windows of the house, our whole house, would shake in the vibration of the guns. At twilight daddy and I went for a walk beyond Brussels, through the valley between Malines and Brussels. We could see the smoke of the guns. It was one of those September sunsets when the sky was all red, and that red made us think of the blood of our boys that was streaming down there for all of us.

That night there were so many of the Germans who came into the hospital; then we heard of the big victory of our soldiers. We heard it by the prohibited paper that is carried through the frontier by black dogs. We would not want to read the German papers. What is the use of reading lies, anyway? But right in Brussels now, there is a paper published, "La Liberté Belgique." The Germans don't know where it is published, but the Belgians can fool them. Anyway, they have not found it yet. And here is the way those papers are sold: You walk in the streets, and this man comes right up to you and whispers, "I have papers. Do you want to buy one?" And you say, "All right, meet you at that corner and that street." And you walk to the street and you see the man, and if there are too many people around, you say, "I will meet you at another corner." Well, you meet him, and you open your coat and he opens his coat, and you pass sometimes fifty francs. Then, you say to all your friends, "I have the prohibited paper; meet me at my house this afternoon." And they get somebody to translate English and read the paper to you. And all the while you and your friends in the house are enjoying the paper, there is somebody walking in front of your house and watching. Naturally, if you are found with a prohibited paper, you are liable to be shot very quickly.

So we heard of the big victory, and we were happy. We said to each other, "In a week or two it will be all over"; but in the month of October we heard of the fall of Antwerp. At first we would not believe it; it could not be possible that Antwerp and her big forts that we thought could not fall, would fall. But the spy service was there again, and the Germans, people whom we thought were Belgians, had built villas and houses around Antwerp, and we found these houses had cement bases on which were put the 42-guns, and they knew the exact direction to a strategic point or to a fortress, and that is the way Antwerp fell in two or three days. But happily, our little army escaped.

At the end of three months we had in our hospital two hundred German wounded and two hundred Belgians. All the

girls decided to let all the Belgian soldiers escape during the night, and we each brought men's suits for them from our homes. I took one of my brother's suits. That night I was on night duty with a few girl friends, and the doctors and we dressed those men, and they passed between those sentinels who saw nothing because it was night time. The next morning the officers saw something! They said, "Where are those men?" We tried to look innocent. We said, "We don't know." The officers, "Very well, we will teach you to know."

It is strange, when I look over it now, I think I ought to have been scared, but I was not in the least. It was great, and I thought it would have even been greater if they had shot me for the sake of my country. I always wanted to suffer something for Belgium. I wanted to be taken to jail or be shot. I used to wear my flags on my hat, the five flags of the Allies. On them I had written "Union makes strength." On my coat I wore the American flag which I have always loved. I draped the pictures of the King, Queen, Prince and Princess. If I saw a German officer who thought he looked smart, I would put my hat right in his face.

You know the German officers are very queer. They thought they were the most stunning creatures on the face of this earth, and never could understand why every Belgian girl did not fall in love with them. They said they had brought their evening suits and they never knew why they never had to use them! We Belgian girls hated them cordially. One time I got in a street car. You know, they come around to get the fare in Belgium. I had seen this man come to get the fare, and while I was getting it out of my purse, a German soldier touched me on the shoulder. I turned around and glared at the soldier, and then to the conductor I said, "Would you mind waiting just a second!" And I brushed off my shoulder where the German had touched it. I was soiled by the touch of a German. So when we saw the Germans, revolvers in hand, we just smiled.

At twelve o'clock, my father came in with this huge, enormous German officer. He said, "Daughter, here is Mr. von Something-or-other." Germans are always "von" something. You know, the Kaiser once prayed God and said to him, "God, if you will let me win the war, you won't be called only 'God' any more, but 'von God'." When this officer said this to me—and it took him ten minutes to say it—"If you er—er—er—I will get you out of trouble." I thought it was funny that a German officer who had killed women and children suddenly became nervous. And he said, "I will give you my word, they will be out to-night." I was going to say to him, "Your word! A Ger-

man's word! Well, we know all about it and about the scrap of paper too." Then I thought it was more diplomatic not to tell him, and I didn't. That night for once the German kept his word, and the nurses and doctors went out too.

Then we worked for the little children of Belgium for six months. I used to work, and your beloved American minister used to come around in the morning and watch us work. We used to make soup from eight in the morning until twelve o'clock, cooking cocoa and getting milk, and at twelve o'clock those little babies used to come to us laughing. They did not know that their mother was hungry and their father was fighting at the front or that anybody had been killed. And we would play with them, and we would be happy to have them, and we would give them cocoa and milk, and in the afternoon we used to try to find those poor little children. Sometimes there would be six or eight little children in a room with a mother, crying from hunger. Sometimes she would be too proud to come, but after a while we would persuade her to come, and so we had in our canteen over two hundred and fifty of them coming every day.

In the morning I used to go to market for them. It was very funny. You know, the Belgian girls used to hate to carry in the street even a little package before the war. But one day a girl and I found ourselves in a most fashionable part of the city, with a huge straw basket filled with vegetables and meat, and we laughed and laughed. If somebody had shown us that picture four months before, we would not have believed it, but war had come, and we were proud to do it.

At the end of nine months I had a nervous breakdown. I hated the Germans so much I wanted to scratch out their eyes. That feeling of hatred made me nervous and ill, so I had to leave Belgium. To come here I had to ask the Germans for a passport. At first they refused, but my father had a way with him. All those Germans are sneaks and slaves but they have no middle way about them at all. They have very queer minds also. One of our very good friends had a home, a country home, outside of Brussels. The Germans came and took all his silver and all the pictures in his house. He went to von Bissing and said, "I have got to have my things back." He said, "All right, I will give you one of my officers and you can see whether you can find them." So this friend and the German officer went to the house to which his things and many other stolen things had been taken, and he looked all through these things and could not find his. He went to von Bissing and said, "I cannot find any of my things there," and von Bissing said, "All right; you can go back

and take anything you like for compensation." That is the kind of minds they have.

I had asked for a passport for myself and my governess, because you know in Belgium girls do not go at all alone in the street. I admit it is much better your way. I came in, and the German officer said, "So, young lady, you are going to leave Belgium, and you must leave Belgium, and you will never see your father again; and as long as this is Germany's you will never come back." And then he smiled and said, "This will always be Germany's," and he said, "You must go and your governess can't go." I said, "All right, give me my passport." I was allowed a suitcase, and went out with my father. My daddy said, "I can't think of letting you do it," and mother also was very sad, and then she realized I had to go.

The next morning I left everybody I loved and I smiled as I said "Good-bye." I did not look back at the house. I traveled all day in the street cars. We would rather be tired and travel all day in Belgian streets than to travel two hours in a German train and pay them for it. At seven o'clock at night I found myself at the German frontier. When the German officer looked at my passport he said, "It is no good." I said, "Why not?" "Because your picture is not stamped and you can't pass." I had in my suit-case a passport which I had to go and see Louvain—I saw Louvain nearly all burned. I saw my sister's home where she had been so happy for eight years, burned to the ground. There were graves of soldiers right in the garden, with just a little cross saying "Here lies so-and-so, who died for his country." There were bones of horses and cows in the yard. One moment I came to the street, and I wanted to pass through a street, but the soldiers were there. I used to speak German, but I voluntarily forgot it. I said to the German soldier, "Can I pass?" "No." "Why, what is happening?" And from where I stood I saw the bodies of men, or rather what was left of the bodies of civilians. The soldier said, "Go your way, you have not seen anything." I said, "No, I haven't seen anything."

And I went back to Brussels. I saw the ruins of Malines which had been bombarded. I saw another city in which there were just four houses left standing, and all through Belgium, poor little Belgium.

And there I was at the frontier and they said, "You can go," and I stepped on the train. I was to go alone and my father was to stay in Belgium. At the moment our car pulled out, he called and said, "Don't go; come back," and I said, "Daddy, I must go." I smiled, because I wanted to smile. When your sons go away, smile when they go; they will remember your smile.

That is the way I see my father always, standing at the frontier of my country, in the twilight, waving his hat to me as the car pulled out.

Well, suddenly I found myself in Holland, and I pulled out this Belgian flag I had in my pocket and waved it and screamed "Freedom!" There I was in Holland all alone at eight o'clock at night. I spent the night at a Dutch hotel, full of Dutch officers. The next morning I left at half-past five and traveled on through Holland. I arrived at the office of the steamship company and asked the man if I could get a place on the boat. He said: "There are at least two thousand people on the boat. You will have to see the director." I said, "Where does he live?" I went there and rang the bell and a little boy came to the door, and I said to myself, "I am going to smile; maybe I can get something if I smile." So I smiled at him and said, "Can I see the director of the company?" But the boy said, "No; nobody sees the director of the company." "Well," I said, "that is the reason I am going to see him." I had a letter in my pocket to the director from my father, and I gave him this letter, saying, "You can go and bring that to the director and see what he does." The director came running down and said, "Miss Silvercruys, I am so glad to see you. We got a letter from the Minister of Holland and he said we were to keep the best place on the boat for you." I went to the Belgian Consul and he was very kind to me, and I passed ahead of the thousand people waiting there.

And then I went to the English Consul and I was writing a telegram to my sister who was at that time at Cambridge University, in England. She had escaped from Belgium. My brother-in-law brought the answer from the University of Louvain. The University of Cambridge asked all the professors of the University of Louvain to come to Cambridge; and the director of the University of Louvain telegraphed my brother-in-law who was an old student at Cambridge, and so he left, and my sister carried the answer in her hair as she passed through the trenches, through the German line. She spoke German and she passed rather easily. She passed in a dog carriage, or rather the three children rode in the dog carriage and she walked beside it with my brother-in-law and the governess and another Belgian professor. So they passed through Belgium to the coast and traveled on a boat full of wounded to England. I was just writing a telegram to her when I heard somebody speak German, and I thought, "My goodness! They are everywhere." He was a real German and he came and tried to look when I was writing. When I knew he was very close and could not get away, I said,

“Germans everywhere! I would like to have a private room for the day.”

I went on the boat that night, and on the boat I had my first experience in English at breakfast. They had to give me a special maid who could speak Flemish. I looked at the menu and I thought, “It must be Chinese. I am going to pick out the most attractive words in the whole thing and see what they bring to me.” Guess what I picked out: E-g-g-s a-n-d b-a-c-o-n. I thought to myself, “If they bring me an elephant why it will be all right. After a while I saw bacon and eggs! I was so happy to be eating bacon and eggs that I ordered it all day long.

That night I got to England and then went to Cambridge. I had my first experience there. I stepped into a hansom cab. I had never seen a hansom cab before. I stepped in and suddenly the thing started. I said, “Where is the driver?” And I thought, “Well, he will catch up in a minute.” And he didn’t catch up. In the moonlight I saw the horses going, and I thought, “He is going back to the stable for sure.” But, after a while I heard “Cluck, cluck,” and thought “Oh, I am saved; the man is up there.”

I got to my sister’s, and she said, “You must learn English; you must go to college,” and the next day I started to go to college and to learn English. After two months we got a cablegram from my brother-in-law, who, by that time, was a professor at the Columbia University, New York. He said, “Come over to America. Wonderful country.” And we came to America, and we have always thought it was a wonderful country, and we will always think it is. When somebody says to me, “How do you like America?” this is my answer: “If I were not a Belgian I would want to be an American.”

Now, as I am going to leave you, I want to thank you Americans for all you have been doing for little Belgium. Little Belgium loves you, and I am glad to be the one here to be able to thank you for my people. You have saved little Belgium in a way; you have fed little Belgium, and you have helped her, and I know you will still do your best to help the people in Belgium. The citizens are very poor there now. Little children, anemic first, die by the hundreds of tuberculosis. People are very happy to get a piece of dog meat. Dogs over forty inches high are not allowed to live for that reason. Milk is only allowed to small babies and very ill and old people. An egg, if you can get one,—you are not allowed to get more than one egg a week—costs you over thirty cents apiece. A pair of shoes is over \$40.00; woolen blankets are \$30.00 to \$40.00 a pair. You must know that that means more to us than it would to you,

because life is cheaper in Belgium than it is in America. People are very happy to get the war bread that we have there, which is not like the wonderful war bread here. It is bread that is brown—black—and you are just allowed a certain quantity of it, just to keep you alive. And it is like that for everything, and when you want to go and take dinner with one of your friends, you must bring your things for dinner with you. It is so all through Belgium—suffering everywhere.

Even if the Germans should have to stay in Belgium a hundred years, never would they down the spirit of the Belgian people. I will show you an instance. In a certain part of Belgium the Germans requested all the men to come to the Hotel de Ville and then this German officer addressed them and said, "Come over to Germany. Come and work for us. You will be paid a tremendous pay and your wives and little children will not be starving there." But no man moved except one who stepped forward. The German said, "You see this man is an example. He is coming over to work for us." And he turned to the man and said, "What is your business?" And the Belgian answered, "I am a grave digger and ready to work for you." That is the spirit of the Belgian people everywhere, even in little children.

Belgium, when she could, fought for the world. Now I am going to ask you to help and fight for little Belgium, to fight for yourselves and to fight for the world.

THREE: BY HONORABLE MYRON T. HERRICK

Former United States Ambassador to France

WE have been strangely uplifted and translated. It seemed to me as I listened to this dear little girl's address, as though this crucifixion of Belgium marked another distinct period in human progress. It has been extremely difficult for us during these trying days to comprehend and understand the meaning of this war, because it is beyond comprehension. But the crucifixion of Belgium resembles that other period of the new birth of the world and the crucifixion of Christ. It seemed to me that this young girl was an embodiment of the spirit of her nation; and we who have heard her words to-day though we may have thought that Belgium had lost her national life, now realize that on the contrary she has had a new birth.

Whatever the causes of this war were in the beginning, and that subject has been discussed in all the chanceries of Europe and everywhere else in the world, its meaning has at length been re-

vealed to us. We have a different comprehension to-day of that meaning than we had before. We thought it a commercial warfare; we thought this; we thought that. But in these latter days, our minds are going back more and more to the morning of democracy. Why, democracy had its birth when Christ was born in the manger, and that is where the battle began; and to-day it is a question of the divine right of kings as against the divine right of peoples, and that battle has been going on in all these centuries. We haven't quite comprehended it until these latter days, but now we are beginning to understand. And if we should, by any reason, fail, then I would feel that I had lost my faith, and I haven't lost my faith, No!

We were all strangely moved by that inspired story of Belgium. I happened to see something of the other side of the picture in those fateful days of 1914. I saw those people who traveled in the street cars, who were driven from their homes, filling those long roads in France, moving somewhere away from the terrible invading Hun. Oh, my dear girl (turning to Mlle. Silvercruys) you need not thank us for what we do for Belgium. Do not we understand that it was just those days, just those fourteen days, that saved America?

I had seen that great German army. I had seen sixty thousand in Berlin on parade; I had motored through Germany; I had seen the organization, and we had no hope in Paris of staying that oncoming tide which seemed as powerful, as overwhelming, as the tide of the ocean. There was no one who understood who believed it could be stayed, and that is why I have faith; because it *was* stayed.

I remember a little incident, the first glimmer, possibly, of hope that this might not come to us, because I think I comprehended then in the early days the meaning of the war to this extent; that it meant that democracy must go down if Germany won. The first glimmer of hope that we had was in the early days, about the time of the Battle of the Marne. Every day just a little nearer came that powerful army. We knew the plan was to come through at Nancy, and Bar-le-duc, and each day move a little nearer.

But one night—now this seems a trifling thing, and you will pardon me for being possibly a little superstitious, but how could that army have been stayed by the forces that were massed against it?—one night I came down with two secretaries from the Chancery to the Seine, and there we saw up the river in that little island city a flag, the French flag, across the face of the moon, that seemed to sit on the edge of a building. The great moon was coming up and floating across the front of it was the

French flag, as though it were pasted on the moon. And on the bridge across the Seine and along the quays at different places were French people kneeling and praying. They said, "That is a sign," and then we learned of this prophecy I had not known before. It seems there is an evil prophecy centuries old that on that battlefield where those great armies were encamped nearly four million men opposing, that on that great plain, some time, in some way, the fate of France would be settled. And the French said, "That is the sign; that is the sign; and France will be saved."

We were strangely impressed by this incident. This was just preceding what was called the great decision. If you will remember, with those armies came Joffre and that brilliant little "contemptible army" as the Kaiser called it of eighty thousand men, of whom only twenty-seven hundred are now living. It was the eighty thousand of the British army that stood in the breach with France and had fallen back until that day. They saved the day, together with the French; and possibly, possibly, this was in answer to prayer and was the fulfillment of the prophecy centuries old, that the fate of France was to be settled in the Battle of the Marne.

And I believe it was not the fate of France alone that was settled in the Battle of the Marne. I think that it was the great decision for democracy and for civilization, saved by little Belgium in the beginning, and that is why we may have hope and faith that success shall eventually come to the civilized world and it shall be saved.

As to our part and place in the war, how impatient we have been all these years. These people on the other side—how patient and considerate they have been of us, and I want to say that to our friend who sits here, one of the ablest in all Europe, who brilliantly and splendidly represented Serbia in Paris during the time I was there and who is now the High Commissioner of Serbia here in America, speaking for that wonderful little country that stands side by side with the rest of the Allies in Belgium, how patiently they have waited until we could understand and comprehend how it related to us. But finally, the responsibility, yea, the obligation, that rests upon us was seen and recognized. That responsibility and obligation are now upon us, after these years, when the millions of the boys of France, when those boys in Belgium and those splendid Englishmen, have given their lives; when they have stood in the breach and held back that invading foe whose crimes, as has been said here, would have brought shame to Attila—and would have made the North American Indian blush with shame—these atrocities which were unknown at this civilized age, when they have stood and bared their

breasts, without arms, often without munitions, but with that wonderful spirit, that spirit which is evidenced in reincarnated France, they have stood there and waited patiently until we did comprehend. And now, thank God, we have comprehended, and it is we Americans who have the responsibility and the obligation—the opportunity, I would put it—of saving civilization. It rests upon us.

The things that yesterday, before the war, we regarded as essential to happiness, to advancement, to American life, have had a new appraisal and been thrown in the scrap-heap; and it is only that spirit of mankind, that spirit of democracy that was born in the Cradle at Bethlehem that counts, that spirit of little Belgium that is personified in this young girl. It is only that that counts, after all. And now we can hardly wait to organize that ability which we have, our resources which are greater than any other in world, to perform that service which I believe, and I think you believe with me, we were designed by some overruling Providence to perform, and perform that service, America will, without doubt.

Ex-Ambassador Herrick's Introduction of M. Vesnitch

I deem it a privilege to say just a word about my dear friend M. Vesnitch. I told my friend, Mr. Olcott, in speaking of his being here, that we would possibly be available this afternoon. I said that during my time in Paris I regarded M. Vesnitch, even though I was there, the most able man in the diplomatic corps.

Serbia could not possibly have had the spirit that she has and have submitted to that ultimatum. There was no possible chance for a nation that was worth anything at all, that was worthy of being called a nation, to take any other position than Serbia did, and she understood perfectly what the consequences were going to be. And our obligation is no less to Serbia and to all her people who suffer than to the suffering ones of Belgium and France. We do not hear of their suffering, unfortunately; the curtain is drawn. We do not know of it as we know of Belgium. But I know her people have given their lives by the tens of thousands, civilians and soldiers, to this cause which had its birth, as I say, two thousand years ago.

And my friend Vesnitch, although not so handsome as the beautiful girl, is the embodiment of the spirit of Serbia.

FOUR: BY HIS EXCELLENCY, M. VESNITCH,
Serbian

YOU very probably did not expect to hear about Serbia. As you will be obliged, by your goodness, to remain half an hour more and to hear about Serbia, I ascribe it to the friendship of his Excellency, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, who has had, who has, and who I hope will continue to have, for Serbia and for her representative in France friendship which goes to a point where it becomes quite partial in my favor.

Your meeting has been fixed to-day for Belgium, and I should not, in speaking about Serbia, take away any degree of the impression which this angel girl left upon us all at this moment. Because I have the privilege to speak to you, I wish to tell to you that the case of Serbia is more tragic, if possible, than that of Belgium.

And to begin with individual experiences, I should add to this girl's story that I, who have the honor to speak to you, had begun to suffer when I was five years old, because at that age my poor father had been killed for his love of country, and I began my service in hospitals at the age of thirteen, because I too and all my brothers and sisters wished to serve our country as much as every one of us was able to do, and when your President said that your decision should have taken place on August 4th, 1914, it comes from the fact that you are not and you were not aware of the situation of other small nations which are in the same case as Belgium, and who have done their duty in the same way and with the same courage as Belgium, which, of course, does not in any way diminish the merit and glory of the country of King Albert.

We in Europe have been sure that America will not stay for long time aside, and we have been sure of that from the first because many of us knew your history; but we have been sure of that since the historic day that the Germans dropped their first bombs on Paris, and at the moment—two minutes after—at which the then Ambassador of the United States, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, proclaimed, and his words will remain in history, that it was pity that these bombs did not kill the American Ambassador, because that would decide that moment the United States to take part.

We knew and we know that there were in your guest of to-day personal virtues and qualities—that we felt; and we knew that there was in him besides his personal qualities, something which is part of you all, of all the successors of Washington

and of Lincoln, and we had learned a French saying which says "All will come—all will arrive—to him who knows how to wait." And all our task, all the tasks of France, of England, of little Serbia, of little Belgium, of Italy, of Rumania, have been concentrated in that fact. We had to wait; we have waited; and it has arrived; and from the moment in which your great democracy has decided that there was no more time to remain apart, that higher duty which goes over a nation, which imposes obligations on every man, on every country, on every nation, to see in his neighbors' sufferings his own sufferings, to reject the violated justice; that America and the American people were not a nation who would and who could close their ears and their eyes, and that they would and they had to come, and from the day in which your government had decided to take part in this war, from this day brighter sunshine has come over all the armies, over all the countries, over all the poor suffering peoples.

From that day we were sure that the outraged rights, that the violated justice, have to be avenged, and that they will be.

But before, and especially from that day, our enemies have taken in their hands a new weapon. From being lions and wolves they now would like to play the part of the lambs, and they now, all over the world, send the messages of peace, of humanity, fraternity, and brave the counsels of necessity, that human blood shall not be shed more.

For centuries and especially for the last forty years, these men have every day forged the arms to crush down the civilized world and to make of them their slaves. The superman, the Teuton, the supernational, the German, had to command and the rest of the world had to obey. They think, they believe, in this moment, that they are arrived at this point, and of course they in this moment preach peace, because, in the present conditions for the Allies, the peace which would be made to-day would be a German peace, would be the accomplishment of German tendencies, of German desires, of German resolutions. Patience has given us the Marne, and, as Ambassador Herrick told to you, it is certainly one of the greatest moments in the history of the world. The patience and the righteousness of the cause of the Allies has been successfully brought to us, you here and the first-line peoples, and the peoples, one could say, all the honest nations of the world. The patience and sentiment of duty to every one's country and to the general cause has imposed upon the peoples who are allies the silence of their individual and selfish interests and the concentration of all our thought to one purpose, to victory. This patience and this obligation have brought the public men in every European country, one can say, to the con-

viction that there was a moment in which in the internal life of every nation there must be made an armistice; that every one of us has just to put somewhere safe, his political and personal opinion, and that every one of us has to look on that insignia there. That conviction has worked miracles in Europe. Three months ago M. Poincairé and M. Clemenceau were men who did not greet each other. Within two months and a half M. Poincairé was made President of the French Republic and M. Clemenceau his Prime Minister.

We are most unhappy; I speak like a simple soldier, in the great Allied army. I represent one of the smallest nations, one of the nations which, technically, militarily speaking, has not much to offer to the Allies, because, what we had we have given it; but we have something more. We have about one hundred thousand soldiers more. That is, one hundred thousand soldiers are ready to give their lives for our country, but at the same time, for the great, for the noble cause for which all Allies fight in this moment; and we are sure that in all of the Allied countries this consciousness of the tragedy of the moment, this same spirit will inspire all men, of whom the most modest one bears on his shoulders a part of the responsibility and at the same time of the glory of his country.

His excellency said that during twenty centuries this fight has been going on. I ask the permission to add to this only two or three words. The autocracy on one side, the democracy on the other side, fight against each other. One could say, since the world exists, it is the evil fighting against the good; but since we are in history, the autocracy is represented by nations belonging to the German race; the democracy is represented by nations who in one or in another way belong to the Celtic races. And nowadays these two principles are personified, on one side by Germany and autocracy, and on the other side by nations belonging in one or another way to the Celtic races, representing the principles of democracy.

I shall not keep you longer with the development of these truths, but I ask permission to quote only one fact known to any of you: with democracy goes all the high ideals of mankind; with autocracy the contrary. The German poets, the German painters, the German musicians, have never found an ideal in their own history. When Schiller was anxious to give to his country an ideal, a personification of liberty-loving peoples, he went to France and he took the Maid of Orleans, or he went to Switzerland and he took William Tell. He was not able to find it in Germany. And when Goethe, the greatest materialist, had to present to his nation a type of civic courage, he did not find it

in Germany. In the music, in the painting, and so on, I could give to you many and many examples.

Is the human race to undergo the German domination, to abdicate all that makes man dignified to be a man, and to become slaves and soldiers of the Kaiser, or is the human race to go the way of freedom, or justice, or fraternity? I know your decision. Well, knowing your decision, I am sure of the end of this trouble as I am sure of the fact of standing here before you at a quarter to five. I thank you for the kindness with which you have allowed me to speak for a moment to you. I am not sixteen years old, and I have not been in a college, neither at Cambridge nor at Columbia, so my English, of course, is very broken; but my heart and your heart are strong, and we understand each other even if our grammar or syntax is false in our language.

FIVE: BY REVEREND WILLIAM F. PIERCE

President Kenyon College

I AM keenly conscious of the brutal cruelty of detaining you longer than this present moment, and I am also so conscious of my own inadequacy and unworthiness that, for the first time in my life, I think, I can remember the biting words of Bernard Shaw about the teaching profession, without resentment:

“He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.”

You have been listening to those who have done, and now you are asked to listen for a few moments to some one who is merely teaching. However, on behalf of Kenyon College, I am not altogether without excuse for detaining you a moment this afternoon, since this is, in some real sense, an occasion in which Kenyon College has a personal part.

It is about ten years since the faculty of that institution decided to honor at the annual commencement with the highest degree in the gift of the college, Doctor of Laws, one of the most brilliant members of the New York delegation in Congress, a gentleman whom I have for many years had the honor of numbering among my intimate personal friends and whom I dearly love, the Chairman of your Committee on Arrangements this afternoon, the Honorable J. Van Vechten Olcott. In the same class with him was graduated with this same honor the Governor of Ohio to whom you have listened to-day, one of the best and most efficient Governors that Ohio has ever had, a Governor too

good, indeed, for many of the citizens of that State fully to appreciate. Not long after his term expired, however, an hour came, when the man and the occasion met, and to-day the State of Ohio, the whole United States, realizes that in the speaker of this afternoon we have listened to an American who, although without public office for the moment, is supremely the citizen of the whole world. Wherever the history of diplomacy of the twentieth century is written, the contribution which the American Ambassador made in those fateful days of August and September, 1914, in those first months of the war, will be remembered as a supreme example of brilliant and efficient diplomacy, and of courage and of heroism.

You remember that in the days of the "Red Terror" in France, the only member of the diplomatic corps who remained and who defied Robespierre and his fellow revolutionists in the name of the principles of law-loving liberty for which the United States stood, was a citizen of your own State, the American Ambassador of that day, Gouverneur Morris. In the beginning of this world conflict, the American Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, was the only diplomat who remained in Paris in the face of the oncoming German Army.

I think you will agree with me, therefore, that the faculty of Kenyon College chose very wisely on that Commencement Day in conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on these two gentlemen who are present this afternoon.

And, in this present conflict, Kenyon has done, I believe, its full duty as a college. Whatever errors, whatever shortcomings, it may be guilty of, it has certainly not been remiss in teaching sound patriotism and a sense of loyal citizenship. For the last twenty years, this small college for young men has had an average student attendance of a trifle less than 120. Two hundred and nineteen of its sons are at present serving their country. The college is doing something in the present, as it has done in the past.

With reference to the personal matter to which your Chairman has made reference, may I tell you very briefly that within the past two or three months I have been asked by the Land Division of the Red Cross, covering the States of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, to represent them officially on the platform; and that very recently arrangements have been made, through the national headquarters, for me to go to the other side for two or three months of investigation and observation of the actual work of that organization in France, in order that, on my return, I may in some trifling way help to keep the people of those States conscious of their duty and responsibility in this great crisis.

I have been a very happy man since this opportunity came to me. We all of us want to do something. I had hoped that I was doing a trifle indirectly through the young men with whom I was associated, but the privilege of seeing the great thing oneself, and of communicating the ideas and inspiration which one must get on the other side to the people in one's own State, is a high and noble privilege indeed; for we are now fighting a battle which is absolutely critical, both in the material and in the spiritual sense, for the destiny of America.

In the first days of the war I saw in a Berlin illustrated paper a symbolic presentation of the spirit of Germany. "Germania" was the only inscription below. You know the lofty figure which in New York harbor welcomes every liberty-seeking citizen to our shores. You know how we conceive the serene and stately figure of Columbia. "Germania" was a very different sort of goddess indeed. A long line of marching men in Prussian uniform, with spiked helmets, were on the ground, and above in the clouds hovered an angry goddess clad in armor and helmet and bearing in her upraised right hand an unsheathed sword ready to strike death and destruction to the enemies of her sons on the earth.

That sword is uplifted to-day against us; the hatred is deep and bitter; and if America is not, as the long scroll of history unrolls to take her place among those organizations that have passed, along with Assyria, Persia, Greece, the Roman Empire and many others, if she is not to take her place among those governments which have died, she must march straight on and through to victory in this great war.

No sharper contrast could be imagined than the square and definite challenge as to ideas and principles which the powers of Central Europe now offer to America. In our Constitution, for the first time perhaps in more than eighteen centuries, the principles of Christian brotherhood were written into the fundamental law of a nation. Those principles are squarely challenged and negated in the position which Germany takes with reference to those fundamental questions of liberty, of justice, of the rights of man.

In this particular season, it is natural that Christians should remember the forty days of temptation of our blessed Lord. The supreme temptation which the Devil offered, the culminating one, was a view from a high mountain showing all the kingdoms of this world, and adding, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." To-day we are facing a power whose emperor, whose administrators, and whose citizenship have adopted that principle and paid that price.

After listening to the lovely young girl clad in the Belgian national costume, you cannot but appreciate that the marks of diabolism, the marks of devotion to Satan and to the cause of darkness, become clear and distinct indeed in the world of ideas and in the principles of action. When Professor Lasson, of the University of Berlin, states that there can be no law between nations; when a Privy Counsellor of the Empire, Joseph Kohler, head of that Department in the University of Berlin, states that the international law of the future shall be dictated by Germany, you can come to appreciate, not simply from the acts of the soldiery, nor from the orders of the government, but with reference to those fundamental principles upon which governments are based, that the German Empire embodies the principle of Satanism and of darkness as applied to the relations between man and man.

And upon us, then, is incumbent the high privilege and responsibility of bearing our part in this great struggle. At first, we thought it might be indirect and a minor one. Then we became conscious that we must enter the war, and must supply, of our money and our property, aid to the Allied cause. We have now come to realize that our part is a principal one. It may, conceivably be a decisive one in that long warfare which has been going on since the beginning of the world between the principles of light and of darkness.

It is for us, then, to consecrate all that we have and all that we are to the cause of our Allies, to the cause of murdered Belgium and Serbia, and to the cause of America, which is the cause of the eternal principles of truth and justice and righteousness.

EIGHTH DISCUSSION
FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD, 1918
CANADA IN THE WAR

CANADA IN THE WAR

ONE: BY ROBERT W. BONYNGE

President, Republican Club of New York

BEFORE I proceed to the discharge of the very pleasant duty that the Chairman has assigned to me, I want to take advantage of this, the first opportunity I have had this year, to do what I know the Chairman of the Saturday Discussions Committee did not expect me to do, but which I am very sure all of you would be glad to have me do, and that is, to express on behalf of the Club our sincere thanks and our congratulations also, to the Chairman of the Saturday Discussions Committee and his associates on that Committee for the brilliant success of this season's meetings.

Each meeting has been of a distinctive character, and all of them have been grand successes. The impression left on us at the close of each meeting being the freshest and the keenest, has been that each meeting has surpassed in enthusiasm and interest its predecessors. I feel this afternoon that we must have reached the climax of this very remarkable series. I measure my words when I say that I do not believe the membership of any organization anywhere in the country has been privileged to hear such a remarkable series of patriotic addresses on the war and all of its phases as we have listened to in this room this winter.

We have with us as guests distinguished citizens of the Dominion of Canada and other guests who are either citizens or residents of this country, former Canadians; and, as the President of the Club, I want to testify to them how sincerely and how thoroughly we appreciate the honor of their presence with us to-day. We honor them not alone because of our admiration for them as men and as individuals, and I assure them that is very great and very sincere; but, above all, because they are the worthy representatives of that great people who live across the imaginary northern boundary line of our country, and to whom we are bound by every tie of kinship, of friendship, of love and affection, and now, more than ever, of purpose, of aspiration and of determination.

We know the noble and heroic part that your people have

taken in this great struggle, not alone for the defense of the rights of Canada, or of the mother-country to which you are so proud to own allegiance, but in defense of our rights and of the rights of civilization and humanity generally. The sacrifices your people have made, the losses they have sustained so uncomplainingly, and the lives of your brave sons that you have so freely given in this cause have increased, if possible, the profound admiration we have always entertained for the people of Canada. The reports and the stories that have come to us of the courage and bravery of your brave sons, of their deeds of valor and heroism, at Vimy Ridge, at Lens, in the trenches and in all the battlefields of the Western front, have kindled the spirit of enthusiasm and patriotism in the hearts of the youth of our land, and they have waited impatiently, oh how impatiently, for the call to the colors, that they might share with you the burdens of the conflict and the glory of the victory that is to come.

Some of them could not wait for the call. They crossed that imaginary northern boundary line and enlisted in your regiments with your boys, and they went across the seas and some of them fell; and thus the blood of your sons and the blood of our sons has mingled upon the same battlefield in defense of the same cause, and a bond of union has been established between our peoples which, please God, may never be broken.

But at last the call has come; our boys are "over there," four hundred, five hundred, or six hundred thousand—we do not know the numbers; the censor does not let us know; perhaps the Germans do—but let me assure you that whatever the number may be now, there are millions more, yes, five or ten millions, waiting for the call and ready to go and "do their bit."

We have given our word to the world, and it will not be broken, that we are ready to sacrifice all of our resources, our wealth and the lives of our dear sons in this cause that you and our other Allies have so nobly defended for us during more than the three years last past. We are in this war to the finish. We do not want any inconclusive or patched-up peace. We feel that there can be no lasting peace in the world until victory has been won, and we are prepared to stay in the fight until that victory has been won. And, when it comes, as come it must, and your sons and our sons, those of them that may be spared, return to their loved ones and to their grateful countries, may this friendship that has existed for more than one hundred years between your people and our people, last for countless ages to come, and may we continue to dwell in bonds of most

intimate and friendly and commercial and social intercourse. May these two governments living on this continent dedicated to freedom, the offsprings of the same mother-country, continue to be the guardians of the liberty of their own people and the defenders of right and justice and of civilization and humanity the world over.

Distinguished guests, on behalf of the Republican Club and in its name, I bid you one and all welcome, thrice welcome, to the Republican Club House.

TWO: BY SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L.

I AM to speak to you this afternoon about Canada's part in the war, so far as that can be sketchily dealt with in the short time at our disposal. I realize that I am talking to an audience unusually alert, keen and intelligent. I shall try not to be boastful, although the greatest of Canada's orators urged all Canadians to boast about their country. But I shall not use any camouflage or waste any words, because I have a great deal to say and I should like to say all I can.

Now, we Canadians have been lately amused and amazed somewhere at a series of articles in the New York "Times" by a gentleman writing under the name of "An American Jurist." The articles about Canada have been sufficiently answered by Americans themselves, and need no treatment on my part; but they cause one to understand how easy it is for an intelligent and honest-minded and not unkindly man to live alongside of another country and to fail utterly to understand that country; and I am going to speak to you this afternoon with the idea in my mind that there are many intelligent Americans who have not read the history of Canada and who do not understand entirely the impulses which move the people to the north, and if I tell you many of the things which you know quite well, I hope you will forgive me, in the interest of those who may not know them quite so well.

Now, when we realize this lack of understanding on the part of Americans it hurts us even more than what Kipling indicates in his hymn or song to the "Native-born":

"We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!
We've drunk to our mother's land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand)."

I wish this afternoon to take up, in introduction, the kind of experiences which caused the Canadian people to act as they did. We realize that we owe to two great American scholars, George Louis Beer, one of the most distinguished sons of Columbia, and Clarence W. Alvord, the knowledge which we have and which all people have about the development of the colonial system of Great Britain from Elizabethan times. But while we realize that, we fail, all of us, to realize sufficiently that the greatest good fortune that happened to the British Empire was the loss of the Thirteen Colonies; because it was in consequence of the loss of the Thirteen Colonies that the spirit of the remaining colonists of Great Britain, and especially the remaining colonists of North America, caused them to enter on those struggles, generally parliamentary but sometimes struggles of bloodshed, in order to secure for themselves an autonomy so complete that they are not only the freest of the republics of the world, but, in the case of Australia, I suppose the most advanced democracy in the world.

Now, Americans have not always understood that the United States is not the most advanced democracy, nor have they understood that the overseas dominions of Great Britain consist of a series of modern democracies made free as they are because of the terrible mistakes that Great Britain made when she allowed the Thirteen Colonies to find a reason for departing from her.

Now let us consider the kind of people that Canada is composed of. First we have the French Canadian people who have chosen to be aloof from the rest of North America, and who will stay aloof, more or less, from North America, whose peculiarity you may realize as business men, when I tell you that for nearly two generations after the Conquest of Quebec they still valued the coins they had used before the Conquest, and still clung to them because they were used to keeping their accounts in those coins.

But the other parts of Canada were settled by those people born, in many cases, on the North American continent, many of them British, but sometimes of Dutch or Swiss or even of German descent, who chose not to stand with the Thirteen Colonies, but who chose to go into the forests and gain a new home for themselves in Upper Canada. These people are intensely British, more British than the English, if anything. They respond instantly to the call of anything that influences the British Empire.

Then we have the Scotch people all over Canada; but we have particularly the Highlanders of Cape Breton, Pictou or Glengarry, those of Cape Breton speaking almost entirely Gaelic, as is the case in Glengarry. And we have the descendants of the

fur traders, largely Scotch, who left the North of Scotland and settled in the northwest, people who knew that when they put "H. B." in front of a prairie schooner they were free from marauders and from any kind of thing.

Then we have the people like myself, descendants of English people who came to Canada because they were poor and came to better their condition.

We have many other kinds of Canadians; but I have tried to show you that clanship is a great thing. One or two Canadian stories which will illustrate just exactly what clanship means: The Governor-General who was a Canadian of Jacobin Catholic descent in Glengarry, invited John Greenfield MacDougal, a member of Parliament from Glengarry, to dine with him. He declined at once, but feeling that was not sufficiently clear to the Governor-General, he added, "When did a MacDougal sup with a Campbell?"

And when a wealthy American gentleman named Frazier, enamored of descriptions of Canada, went to Cape Breton some years ago, he asked a local Highland Scotch Canadian at the station to get his bag and carry it for him. After the Scotchman had carried it a mile or so, his eye happened to light on the label. That was enough. He dropped the bag in the road and struck off, with "Am I a dog, that I should carry the bag of a Frazier?"

These are the people who chose to be colonists of Great Britain, but who succeeded by one fight after another in wresting from Great Britain an autonomy so complete that it leaves nothing but a silken thread and the bonds of blood, which you know are stronger than a feeling of loyalty to rules of Parliament or any other feeling. Canada, as we said, fought Downing Street for every species of right; nevertheless tribal feeling is stronger than the laws of any Parliament, and our men rushed to the colors because of the blood that was in them and because of the dear people at home with whom they were still connected. We did not, as you know, hesitate a moment, because Great Britain had pledged her word to Belgium and we saw that she needed every son of the Empire to enable her to redeem her pledge; not because it was the greatest cause that the world has ever known, and I will not pretend for a moment that that was the reason that they rushed to the colors. It was because England was in danger.

Now, our people were undoubtedly moved by what another friend of the North wrote in 1861, when Mrs. Browning said in expressing her confidence in your great republic, that

"The stain upon the honor must come off upon the flag."

This time the flag was the Union Jack which we love as passionately as you love the Stars and Stripes. Our people knew that Great Britain had made her pledge to Belgium, and that instant they saw that any stain upon our honor must come off upon our flag, and that was what made our people act and act quickly. And so we said to the mother, if I may quote Kipling again,

"Gifts have we only today,
Love without promise or fee;
Hear, for thy children speak
From the uttermost parts of the sea!"

Now, you remember that July of 1914, the anxiety, the hopes, the fears, the uncertainties, as to whether England would be in the war or not. Before that month was over, men from all parts of Canada were offering either militia regiments already in existence, or to raise regiments; and one man telegraphed from Winnipeg as early as the fifth of August:

"It is war to the death and one or other of the warring nations will go down. That will not be Great Britain. They have struck at the British Empire of which Canada is a forceful part. Let us show them of what stuff we are made."

Turning from the other for a moment, on the third of August, at twelve o'clock at night, I was asleep in my country home, fifty-three miles from Toronto. A man came across the lake with a telegram indicating that I was wanted in Ottawa on the fourth of August, on Monday afternoon. This was Sunday night. I called my son and he spent a couple of hours in making sure that his car could meet all requirements. I caught the morning train at Toronto, was in Ottawa at four o'clock in the afternoon, met there the other finance ministers and the other bankers, and at eight o'clock we had prepared and the Government had confirmed a series of orders in council, which would make it unnecessary to have a single bank holiday and to make it possible for anybody to have free discount facilities; and the machinery has never changed since war begun; but machinery undoubtedly not used because of the efficiency of the machinery if it had to be put into force.

We did not hesitate; we rushed to the colors. Why, the war was declared on the fourth of August, and on the sixth of August the orders for the enlistment of the first contingent were passed by Parliament. We were just two days in discussing in Parliament what we would do. By the twenty-first of August, in seventeen days, we had raised that regiment which is now

immortal, called after the Princess Patricia. The Princess Pats began, the other soldiers followed, the trip to Valcartier; and by the twenty-second of September, that is, in one month and one day, the embarkation of troops began, which was finished on the first of October, from Gaspé, a particular place that I don't even to this day know the location of. Thirty-two transports and ten warships carried 33,000 men and 7,500 horses, arriving in Plymouth on the fourteenth of October, two months and ten days after the war broke out.

The credit for that was due very largely to a man who has, since then, been greatly under criticism because, as old Sir David Beers said, "He was difficult to get along with," Sir Samuel Hughes. He made this address to his men when he said good-bye to them:

"Within six weeks you were at your homes, peaceful Canadian citizens. Since then your training camp has been secured; three and a half miles of rifle ranges—twice as long as any other in the world—were constructed; fences were removed; water of the purest quality was laid in miles of pipes; drainage was perfected; electric light was installed; crops were harvested; roads and bridges were built; ordnance and army service corps buildings were erected; railway sidings were laid down; woods were cleared; sanitation was perfected so that illness was practically unknown, and 33,000 men were assembled from points, some of them upwards of 4,000 miles apart. You have been perfected in rifle shooting and to-day are as fine a body—officers and men—as ever faced a foe. The same spirit as accomplished that great work is what you will display on the war fields of Europe."

Well at that time, our idea of what we ought to do was to raise 50,000 men and maintain that number in the field. Well, there followed, after their arrival at Plymouth, the only unexciting and dreary time that the Canadians have had since the war begun, that is the winter on the mud flats of Salisbury. It was not such an unlively time for the farmers, because there was a great call for extra locks on the hen-coops!

Step by step, we had to realize that we must raise more than the fifty thousand men we promised at first; and finally we decided to try and place in the field five hundred thousand men instead of the original fifty thousand. Five hundred thousand is about the equivalent of six and a half million men from the United States. We have raised from 425,000 to 450,000 men, then resorted to the draft to complete our number. I think the

draft is the truly democratic principle of raising an army. But, let me say to you, as a Canadian, that because of the lack of contractual relations with Great Britain, we were not bound to see to the defense of the Empire.

Step by step, we also realized that in addition to raising what was to us a vast number of men, we must feed and clothe and arm the men, and then we realized that we must make ammunition and raise products of all kinds in excess of what was necessary for our own men, to the last ounce of our own capacity. Our notion of finance was so timid that we said to Great Britain, "You must send us fifty million dollars a month in order that we may be able to put these men in the field." That lasted for a few months, when we realized that England's burdens were too great for that, and then we realized that we must raise munitions on a great scale, and we must pay our own way and we must give credit for the productions that we raised.

Now, if you will stop to think of Canada at that time, you will see it as a country largely agricultural, fond of after-dinner speeches and meetings of Boards of Trade, calling itself a manufacturing country, but a country, after all, which was based on the basic things like copper and iron-mining, flour mills, and which made agricultural machinery and electric machinery, if not too difficult, and all of the things that represented a country at about the stage that you were in at the time of the Civil War; hoping at some time to reach your condition, but not at that stage at that time.

We needed a great deal more carefulness and exactitude in manufacturing than we had ever known. The first problem that came to us was to secure the machinery. Fortunately, we had alongside of us a country where the making of lathes and the making of fine machinery was an art, and it became easy for us to fill our factories with the necessary kinds of machinery. Then, when they were built, we did not possess in Canada trained workmen of the kind that were necessary. We had to go to work and train people to make them fit for this higher class of work demanded in the articles which we had to make. They amounted in the first year to over five hundred thousand kinds of articles. How many of them we actually made ourselves, I can't tell you. I tried to describe the present condition in a few words, at an annual meeting of my bank a few days ago, and I will read a paragraph from it:

"Canada is producing gun ammunition, including propellants, high explosives, fuses and cartridge cases in 550 factories situated from St. John in the east to Victoria in the west. In addi-

tion to contracts given to private corporations, the Imperial Munitions Board has developed government factories for the loading of fuses, for the production of powder and high explosives, for the manufacture of sulphuric and nitric acids and acetone, and of steel and forgings, and for the construction of aeroplanes. The Board has also contracted for the building of a large number of the latest type of high-power aeroplane engines (I am now referring to the making of engines for fighting planes at the front. It was thought that nowhere could works be found fine enough to make them; doubtless they could have been made in this country.)

I will stop for one minute to illustrate what I mean by the difficulties of this high class of manufacturing. I think of a factory, managed by a graduate of the University of Toronto, where, before the war, bicycles and automobiles were made, although not on a very large scale. In that factory they are making at the present time, or were a month or two ago, 12,000 fuses of the time fuse and percussion fuse type, and 28,000 of the high explosives daily. That is 40,000 fuses daily or a million fuses a month, and a million fuses are enough to fire the shells for a barrage of as intense a kind as ever happens in this present war for the entire length of the western line, French, American, Canadian, British.

Now, when I tell you that for a short time the British Army depended for sixty per cent. of its fuses upon that one factory in Toronto, which six months before had been making bicycles and automobiles, you will understand what I mean by the kind of pressure on human ingenuity which this war has called for. That factory is manned by two thousand men and four thousand women to-day. When I speak of fuses, let me say that there are twenty-four parts in the time fuse and seventeen parts in the percussion fuse. Forty thousand a day means that in that factory those four thousand women and two thousand men are turning out 750,000 pieces of machinery which must be true to one-tenth of a second in a flight of twenty-two seconds. I think a Waltham watch does not bear any relation whatever to that!

The Imperial Munitions Board have already given orders in Canada for over one billion dollars' worth of material of different kinds and we have made in Canada, up to date, over fifty million shells. I said that we had to begin early in the day to give long time credit to Great Britain. Great Britain, as you know, has given you, since the war began, over the one billion dollars' worth of gold, and the gold was shipped to this country until the moment came when that had to stop, and the time

came when we realized that the Allies must have credit until the war is over for everything they buy.

Listen for a few minutes to the financial condition of Canada. I want you to realize that the problem can only be considered together; we must work together here if we fight together "over there" for the greatest cause that was ever known. Before the war Canada was one of the poorest countries. We have six or seven millions in population, an area as large as the United States, and an enormous incoming immigration. Really, we are in our days of railroad building, of public building of every kind.

Our foreign trade at March 31st, 1913, the end of our fiscal year, was one billion, sixty-three million dollars, excluding gold—an enormous foreign trade for the population, but our imports exceeded our exports by three hundred and ten millions, and we also owed about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars for the interest on foreign indebtedness already incurred; so that we had to find four hundred and thirty-five million dollars on March 31st, 1913, to pay our way. We owed most of that difference to you, but we sold our securities to Great Britain, and she really bought our securities and gave us the money to give you the cash to pay for the quantity of goods we had bought from you.

Now, on the 31st day of March, 1917, the foreign trade was two billion, forty-three million dollars—this in four years—and the imports now exceed exports by three hundred and fifteen million dollars, a change in four years of six hundred and twenty-five million dollars in our trade—about the same as a change in your trade of seven or eight billion dollars. You realize that since last March, about a year ago, the price of everything has grown larger, the scale of everything in quantity has grown larger, and the figures for 1918 will be amazingly larger than they were for 1917.

We had to put up on the market, almost entirely for war purposes, but not entirely on Canada's account, seven hundred and seventy-two million dollars' worth of securities. These securities before the war were practically all sold in Great Britain; but in the year 1917 Canada took five hundred and eighty millions of her own securities, you took one hundred and eighty-seven millions, and an inconsiderable amount of five millions was put down to Great Britain.

Our war has cost down to date seven hundred and sixty million dollars. Beside that, the Government has found for Great Britain between two and three hundred million dollars and the banks have found several hundred millions on their own account. Now, the problem for the next year is, of course, bigger

than ever. What we have to remember is that, in every way, in the number of men, in the clothing of them, in the quantity of food, in every kind of thing, it actually works like that. The scope of it gets bigger and bigger, until the day comes when we realize there is peace ahead. That is why all this talk about peace is so wicked and wasteful. If we were a self-contained country like the United States, we could plainly make all we needed for ourselves and send goods to the Allies as well and we could give them credit for the whole of it except for the small amount which we need for foreign indebtedness incurred; but we have to buy from you steel, steel forgings, bar steel, all kinds of things, which, in the end, find their place either in factories or in steamships or in the shells, or in some form of thing the need for which has been created by the war and for which we are getting long time credit from Great Britain.

I want to make you representative business men understand that if you sell something to Great Britain that must be used in Canada, you must give credit to Canada on that account. All the wheat, all the wool, all the guns, shells, aeroplanes, ships, everything that all of us can build is needed, and they must be built where they can be built, and they must be paid for where they can be paid for.

We are not war-weary in Canada. I don't think we shall ever be war-weary. We have had some of the most remarkable campaigns in raising money for patriotic funds and for Red Cross purposes that have ever been carried on in any part of the world. The London "Times" did us the honor to send Hamilton Fyfe to Canada to find out how we did it. But in those campaigns in which we raised such enormous amounts of money, really the slogan was always the same, "We have got to stand by the boys at the front."

When our Finance Minister a little while ago asked for a loan of one hundred and fifty million dollars, he said he would take subscriptions up to three hundred millions. He got subscriptions of four hundred and seventeen millions! And these were from eight hundred and seven thousand people.

But I must return to the soldiers. One could speak forever about the soldiers. By the 15th of February, 1915, the men were away from Salisbury and were at the front. Some of you will remember that they were engaged fighting by February 28th at St. Eloi. I am not going to tell you what you all know about the single battle of Ypres, that wonderful spot where a lot of Canadian boys who didn't know enough of military tactics to retreat barred the way of Germany to Calais and stopped their whole army. Nor shall I speak about Vimy Ridge or Passchendaele,

but what I want to impress upon you is that we used to be, as the cousins of America and cousins of Great Britain, rather offended when people said there was no Canadian type. The Americans said we were half English, and the English said we were half American! And it has been the beautiful privilege of our boys to demonstrate that there is a Canadian type, absolutely recognizable. It is curiously like your western type in some respects. I was telling your Chairman about their manners, reminding one of what some one said about your Rhodes Scholarship boys at Oxford. He said they had the manners of the very early gods. They tell about the distress of the British officials because the Canadian boys went into fashionable restaurants and did not salute the officers. One of them said he would try it, and see whether he would salute him. The boy did not, so he stepped up and said to him, "My good man, don't you know enough to salute an officer?" And he said, "Oh, yes"; and he got up slowly and saluted and then sat down. The officer said, "What company do you belong to, my good man?" "The Glengarry Gas Company."

The most amazing thing about this war, the most comforting thing about modern democracy, the most comforting thing to those who dread long years of peace, is the way in which we have made soldiers out of civilians and the rapidity with which it has been done. One of the leading generals—you will have heard of him from time to time—is General Currie. He was a real estate agent before the war. There is in Italy, the second in command in the British Army in Italy—and he is a fellow-governor with Sir Robert Falkner and myself on the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto—Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, who never occupied any but Provincial positions before the war.

And then you think of the Imperial Army anxious to build a railroad behind the front and asking their engineers how long it would take to build it. They examined it and said it would take about four weeks; and so in despair they sent for a man, General Jack Stewart, and they asked him what he could do, and he said, "If you will give me three hundred of the Canadian foresters and Canadian railroad men, I could build it in ten days." They gave him the men and he built it in six days.

But one could tell stories all day, stories about subalterns, boys finding themselves with five or six men, disassociated from their own commanding officer, and seeing in front of them a German machine gun that was riddling the life out of their fellows, taking it on their own account. I could tell incident after incident of that kind.

When the Ridge of Passchendaele was not taken and it was decided by the Canadians that it had to be taken, General Currie went before his men, knowing he was sending many of them to their death, and getting up on a mess table, he said, "Boys, we've got to take the ridge. We have been fighting here all summer for this. Everything we have done goes for nothing if we can't take the ridge. Boys, we have got to take the ridge." And the boys cheered him to the echo, and of course you know they took the ridge.

You hear every now and then about the new German method of meeting the difficulty, when they could not build trenches, of building what are called "pill boxes." I haven't hunted for incidents. I am only telling you things that came under my notice since your Chairman asked me to speak to you. I have a letter here written from France in October, 1917, to a friend of mine by his son. This letter describes very graphically the taking of pill boxes which are entered from the back, practically shell-proof, and from which the Germans could do great damage.

"Early on the morning of the 6th the barrage commenced and what a sight it was to us who stood back there and watched it! You know what an unearthly thing a cold November dawn is like. Clouds of mist, rain perhaps, and heavy clouds with the red of the dawn just coming up. Two hours changed all this into a regular blaze of fire and smoke accompanied by the terrible and constant throb of hundreds of guns firing. There was still enough of the darkness to show off the flashes from guns and shells which made it all the more hard to understand how any human being could stand up against such a terrific force. A year ago we used to think our barrage perfect, but we are only beginning to realize now to what length artillery fire can be brought. New devices, more guns and experience have all gone to bring our gunfire to a stage where it is quite *impossible* for any one to get through it, much less stand against it. Finding that the deep dugout was of very little use against us, owing to the time that it took to come up from them, the Boche has gone into what we call 'pill boxes,' that is, concrete boxes on top of the ground large enough to hold from ten to forty men. These boxes are very strongly made with ferro-concrete at least five feet, and sometimes eight feet thick, furnishing naturally a most perfect protection from shell-fire. The Boche has strewn hundreds of these little forts over his back area in groups of four or five, and naturally thought he had overcome the effect of our curtain of fire as his M. G. men were able to fire through their loopholes

with little chance of being hit. He reckoned, though, without taking into consideration the men that he was up against.

"Our fellows had very little trouble with pill boxes during the show and the reports of the manner in which they stalked these places and captured them would fill books. Every situation required a different plan and the greatest credit is due to our Section Commanders, chiefly corporals, for the way they got through without the slightest check. One instance that I know of reads like a V. C. story, and perhaps it may turn out to be one. I hope so.

"A large P. B. was found opposite one of our Lewis Gun sections with at least two M. G.'s in it. Our corporal soon laid his plan, and a very daring one it was too. He distributed his seven or eight men about in shell holes in front of the obstacle and had them open fire on the loopholes with their rifles and rifle grenades and then taking his Lewis gun by himself, did the Indian and crawled around to the back of the P. B., knowing that the Boches would be fully engaged with his men out in front. As soon as he got close enough to the narrow entrance in the rear, he dashed forward and dropped into a position right at the entrance from where he was able to get every Hun inside with his gun. Twenty-five men and two officers were counted when he got through. Quite a good haul for one man, isn't it? And all dead too! An instance like this will go to show you just what sort of stuff the British soldier is made of. I don't say Canadian, you'll notice, because what we do is no better than any one else. One gets over those horrible insular opinions after a very short time.

(Pretty nearly all of these boys can write good letters; they have so much to write about, I suppose.)

"All our objectives were gained right on time and the show was in every way a clean one. That is, there were no setbacks anywhere, and everything that was asked was done. Naturally our General is very proud of the work of the men, particularly so as we had the honor of taking the thing in the whole show. We have been congratulated personally by every one from the top down, and you can little wonder that I'm proud of the badges that I wear."

All the letters we receive and hear about are full of the unconquerable spirit of the Canadian and British soldiers. We love in art, in picture and in poetry to read and to see the happy warrior depicted, and we think of him always as a chaste Chris-

tian knight of mediæval times. Well, he is not a knight and not always a Christian, but always a Cockney Tommy in high spirits.

“For while the world said ‘Let none smile’;
There is no mirth hereafter;
The golden lads of Shakespeare’s land
Outfaced their doom with laughter.”

There are no greater heroes than the prisoners of war. Wonderful things will be told of them when the boys come back from the prisons. I happen to hear from a mother and father of one of the boys whom I know quite well who had his chance to be exchanged, meaning to go to a neutral country, to Holland or Switzerland. He refused to go because he said he was perfectly well, in excellent spirits, but he had a comrade who was not well and he begged them to take the comrade and they did. Another boy, of Highland stock, but four generations away from the Highlands: he had tried to escape and been punished for that, and he was offered his escape to Switzerland if he would promise not to try to escape from there, but he would not take his liberty on those conditions. Another man who said, with a lot of other Canadians who were put in the mines to work, “No food, no work” and they took their punishment day after day. At last he said he got away. He was sixty miles from Holland and it took ten nights to do it, but he got away.

And then I think of the experiences of one or two air men. The General Manager of my bank has two sons who are both very famous air men. One is one of the leading instructors in Texas at the moment. One of them went home after two and a half years of fighting, but could not be induced to stay. He had a Handley-Page ship which went 135 miles an hour. He had successfully bombed Constantinople and was returning, when his paddle-blades were struck. He and his companions fell into the ocean, swam ashore, divested themselves of their clothes, and were sitting on the rocks when they were taken prisoners by the Turks. The Turkish officer took their orders for clothing for himself and men, went over to town, got the clothing and came back to his prisoners. I wish the Germans would treat their prisoners as well as the Turks.

A boy who, four years ago, was a seventeen-year old boy at college, that boy accounted for one German warship and two destroyers. He was making a fly at a German warship with a curve of about a quarter of a mile, of course taking a chance, and his bomb hit the ship between the two smokestacks. That boy has learned tumbling over like a tumbler pigeon and dropping

again, deceiving those who operate the air-craft gun, and then, with his own machine gun, putting the air-craft gun out of business, and he does it over and over again.

The heroes in the war are, of course, the men, the men at home. If anybody could have told us five years ago that our own daughters would have gone out as nurses and searchers on the field of battle, of course we would not have believed it was within the range of human possibility. If anybody had said that the V. A. D.'s would have amounted in the British and Canadian side of the war alone to between twenty and thirty thousand, women who are working as hard as they are working every day in the service of the army, some working over the wounded men, others driving cars, that would have seemed impossible. Your President's friend, Colonel House, was over in England, as you know, and he was looked after by a personal friend of mine while he was there. When he left the house in which he was entertained in London a young lady in charge of the car in which he had come took him off. When they arrived at the Channel the lady stepped out, handed him out of the car, and they thought they had seen the last of her. But when they got off the boat, there she was with the car, and she took them to Paris, driving them all over that city, a cultivated young lady. You would wonder how they get along, these attractive young women chauvettes. Well, they have their orders and they are very simple: "When anybody tries to flirt with you, walk; if they keep on trying to flirt, keep on walking. Keep on walking, or you will lose your job."

We have invented countless things in connection with our men. Our own patriotic fund was a fund established for supplementing the pay that the Government gives to soldiers and to soldiers' wives and to their children. It has a wonderful and splendid history. We have in England an institution presided over by Lady Drummond for doing the humane thing for the wounded soldier, finding his name, his friends, writing letters for him, sending flowers for him, doing something to make him understand while on his sick-bed that the women care for him while he is fighting for them. Lady Drummond has done tireless work in that respect.

At home, all of the women are working, as you know, and every woman is knitting there as they are knitting here. Some Indian women at Prince Rupert, the most northerly part of Columbia, sent four hundred pairs of knitted socks, and some Eskimo women at a mission station sent \$30.00 in money for the cause.

Just as a measure of what we have done in that respect, the

city of Toronto has contributed for war purposes eight million dollars and one or two of the other Provinces forty million dollars.

It is hardly proper for me to say a word about the British Navy, but I can't forbear saying that when we are distressed, as we are, with such things as the loss of the *Tuscania*, and the weekly submarine rate, let us try to remember that the British Navy has done everything possible, and has carried safely from port to port thirteen million soldiers, with the loss of nine British transports and nine thousand men. In addition to that, it has carried two million horses, twenty-six million tons of munitions and fifty-three million tons of coal and oil.

That is all I have to say about Canada, but I want to say a few words about the greatest event that has happened recently in the history of the world, the coming of the United States into the war. You can't imagine what that means to Canadians who have lived in this country. I will tell you one little thing that will show you what the United States in coming into the war meant to us. There is, in connection with the University of Toronto, a wonderful series of buildings for all the activities of the men students except study, and in the great dining-hall they are putting up the arms of every university in every country in the world that is fighting for the cause of liberty at the present time, and until you came into it, there was a prospect of the great dining-hall of the University of Toronto, with the arms of the fifty-five universities of the British Empire and about as many in other parts of the world, including Japan, having nothing there from Harvard, Yale, Princeton or the other universities here. Well, now we have asked Mr. Pritchard how many can be put up there to represent your universities in arms.

You can hardly think what it would have meant to me to have thought of Canadian boys for centuries to come going up to the University of Toronto and asking why Harvard or Yale was not there.

But we are in this war together, and fighting together means so many things more than the mere entering in the war, that I can't think of entering upon a discussion of them this afternoon. But there is one question which comes to me and it is this: What are we English-speaking people to do hereafter in the cause of peace? I was one of the delegates of our Canadian Committee to the Peace Conference at Mackinac Island in July, 1914, where I had the pleasure of meeting your Mr. T. Kennard Thompson, one of the delegates from the Committee on this side of the border. I was one of those who, from early in the day, begged the English and American Committees not to end their labors,

but to suspend them, to hang them on the wall, so that when this war is over and when we have to consider what the two countries have to be thankful for together, we could have the sort of celebration we should have as English-speaking people.

Just one word more. The tongue of the world is already English. When people of different tongues in India wish to communicate with each other, they communicate in English. That is the alternative language in Japan, China and Norway. It is the trade language of the world. It is our business, therefore, to see that the English-speaking peoples come together, so that if we do not succeed in winning a peace of that kind which will guarantee the world against another war like this forever, we shall see to it that those who speak English, at least, shall band themselves together so that they shall enforce upon the world peace.

We are none of us any too sure that we can make a good job of democracy. We haven't done it yet; but the absolute future of the world lies with the English-speaking peoples in the world, those who, since King Alfred's time, have fought step by step for their rights in the world; and depend upon their so interlocking themselves and tying themselves together that, whether the rest of the world likes it or not, we shall say there shall be peace because we say so.

THREE: BY SIR ROBERT FALCONER

President, Toronto University

I THANK you very heartily for the great honor you have done me in associating me with Sir Edmund Walker and asking me to come to speak to you this afternoon. You have just listened to a speech which has been, as you would easily recognize, masterful beyond measure, varied in its human interest and so comprehensive in its sweep that, really, there is not a very great deal left for the rest of us who are here this afternoon as Canadians to speak about. And I shan't detain you at any great length. May I, before I begin, however, in order to emphasize the importance of what you have listened to, tell you that of all the activities of Canada, probably none have been more really successful in the financial undertaking, than the way in which Canada at the beginning of the war, knowing so little about the future, ventured upon her unknown path with confidence. And she has pursued that path with confidence and with success to this present. Now, of all those who have contributed to this

success I think I may venture to say that the gentleman to whom you have just listened has been second to none.

For the few moments during which I wish to speak to you this afternoon, I intend to dwell briefly on an aspect that I think has only been touched upon by Sir Edmund Walker. Possibly you will allow me to supplement what he has said by a few figures that may be interesting to those of you who are university men, and I am sure there are a large number of university men present this afternoon, concerning the universities of Canada. In all, there are about fourteen thousand men and women in the universities of the Dominion, of whom about ten thousand are men; that is to say, take any one year and count all the students in these universities, and there are about ten thousand men scattered all over the faculties and in all the universities at any one time. Well, last August there were on active service from the universities, graduates and undergraduates, twelve thousand men. That is to say, two thousand more men than are in attendance in any one year in all the universities in Canada. And they had taken our part, because this sad story that Sir Edmund has touched upon in such a delicate way to-day is a story that goes very deep and is very continuous. This sad story has to record that even in last October there were nearly nine hundred of our finest and best who had fallen; and so often, as the report comes each week, almost each day, with painful iteration, one says, "Is it so that the very best have to go?" We don't say that when we reason about it; we believe that as good are left; but it is when we are faced with the individual who has left us never to return that we ask ourselves whether, after all, we are not suffering almost more than we can stand? It only means that the universal qualities of those who have gone are so rich that we are willing to pay an unstinted tribute to each one. But I shan't detain you by referring to the universities at any greater length.

I want, however, to linger, as I said, upon one fact that is, to my mind, of supreme importance, and that is the uprising of the overseas dominions of India, of the dependencies and of the crown colonies, almost as a man, in August, 1914. That was an event of world-wide importance, and I believe that that event in itself did as much to hearten Britain as any one thing that has occurred until you came into the war yourselves. Not only did it hearten Britain, but it astonished, I believe, you in the United States who thought you knew us. I rather think your knowledge of us is not so great as you imagine it is. I know from personal knowledge that it amazed many other neutrals, like the Dutch people in Holland. That men in South Africa who had been fighting against Great Britain a few years before should

at once rally to the side of Britain was an act of surpassing significance; and it meant that the British Empire is an institution that it is well worth the while of the whole world to study, and certainly Germany has done a great deal of studying about it ever since!

It isn't merely the contribution of men and money that we brought; that is not the important thing, important as it is; but the fact itself which demonstrates that the principles on which the British Empire has been builded are principles that have significance for the structure of the society of the world; that there are moral principles that hold the world together; and that these principles are not based merely on written constitutions; that an empire is not "ramshackle" simply because it is not dominated by some centralized force that can compel individuals from every section of the world to rally to its support; but that there are moral forces, unseen, invisible moral forces, that draw men together; and that, in the long run, these are the most compelling.

That is the great fact that was proved by the risings of 1914. I ask you to consider why that was possible. Why *was* that possible? Sir Edmund Walker briefly intimated that there had been a change in imperial policy since 1776—a change, a vast change. In those days the thought of empire was a thought more or less of self-interest, trade, commerce. Those days went by. Your fathers on this side fought not for trade, not for commerce. They underwent great sufferings; they brought upon themselves heavy expenses; they endured trials over a great series of years; and were led by one of the greatest statesmen of the world. Why? For an idea; for something intangible, something invisible, that one section of Britain did not at that moment recognize; a section of Britain that was incompetent and that, unfortunately, was directed by incompetents both at home and abroad at that time, and that would not listen to the wiser men of Britain, its Burke and Chatham and dozens of other wise men of Britain, who said, "You are not treating your sons as Britons should be treated." They would not listen. You rose as Britons, and of course you got your rights after a long struggle.

Now, that whole policy changed and a new era entered and new men came into control, and the circle of government widened year after year in Britain, and Britain became a great democracy and was led, in the earlier and in the middle part of the century by men of great power.

What was happening to the north of you? You did not know. It is only a few years back, really, that you have turned your gaze to the north, and many changes were taking place in our northern country. Our fathers and grandfathers were doin

things that they did not realize the value of or the extent of or the importance of. Who were these people? Some of them had come over from here. Many others had come from Britain, silently come across from Britain, bringing with them the ideas that were vibrant in Britain with new life, ideas of self-government and of democracy and of the power of the people.

That class of people came into Canada and when they came they said, "We must in Canada have the same privileges that our brothers have in the old land. We haven't changed our nature; we haven't changed our character." They demanded that those privileges be given them, and there was in Canada for many years a very stern and prolonged struggle for responsible government, different from yours. I shall refer to it in a moment. Now, our fathers were earnest men who knew what they wanted; they knew their ideas and were bound to have them; but they said, "We will not leave Britain; we will cling to Britain, and Britain will, before long, recognize the justice of our demands. She did not recognize it before."

Fortunately a change had come and a new conception of empire was growing, and men of great power were in control. Britain sent to Canada three great governors, Lord Durham, Lord Sidell and Lord Elgin, and those men were sympathetic and led the Canadians. And there were at home in Britain fine men of sympathy in control, and Canada got responsible government. What was responsible government? Responsible government was the government that allowed our fathers to direct their own affairs at home, believing that our government at home for its own home affairs should be responsible to its own people, that we should control ourselves absolutely, and utterly.

If you had understood what had been going on in Canada, there would not have been so many people from the United States saying in the last twenty-five years that they could not understand why we in the north did not assert our liberty and escape from the trammels of governmental direction in Britain. I have heard that again and again. The reason was that we did not need to. We had free government. Our fathers struggled for it. Responsible government was granted, and we have to-day a democracy that is absolutely in control of its own home affairs and a government that is directly responsible to the people and responsive to the needs of the people continually.

Now, this grew; and it was on the struggles that our fathers went through in Canada that the British Empire has been builded; because what we got in Canada has been given to every other part; and the reason of the loyalty of every part is that there is absolute confidence in every part towards the mother country.

At home we are free, absolutely free; we do as we will, without let or hindrance; and we know that we have been generously treated.

Therefore, when there is a chance to maintain the principles on which we live, and when there is some danger lest the liberty for which we have struggled and which we now enjoy, lest that liberty should be defeated in the world, our people rise, not to defend England—I don't think we ever thought, in the beginning of the war, that England was going to be beaten—we went and stood by her side in France because we Canadians said, "We will have the privilege of defending with you the kind of government and life that we enjoy and that must not disappear from the world." That was the reason.

Now, do you see that, without knowing it, we have come into a new conception of empire? It is no longer the old matter of trade and commerce. Why, we have protection in Canada, and England had free trade! It is not a matter of trade and commerce, but something far deeper,—a new imperial conception. What? That the English-speaking, overseas dominions, together with the mother-country, are to stand side by side for the protection of a civilization. What kind of a civilization? The civilization that we have inherited for over a thousand years, of constantly growing, widening liberty, a newer understanding of freedom, and of the sweep and scope of laws. These are the things that we believe it is our part to maintain.

Are we going to force them on the world like a new "Kultur?" Not at all; but we say they must not disappear from the world, and we believe they are of such potency within themselves, that, give the idea a chance, let it not be smothered out by force, and the idea has in it the vitality which will soon kindle new torches here and there in the darkness of the world, and the world will become illuminated almost automatically. We simply say, "Give it a chance; do not let it be killed out." That is the new idea of our civilization, a moral force that will sweep the world through and will illuminate the world by its own inherent power.

Now comes the new day. I am not going to speak about the future of the empire. There are a great many difficulties ahead of us, among them, foreign policy and defense, how far we can have centralized government. Those are things that we Canadians are thinking a great deal about.

Now comes the year 1917 and you come in. What does that mean? It means that another English-speaking democracy has recognized what we recognized, and is standing side by side with us for the same principles. I say a different kind of democracy. We are a democracy with responsible government, a government

that is very susceptible to the will of the people. Your democracy was the most remarkable democracy at the time that the world had ever seen, by reason of the fact that after you had won your liberties, you proceeded to make a written constitution, and to interpret that constitution in a very conservative way. The result has been that you are one of the most conservative democracies, if not the most conservative democracy in the world. You have had a great respect for law, a wonderful respect for law, and your lawgivers in your Congress cannot go too fast, lest your Supreme Court steps in and says "We have the last word on some of these things; you must listen to us." You have learned great respect for law in this country; so much so that I think sometimes it is giving you a little trouble in some places.

But it is another kind of democracy; a democracy based on the conception that law and order are supreme. And I think you have the same idea in the back of your minds that we Britains have in the back of our minds, that law and order have something in them that is more than human, that there is an order that is supreme and divine, and that behind society there is a law that cannot be tampered with; otherwise, tampering brings disaster. That is in the minds of us all.

Here then we have two great democracies standing side by side; you, on the whole, more conservative; we, with our responsible government, working out in our own way the problems before us. Why do we stand side by side? We stand side by side for this reason, that we have come to recognize that the differences that kept us apart in the past are differences that shrink into insignificance when once the underlying civilization that is common to us is challenged; the underlying civilization based upon liberty, self-determination, a broadening freedom, a recognition of law and order and of the necessity of righteousness prevailing among the peoples of the world—doing the right thing by the peoples of the world.

Those are the underlying principles. We have all come far short of them again and again in the past; but they are the underlying principles of our constitutions and of our society, and we have said that these things must be preserved. And just as we stood by Britain and France to preserve them three years ago, so now you are saying, or have said a year ago, "In view of the increasing pressure that has come, in view of the increasing menace that is facing the world, we too must stand by you for this one purpose, not to force our will upon the world, not at all; not to constrain others to do as we will have them do; but to say to the world, 'These principles, this civilization, that has made us what we are, cannot be stifled; this civilization must

remain in the world, and it must have a chance in the world, and we will band together until that fact is put beyond dispute.'” That is a very, very vital fact that we have been facing, and it has had a wonderful effect upon us. Just to think of the two speeches that were delivered about a month ago, by your great President who, I think, is to-day the greatest statesman of the world, your President and Mr. Lloyd George. Just think of those two speeches. One after the other saying virtually the same thing to the whole wide world. When a common utterance like that has once been made, the world can never be the same as it has been before. When people speak what is in their hearts, they are not the same as they were before they uttered what they were thinking; and now, out before the world, your conscience and your soul and our conscience and our soul have been given expression, and we can never be what we were before. And, as the result of recognizing that we are so profoundly similar, that the foundations of our life go down and that we draw our sustenance from the same underlying substance and sub-soil, recognizing that, we shall develop, I believe, into richer and richer and more luxurious life, side by side, two branches of a great modern, English-speaking democracy, how close, who can say, in the future; but I believe remaining distinct, you with your type of democracy through your history, and we with another type of democracy through our history; but standing side by side as English-speaking people, will understand one another as never before.

I think the fact that we are your neighbors, so near that we have come to you and have learned so much from you in the past, knowing more of you than you know of us, rejoicing in your success and in your growth, that we, your neighbors, possibly may help you to understand the part of the English-speaking democracy with which we are more closely associated, and we can perhaps help our kinsfolk who are so close to us to understand a little better what you are thinking and what you are aiming at, because we have had the privilege of living side by side with you in such uninterrupted intercourse over such a long period of years.

FOUR: BY SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, LL.D.

First Chief Justice, Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice

I AM an “extra” on this programme and therefore have had no opportunity of preparing an orderly speech; but, at the same

time, I can speak from the fullness of my heart when I express my grateful appreciation of the honor of being present here to-day and meeting so many of the splendid citizens of this country.

I listened with deep interest to the valued, instructive and patriotic speech of my fellow-townsmen, Sir Edmund Walker. I don't know that I ever listened to an address more full of meat than that speech, and so appropriate. And I hope you will pardon me, a Canadian, in paying this tribute to one of whom Canadians are so proud. I can imagine great good resulting in a country governed by public opinion, from the meetings of citizens in the form of clubs and interchanging ideas. There we all meet on the same plane, be it this, that or the other club, in Canada or in the United States. Men of high and men of low degree, we are all standing on the same platform; like the pumpkin pie that we partook of a moment ago, no upper crust to it! We are here to form public opinion. And why is it necessary? Because, as Sir Robert Falconer said a moment ago, the two countries respond readily to public opinion. Governments come and governments go, in response to that opinion. That being so, how important it is in the welfare of a country that there should be an educative, sound public opinion, and is there any better school for the development of that condition than these societies, these organizations, of which this is a splendid type?

You have heard a great deal of Canada. If I had said what Sir Edmund Walker said—now I am going to turn on him for a moment—you will think us a wonderful people when he told us that our armies were manned by the young men of Canada and our munitions factories were manned by the women! However, it represents a united people, the men and the women combined. And again to refer to Canada, and I have said I would not refer to it, but Canada fills such a large place in the Canadian heart, you get away from it for a while, but you come back to it; and so I come back to say that notwithstanding the fact that we don't all speak the English language,—there are many who speak the French language—we are all British in sentiment, and there is no danger to Canada from our French-Canadian population. They will prove a source of strength in this war as they have in other wars, and it is well for us never to forget that we owe a great deal to the French-Canadian people.

I can say, in a word, there would have been no British flag in North America to-day but for the French-Canadian people many years ago.

Now, as to our relations, it is true that we are two separate nations, but we two separate nations are one people. The liberty

that you fought for a hundred and thirty years ago is as dear to the nations of the world to-day as it was to the Thirteen Colonies in the New England States. It seems a curious and yet a natural thing that a free country is able to produce the men that are required for the occasion. In your great crisis you produced your George Washington. Although you had not, in one sense, your freedom, yet your aspirations in that direction bore fruit. It gave forth Washington and the other great men who laid the foundations of this great Republic.

At that same time England had not free constitutional government. It may be a coincidence, but we had a mad king. Go across the Atlantic to-day and you have a nation—the German nation is said not to possess the blessings of free government, and a similar coincidence—they have a mad Kaiser!

A little further on you had another crisis in your history, and it gave you that great statesman of immortal memory too, Abraham Lincoln.

The third great crisis has come in your history. The man of the day as a rule receives limited, scant justice from the hands of his own people; but I was rejoiced to see with what unanimity you applauded the mention of your splendid, patriotic President, President Wilson.

I will not detain you any further. No; I am not going to trespass. I have only one observation to make. It is this: that we as one people, though separated by the international boundary line and by two flags, yet rejoice in one common ancestry; we are bound together by the ties of friendship, by a common language, by a common literature; we trace our origins politically from what we now are proud to call "Great Britain, the Mother of Free Institutions," and when I come up your harbor, coming across the Atlantic, and my eyes fall upon the Statue of Liberty there, my mind goes back always in gratitude to Great Britain—you will pardon me for giving expression to the sentiment, I am sure—for having pointed out, lighted our pathways in our journey towards a higher and a better civilization.

And so we two nations must now, I think, instead of looking backward to see wherein we differed in the past, study the present and future, to see where there may be the closer bonds of union between us. We have wiped out, I hope, from every school book in our land every unkind or unfair reference to our neighbors and I know that you have done it in your country as well. We will never be in the future what we have been in the past. We shall always be one people in heart, bound together by sympathy, one great America, to overthrow, either to-day or to-morrow, whenever he raises his head, the god of might, and establish in

his place freedom, civilization, as we conceive it, upon enduring foundations.

FIVE: BY REVEREND ALLAN MACROSSIE, D.D.

I HAVE lived here twenty-five years, and I think I know a little of the temperament of New York men. I heard a man say a few minutes ago, "I have stood now all that I can stand; I have learned so much that I can't stand any more."

I think I know a little bit about Canada. I happened to be in the city of Kingston, at the Kingston Club, talking with a group of my Canadian friends; one of them was the Dean of the School of Theology of the Kingston University, whose son was a Rhodes Scholarship man, who was about to return to Canada, and I said to him, "Are you not paying a pretty good price?" "Price?" said he; "my youngest boy goes over in the fall."

I turned to his brother-in-law, Judge Farrell of Moosejaw, Canada. I said, "Alex, where are the boys!" "Oh," he said, "they are in France."

I turned to a representative in Parliament, Mr. Nichol, and said, "What about that boy of yours?" I knew he was in the Princess Patricia at eighteen years of age, had been wounded and was about to go back. Said his father, "You could not keep him here."

I turned to Senator Richardson and asked him about his boy. He said, "He is with the Princess Pat men; he was wounded and will return. The younger lad is out there somewhere on a submarine destroyer."

When you have men so glad, so proud, so normal, with all they have across the seas, you can appreciate the spirit in which these gentlemen have represented Canada.

It was my very great privilege when in Canada to receive a cablegram telling me to go at once to England and from England to go to France. It was an easy thing to fall in love with the British Tommy; but our American soldiers hardly understand him; yet they respect him most highly.

As for the Australian, that great, big scrappy fellow, I think our men like him very, very much.

As to the New Zealander, they admire him, he works so perfectly with every other man.

As to the Scotchman in his kilts, when you know him, of course, you understand him; but you have to have a little Scotch blood in you to know him.

I saw one day some of our American soldiers coming down the street, and I heard the band playing, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and how those British soldiers did cheer! I noticed that they cheered and cheered and cheered, again and again.

All the days I was in London, whenever you saw soldiers together, you would find, for some reason or other, our Americans with the Canadian men. There is something about us so closely related to each other that we instinctively know each other. Of course, you appreciate the fact that over in France we have very much to do for the French people and for the French soldiers, and the British understand that. They know that we have a great debt to pay to France. They appreciate it. They know. They sympathize. They know that we are "over there" trying to bear the burdens of France for the sake of France and for the sake of the Allies.

It was my privilege to spend an afternoon with General Pershing. He spoke of what the American Red Cross was doing for the mutilated soldiers of France, and for the women and children. You must not forget that these French soldiers were holding the line for us these fall and winter months. By next spring we shall have five or six hundred thousand soldiers, thoroughly equipped and well trained, and then by that time, if we can keep up the morale of the French soldiers, with our allies, the British and the French, we shall at last go through the German line and bring the Kaiser to his knees.

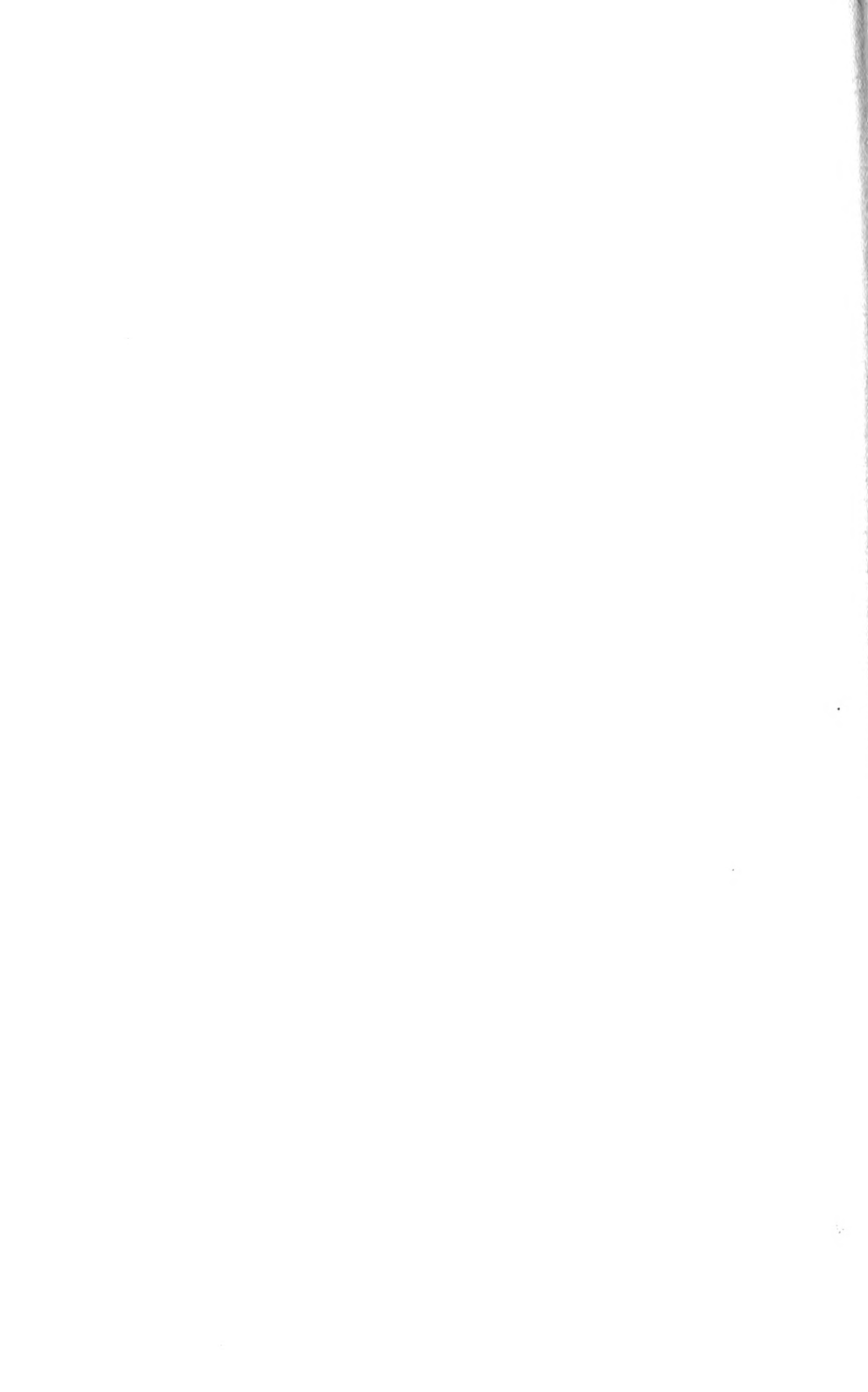
But there is just one thing that troubled me very much, and that is, in reading the papers of late, to see that our American soldiers are pretty well down the line. I think the papers said Lorraine. We can see the value of it, that if it is true that so many of our men are fairly near Lorraine, and if it should be true that there might come a drive in that direction, I can see what that would mean for France. I read that Great Britain had taken over some of the French line. I had seen in the early summer very much going on at St. Quentin, and when I read this morning that American soldiers were up in the Champagne and in the Chemin des Dames, and that they were very near the British, I said to myself: "I very much wish that in some way General Haig and General Pétain and General Pershing could get together, and if only those Canadian lads could come down near the Chemin des Dames and the American soldiers get up in that direction, to my way of thinking, this country would rejoice beyond measure if we can get somewhere near those Canadian soldiers. Our men will certainly be at their very best, and certainly, so far as we are concerned, we shall expect them to do even more than their best.

SIX: BY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

THIS is very gratifying and very embarrassing. I heard Sir William Mulock say he was an "extra." I must be a "last minute!"

I am very glad that the Chairman, in referring to Sir William Mulock, alluded to the reduction in the rate of postage.

We have heard a good deal of the splendid spirit that exists between Canada and the United States; about not only the delightful relations between the United States and Canada, but also the mutual benefit derived from that happy state of things, and we are apt to take very good things as a matter of course. I suppose some younger generation would think if we could send a letter to Great Britain for the small sum of two cents, why then we ought to; this in the same spirit as that of the Irishman who, when he saw the millions of tons of water that poured over Niagara, remarked, "Well, what's to hinder it?" We may call Sir William Mulock the "father of the penny postage." Looking back for many years, the penny postage was heralded as one of the greatest reforms in many a year, and I remember seeing a picture where Sir Rowland Hill was shown as the author of the penny postage in England, and I say that Sir William Mulock is a second Sir Rowland Hill.



NINTH DISCUSSION

MARCH SECOND, 1918

THE ELEMENTS OF THE PEACE PROBLEM

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ONE: BY HONORABLE JAMES M. BECK

WHEN I had the privilege and honor of visiting the western front in the Summer of 1916, I was deeply impressed with the abiding confidence which the two commanders of the French and British armies felt in a conclusive victory on the battlefield in the following Spring. At that time the French were not only holding their own at Verdun, but slowly pushing the invaders back, while on the Somme Sir Douglas Haig's armies were daily thrusting their foes from seemingly impregnable positions. The feeling was general that the end was in sight, and I can no better illustrate this than by stating a remark that General Joffre made to me at the end of an interview which I was greatly privileged to have with him at his headquarters at Chantilly. This was early in August, 1916, and he asked me when I was returning to America. I replied, "Within a few days," and then, with a quiet smile, he added as an adieu, "Come back in twelve months and the war will be over."

Were these two great commanders cheating themselves with vain delusions? Were they simply indulging in idle boasts in the manner of the Homeric heroes? Both General Haig and General Joffre are men of very few words. They never indulge in vain prophecies, and neither of them has in the slightest degree the spirit of boasting. Their confident belief in an early victory was based upon seemingly sure premises and sound reasoning. They knew that on the western front they had at length attained a manifest superiority in artillery, man power, and airplanes. This they had demonstrated on the Somme with six months of almost consistent victories. What is more important, they knew that Russia's mighty armies were being slowly equipped by the material resources of Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States, and that by the Spring of 1917 they would be in a position of overwhelming superiority on the eastern front. They knew that the Russians were good soldiers and had as able generals as those of any country, for the greatest victories, except that of the Marne, which had been won for the Allies, had been those of the Russian armies. Twice they had invaded Eastern

Prussia and twice they had swept in triumph through Galicia and reached the crest of the Carpathians, from which they could view the plains of Hungary. They had suffered only two disasters, the one at Tannenberg through either the stupidity or the treachery of their generals, and the other at Donajec, where, through the failure of the Russian Government, either through maladministration or treachery, to forward the necessary supplies or munitions, they had been forced back. All this was being remedied in the manner I have indicated, and there was, therefore, a very reasonable expectation that in the Spring of 1917 the Teutonic armies would face forces both on the eastern and western fronts of such manifest superiority as to justify but one conclusion as to the result on one or the other front. The military power of Germany would be crushed. It seemed to be written in the stars.

All these expectations have been falsified. The mighty Russian Army, in itself once potentially capable of defeating both Germany and Austria, has crumbled into cureless ruin, and when we ask the reason for this most terrible débâcle in the history of the world we find the answer in the recent lament of the Russian Prime Minister, Lenine, when he said that the suicide of Russia, who, like the blinded Samson has pulled down the stately pillars of civilization, was due primarily and chiefly to the spirit of doctrinaire phrase making and visionary pacificism. To this he attributes the ruin of his country, and only a few days ago he again reproached the grandiloquent orators of the Bolshevist parties by attacking the "intoxication of revolutionary phraseology," and adding: "I am waging a war against revolutionary phrase mongering, which I consider the greatest danger to our party, and therefore, to the revolution. The bitter truth is now plain to everybody. . . . We shall create a revolutionary army by work and organization, not by means of high-sounding words and phrases, like the eloquence of those who, in January, tried for one month without doing anything to prevent our troops from running away."

I have ventured to call your attention to the disintegrating force of phrase making, for, in my judgment, not only Russia, but the entire cause of the Allies, the holiest for which men ever fought, is threatened by the tendency to convert the sacred cause into mere formulas and phrases.

To denounce all phrases in a protest against phrase making would be to repeat the very folly against which the warning is made, for there are phrases and phrases. If an idea is, as it often may be, greater than an army, and more potential for good or evil, then the phrase in which it is clothed must have a vital force. Carlyle said of Luther that his words were in themselves battles,

and again and again in the history of the world a whole situation has been illuminated with a phrase, more potent in carrying a nation to victory than an army corps. The rallying cry of the French Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," has had its stimulating effect upon France for generations, and the great victory on the Marne was won not merely by the masterly genius of Joffre, but because the French poilu, even after his terrible retreat from the Sambre and Meuse to the Marne, had not lost his morale. This was chiefly due to the noble spirit of the fraternity, the comradeship which made officers and privates brethren, that enable France to turn upon the invader and sweep him back fifty miles to the Aisne.

When a corrupt French Government a century ago refused just reparation to America unless its officials were bribed, the phrase of an American Envoy, "Millions for defense and not a cent for tribute," epitomized in a few words the whole situation and the justice of our cause.

Lincoln's phrase, in his Gettysburg speech, that "Government for the people, of the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth," gave eloquent expression to the passion and sense of union which carried us through the Civil War. Wilson's statement that we must "Make the world safe for democracy" has vital force, for it emphasizes one issue of this world war, plain to all classes of Americans, and that is that in this age of democracy we do not propose to have a Hohenzollern autocrat dominate the destinies of this fair world.

There are phrases and phrases. "Too proud to fight" was, we will all now agree, a deadly phrase. It not only humiliated this nation in the eyes of the world, but it sapped the spirit of the people by presenting to them the ideal of a false pacifism. An even deadlier phrase was "Peace without victory," which sowed the seeds of disintegration not only in Russia, but in the peoples of its Allies. These unfortunate platitudes may well be forgotten in the later utterances of the President when in felicitous language he held up to the American people the great ideal of justice. Thus, in his great speech to Congress of last December, President Wilson nobly summarized the whole situation as follows:

"We are the spokesmen of the American people, and they have a right to know whether their purpose is ours. They desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible. They are impatient with those who desire peace by any sort of compromise—deeply and indignantly impatient—but they will be equally impatient with us if we do not make it plain to them what our objects are and what we are planning for in seeking to make a

conquest of peace by arms. I believe I speak for them when I say two things: first, that this intolerable Thing, of which the Masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force, which we now see so clearly as the German Power, a Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if it be not brought utterly to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations."

These were noble utterances, voicing the true spirit of the best American sentiment, and admirably served to defeat the latent spirit of a false pacificism, which is our chief danger. They uphold to the American people a high ideal. They nerve us to our great task. The Thing "must be crushed."

The leader of a people, who is called upon to voice their sentiments and direct their energies, has an onerous task and a heavy responsibility. He may make or mar the power of the nation. It will not do to say that this is a time for deeds and not for words, for that in itself is a phrase that is false through undue generalization, but no phrase or formula is valuable that does not square with the realities of the present and voice the true meaning of the people. Thus many phrases now in use, such as "the freedom of the seas" and the "right of self-definition" of peoples, are unfortunate because they do not represent realities. "The freedom of the seas," so called, means the right of a neutral, immune from search, seizure, or capture, to sell goods to a belligerent. This right we challenged in our own Civil War, and if we had not denied the "freedom of the seas" the Civil War would have been prolonged and the cause of the Union possibly defeated. We are denying now the right of neutral nations to ship goods to Germany, and thus our assertion of "the freedom of the seas" not only wounds a faithful ally, but is contrary to our present and past policies. We do not propose that neutral nations shall for gain sustain Germany and thus by prolonging the war make greater sacrifices of our lives and treasure.

"The right of self-definition" is equally misleading. We did not give to the Southern States in our Civil War the right to form a separate Government, nor did we apply principles of self-definition when we acquired Florida, Louisiana, California, Alaska, the Philippine Islands, and Porto Rico. Why, then, suggest as a formula of peace a principle which, while it upholds an idea of some value, does not represent the realities of life or the policies of America? The map of the world cannot be determined upon the basis of any such generalization. This is indeed a time of "blood and iron." Only realities count and sounding platitudes, which do not represent our true purpose and meaning, tend to

obscure judgment and paralyze the nation's will. Certainly they lead us nowhere.

Again, an effective phrase by the spokesman of a nation must represent the highest aspirations of the people. While the "peace without victory," which sought to compromise the world's greatest war by leaving the main issue unsettled, was not thus representative, President Wilson's later declaration, that the people of this country were "impatient, deeply and indignantly impatient, with those who desired peace with any sort of compromise," and his further declaration that this was a war to the death against the imperial Government of Germany, a "Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace," expresses in the most virile phrase the sentiment which reconciles the American people to the inevitable sacrifices of blood and treasure. Had Kerensky and Trotzky, instead of weakening the morale of the Russian people by the most visionary idealism, simply asserted that the honor of Russia was pledged to a war to a finish, and that to desert her allies, who came into the war in response to her appeal for help, was to play the part of Judas Iscariot, then the Russian revolution might not have suffered so pitiable a collapse. "Words, words, words!" defeated Russia, not the military prowess of Prussia. As all bellicose phrases are mischievous in the period of a just peace, similarly all pacifist platitudes are mischievous in the death grapple of war. If a pedestrian is attacked by a footpad with a bludgeon, he does not in the heat of the struggle for life discuss the virtue of honesty, nor does a householder, when he confronts a burglar in the dead of night, and knows that it is the burglar's life or his own that is at stake, waste his breath with discussing during the death grapple the ethical basis of property rights or the problems of penology.

It is for this reason that I, personally, feel constrained to question the wisdom of the recent peace parleys, especially when conducted at a time when the enemy is flushed with victory. Our President has said that the Imperial German Government is a "Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace." That is the deliberate conviction of the American people; if it was not, they would not be in the war with the degree of unanimity that has confounded our enemies and surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of those who, like myself, wished from the beginning that our country would abandon its policy of neutrality. The Government of Berlin has not changed. If it was last December "without capacity for a covenanted peace," why, then, should our Government now parley with Berlin and Vienna, and why whittle down the great cause of punitive

justice to fourteen formulas, some of which are vague and illusory in meaning, some altogether admirable, and at least one of which was against our historic policies and the best interests of our allies?

I fully recognize that the President has greater sources of knowledge than are available to any of his fellow citizens. I do not question his wholehearted purpose to carry our war to a successful conclusion, but he is surrounded with influences that do not regard this war as a holy crusade for liberty and justice, but as an unfortunate quarrel between equally well-meaning nations, which by the requisite amount of diplomatic finesse can be brought to a conclusion by a shifty compromise. If the President will eliminate from his councils the intriguers, pacifists, doctrinaires, and the other intellectual Bolsheviki, he will confirm the confidence which his countrymen have so fully and ungrudgingly given him. Party spirit is non-existent. The whole people are behind their chosen leader, but they want him to lead them to victory, not to a compromise. They will tolerate mistakes, but not a retreat from our high emprise.

While the value of President Wilson's speech on January 8th, with its fourteen formulas, may be open to fair debate and a reasonable difference of opinion between men of equal patriotism and intelligence, yet his later speech of February 11th, when the fourteen formulas were again whittled down to four exceedingly vague formulas, does not seem to me to be open to such debate. Nothing more unfortunate has happened since we entered the war. It revives old doubts. It bewilders our judgment. It disturbs our morale.

That these formulas tend to dissipate the great moral issues of the war into meaningless phrases can best be shown by the fact that the German Chancellor had no difficulty whatever in accepting them. Thus the statement that "each part of the final settlement must be based on the essential justice of that particular case" does not get the discussion of peace very far, for if we have learned anything in this war it is that the German conception of justice is not that of the rest of the world. The statement that "peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about as pawns" is too vague for concrete application, as is the third formula, that territorial settlements are to be made "in the interests and for the benefit of the population concerned." Here, again, Germany can accept the formula in principle, for, taking the specific instance of Poland, it would contend that from its standpoint the interests of the Polish population would be subserved by German rather than by Russian rule. The nearest approach to a specific formula capable of concrete application, is

the fourth, but its practical meaning is defeated by the proviso, for, while it says that "all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction," it is with the proviso that such recognition shall be "without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism." This certainly does not lead us very far, for taking the specific instance of Poland again, if the Allies in applying these formulas shall, as I fervently hope, seek to erect an independent Poland on its ancient historic lines by incorporating the present German and Austrian Poland, Germany would reply that to take a portion of Germany to reinstate the old nation of Poland would perpetuate an old element of discord, if it did not introduce a new one.

It may be suggested that these formulas which are thus proposed to a Government characterized only last December as a "Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace," do no harm, but may do good in disintegrating the Central Powers. The more we depart from the great ideal of justice, and attempt to reach an impossible ground between justice and injustice, the more we weaken our own cause and strengthen that of our enemies.

The best way to win the war is to stop talking peace, and the surest way to lose it is to dissipate the energies of our people by premature parleys for peace, especially where they are on our own initiative and do not represent the judgment or wishes of our faithful allies, who for more than three years sustained without our aid the awful burden of the war.

If the great quarrel between the Central Powers and the rest of the world shall be compromised by conventional formulas and without punitive justice, then the dead will have died in vain. Such possibility fills men of vision with the gravest concern as to the portentous possibilities of the present peace parleys. . . .

I fully recognize that the President has an intimate knowledge of undisclosed facts that are not accessible to his fellow citizens. We must assume that he has, by reason of his larger knowledge of facts, a wider vision. He has doubtless carefully considered the grave question whether peace parleys may not demoralize the Central Powers in their present hour of temporary success far less than the temporarily baffled Allies. Time alone will tell, and it may be premature to pass judgment upon the wisdom of our President's very skillful parleying with the enemy. If he succeeds he will be, beyond question, the first statesman of the age and a masterful figure in the greatest crisis of history. If he fails, and the right arm of the Allies shall be weakened by the "give and take" of this diplomatic duel, then his will be a

very heavy responsibility. Our respect for his greater knowledge and larger vision makes us hope that, even though Berlin and Vienna are now decked with the flags of triumph, the present time for peace parleys may not be as unpropitious as would otherwise seem probable.

In this connection it is to be noted that the Kaiser suggests no formulas and makes no promises. Speaking a few days ago to the Burgomaster of Hamburg on the occasion of the treaty of peace with the Ukraine Republic, the Kaiser said:

"We desire to live in friendship with neighboring peoples, but the victory of the German armies must first be recognized. Our troops under the great Hindenburg will continue to win it. Then peace will come."

I confess there is to me much that is practical in what the Kaiser has thus said. The best way to secure peace is to win the war. With my more limited vision I greatly fear that until the war is won no satisfactory terms can be arrived at by compromise. My chief concern lies in the fact that in the peace parleys there seems to be a notable crescendo in the note of expediency and a corresponding diminuendo in the note of justice.

The heavenly vision of punitive justice, which sent millions to battle in 1914 and 1915, seems to be fading from the eyes of men even as the vision of the first Christmas night faded from the eyes of the shepherds. No longer do we hear, at least insistently, either from London, Rome, Paris or Washington, the statement that the Allies will not make any peace with the arch criminals, the Hohenzollern régime. Our allies are modifying their high and noble aims to harmonize them with our attempt to compromise the quarrel by an exchange of formulas with a power only last December characterized as not having sufficient honor for a "covenanted peace." No longer do we hear that the men who have violated international law, outraged the fundamental properties of civilization, and reduced the morals of the twentieth century in the matter of war to those of the cave dweller, shall be tried and punished.

Fortunately, as this is a war of peoples, so in a sense it can only be a treaty of peace by peoples, and while belligerency as a technical status may be ended by the exchange of ratifications, yet the peoples of England, France and the United States will not forget as long as any man now lives the shameful and countless atrocities which have made this war the vilest and ghastliest tragedy that the world has ever known. The question rises above formulas, however adroitly phrased. It is, in its last analysis, one of moral psychology.

Unless the Prussian is beaten and knows that he is beaten, all the dead will have died in vain, for even if a treaty of peace could be secured at this time that would be otherwise favorable to the Allies, but which left the Hohenzollern on his throne, as soon as Germany had recuperated its strength, as Prussia did under Frederick the Great, the life and death struggle between liberalism and autocracy would be renewed.

If we are to have a liberal civilization, there is no room for the Hohenzollern in it. With him or his brood on the throne the rule of reason will cease in international affairs and the only right will be that of the powers of destructive chemistry. Civilization would then be a hell, with the Kaiser and his successors as the possible overlords.

The sacred cause of justice—punitive justice—must not be compromised.

TWO: BY DOCTOR D. J. McCARTHY

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, University of Pennsylvania.

FOLLOWING Mr. Beck's remarks and with convictions very much along the same lines, with the experience that, I take it, in this war, at least, has been rare, of fighting on both sides, fighting with the French and fighting in Germany against them, with that experience, I take it that I have possibly an insight and possibly a conviction about this war which comes from a matter of experience.

I started in the war, I might say, possibly like a pacifist. All we Irish are pacifists until the fight begins! I went into the French lines, and I don't know of anything that impressed me philosophically as quite so silly as the settlement of an argument by physical warfare. It appeared to me academic to settle an argument by the ruthless destruction of men by the hundreds of thousands. It seemed to me silly and foolish and ridiculous to attempt to adjust in that manner something which could be settled by five men sitting around a table—the argument as it existed at that time. But, I had not been in Germany at that time. After I had spent most of a year in Germany, the war was not silly and not ridiculous; to-day it is not silly; to-day it is not ridiculous; and, if conditions go on as they are, and if the American people do not wake up to this responsibility, to what this war and the military situation at the present time means, this war will go on for, not until next Fall, but for years.

As Mr. Beck says, the impression you get from the training camp, from these men in khaki, that they will never get to France to fight, is wrong. What Mr. Beck knows and what I know and what those of us who have been in contact with the Russian situation know, is that to get a final decision over Germany is no child's play. The question which faces you and me and the American nation is not from the college man's standpoint, where you go for a hundred yards, or you go for a quarter-mile sprint, or you go for a mile. The supreme test that is going to come to the American people, the American people on whom the final decision from a military standpoint has been placed, is, whether it will go for a Marathon or not. That is the question that faces the American people to-day.

I went into Germany with an academic interest in the war, with my sympathies with the French and with my sympathies with the ideals for which the French were fighting, and it didn't take me very long in Germany to realize what Germany stood for then and what she stands for now. The Minister of Foreign Affairs might say what he liked about foreign or neutral opinion; he might give you promises galore, and the same thing might be given to you by von Bethmann-Hollweg; but, gentlemen, it wouldn't count. The people who counted in Germany then and the people who count in Germany now are the twenty-one Army Corps Commanders. They are the Government of Germany; they have the say-so; and linked with those twenty-one Army Corps Commanders at that time and still linked with them was the so-called *Sechs Verband*, an organized government trust of every interest in Germany, and with them the Junkers; and it did not make any difference to them what the Minister of Foreign Affairs or von Bethmann-Hollweg felt or said; it was what those twenty-one Army Corps Commanders felt and said; and you may play with words as von Hertling plays with words and formulas and what not; but unless those twenty-one Army Corps Commanders subscribe to those conditions, there will be no peace and we in America must recognize that, that there is not going to be any peace, and we must prepare for it.

If the war lasts five years it will be no surprise to me. It may be over in two or three years; it may go on for five; but we must face the issue. As Mr. Beck says, if it goes on for ten, it will go on.

I came here to talk to you on the question of the German propaganda, of what it meant and what it stood for. Facing these twenty-one Army Corps Commanders of Germany a running fight is going on for what is straight and right and humane toward the prisoners of war, for, in those long months, I came to

realize what they stood for. A straight line from a military standpoint was a straight line, and it made no difference whether human rights or life stood in the way. It made no difference to them that the representatives of Germany had promised they would live according to the rules that they had subscribed to in the Hague Convention.

Take the case of the Irish prisoners at Limberg, one of the seduction camps for those prisoners whom Germany hoped to lure away from their allegiance to the Allies. Here the Irish prisoners were segregated and at first given the best of treatment in every way. They sent Casement there, a privileged character, to do something for the entertainment and instruction of these Irish. The propaganda included many lectures on the history of Ireland. It was such an insult to the Irish intelligence that the second time he appeared in the camp to give his lectures he was licked and they had to give him a special guard, and at the end of several months, what was the result with these "ignorant Irish?" Out of those four or five thousand, only a pitiful 32 were lured to Germany, and the Irish afterwards, in talking about it, didn't even have a sense of humor. When you tried to poke some fun at these 32, they would not even own them as Irish. They said they were "Scotch-Irish!" Renegade American Irish, as they said. They would not stand for them, and they took their pitiful whole of 32 "Scotch-Irish" up to Berlin, this wonderful brigade that was to fight for the Republic of Ireland, and what happened to it there? The first time it was given its liberty it got gloriously drunk and went down the Frederick Strasse, singing "God Save the King!" And then it underwent a sudden disappearance. I wanted to find out what became of it, and a German Foreign officer said, "We have the right to liberate prisoners if we so please;" and we said to him, "From our experience in these prison camps, you may liberate them, but you must deliver them to us whenever we ask." They never dared to send those 32 Irishmen back to Limberg where essential justice would be meted out to them.

The same thing happened at the military prison at Cologne. We inspected it, and there amongst that forlorn lot were men sentenced to 22 years imprisonment. I came to red-headed Irishman and said, "What is the matter with you?" "Well, Doctor," said he, "I am here unjustly." "Why unjustly?" "Well," he said, "it's this sense of German justice." "What is the matter with German justice?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I was accused of assaulting and hitting the guard." I said, "Didn't you hit the guard?" "Well," he said, "the trouble is, at the trial the guard appeared against me at the court-martial, and his head was all

bound up and they said to him, 'What happened?' and he said that I hit him and assaulted him and tried to escape;" and he said, "They took his word against mine when I denied it." I said to him, "Well, did you hit the guard?" He said, "Yes, I hit him—just once!"

And then, when I told him I was Irish too; that my name was McCarthy; he said, "What's that? Your name McCarthy? My name is McCarthy too." Then he went on to tell me how it happened. "It was just this way; I just hit him one wallop." That was the idea of the German sense of justice that the Irish had at Limberg.

With the propaganda at the prison camp at Wunsdorf the Germans had better success. They got a hold of at least two thousand Mohammedans and Hindus, by housing them in what was in many ways the model camp of Germany. Eventually all the Mohammedans and Hindus were concentrated at this camp which was made an Oriental paradise and where their political persuasion met with a high degree of success. As I say, at least two thousand of them went over and fought with the Turks against the French with whom they had belonged.

They dispersed most of these men out of these camps, and sent them to working camps, and at the working camps they kept them from contact with their people at home and refused to deliver to them the food packages from home. When the Irish showed the slightest resentment to this, they were bayoneted. Once I came across two of these Irish prisoners who had been bayoneted and killed, and a postcard was sent back to the Irish village from which they came, saying they had died quietly in the hospital. Just as soon as the Mohammedans would fail them, they would get just exactly what the Irish at Limberg got.

Then came the time in the German prison camp, when, according to the Hague Convention, an officer was not expected to work, and they became a problem to them. They said, "We will make him work." It was Belgium over again, and they picked out the worst camp in Germany and put over them the worst general they had. At the end of six or eight hours of inspection, you found conditions worse than those at Wittenberg, for vicious police dogs were let loose in these barracks and in the compounds at night. Whenever a man complained, he was put in close confinement, without air and without bed-clothes, and on a bread-and-water diet for three days. These men were actually at the point of revolution, facing the German bayonets.

One went across the road and found there in crude barracks some three or four hundred of the more badly wounded prisoners

of war, brought into those prison barracks without any nurses at all, with practically no doctors, with practically no X-ray apparatus, and no bandages, to help them; lying there on the crude bunks; nothing to eat but the dirty soup of the camp kitchen, these men with temperatures of 103 and 104, these men of the prison camp dying there. You would find one man with a dirty towel in his teeth in the convulsions of lockjaw.

Up in the camp there was a lay reader of the Church of England who, when he wanted to go down and give dying consolation to the dying men, was not permitted to because he could not show credentials that he was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England.

The representatives of the French Army Corps said to me, "Doctor, what do you think ought to be done about this camp?" "Well," I said, "there is only one thing to be done and that is to burn it down." I never believed that such a condition could possibly exist in a civilized community, and I said to him, "What are you going to do about it?" He said, "I will report down at the Army Corps Command." I said, "Oh, no, you don't; unless you give me assurances that all these conditions will be corrected, I will see that the world has another Wittenberg."

Do you know Wittenberg? The world knows Wittenberg, where these fifteen thousand men were herded in a small compound surrounded by barbed wire. When the most contagious of diseases broke out, every single German got up and beat it out of that camp, left there, and left those men alone. You can imagine what would happen to you with this epidemic hitting you, without a bit of attention. I can imagine what happened in Wittenberg, and I saw the evidence. What did they do at Wittenberg? For six long months not a single German went inside of that camp to give a bit of aid to these hopelessly sick prisoners of war. Three slept on a mattress covered with lice, with this horrible disease—typhus—there. They took five British soldiers, members of the British Army Corps—they had been holding them there for months—they took five of them and dumped them into this camp at Wittenberg, and out of those five brave men dumped there, three of them died and two came out. And that was Wittenberg. There might be some possible excuse on account of the German medical profession and the German military being struck by panic, but there was no excuse for the other, because it was absolutely unadulterated cruelty. It simply passes human understanding for sheer unadulterated brutality. And I wrote again to the War Office and said, "This thing must never happen again. It simply must never happen again—such a condition of affairs."

Then cross the line (last summer) into Russia, and what do you find? Not this picayune propaganda trying to win a few Irish, Mohammedans and Hindus away from their allegiance to Great Britain and France, but the German propaganda playing with the fate, not only of Russia, but of the world. When you hear of German propaganda here, oh, it is a vague sort of thing—you don't half believe it because every factory that is burned they blame the Germans for it—but from March 10th of last year on, you could not move anywhere in Russia without putting your finger on German propaganda. You could not follow it, but it was doing its dirty work, and the manifold directions in which German propaganda was doing that dirty work in Russia with the Russian Republic simply passes understanding.

There were one million German and Austrian prisoners of war in Russia. Most of those one million prisoners of war in Russia were out in working camps, working with the Russian people, billeted with their employers. Well, after the revolution began, began the Socialist propaganda, and with it went the German propaganda, and by September of last year every German prisoner of war was a German propagandist, supplied with information from the German propaganda. That was only a small part of it. The big part of it was the direction of the Russian Revolution from Germany. You may talk about the pages of history as much as you like. I always believed that these big revolutions ran their way, followed a certain definite course because it was unavoidable; but when one gets close enough to this Russian Revolution one is convinced that revolutions do not run their own sweet way; that revolutions come directed to good or sinister purposes, just as you please; and, from the beginning of last May the German propaganda was directing the Russian Revolution and it is still doing it up to this very minute, and the most amazing thing about it is that it has completely succeeded in what it started out to do. And that success of the German propaganda was due to this wonderful Lenine that Mr. Beck thinks so highly of that he quotes him in an article about phrases and phrase-making, written when Lenine and the International Socialists were the phrase-makers of the time.

Do you know how Lenine got into Russia? Anybody knows that to cross from one country which is an Allied country through any of the countries of the Central Powers is hard enough, it is an extremely difficult matter. You have to have your letters and your passports viséd a half dozen times. But to cross from Germany into Switzerland, even for a diplomat, is a tremendous task; yet Lenine with his party of International So-

cialists came from Switzerland into Germany through Denmark, over into Russia. How did he do it? Were the Germans so interested in the Russian Revolutionists that they would take a party of International Socialists, that they would take them into Russia in an easy, sociable way? No, gentlemen; they knew where money properly placed with their propaganda would eventually reach; and when the Provisional Government started in the beginning, when Kerensky stopped doing the bidding of the Soviet and there came what Germany was looking for and the Provisional Government disappeared from the face of the earth; then the Bolsheviki came on, and, true to their principles of international socialism, they moved forward to an international peace.

It was following the principles of International Socialism, and those who are International Socialists and live up to their doctrine you can't find fault with; but Germany knew what the International Socialists would do when they got in power.

Now comes the next move in the game, and there comes this international condition in Russia. These Internationalists with the Bolsheviki are not going to be good neighbors with Germany. What is the next move with Germany? With the control of the Ukraine as a possible excuse, she moves forward into Russia itself. Now watch and see whether Russia will be ruled by a monarch sitting on the throne of Russia, and that monarch the wife of the Czar, a German.

Last August there was a convention at Petrograd of the Thibetan Lamas, a branch of the Lamas of the East, everybody there except the Grand Lama, himself. What were these men of the East, these Lamas, doing in Petrograd at a time of turmoil and revolution and war? They came to hold their conference in Petrograd in order to get some light on the Russian Revolution, and as Georgeoff said, "This whole spirit has infected even our own Lamas. They are not willing to take the word of our Dalai-Lama any more. They must have their own committee; they must have their own say in the conduct of the church."

That meant nothing except that it is a rather extraordinary situation; but it had this significance, that you and I must keep in mind in connection with the present situation and in connection with what Germany is trying to do in Russia. It meant this, that the influence of the Russian Revolution, felt as it is even here now in a country at war, the Russian Revolution with the radical ideas that were permeating it, had spread down through Mongolia and through China; and, if the world is to be kept safe for democracy, you have got to keep your eyes on Russia

and on China as well, because the Chinese Republic is in the same condition of dissolution as the Russian Republic.

What is our concern at the present time with this German propaganda? We are concerned with it largely from our mistakes of the past, and I think we are beginning to correct them. During those long nine months during which the German propaganda was defeating an army of over ten million men, when the German propaganda was completely licking an army of ten million men, what were the Allied diplomats doing to meet this issue? Are we so dumb and clumsy and inefficient that, with our wonderful understanding of life, that we sit down and let a situation of this kind develop before us, with the Ambassadors of Great Britain, of France and of Italy all doing the same thing?

And during these months when the Revolution was apparently directing itself but was really being directed by the German Government, and when Korniloff came along and said, "I will discipline this army," was there any attempt being made to direct the Russian Revolution along the line that it ought to go, except from Berlin? Not so that one could notice. And yet that must have had a tremendous interest for you and me and the American people. If Russia goes back to the Romanoffs, and the Romanoffs are controlled from Berlin, it won't be guarding the East by the head of the Persian Gulf and Bagdad; it will be guarding the East along the Trans-Siberian Railway and then you have Japan menaced, and you have Japan meeting the German peril.

We are interested in the stabilizing of Russia in another direction, because Russia to-day is a tremendous potentiality. It is a country almost twice as large as ours. As you cross from one end of Russia to the other, you see this wonderful country with resources, if not double, at least nearly so, those of the United States; with people only 30 per cent. educated, but a people giving them an art which equals that of the French artists; a music better than the German music so widely heralded; a literature which for its virility and extent equals the literature of any nation of the present time. Just think what will happen to Russia when those 70 per cent. of the Russians get even an elementary education! Russia will then have an influence on the world that neither you nor I can calculate. The Slavic mind with its tremendous potentiality is going to be a wonderful factor in the future.

Get the facts as they exist. The Russian army is out of the fight. It will not come back again. We can discount that. We can show an unselfishness which neither Great Britain nor France

has shown toward a republic which is stabilizing itself, and which is doing the work of the world, because the present anarchy cannot last. And if we show that attitude toward Russia from the standpoint of our diplomacy, and not simply the attitude of the American people toward Russia now, Russia will not forget in the future who was her friend in the time of her tribulation. We have not forgotten what France did for us in our days of struggle.

The whole situation from the Russian standpoint is such that it has altered the whole course of the war. Had the Russian army stayed in, had it been efficiently directed, had discipline been maintained in the Russian army—Haig was right, Joffre was right—certainly this year would have been the last year of the war and the Kaiser would have been defeated; but here you have this whole blockade of Germany so necessary to human life in Great Britain, so necessary to the finances of Great Britain, practically all negated if Prussia can get the wheat out of the Volga Region. But if the Allied countries are wise, if we can meet the German propaganda, if we show some statecraft in handling the Russian situation, it is a long time between now and next September or October when the harvest comes in, and it is quite possible we may be able to get to rights, and Germany may have on her hands something which she did not calculate for in the beginning.

The one deep feeling that every man who comes out of Europe with is not the feeling that peace is near, that peace is going to be here before midsummer or by September, but that it is an uncertain quantity, that if you are going to have a peace that is going to be lasting, that is going to mean anything, a peace in which the Allied diplomats are not going to be licked across the table even if Germany is not licked in the field, then it is going to be a long war. And the one thing that you have got to give credit to Washington for in its recent attitude towards this question is something which is not recognized generally in America, something which was not recognized in the chancelleries of Europe, and that is that Germany had calculated on winning the war at the peace table, on sitting down and saying, as their replies to these various state documents that have been presented to them, indicate, that the question of Alsace-Lorraine will be settled, but it is a personal matter between Germany and France; that they will discuss with Great Britain the reconstruction of Belgium, the protection of the head of the Persian Gulf and the reconstruction of the Balkans; that at the peace table they would discuss with the United States the question of the freedom of the seas, and with Italy the question

of the Trentino. Just as soon as you allow a situation of that kind to develop, the one principle recently enunciated from Washington makes it perfectly clear that it does not make any difference whether the Bolsheviki make a peace with Germany or not; it does not make a bit of difference whether Turkey or Bulgaria make a separate treaty of peace with Greece; when a treaty of peace comes to be signed, it will be a question of what the rest of the world thinks of Germany and Austria.

The rest of the world is going to tell Germany that for the future no one nation can have the right or ever be permitted to have the power to disturb the peace of the world in such a way as to create such a condition of affairs as has existed for the last three years. That must come and can only come from a concert of the Powers, from a determination of the different Powers to decide the question of what peace must be and what the peace demands are and must be; and there must be no variation as to what London or Paris or Rome thinks. There must be a unity of ideas of what the whole world thinks of what Germany was, what Germany is, and what Germany has done, during the period of this war.

THREE: BY REVEREND HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

Captain of the 9th Coast Artillery, U. S. A.

THERE were a great many reasons why I was glad to accept an invitation to come here. I like to get into a crowd of men who hold Republican principles; never more so than at this time. I love to come up to this old Republican Club where I have so many friends and where I have had so many good times; but I am free to say that the thing that led me to accept the invitation was that Mr. Beck was going to speak here this afternoon, and I think after you have listened to him to-day you can appreciate my feelings in this respect; but he laid down the dictum that there has been too much talking in connection with the war, and I don't want to prove that his contention is true by a terrible example right here; but, as a matter of fact, that is just about what I was going to say. I am simply going to do what any one can do under these circumstances, and say "Amen," a hearty "Amen" to what we have heard. I tell you, the Allied cause is suffering to-day from nothing so much as from the intemperance of speech. It is the talk in the capitals of the world that is doing more than the mud in Flanders to hold back the Allied offensive. It is the talk of peace as though

it were a possibility before it had been settled at the point of the bayonet, as though it could come in any other way than by the power of the sword, that blunts the fighting courage of the men, that wet-blankets their powder and takes the edge off of their sword; and, mind you, this talk of peace always originates in Germany. There is where it starts. It is Germany who says, "Let us talk about peace," and then calmly rolls her tongue in her cheek and sits mum, while in every Allied capital the leaders of warfare rise in succession and begin to formulate their peace aims. They have been formulated over and over gain in every one of the Allied countries; but, gentlemen, Germany has sat mum; she has played the game to the limit. She has never told the world and she does not propose to tell the world what her peace aims are. Von Hertling and Czernin will keep the shuttle-cocks flying, and they will invite all the other legislators in the world to join in this beautiful game of battledore; but they don't propose for one minute to announce their peace aims.

Why is it that the leaders of men that are fighting, when the question of economic destiny is at stake, continually repeat and repeat in phrases and paragraphs and documents and messages and letters the peace aims of the world? There is only one aim and that is, "Can the Kaiser." There is a formula. It is simple; it is picturesque; it is expressive; it covers the whole ground; nobody has any misunderstanding as to what it means. In all the languages that are spoken along the Allied lines, "Can the Kaiser" can be understood.

Those disgusting and intolerable things for which he stands must be hermetically sealed and put in the closet of oblivion, to stay there while the world lasts.

Don't forget that this talk of peace is "made in Germany" and that it spells victory to Germany, and that peace—get the German standpoint on this question—peace, from the German conception of it is a military maneuver; peace is a part of her war campaign that she is fighting. It is as distinctly a part of her military procedure as an artillery barrage. When she says "Let us talk peace," I say that is as distinctly a military order from Berlin as the order given to the commander to make a barrage behind which his army may advance. It is to clear obstructions for her arms; for peace spells victory, and don't forget it.

Every one in Germany, from the Kaiser down to the camp follower, wants peace. For, look at it; Germany holds to-day all she set out to get. She has diverted the eyes of the world from the critical issue of this campaign. Germany has kept the

eyes of the world fixed on the western front, while she lusted for the Orient. That offensive may never take place on the western front, if she can keep the Allied line there while she sweeps over the Oriental world with the strength of her arms. She started out with a definite purpose: "Berlin to Bagdad." Look at your maps. She has the freedom of the Baltic. At this hour it is but a German lake. There are no Central Empires—don't deceive yourselves—there are no Central Empires. There is one imperial power that sweeps from the shores of the Baltic to the Dardanelles; Austria-Hungary is but the vassal of Germany. She could not make peace if she wanted to; she must fight if Germany says so. If the Kaiser takes snuff the Emperor of Austria sneezes.

Rumania-Bulgaria is merely a little empire; Turkey simply does Germany's dirty work, even though it be as dirty and bloody as the removing of Armenia from Germany's path of empire. The Armenian massacre was planned in Germany. The men that carried it out from Berlin were paid from the exchequers of Germany. It was directed by German intelligence, because Armenia lay in Germany's path of empire.

To-day Germany controls from the Baltic clear through into Asia Minor; Suez within arm's reach; Egypt, the portal of Africa, just a stone's throw from her palace at Constantinople. And suddenly has come the Russian collapse, and the cry is "Change! Change!" Let the world awake; let men rouse themselves from their stupid indifference to this matter. The destiny of generations hangs trembling in the balance. It is no longer from "Berlin to Bagdad;" it is from "Prussia to the Pacific." More than she dreamed of lies before her.

And the future is to-day in shadow, and as Mr. Beck says, how did it come about? In simple language, Russia was licked by piffle-piffle, absolutely. Mind you, the pacifists of Russia talked until they have handed over Russia to an empire that knows nothing of peace except as a war measure. The Socialists of Russia talked until they have handed over Russia to an empire that knows nothing of the people except as tax-payers and cannon-fodder. The Revolutionists, the anarchists of Russia talked until they have handed over the freedom of Russia into a nation who is seeking, by the power of the sword, to rivet her tyranny upon the entire world.

Talk when such a war is on! It is worse than useless; it is wicked. It costs life; it costs blood; it imperils the future. Our children after us will live in a dark, sad world unless we rise to make it strong, pure, sweet and free for them.

Talk! You could as easily talk with Germany and hope to

change the course of her arms as you could hope to tame a wild bull by singing "I Want to be an Angel."

It was William the Silent that armed those Dutch burghers who rolled back the tides of Spanish domination as the dikes of Holland roll back the sea. It was Grant, the reticent, who rolled back the forces of the enemies to our freedom at Appomattox; and it is the men of silence who act, who translate the emotions of nations into deeds, who are needed for this great hour. There will come no peace into this world—mind you, the war may stop, but the war won't end. There is a difference—and no peace will ever come into this world, the white dove of peace will not rest here, until the black war eagles of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns have had their necks wrung.

Mr. Beck quoted that wonderful passage of the President, and none could put it more strongly in which he showed the absolutely insuperable obstacle to peace because Germany lacks honor and can't give a guaranteed covenant. Let me suggest another reason why there is an obstacle to peace; that no self-respecting nation can sit down to the council board with a nation that outlaws the laws. It is not a question as to whether they would keep their word if you and I agreed to peace. We can't consort with them on equal terms, for their ideas of morals are different from ours. I have been very much impressed by the impression that has been made on the men abroad by the deportation of the men of Belgium. I have been struck by the fact that Van Dyke of Holland and Brand Whitlock of Belgium and Gerard of Germany have not insisted or laid such emphasis upon those brutalities that have affected us, all those spectacular outrages that have made our blood tingle; but every one of them has spoken with lowered breath of the deportation of Belgian men. I never knew just why until I heard from Vernon Kelley who had charge of the provisioning of Belgium in connection with Mr. Hoover, and he told a story something like this:

He saw that deportation take place over and over again, and he was sorry his eyes had ever had to witness it. He said you would see there a company of men as well bred, as well educated, as home-loving, as good citizens, as any of us who are gathered here. A quota is called from each town; a hundred from that hamlet, a thousand from that larger city. They are boarded on a cattle train; a surgeon inspects them as rapidly as he can. These men are inspected by the surgeon and only those are taken that are regarded in the rapid inspection as fit. They are offered a chance to sign a paper which is presented to every one, which is a promise from Germany—significantly, it is a "scrap of paper"—and they know just how to value Germany's "scraps

of paper"—but the paper contains fair promises. It offers them money if they will sign; it offers care for their friends, all sorts of beguiling things if they will sign that paper that they have voluntarily entered into the service of Germany. Not one will sign it. And, with the German bayonets at their back and German soldiers ready to shoot at command, those Belgians have gone off in cattle cars again and again, singing the Belgian National Anthem.

And then, in Germany, they are taken to the munition factories to make munitions to be used against their own friends, and they refuse. Then they are taken out into the open and exposed in such prison camps as McCarthy has spoken of; they are exposed to the weather; they are starved; they are not cared for in disease; until they become so useless to Germany that they are sent back; "and then," said Mr. Whitlock, "I stood and received a trainful of these deported men that had been passed by the surgeon as fit for work in efficient Germany, and from that train," he said, "from those cars, there came down a crowd of ghosts. They had not had food for forty-eight hours. We had bread for them. We put a loaf of bread in a man's hands and he couldn't hold it. We broke off pieces of bread and gave to another man, and they dropped through his emaciated and trembling fingers, and the man simply sank in a heap on the ground and ate up the bread like a dog. And there was one poor fellow that was almost gone. We tried to fold his hands over a little piece of bread, that he might have something to eat, and in his fevered delirium he kept saying 'I won't sign; I won't sign,' and the man died saying 'I won't sign.'"

Now, I say it is impossible for any nation with self-respect to sit in the council chamber and discuss terms of peace with a nation so dehumanized and so brutalized as the German nation under the direction of its military power. There is no peace without victory; there is no peace without penalty. Mr. Lincoln had the right idea in these matters, and he once said, "We accepted this war for a worthy object, and the war will end when that object is attained, and, under God, I hope it will not end until that time." And Mr. Lincoln knew not only about the ending of wars, but about the beginning of them. Do you realize it is at his call that we are in this war? It is in answer to the call of that voice that death can never still into silence that America has unsheathed the sword and beaten the long roll for her sons to fall into the battleline; it is the voice that comes from Gettysburg that waked up this great people for whom he died. Those sentences of his familiar speech are the alphabet of our Americanism, and the words that he then uttered

ring like a clarion call in our ears to-day and set our patriotic blood on fire.

Mark the wonderful application to this time:

“Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.”

It was with such burning words that belong to this present moment as well as to the half-century ago, that the saviour of our country began, and then as thought began to rise in his capacious soul, the horizons that bound the vision of lesser men seem to recede, and with the large outlook of a man inspired of God, he swept with his gaze the oncoming years and he read their message, and with almost prophetic ecstasy, he closed that speech with the phrases that have burned themselves into the American heart, that

“government of the people, for the people and by the people, shall not perish”—

Now notice, he did not say “from these States,” he did not say “from these Americas,” he did not say “from this western, this new world”; but, as though he saw and heard what we, we men here, and of which we, his descendants, are a part, he said,

“government for the people, of the people and by the people, shall not perish from the *earth*”—

the earth!

And, as in that solemn time of the Civil War, the gathering of the youth and strength of America in camps, in training schools, in cantonments, in crowded transports along the battle line, is just saying over again what men said then, “We are coming, we are coming, Father Abraham, millions on millions strong; it shall not perish, it shall not perish, from the *earth*.”

TENTH DISCUSSION

MARCH NINTH, 1918

THE WOMEN OF 1918

THE WOMEN OF 1918

ONE: BY SERGEANT RUTH FARNAM

Serbian Cavalry.

It is very hard for me to speak, because I am only quite a new soldier. They made me one about a year ago and I did not go out intending to fight because that does not seem to be a woman's job. I never did want to fight, because, thank God, we American women have our men to fight for us; but I do feel the honor of wearing a uniform that has been made sacred by such sacrifice, such devotion and such patriotism as the Serbians have shown.

I suppose most of us know as little about Serbia as I did the first time I went there. I found myself there accidentally in the war with Turkey, and then I learned much about the Serbians. Then I went out again during the war with Bulgaria, and although I had never seen blood before, although I had never been with sick people, I was put in the operating room of a hospital to wait on a surgeon while he performed major operations, where we had very few of the necessaries, no anæsthetics and no money with which to buy them. I have begged for many things for Serbia, and among those things I have begged for money to buy tobacco. I sometimes had to hold men in my arms while the surgeon operated on them, with nothing to deaden their pain at all. Yet I have had people say, "Oh, no; I will give money for clothing, drugs and food, but not for tobacco; I don't believe in it; tobacco is bad for men." But I want to tell you if you had seen what I have seen of what tobacco means to men out there, what it is going to mean to our own boys in the hospitals, whether you approve of tobacco for men and boys or not, I assure you, you would give the last drop of your heart's blood to buy tobacco for those boys, if they want it, whatever your ideas on the subject may be.

People say very often, "The Serbians are quarrelsome people; they are always fighting there in the Balkans, and they always will be." Well, I presume you know that for a great many years Serbia has been oppressed by Austria and Germany, always Germany behind Austria egging her on to play on the historic ani-

mosities in the Balkans among her peoples there. Of course, Serbia will fight; she always will fight until she gets back her own. You know that Austria has on one pretext or another, taken from her Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and other territory—all the richest provinces of Serbia have been simply stolen from her. Why, if anybody took from us Texas, Florida, California or Maine I think we would fight to the very end to get them back, because they are our own, they are part of our country. Of course, Serbia will fight for that which is hers. Nobody can blame her for that.

They say "The Serbians are a dirty people, primitive, ignorant." For 500 years the Serbians have lain under the heel of Turkey, were not allowed liberty in any way except as regards their church. That survived. Their freedom and their schools were taken from them and yet they kept their blood pure. They never intermingled or intermarried with their conquerors, which is a remarkable thing. And if we, here in America, with our mixed blood, would unite and fight if anybody robbed us of our territory, how much more would those people fight for the land of their fathers. I think it is a very admirable thing.

There is another thing which we in America do not quite understand; that we are safe and free to-day because of what Serbia has done. You know it is a good many years ago since Bismarck said "America is a fine, fat hog, and when we are ready we will stick it." It is not so long ago that Germany openly declared that her idea is the domination of the world, and what country is the most valuable to Germany? America. Germany wants South America, too, but while the United States stands upon her Monroe Doctrine Germany cannot get a free hand there. She intended and she still means, if she can, of course—she is beginning to realize that she cannot—she intended to come down through the Balkans, reap the fruits of her plots in India and Egypt and strike on our Western coast. Because of the British navy she could not get to our Eastern coast. With the aid of Mexico she meant to drive into our land up the valley of the Mississippi, thus cutting off the food supply of the West from the Eastern States—cutting off the arms and munitions of the East from the West and then we should have been helpless.

But Belgium held the gates on the West and Serbia on the East—as she has always done. These two little countries, two of the smallest countries on the globe, foiled great, efficient Germany. For Honor's sake they stood there; they held the gates and said, for Honor's sake, "They shall not pass."

Why, Austria offered peace to Serbia if she would desert the

Allies and let the armies of the Central Empires pass down the Valley of the Morava. They said, "We will show no mercy unless you do it." Serbia had been invaded before many times, and she knew what it meant; she knew it meant devastated territory, murdered citizens, outraged women, crucified children, tortures unspeakable—many of the things that I have seen with my own eyes. Serbia knew what invasion meant and yet Mr. Pashitch, the Serbian Prime Minister, said: "It is better to die in beauty than to live in shame. We fight!"

Serbia appealed to the Allies. She said to them, "You will never get through to the Dardanelles; you will never arrive at Constantinople that way. Let us strike Bulgaria before she is ready to attack us and we will guarantee that in a very short time you will be in Constantinople overland. Send troops to us and we will see that you get there." And the Allies did not understand. They said, "Bulgaria will never go against Russia. Bulgaria does not intend to do anything in this war. You dream." Serbia replied, "We know that Bulgaria wants only vengeance on us. She is being egged on by the Central Powers and is only waiting the moment to strike." And the Allies replied, "You imagine it. It is not so. We cannot send you troops from the Dardanelles because we could not get the men away from there alive." To this Serbia answered, "We are then dead men, but we will fight to the end."

People often say to me, "I suppose Serbia has suffered almost as much as Belgium." Why, it is not that Belgium has not suffered enough; but you must remember that if the people of Belgium could just get to their borders they could go into France or Holland or England and be cared for. Look at the map and you will see that Serbia had no such hope. On the north, Austria; on the east, Bulgaria; on the west, Albania—just as poor, just as starved as Serbia was—and that splendid Serbian army was obliged to withdraw. Surrounded on three sides, they went out through a narrow neck of land into exile. Seventy thousand soldiers left their bones on that seventeen days' march over the Albanian mountains. They retreated with their faces to the foe, fighting every inch of the way. The women and old men and children, went out before the remembered horrors of war. They fled along those icy roads in November, with only the clothing they wore on their backs and the bread they could carry in their hands, because all the country was so poor; and behind them, on every road in Serbia, the old men and boys and badly wounded soldiers stood in little groups and fought until the weapons dropped from their hands, until they fell at last on the blood-soaked soil of Serbia, and still they fought as the enemy marched

over them, grasping him by the feet, and dragging him down and strangling him with the last ounce of strength in their dying hands, to give the refugees time to get a little further away.

Those poor ones would have found death very sweet, could they have taken it, particularly the women, because so many of the little children died—whole families of them. One after another the mothers laid the little wasted bodies down by the roadside and were obliged to leave them to the famished dogs that roamed the country. Ladies, you know how easy it would have been for these poor mothers to have just lain down and died. But they were of sterner stock; they were soldiers just as much as the men; they were fighting hunger, cold and utter despair, but clearly they knew these three things—three words—Love, Duty and Home. It was their duty to keep the breath of life in themselves as long as they could, so that if by some miracle they were saved they might come home again and raise up other children to help restore the country of their devotion. At last all too many, unable to go further, sat down by the roadside, and, still, blaming none, gave up their brave spirits.

All the roads out of Serbia, every one of those mountain passes into Albania, are lined with the heroic bones of those poor women who died for their country just as much as the soldiers did. And when finally the remaining refugees reached the seashore, it was weeks before help came, and they died there in thousands, uncomplaining to the end.

I have been in Serbia in three wars, and in all that time, in which I have had men and women and little children die in my arms of disease, wounds and starvation, I have never yet heard one Serbian beg. The thing that came nearest to it was last year, just behind the battle lines. I was going through a tent hospital which had just been established out there. It was set up first on the Island of Corsica for the refugees, and when it was no longer needed there, it was moved up into Macedonia. It had been founded by money collected in this country by Miss Burke and myself a few months before. At the door of one of the wards—these tent wards—a man lay dying, and as I came through with a big basket of cigarettes (I had bought up the stock of a tobacconist down the road) this dying man had just enough strength left to say "Cigarette." I put it in his mouth, lighted it, he drew one deep breath into his lungs and was dead—happy because he had got a cigarette.

That same day I passed a little group of refugees. These people had been taken care of in Macedonia and were trying to get back, just to set their feet again on the beloved soil of Serbia. I saw them sitting by the roadside and with them a

little girl about nine years of age. She was the most pitiful sight, just bones with yellowish skin drawn sharply over them. She smiled, or seemed to, as we passed. I had gone but a little distance when it occurred to me that there must be something I could do, so I stopped the car and went back. It was not five minutes since I had first seen the child. I spoke to her now and she did not answer. I picked her up from the ground and she was dead—just in those few minutes. I said to the woman sitting by, "What was it?" She looked at me and said, "She was my child and she had great hunger." That was on the main road, over which the soldiers were passing through to the Front every day.

Every man had bread, and yet those people died of starvation. They would not and they could not ask for that bread which should help these men to fight again for their loved country. That is the spirit of the people of Serbia. You cannot kill a spirit like that.

I want to tell you how I became a soldier. I want to talk about myself! My mother did not raise her girl to be a soldier, but the Serbian Relief Committee of America, with which I am associated, found that it would be necessary for some one to investigate the administration of the funds which had been collected in America and to learn what it would be advisable for us to concentrate on in the future. So I volunteered to go. It was a wonderful journey. I wish I had time to tell you about it. I went through places where it was most difficult to travel. Through every friendly belligerent country of Europe. I got through with no delays at all, just an American woman traveling on an errand of mercy, that was my passport. Of course, I had passports, letters and other credentials, too, but that is why they let me go through. Everywhere, our Ministers, our Consuls said, "They won't let you go further," and yet in every country they let me go with no delay at all.

I arrived in Greece to find that Mr. Venizelos had tired of the vacillations of King Constantine. When I got to Athens I received a message that the Queen would be pleased to receive me. I remembered that she was the sister of the Kaiser, and sent a reply saying that I had a bad cold and would not be able to go since it might be influenza. The messenger who was an old friend of mine, just winked, and said, "I understand," and I did not go.

The crowd had been stoning the British and French Legations. Then they came around to the American Legation and made a great demonstration. The Greeks were shouting, "America is sorry for us. America is going to send her fleet to protect

us from the Allies," and poor Doctor Droppers, our Minister, had to go out on the balcony and make a speech. He knew that if he said America would not send her fleet the mob would be enraged, and if he said the ships were coming Washington would recall him, so he was in danger of getting into trouble either with the Greeks or with our own Government. It was very funny to see him wriggle, but he used considerable tact and got out of it splendidly.

He took me around to see the British Minister and there began my first exhibition of tongue control! I have made up for it since I got back! Doctor Droppers introduced me to Sir Francis Elliot and I did not say a word except, "How do you do?" I let these two men do the talking. However, at the end of five minutes I saw I was a nuisance, so I said, "Sir Francis, I know you will do the best you can. If you can, let me go; if you can't, please say so and I will go away and try to be content." He asked, "Do you mean that?" I replied, "I do." He said, "We shall see." I thought, "Here's where I start back for America." He sent me down to the *Bureau des Alliés*, where I filled out the necessary forms. I suppose my photograph is in every police station in Europe, because wherever you go you have to hand out a stack of photographs, for the civil and military authorities, which looks like a pack of playing cards. They keep the pack, sticking a photograph onto every paper in sight, and just give you one to identify you at the next place.

I was introduced to an American who looked like an American stage detective. He was stocky, thick-set, and had a derby hat cocked over one eye—a "gimlet eye" which looked straight through me into my very soul. He said, "When do you want to sail?" I said, "To-morrow." He said, "You will have to get your passports viséd by the American Consul, the British Consul, the Italian Consul, the French——" I interrupted him, saying, "I want to get back to America in time to catch the winter season and get more money to keep some of the Serbians alive." He said, "Oh, I will get it viséd and send it around to your hotel to-night." I nearly collapsed with joy.

Saloniki was a most marvelous sight. The harbor was full of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, hospital ships—the biggest passenger ships in the world painted white with a green band on their sides and a Red Cross painted on them. Later some of these latter ships were sunk while carrying wounded. Not very long before our arrival a Zeppelin had been brought down near Saloniki within five hundred feet of the house of one of my friends, where she and her two little children were sleeping. Every once in a while a hydro-aeroplane would go swooping over-

head like a great dragon-fly, and the town was full of the most varied aggregation of men I have ever seen. There were Russians, Englishmen, French, Italians, Serbians, Austrian prisoners, Bulgarian prisoners, a few Turks, and you saw every kind of uniform, every color, every shape, every sort, and the most gorgeous outfits of all, I may tell you, were worn by American war correspondents.

I was not in uniform; I was not a soldier; I was just a traveler. One day a French officer who, seeing me not in uniform nor dressed as a nurse, could not make out what I was doing there in a port of war, said, "What are you, Madam, a surgeon, a journalist, or a doctor perhaps?" I said, "The only way I can describe exactly what I am is by using a German phrase." He said, "We will forgive you under the circumstances." Said I, "Well, then, I will tell you; I am a *hausfrau mit wanderlust*."

I had been told that women who asked questions were *persona non grata*. I went to the Consulates; to the refugee camps and the hospitals; I interviewed everybody who could give me any information on the subject of Serbia's needs. It was interesting, though very tragic. At the end of five days, knowing that my room was preferable to my company, I was ready to start back—my report written out and all available information at my fingers' ends.

At this point I was introduced to Col. Doctor Sondermeyer, head of the Military Medical Service of the Serbian Army. I happened to hear him say he was going up to the Front the next day. I dashed forward and said, "I would give anything I possess to go there." He said, "Do you speak German?" I don't but I know many words in German, so I said, "I speak it very well." He said, "Under those circumstances I will take you the next time I go." Perhaps I was not excited. I wanted to tell everybody I was going to the Front. He told me I must not speak of it, nobody must know I was going, since even newspaper men were not allowed to go. For five endless days I sat around Saloniki and waited. Finally I went out and secured my ticket back home. Getting back to the hotel I found Col. Sondermeyer waiting for me. He asked, "Can you be ready to go to the Front in half an hour?" I said, "I should think so." Ten minutes before the half hour was up I was in his office ready to go. We went out. We were the only people in Macedonia leaving the city that day. Mr. Venizelos had arrived that morning and I had been asked to be on the Committee to meet him. We drove for hours over the rough roads of Northern Macedonia. As night fell and the moon came up, we found

ourselves climbing a mountain and there, in a white city, we spent the night.

I don't say we slept—we spent the night! Because when I took the lamp over and investigated my bed the slaughter began. At dawn I was outside that hotel. I went out into the street and whistled up toward where I believed the Colonel's room to be, and from every window except his a head appeared. I thought that he must have been devoured. I was just turning sadly away when around the corner came the wreck of Col. Sondermeyer. He clapped his hand to his head and said, "What a night!" And I knew he had suffered, too.

I sent some one to fetch my things and then we started on our way. About two miles out of town we fell in with a column of marching troops. We were in a little, coughing, sputtering, choking Ford car. It was a clever thing. It would throw us up into the air and catch us as we came down. It never missed us once. We would skid around a motor lorry, then just miss a group of soldiers, and those soldiers, by the way, were French and Senegalese—all of them in the blue-gray uniform of the French army and with steel helmets shaped somewhat like a soup-plate.

It was a sultry Indian-summer day, and the sweat was pouring down the faces of the Senegalese until they looked like wet chocolate. Col. Sondermeyer, who was choking with the dust, fell into the common mistake of thinking that because they didn't understand Serbian, they would understand his only other foreign language, so he shouted to them in German to let us pass. The Senegalese came at us and it looked for a minute as if we would be punctured with their bayonets. However, I leaned out and explained in my very best French who we were and would they kindly let us pass?

Then we came to that wonderful tent hospital. We inspected the place and later the Crown Prince arrived and there was a modest luncheon. He had me placed next to him and talked to me about America. "Do you think America will come into this war?" he asked. I said, "Yes, why not? She is only getting ready. We Americans are of so many mingled races that we don't all see things in the same way. It is only a question of time when we will come in. I know we will." You see, we women did not have the vote then, and nothing I could say would compromise the Government!

"Why don't you go nearer the Front?" he asked. I replied, "Highness, I am told that it is quite impossible." "Nothing is impossible," he said. My heart began to jump. He said something in Serbian to his Chief-of-Staff, who asked, "How far do

you want to go, Madame?" "Just as far as possible," I said. He answered, "We will see about it," and the next day at dawn we started off toward the sound of the guns.

I was presented, in a partly ruined village, to the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army. Everybody in Macedonia asked questions but me. He, too, asked, "How far do you want to go?" I replied, "Just as far as you will allow me." His Aide-de-Camp came, we were again packed into the car, and again we were going nearer to the sound of those guns. We came to a place where there were two rough stones set up in the earth. The Aide-de-Camp got out of the car and said, "I have the honor to inform you that you are the first woman of any nationality to enter reconquered Serbian territory." I did not take me long to pile out of that car. Please don't think me oversentimental. Remember I have seen those people suffer. I realized then what America owed to Serbia. I went on one knee, picked up a handful of that earth, sacred because it was consecrated by so much heroic blood, and pressed it to my lips.

Suddenly somebody said, "There's an aeroplane," and I saw just a flash of silver in that cloudless air. Growing out of that blue sky, behind the flash of silver, were three fleecy puffs of vapor. As these flecked the sky I cried out "What is it?" and was told, "It is one of our planes pursued by the enemy shrapnel." Those little, fleecy, innocent-looking puffs with many deaths in each one were chasing it down the sky, but it got safely away.

Now we had to leave the car and begin to climb a small mountain. We were so near the guns by this time that we could barely hear each other's shouting. From a little gulley some officers appeared who offered me their chargers to ride. Those cavalry horses were magnificent chargers, sixteen hands two. I was in an ordinary tailor-made skirt, so I decided to walk. From twelve o'clock until one on this sultry, Indian-summer day we climbed. I had on a cool shirt waist with the collar open, so I felt fairly comfortable, but the officers in their uniforms with the closed collars looked very warm. Imagine thinking of this feature of personal comfort then.

Somebody gave me a big ball of cotton wool. I put some into my ears so I looked like a rabbit. The next moment we came around a corner and saw a group of big guns. The shells from them were falling in the Bulgarian trenches. We walked on and came to a place where we were met by a group of officers. The Commander had them cease firing for a little while we talked and then said, "Do you want to see what is going on?"

They took me to the top of a precipice. Before me, nine miles

away, was Monastir. In the mountains were the French forces, their shells falling on this plain, keeping the enemy back. In the curve of the river opposite, a very large force of Bulgarians was entrenched. Their shells were falling in a village a quarter of a mile behind us. The long procession of stretchers would go out from that little village and back to the dressing station behind the lines. I saw men brought off that battlefield, where first the Serbians had held it, then the enemy, then the Serbians again,—with their eyes gouged out, their noses cut off, and later I saw the Serbian soldiers sharing their scanty stock of tobacco with their captured enemies. This is the difference between the Serbian and the Bulgarian.

The Commander said, "Would you like to go further into Serbia than even we have been?" Upon my reply in the affirmative, as usual, he said, "Take my hand. Lean out." I leaned out from the verge of the precipice and by the length of my own body I was further into Serbia than the Serbians had been! As I looked down into our trenches a moment later I saw a great shell fall there and eight or ten men were smashed to a bloody pulp. He then asked, "Would you like to give the signal for our guns to recommence firing?" I did so. In a moment, "Boom"—those great shells went over my head. When I saw that great mushroom of dust and blood and arms and legs go up in the air, I cheered like a crazy woman. I cried, "Vengeance! Vengeance! I send this in the name of American women." It was not that red-headed Texas boy who fired the first shot for America in this war; it was a woman's hand who fired the first shot to avenge European womanhood.

They said I would have to leave. I said, "I can't go; I won't go." I had often wondered how I would conduct myself when I found myself under fire. My father was a soldier. I wanted to stay there. I was not afraid. It did not occur to me that I was in any danger. I would not have minded if I knew I was going to die. I would have stayed. I was there with heroes, with men, some of whom had passed through my hands in hospitals two years before, and they were fighting again for their native land. But they said I must go. They told me, "You know it is very dangerous. If any harm comes to you we are responsible. You must go."

So I started down the hill. Just then the Commander-in-Chief came up and I flung myself at him. He is a little man and I almost squashed him flat. I said, "Have I got to go?" "Haven't you had enough of it?" he asked. "No," I cried. He looked a trifle dazed and said, "You ought to have been a soldier." "Make me one," I shouted. And after I got back to America I received

the material for my uniform and a letter saying that I had been made a Sergeant in the Royal Serbian Army.

The Commander-in-Chief, when dusk began to fall, said, "Now, Madame, we are going to consider you our mascot. To-night we will leave the trenches and see if we can make the advance which will take us across the river for the first time in our march toward Monastir." I said, "Will you let me know when you are going to make the charge?" He looked at me and said, "You will hear us," and I went back by his orders to a place behind the lines.

I felt as if there were steel bands pulling me back to the mountains every step I took away from them. I went back to that dressing station, where those mutilated men were, some of whom bore little if any resemblance to men at all, because they had been in the enemy's hands. The doctors told me Serbian stories and sang Serbian songs. And at last there was a lull in the fighting. Then pandemonium broke loose. The guns were firing furiously, every gun and every rifle, and we heard the men leave the trenches. We heard them make that dash across the plain, where they drove the Bulgarians out and crossed the river for the first time in their advance into their own country.

Back there, in the dressing station behind the lines, with those dying men near me, I sang "America." I haven't any more voice than a crow. The tears rolled down my face. If I were to be paralyzed or stricken blind to-morrow, I have recollections enough for a long, long life, and I was happy because it was not just I who was there, not simply Ruth Farnam,—you were there, all you American women stood there among those brave men.

And when I had to come back—oh! it was hard to have to come back to America just to beg. I want to go back now, but I am under orders to stay here, because here I can do more valuable work than I could hope to do over there.

When I got to Saloniki, Prince Alexander sent for me. After talking some time of what America might do in the future he said, "I know what happened up there. I see you wear two of our decorations. I want you to wear the third," and he gave me the St. Sava, which is the highest decoration of its kind given. I said, "Does your Highness think I merit it?" He replied, "I know no better friend of Serbia than Ruth Farnam. Go back and tell America how much we appreciate what has been done for us by America. Tell her that we look upon her as our sister; that we will fight to the end; that we will be faithful to death. If you will send us just machinery and seeds, when the war is over, after our first harvest we shall require no aid from any one."

Yesterday, talking to a great authority on Serbian affairs, he

said, "Do you realize that if America does as well as Serbia has done, there will never be war again in this world?" I said, "Yes, I think so." He answered, "Tell America that when she has spent fifty billion dollars, when she has lost twenty-five million of her population, she will have done in comparison as much as Serbia has done—or at least suffered."

TWO: BY MRS. A. BURNETT-SMITH

(Annie S. Swan) of London, England.

AFTER the eloquent and most moving story to which we have listened, I almost fear that I will not be able to get and hold your attention because the story I have to tell is very different. There is no fighting in it, the kind of fighting that we have just heard about and which has made our hearts so thrill in response; but I think, nevertheless, that my own story of how the womanhood of my country was mobilized for war and how it is carrying on to this day will also move your hearts, perhaps because you may find in it some parallel for your own case, and it may present the picture of what you will have to become before the war is won.

I must take you back to the wonderful days of 1914, when there was presented to the world surely the most amazing spectacle it had ever seen. I do not know how it was in this country before you entered the war; but in my country the season immediately preceding the war was one of unexampled extravagance. Never at any time had there been such expenditure of money, such a wild pursuit of pleasure, such devotion to sport, and to ease, and to having what you call here "a good time." The country was very prosperous; wages were high; there was plenty of money and it was thrown about with a reckless extravagance, and always there was the search and cry for some new thing; but there was no happiness. Everywhere you could see the unrest in the people's faces, and the eyes of the women were tired, and their hearts were empty. They did not know what was the matter with them.

Then God, who makes no mistakes, either in the lives of human beings or of nations, said, "It is time to awake out of sleep," and in a moment, all the false gods we had been worshipping, the things I have told you of, fell from us like a garment for which we had no further use, and we became in a moment one class and one people, brothers and sisters, united behind the common danger and the common cause.

Then there was to be seen the miracle of our new army. The roads and streets re-echoed with the tramp of armed men and arming men; not troops or soldiers or men who had to be there because it was their duty and they could not escape it. Oh, no; our sons came at the call of danger from the uttermost ends of the earth, ready to give their fine young lives and hopes and futures, all that they were and had, to lay it at the feet of the mother who had borne them. When these millions were taken from the civilian occupations, you will readily understand that civilian life was at once affected to such a degree that business was almost paralyzed; and then it was that the women had to step into the breach.

If you were to go to England to-day you would see the words that are written on this programme, "The Women of 1918." You would see them visualized, mobilized, working, carrying out the whole programme of industry, filling up every gap and helping to win the war in any way they can; in many ways which it is impossible for me to tell you but which history alone will perpetuate.

The first cry was, "They have to be equipped with arms and uniforms and everything they need." Munitions were the first essential. Do you know that at the outbreak of the war we had in England only three factories for the actual creation and output of munitions? We have now five thousand, and a very large number of those factories are manned by women, if I may use that expression. We have now two million of the women mobilized for war service, under martial law quite as much as the men are. They all wear uniforms and they are not allowed to resign their commissions or to leave except under strict medical exemption. A large percentage of our munition workers were women of the very highest class, the daughters of the peers of the realm, cabinet ministers, rich men's daughters who had never in their lives done a day's work, and some of them have been working in these factories now for over three years, earning their weekly wage, twelve hours per day, living the communal life in the village, side by side with their sisters from the East End, and giving all they earn into the war fund.

They don't like that work. How could they? There is nothing in war or in what war stands for that could appeal to women. God has made woman a creator. War is a destroyer. War makes waste and throws away. Woman, by her high heritage, is a builder, a constructor. She cares for the old and cares for the young and tender and those who need her; and therefore, I say that war and all it stands for is opposed to everything she holds most dear. And yet, here is this extraordinary spectacle

of a whole great nation mobilized from the highest to the lowest for the prosecution of the war, pledged to one thing, and that one thing only that there shall be no cessation of labor, no slackening, until the war is actually won.

The explanation is very simple; because there is one thing that is worse than war, and that is a peace which is based upon dishonor, upon broken promises, upon selfish shirking of responsibility. And it is because through suffering that the womanhood of Great Britain has realized these great essential truths that there is not to be found now, in this, the fourth year of the war, from end to end of the great Empire, one who has grudged or will ever grudge any sacrifice that she has made.

I don't like that word "sacrifice." I think we ought to eliminate it from our war vocabulary; for surely, when we consider that for which we fight, we, the free English-speaking peoples, pledged to fight and to die if need be for the great truths and great essential facts which alone make life worth living, why should we call it sacrifice? Nay, we should call it and feel it to be rather a right, a privilege and a joy.

I could tell you much more about the mobilization of our women, about our operations in every field of labor which hitherto has been sacred to men. I think the field where we found the most difficulty in planting out the women soldiers was in the land army, now numbering three hundred thousand. I don't know how the farmers are in this country, but in our country they belong to what we call the old, conservative party that never wants to change anything. They want to go on and on in the old paths, chosen by their fathers and their grandfathers; and so we had very great difficulty in persuading the farmers that it was essential that they should at least give the women workers a trial on the land. A very typical old farmer whom I tackled on that in the market-place of my own town was very indignant because I asked him to take three women to take the place of three men who had to go into the army. "Women on the land! They ain't any good on the land; they don't even know how to work a garden. Just see what Eve did in Eden." We could not quite follow his reasoning. All that was recorded of poor Eve is that she handed on the apple.

However, I am happy to tell you that he had to take the three women and that now, like Oliver Twist, he is asking for "More!"

Then we have a large legion working in France. They have replaced the men at the base camps and behind the lines who used to work as orderlies, did the clerical, the typing and signaling work. We have a very large army there and new troops are constantly being sent over; but they have done such

satisfactory service that constantly the appeal will come from the other side for more and more to be sent over.

I suppose you are making a number of mistakes here, just as we did at home in the beginning of the war. Our Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, said in one of his wonderful speeches, that to a peace-loving country war is a trackless waste in which the path has to be discovered, and it is only service which entitles criticism. We must remember that when we are trying to judge those who have these terrible responsibilities on their shoulders, and ask ourselves whether we have given sufficient service to entitle us to pass any criticism on them.

The women have been so splendid in their spirit and in their example to the entire nation that I can scarcely speak about it and command my voice, but I should like to give you one little picture which will show you how they feel and act in moments of extreme peril and danger; and before I tell you that little story I think I ought to explain to you what I think is not fully understood yet in this country, that a very large section of England is now as much the war zone as any country which is invaded or where the actual fighting is going on. We are liable to bombardment from the sea and we have had a great deal of it, and also we have continuous air-raids three or four nights a week. It is what is called, that is, in the cities, "The Zeppelin Season."

At the beginning of the Zeppelin raids I had the misfortune to have my own home blown up and everything in it was destroyed. We, happily, by a mercy, a miracle of God's grace, were all spared. We were all doing the thing we were told not to do. We were told to go into the basement. We were not then so frightened, and we were outside, watching the airships, when, in a moment of time—four minutes by the clock the raid lasted—my house and a great many other houses in the immediate vicinity were absolutely destroyed, a great many people were killed, and such havoc wrought as you have seen in pictures from the ordinary fighting fronts. It is a very extraordinary thing to stand on the terrace of your house one moment, loving all that is within those walls;— it was full of treasures which we had gathered up through a long life of happy association together; each article in that house had its little story;— and the next moment there was no house and there was nothing left; but so extraordinary is the mental state and the spiritual uplift of these long years of strain and suffering that one cares no more about these things. There are no *things* any more; there are only a great cause and what we can do to help it all. We are not our own any longer; "we are bought with a price."

Before I sit down I should just like to touch, as I like to do always, on the spiritual side of the war, because it is only when it is fully realized by all those who are engaged in this mighty struggle that it is not an ordinary war at all, it is not a common struggle between one nation and another nation for supremacy or a "place in the sun" or money or territory or any of the things that they say they fight for; it is something far deeper and higher and more sacred and more essential. It is the great fight between right and wrong, between might and right; it is the struggle for the supremacy of the things that matter, the only things which make life possible for the men and women who care upon the face of this earth.

And I should like to explain to you in as few words as I can, what the effect of these three and a half years of strain has been on our people, how very gradually it has come about, how we have been purged and made clean from so much of the selfish dross and self-seeking which characterized us before; because it is a very comforting and uplifting feeling that one gets reflecting upon it. It means just this, that war is not altogether a destroyer. It has something in it which compensates, something which builds up and helps to reconstruct. Before there can be a reconstruction of any old worn-out fabric, there must necessarily be something broken and shorn away. You know something of what our losses have been. We don't any more read our casualty lists; none of us dare. They are very long. Before I left home they were always quoted at about two thousand a day, and I should like you just to try and visualize what that means to my country, how many mourning hearts that stands for. I believe I am quite within the mark when I say there is not a single home in the whole length and breadth of the land which has not at least one empty chair or maimed son. In the little country town to which I have the honor to belong that is practically true, and there are many villages where there is not left a single young man, there is not one who will ever come back; and all that stands between old age and the future are the little children in arms and the little, little boys who run about the streets.

What, then, do you think, is the spirit of the people who have come through all these things? The same spirit, you will find, as we have had so splendidly described about the people of Serbia. You will find it in Italy, in France and in Belgium, and you will find it in great America when the testing time comes; and you need not be afraid of the test, because when it comes you will be ready for it. There will come to you from afar a great courage, a wonderful ability to stand up, even under

sorrows the most poignant and the most lasting; it will come to you as it has come to us; there will be compensation.

I have one friend who lost all of her five sons. One was killed at Gallipoli; the other four sleep in France and Flanders. She herself works fourteen hours a day at a canteen, and, what is more wonderful than all, there is no cloud on her face.

Whence comes this amazing strength? Aye, it comes from far away; it comes because we know that we have a sure and certain hope. We know that all that glorious young life, the flower and hope and joy of the nation, could not go down like the beasts that perish. Nay, nay; somewhere beyond they are "carrying on"; they are marching on; as one of your splendid battle-songs says; and it is up to us, the men and women who are left and for whom they have died, to ask ourselves right here and now, what are we doing in this great struggle. Are we doing and giving the utmost that is in us?

Like all things in human history and human life, it narrows itself down to the individual responsibility. It was remembered when the Lord Jesus Himself walked with men, how very keen and quick He was to pronounce in matters of right and wrong; there was no neutrality about Him. He swept the money-changers from the temple. He also said, Who was Himself the Prince of Peace, "I am come not to bring peace, but a sword;" and He also said, "Whoso is not for us is against us." And so, it is narrowed down to one little platform: either we are for or against, and if we are for a person or a cause, what do we do? Why, we give all; we give our money—that is nothing, anybody can give money—we give our time, our service, our loved ones, and that is the hardest of all; we give ourselves.

I know that great America is going to rise to that height. She is so great and so fine a country and has so long stood for all that is free and noble and best in the human race, that now is her opportunity to show that not only can she equal the sacrifice and glorious expenditure of those who have been so long in this terrible fight; but, please God, perhaps she may excel them and show to the world what a consecrated democracy is ready to do for **mankind**.

THREE: BY MRS. AMELIA BINGHAM

ALTHOUGH you have just been standing may I ask every one in the room to rise while I read a toast?

"Here's to the blue of the frozen North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be over all
When the sons of the North advance.

Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be over all
When the sons of the South advance.

Here's to the blue and the gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be over all
When the sons of the Stars and Stripes advance."

If you had asked me to speak on the men of 1918, I believe I could have said more gratifying things, because my past three months have been spent mostly with our soldiers in our various camps; three months of gratification such as I have never experienced in all my life. If I have had to my credit any stage glory in my time, it has disappeared entirely and I can think only of what to me is the greatest body of men I have ever had the privilege of seeing in all my life. When I talk with these men, and take men and women of the stage to them to entertain them for an hour or two to make them forget the loved ones left behind, I see this wonderful manhood; but back of it I see the faces of the mothers, the wives and sweethearts; and I want to tell you my task has not always been any easy one.

It just seems that we had to have this war, to realize the wonderful manhood in this country. We had to go to the mines and fields and factories and bring these wonderful men together; and now, as I look at them and talk to them and say good-bye to them, I receive their messages, not one or a dozen, but by the thousands, for by my diary I have talked to ten thousand of our men who were just ready to leave, some of them in two or three hours; some of them in twenty-four. I see back of those men the faces of the women, not the 1918 women, but those splendid, wonderful mothers. I don't know that they are just the kind of women that we 1918 women are. I don't know, but

that sometimes we might be just a little jealous of them, because those men to me are a body of the most wonderful, the most serious-minded, the cleanest, the most wholesome men that the world has ever known.

Could they have been what they are except for the mothers, the women of a few years ago that thought nothing about voting or about doing the things that we women are aspiring to do to-day? Perhaps you gather at this moment that I am not a suffragist. I never have been and I never have even approved of many of the things they do. I am glad to say I am one of the sort of old-fashioned women. I love the attention of the men; I like to get in a street car and have a man get up and tip his hat and give me his seat. If women these days are assuming what they seem to consider their right and don't feel the need of these things, well, I am sorry, but I have got to confess that the women have been preparing themselves for a something that perhaps they didn't realize; and now we are obliged to take the places of the men, thousands of places; well, thank God, we are ready for it.

Then too, as I look at my soldier-men, I can't have much sympathy for them, because to me they have in every way the best of it. The sorriest to me are the faces of the mothers and wives and sweethearts. It is a privilege to wear that uniform. It is an honor to die with that uniform on for this great, glorious country of ours, and we women can't wear it. We can only stop behind. We have just as much patriotic blood in our veins as the men, and sometimes I think that this work that I am doing through being the Chairman of the Camp Entertainment Committee of the Stage Women's War Relief, a wonderful organization in New York, of which I have every reason to be mighty proud—I dare say there are many men and women in this room who have never taken us people of stage-land quite seriously, but to those I would say, "Go to our workrooms at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, and see what we are doing; the wonderful hospital supplies that we are turning out, the entertainment that we are furnishing for a little recreation for our men." We are giving our services, oh so willingly, so happily, because we just feel that we want to be of this work, that we want to be permitted to do our bit, and that is why it is a joy to go to the camps and to see them just before they go away, make them forget, make them know that we women are at their backs; for, no matter what we do in this war, how great or small the task, we must have encouragement; we must know that there is somebody back of us that has confidence in us, and oh, how our men are going to deport themselves!

I had the privilege of seeing them five or six months ago. They were white-faced, many of them round shouldered; they could scarcely keep time with the music. Watch them now and realize what it is going to mean for the next generation. My friend alluded to the war as a waste. No; we must not let it be that. We are going to learn from this. This wonderful experience is going to make us realize that there is a God behind the men in America. We can't live without God and without the Church. I am sorry to confess that I am afraid we had grown to the point where we were so satisfied with our wonderful success, with our wonderful prosperity, that we almost forgot.

For months in my great sorrow a little more than two years ago, I went about New York, looking for something, I scarcely knew what; I went first to the Catholic, then to the Christian Science, then to Doctor Woelfkin's church. I went into every church in New York, and even then, I learned something: that in the churches of New York we have the most wonderful speakers. Why, it is a liberal education to get up on a Sunday morning and hear these wonderful men in our churches; it makes very little difference what the denomination.

There is another thing we have got to learn from this war: that extravagance has been our national sin. Very well; we accept it; but it is for us women to learn to save and save and give and give, and we will all be better for it. It is going to make us more considerate of humanity, the world over. I have lived a good deal abroad; I have had the pleasure of playing to our English-speaking people. I would be sorry to say that I felt that I have sometimes had more appreciation there than I have had in our country. I know every inch of France, where our men are; I know what it means. We have got to learn that our soldiers have got to deport themselves so that we may hope there will never be another war.

Now, to do that, we men and women, we stay-at-homes, our brave, splendid men who are past the age, whose hearts ache to go but must stay behind, what must we do? We have got to work and pray for those that go ahead. We have got to help to teach those nations who are our allies, that they can rely on us in another way besides finance. We have got to teach them to realize that we are no longer a baby nation, but that we are grown up.

The night winds sweep o'er the fields of France
 Where a million dead men lie;
 And a million ghastly faces there
 Are mutely asking why.

Why are the heavens red with hate
 From the cannons' angry flare;
 Why must the eye of the pitying Christ
 See myriads dying there?

Why from the Alps must the snow-fed streams
 With brave men's blood run red;
 Why are the bodies of innocent babes
 Strewing the ocean's bed?

What has happened, oh God, to your beautiful world,
 Aflame with the fury of death;
 What demon has banished sweet peace from the earth
 And loosened Hell's withering breath?

FOUR: BY REVEREND CORNELIUS WOELFKIN, D.D.

I THINK I shall be able to sense the fitness of things at least by telling you at once that I will not make a speech, because any word that might be said at this time by one who is a resident of this City, and especially one of my sex, after these addresses, would be in the nature of an anti-climax. Indeed, I came to the meeting a bit under a misapprehension to-day. Every new experience teaches us something, and the kind gentleman who invited me to this feast sent me his letter when I was far away from home, giving no indication that I was to make an address, but asking a telegraphic acceptance of his invitation, and by that request I saw long waiting lists of those who would be most eager and anxious to come, and I was beguiled and immediately sent a telegram that I would come. I did not know that I would be in for a speech. It is always a dangerous thing to ask a preacher to do it, because you know we have our wheatless days and our meatless days; we have had our heatless days, and I who travel on the subway have always a seatless day, and I thought to-day might be added as a speechless day! But when a minister becomes tongue-tied, his house burns up.

It is always a bit dangerous to ask a man to speak when he does not know the general subject. He might be under a misapprehension. The very day that I got this letter of invitation I was registered where a native of England was recruiting English-speaking and Canadian subjects, and on that very day a man fifty-three years of age, of Irish extraction, but with a body that was about thirty-two years old, walked in. He was a little bit the worse for the fire-water that he had drunk. When he was accepted, he said, "I want to go right away." "Well," they said, "when can you arrange your affairs?" "They are

all arranged; I want to go right away—to-night." "When do you want to go across?" "As soon as I can." The officer said, "Well, I pity the Germans when you get across." "The Germans!" said he. "It's the dom English I'm after."

In a subject like this one may get on the wrong trail, and it is always a preacher's temptation, at least, to get on the trail that he thinks will be the best paying. I was born and brought up in the City. I was born within three stones' throw of where we now are, and as a boy I remember that we used to have a little cross-town "Jigger-line" we called it, on Spring Street, where there were two cars that did the entire traffic, and the man who ran the car had to be conductor and driver and all. One day a new man was engaged and he was told by the superintendent, "You will have to drum up trade there, because the last man has only been bringing in about \$1.50 a day and it doesn't pay to run the car for that." So he started out and the first day he brought in \$18.50, and the superintendent said, "Man, how did you ever do it?" "Oh," he said, "I made two trips on Spring Street, but that's the devil of a slow line, so I swung into the Bowery."

Now, may I say that from the standpoint of the preacher, I do not think that I have ever listened to three more eloquent, more moving, more divinely inspired addresses than we have had here this afternoon. I have a little heart-touch with some of the things that have been spoken here. I could speak to you also, as did our last speaker, about the soldiers in camp, for I have been working among them since last summer. I have seen those boys and have tried to find what is behind them. In my weeks of sojourn at Camp Dix I have only offered three prayers that have not been cheered by the boys, and that is a refreshing experience for a preacher—to have a prayer cheered—but the applause is always due to the fact that I asked those boys first how many of you have mothers at home for whom you would give your life, how many have sisters and sweethearts?" And when we have lifted them up in prayer, those boys by that applause practically said that their lives were dedicated to the loyalty of that tie which is the tie that God breathes between mothers and their children's hearts. Only last Sunday, across the river here in camp, a boy received his orders that he was to sail at two o'clock on Monday morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon he made inquiries as to how much it would cost to telephone to Portland. Discovering that it would cost him \$25.00 on that day, he went out and got one hundred silver quarters, for it was a slot machine. He walked before that booth from two o'clock till six. He did not go to his meals; he stayed there until ten

o'clock at night, when he got his answer and counted in one hundred quarters into the machine. He spoke for five minutes with his mother and he said, "Thank God, I didn't go without hearing her voice again." What will a lad like that do when he is far away from home? The instinct that manifests itself in a symbol of that kind can be trusted.

I know that we hear of temptations in the camp; I know that we hear of the sins abroad; I know that we hear of a great many lapses and a great many failures. I receive some letters that indicate them; but, let me say to you that sin is always the thing that gets itself cheaply advertised; the great mass of virtue which outnumbers it and outweighs it, is too modest to obtrude itself. Let us not fail to remember the proportion of things. The boys will be true and they will be strong.

I am so glad that our women are coming into a more prominent place in our political life. I had a bit of suspicion about this meeting to-day. I just wondered why the ladies were invited to come to the Republican Club. I just wondered. I wondered whether there was going to be a proposal and an attempt at an engagement before the meeting was over; whether they are going to teach you how to be politicians and how to be Republicans. Well, if you are invited to be Republicans, ladies, don't you do it. You flirt with them; you will have a dandy good time at it. There is something that goes out of a community after an engagement is properly announced. You go to the Democrats—they need you! They need a conversion, and they need a chastisement which we men have not successfully given to them, especially in our recent elections. And then, there is another good reason why you ought to go to the Democrats. I heard of a schoolmaster who asked three boys whose politics he knew, their reasons for their political faith, saying, "I caught a woodchuck this morning and the boy who gives me the best answer gets the woodchuck." "Joe, you are a Republican. Why?" "Because the Republicans saved this country in the great war of 1861; that's why." "John, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "Well, liquor is the worst thing in the world, and I want to put it out." "Jack, why are you a Democrat?" "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck." Now, if you will join the Democrats and get the woodchuck, you will be all the more welcome when you come back again, for at heart you are Republicans and can't be anything else.

You are here to take up your new responsibilities now; not when the war is over, but in the midst of war. It would have been most untimely if the postponement of the suffrage had been

delayed beyond the time of this war. This time was ripe for it now, when all things are in the crucible. We cannot afford to be without that fine sentiment and that refined, divine spirit which we have seen exhibited this afternoon without just this direct touch on the situation; and I believe that many things in this world will go by reason of our good women marching by our side. They will not do as we men want them to do; they won't simply be an addition; they won't be a repetition; but they will be a new creative power in the midst of the world at war, and that creative power which will become the most immediate and the most direct current of the Spirit of God. I don't think our men will fail because our women are behind them. Behind this conscripted army that goes forth is this army of women, mothers and sisters and wives and daughters who will pay the price, pay it gladly. I know whereof I speak. I know that there will be no murmuring.

The earliest memory that is burned in my little mind, that came to me as a memory of three years of age, was of a man in uniform going off to war. Every drop of blood in my veins is German blood. My father was born in Germany; my mother was born in Germany; but at the first outbreak of the Civil War my father was one of the first to enlist and served his time. In 1863 he reënlisted, and served his time in the Southern Squadron, and when his time was out he did not come home, but stayed on. That boat went down, and my father was a martyr for our American cause and I never heard that widowed mother murmur a word of complaint; but always laying her hand on her young boy's head saying that she hoped that some day I would be worthy of such a father, whether it be in days of war or in the days of peace.

And here also may I say that we have a great many people in this country who are not only pro-Germans but absolutely traitors to the cause, and we ought to apprehend them and deal with them severely and justly.

And then, I cannot help but feel that there are thousands upon thousands of descendants of Germans, like myself, whose blood is red, white and blue to the last drop.

Now, I am not going on with my speech. I had a few thoughts put down, but I am going to let them pass. I am simply going to hope and believe that we shall now come to the place where, together with our allies, we shall face our responsibility toward men, which is a divine duty.

Serbia and France have struck the greatest blow for liberty that ever human history has known, and England with her navy has been the salvation of our nation. We owe a lasting debt

of gratitude to those nations because they have been patient and long-suffering to understand us. It is perfectly natural that we should be so slow. We sometimes say it was tragic that there was no readiness on the part of the Allies for the war. From the idealistic and spiritual and religious standpoint, I say it is forever to the credit of England, France and America that they were not ready for the war. It showed that our hope and aspiration had got far beyond the thought of any war; but since now we are in the war, we are in together.

The hour is come now for America to bear her cross. Our day of suffering is coming upon us. "As our day, so shall our strength be." God will keep us in the midst of it; God will keep us through it; and God will help us to give a better world to our children. If the Hun wins this war, the world is not going to be worth living in, and I would rather die trying to get rid of the Hun than to live and survive and see his victory. Let us believe in this matter that we are allies of God; that it is the cross of our Lord and Saviour who gave Himself for humanity that goes before us, and that in this war we are bearing His cross.

In the meantime, let us not deceive ourselves with any false hopes. There is a verse from the Holy Scriptures that ought to be burned into the heart of America to-day, above every other verse of the Old Testament, and that is this, the rebuke which comes against those which say "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." This is no time for peace. This is a time for war. The time for peace will be when we have broken the power of iniquity with the help of our God and when there has been righteous punishment laid upon the people who have shattered all the foundations of righteousness and truth. Then may we talk of peace; but until then peace ought to be obsolete for the time being. And while we do that, let us remember that God looks to us to do our part. I am being asked by people daily, "Why does not God end the war? Why do so many prayers go up to the Almighty and yet this awful, horrible war with all that it involves drags on?" I have no better answer than that given in a little poem that was written by Robert Underwood Johnson, sometime editor of the "Century," which I would like to quote in closing. It is a poem which is entitled "The Answer of the Lord."

"How long, O Lord, how long"—
A myriad voices cry—
"Shall wanton powers of wrong
Thy sacred laws defy?"

The dead are like the sand,
 And woe and misery
 The sea bears to the land,
 The rivers to the sea.

"The innocent are slain
 At Mercy's bolted door;
 The infant's wail is vain,
 For pity is no more.
 When shall the ruin cease
 And Thou confound the strong?
 Till the white days of peace
 How long, O Lord, how long?"

"How long, O men, how long,
 Lift ye weak hands to me
 To rid you of great wrong?
 For this I left you free.
 A million years have gone
 To grow the perfect flower;
 I reared you from the spawn
 To fit you for this hour.

"I took you from the ooze
 Ere yet man measured time;
 I gave you mind, to choose;
 I gave you soul, to climb.
 I willed you unafraid
 Of all,—nay, more: that ye,
 Though in Mine image made,
 Should not be slaves of Me.

"I gave you Law, to guide,
 That needed not My hand;
 With Reason, to decide,
 And Conscience, to command.
 Ye are not beast or tree;
 Ye are not stone or clod;
 Your upward path is free,
 Ye are the sons of God.

"And shall ye then descend
 From your divine estate
 The craven neck to bend
 And call the yoke your fate?
 Wake from the sloth of night
 And drain life's precious bowl!
 The hour has come to smite,
 Or lose a people's soul.

"Think not that I am dumb,
 Though ye be long withstood;
 Ye serve an age to come
 Who war for brotherhood.

Delay not to release
The arrow from its yew :
I, who am God of Peace,
Am God of Battle, too.

“Then lift ye up staunch hearts,
Make strong your hands of skill,
And by your righteous arts
Be partners of My will.
Your breath, by Me endowed,
If need give back again,
That I once more be proud
That I have made you men.”



ELEVENTH DISCUSSION

MARCH SIXTEENTH, 1918

FIGHTING THE DRAGON



FIGHTING THE DRAGON

ONE: BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

President, Carnegie Institute

ONCE I saw in the British Museum the manuscript of the very first piece of literature which came to break the intellectual darkness of England—the story of Beowulf, who came into a country not his own and saved the lives of the people by slaying the dragon, but losing his own life in the battle. That is the splendid mission of America—to go into a country not her own and save the lives of the people by slaying a dragon, and if in doing that she is required to sacrifice a part of her own life—as indeed she has already done—why then I believe that the scriptural promise is true of nations as of individuals, “He that loseth his life shall find it.”

I heard a distinguished man say the other day that this is a war of ideas, that it is a war between the two systems, autocracy and democracy. I think that man was wrong. Whenever you say that it is a war of ideas, you make it a matter of choice, and you give ground to the pro-German, the slacker and the pacifist to say that they are halting between two opinions. It is not a war of ideas. It is a war caused by the fact that Germany has invaded Belgium and France and entered upon an international debauch of murder, outrage and plunder. There is no conflict of ideas in that situation, and the civilized nations of the globe have combined their forces of manhood and chivalry and they are saying: “We are going to drive you out of Belgium and out of France and make you pay the bill!” and when we say “out of France” we mean out of Alsace and Lorraine.

America is in this war because she was directly attacked by Germany. Her ships were sunk, her foreign trade was destroyed, her territory was threatened with partition, her industrial plants were blown up, her people were murdered, and all this and much else furnished the immediate justification to take her part in the strife. She is on the battle line in France because if she were not there her battle line would be New York in less than six months. But I like to think, and so do you, that notwithstanding these particular grievances our country was

really moved to action by the higher call to human service in the world's task of saving civilization from those who are assaulting its foundations. But while your boy and mine are carrying the flag in France, let us see to it that there is no weakening in the spirit of the nation at home, from which those boys draw their fortitude just as surely as they drew their milk from their precious mothers a few short years ago. We have lately had the story in the papers of four American soldiers sentenced to death for sleeping at their posts. Now if an American soldier is going to be shot for going to sleep at his post and endangering the front, we should demand that every German spy and propagandist shall be shot for endangering the rear. The other day a deserter from the Army said that he had been corrupted from his loyalty by reading Senator La Follette's speech. The boy was sent to prison, and the man who corrupted him ought to be expelled from the United States Senate as a public nuisance.

We can never overcome the foe in front unless we shall effectively restrain the foe at the rear. The test of loyalty is a simple one. There are no longer any German-Americans. That name is dead forever. They are either Germans or they are Americans. No man cherishes a higher regard than I do for those American citizens of German birth or German parentage who are truly able to unite their love for our flag with their detestation of this German outrage. There are millions of former Germans in this country who are now fully absorbed, heart, soul and language, into the great body of Americanism. I know hundreds of such men in Pittsburgh, and you have hundreds of them here in New York—like Mr. Franz Sigel, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Mr. Otto H. Kahn and the society known as "The Friends of German Democracy"—men of such probity and honor all through our nation that we would trust them to hold control of the chief citadel against the Kaiser himself. A good many years ago I had the honor of meeting Carl Schurz, at Deer Park, Md., and that gifted man, whose name is illustrious in American history, came over to a group of us young men where we were seated under the cool shade of a great oak tree, and after shaking hands with a cordiality which became to each one a living memory, pointed to the flag over the hotel and told us that we should feel grateful in our hearts that we were all citizens in a country where liberty had free existence, as it has been his own unhappy fate to be driven out of Germany because of the tyranny of feudal system, and that there would be no liberty for the German people until that feudal system was destroyed. I wish that the former countrymen of that former

German would absorb this doctrine into their secret souls, for the German government is more autocratic to-day than when it drove Carl Schurz into exile and executed thousands of his associates who had attempted to reform it.

But there are other Germans in this country who, whether they are naturalized or not, can never be anything but Germans in heart, soul and language, and we detest these people because they are not only false to America, which they have chosen so that they and their descendants may live a larger and freer life, but because they are false to that better Germany which their fathers tried to create, and failing to create came to this country in order to enjoy the liberty which was denied to them in Germany. The revelations which have just now been made before the Congressional Committee in regard to the German-American Alliance shows that this spirit of Germanism is an insidious and constant poison in the heart of our nation. Mr. Theodore Sutro, of New York City, gave expression to the soul of this faithless citizenship when he testified that the song "Deutschland Über Alles" means that Germans are over all other countries in their devotion to Germany. I think you will remember that the first manifestation of this German poison in our national life occurred about twenty-five years ago when Cahensley, a member of the German Parliament, proposed that all emigrants to the United States should be preserved in their native languages, customs, religions and manners and not naturalized into the real citizenship of the American people. A very courageous and far-seeing statesman, a dear friend of mine, Cushman K. Davis, from Minnesota, attacked that proposition in the United States Senate, giving it the name of Cahensleyism, a word which you will find in the Century Dictionary accredited to him as its coiner, and his speech upset that plan in so far as it was intended to be an open campaign. But the snake was only scotched, not killed. The iniquitous principle of the double sovereignty has enabled Germany to keep a deathless grip upon the loyalty of thousands of her former citizens who have been naturalized in this country, and when the hour of our danger arrives and we find ourselves attacked, these children of our adoption turn against us in faithless allegiance varying in degree all the way from sullen hatred to active sedition, riot and murder.

Another source of constant danger is the German newspapers which are published in this country. In New York you have the *Staats-Zeitung*. One of its editors, Mr. Bernard H. Ridder, came to Pittsburgh a year or more ago and did me the honor to challenge me to a public debate on the righteousness of Germany's cause, and he offered to pay all the expenses of the enterprise.

I hope it is needless to say that the debate never took place. But soon afterwards the State Department at Washington made its revelations of the Bernstorff expenditures, and you will remember that \$20,000 of this propaganda fund was paid to the Ridders. Since that time Mr. Ridder has repeatedly and sneeringly attacked Colonel Roosevelt, James M. Beck and other earnest citizens as firebrands and fools whenever they have spoken for our country. Mr. Viereck's paper was excluded from the mails last week because it printed a seditious article. In Pittsburgh we have a German newspaper which has recently declared that the Declaration of Independence ought to be burned by the common hangman, and I have within these past few days seen a letter from the editor of that paper, Mr. George Seibel, protesting against the use of the word "Huns" as commonly applied to the German people. So it goes with these German newspapers all over the land. They are at present held in a sullen and malignant restraint by the new law which their own treasonable conduct made it necessary to enact. But while moving now with due caution they all show an ill-disguised wish that Germany shall win this war. Who has ever read one word of denunciation of German outlawry in any of these publications? The German diplomat who telegraphed his government to sink the Argentine ships and leave no trace, was criticized by the German newspapers in this country not because of his infamous plan, fully approved in Berlin, to murder the crews and passengers of a nation with which his country was at peace, but because his correspondence was intercepted and printed. The Bible takes the measure of these men and all men like them when it declares, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There is but one safe course for the Government to take, and that is to suspend all these German language newspapers for the period of the war, and until they are suspended each community should require as a mark of loyalty that no American who seeks to be respected by his neighbors shall either read them or advertise in them.

This war has shown us that we should love our country better than anything in this world except humanity, and we should love humanity best because our country is a part of humanity. This is a lesson which has come to my own mind since the outbreak of this war, but I verily believe the principle I am trying to express gives us a correct interpretation of the parable of the Good Samaritan which was told two thousand years ago, in order that we men in America might be taught that every other man in the world who needs our help, whether he lives in France or Belgium or China or the heart of Africa, is just as much our neighbor as the man who lives next door to us. It

is the German people's lack of understanding of this fundamental principle which has brought the war upon us. No German ever talks about humanity except with contempt, and the German Emperor in one of his speeches has said that when he surveys the human family his vision ends with the boundary of the German Empire. The spread of this feeling of true brotherhood throughout the world will wipe away the bigoted conception of nationality and the provoking restrictions of geography which have up to this time been sufficiently strong to array every community against every other community.

It is frightful to contemplate the continued existence of the German Empire as it stands to-day—"a Thing," says President Wilson in speaking of it, "a Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace." Why? Because its only guiding power is military force. It is frightful to think that there exists in the heart of the world a military power which has declared with a thousand articulate and vociferous voices that it intends to subjugate the whole of Europe in this war. The leading purpose in this world conquest is to enslave and not to elevate the people who dwell in the peaceful territories of her neighbors. Is proof needed? Take Alsace and Lorraine. During the fifty years of German occupation not one word of benevolent interest in the welfare of those hapless children of old France has been uttered by Germany. She has ruled them as she is now ruling Belgium and northern France—with her mailed fist. She has not even permitted them to speak their own language or sing their own songs. When a lame Alsatian shoemaker looked askance at a troop of German soldiers, the officer drew his sword and cut the poor man through the shoulder, and the Crown Prince of Germany telegraphed to that poltroon that he had done a noble act of chivalry in assaulting the cripple. Let me show you a contrast between a civilized and humane nation and a nation which Goethe characterized as ferocious brutes. When this war began there came the test of British civilization. It was a good time for England's colonies to cut loose and leave her to fight her own battle. She had no power to coerce one man outside of her own little island kingdom. What was the result? You have seen that picture in "Punch" where the British Lion stands on a mound emitting a roar which only a lion can emit, a roar which comes from the depths of his nature, and from every quarter of the globe his cubs respond—Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Egypt. How was it with Germany? When the first blast of war blew on our ears, when Germany had been ruling those French provinces for half a century, fifty thousand of the men of Alsace and

Lorraine gave up home and property and fled across the border to range themselves under the only flag their hearts could ever recognize, the ancient oriflamme of France. Not a man who could escape the impressment would fight for Germany. And take England once more. She had conquered South Africa and given the Boers a complete liberty and self-government of which they had never dreamed in the days of their own tyrant, Paul Kreuger. But here was their chance to revolt. Did they take it? When they saw peril approaching that precious heritage of human government which has been expanding itself throughout the world from the day when the Mighty Charter was established on British soil at Runnymede the last Boer turned from his farm and his mine and joined the fight for liberty under the British flag.

And how is it with France? If it is ever possible that all the nations of the world can be assembled on some Elysian Field where a divine Commander-in-Chief shall ask, "Which among these nations has in ancient or modern times shown the most valor, sacrifice and suffering?" I am sure that all mankind with one voice will respond. "It is France!" We can say of her now, as Shakespeare said of her in the time of King John, "France, whose armor conscience buckled on, whom zeal and charity brought to the field, as God's own soldier."

I confess that I do not quite understand Mr. Taft's plan for a League to Enforce Peace after this war is ended. Suppose we were to have such a league at the end of the war and that Germany should then make another attack—this Germany which President Wilson says is without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace? Would we not be precisely where we are now? Is it not a fact that we have already formed ourselves into a League to Enforce Peace and that our sole purpose is now, as it would be then, to restrain Germany from murdering her neighbors? We have formed that League, but we have not gone far enough. In trying to tread the path of honor, with Shakespeare says is so narrow that but one can walk abreast, we have lacked determination and insistence. We have not been bold enough in our plans. We must now carry our organization into magnitudes which no man has yet thought of.

The question now is whether Japan shall move by land against Germany in the Far East. That brings up Russia. Everybody has a profound sympathy for Russia. The trouble there is that the people of Russia have been held through all these centuries in a pitiable ignorance and superstition. The illiteracy there is more than eighty per cent of the total population, and when they have overthrown an oppressive and corrupt government by revolu-

tion it is a moving and pathetic sight to see them without knowledge or experience or the capacity to form a government go plunging every day deeper and deeper into the abyss of civil strife and general anarchy. Great things were hoped for from Mr. Kerensky. But the task was too large for him—possibly it was too large for any other man. Then came Lenine and Trotzky. We do not know yet whether they are incompetent dreamers or corrupt German agents, but we do know that they have wrought the complete disintegration of Russia. Just think of it! When France was looking for a military genius worthy to succeed the mighty Joffre, and when England was retiring Sir John French in order to put the best soldier in the Empire at the front, Lenine and Trotzky reduced their trained officers to the ranks and elevated a ranting youth who had never seen service to be generalissimo. Is it any wonder that the Russian army fell away like a rope of sand? But somewhere in Russia there are many millions of people who represent the best progress of that race and who stand ready, as quickly as a capable leader can force his way to the front, to establish a government which shall maintain law and order, and in the best way preserve the Revolution for the good of the whole population. In the meantime, the fear lest we may give these crafty Russian adventurers, Lenine and Trotzky, an excuse to unite their disrupted forces with Germany is holding back our statesmen from employing the almost inexhaustible military resources of Japan and China in this mighty task of our League to Enforce Peace. Don't let us forget Lloyd George's declaration of two years ago: "We are always too late!" Don't let us forget that while we constantly hesitate and thereby lose every advantage, Germany works ceaselessly with her military forces, her corruption funds, and her sleepless propaganda to win the war. Mr. Taft said in Pittsburgh the other day, that he wants an American army of five millions. That is the right way to start. But we must do more. We must organize the world in its remotest parts in this fight to restrain the outlaw. Let us induce Japan and China to come in with their fullest force. We know that they will come with clean hands and a pure heart. In calling Japan at a critical hour we mean to save Russia from shameful and complete dismemberment and to start her upon that slow process of uplift which can be reached not in the first stroke of revolt but only in the lengthened flight of years. As to Japan, there is something to be said, although not on this occasion, concerning Japanese immigration. It is enough to say now that we cannot hold Japan in the permanent bonds of a confiding friendship, as we should profoundly desire to do, while we shut the gates of hospitality against her people.

And in the employment of force against Germany we should not stop with Japan and China. We need every ounce of hitting power which the world can give us. There is India with her enormous resources, loyal and ready to play a great part. Brazil should be encouraged to move her army and navy at once to Europe; and so should every other nation either great or small who has thus far joined our League—Panama and Cuba among them. And with those nations which still are neutral let us plead the cause of humanity to induce them to take their part—Argentina and all the others on this side, and those six powers still at peace in Europe—Spain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland—who have been so brutally abused by Germany, Norway alone having had eight hundred of her ships sunk and more than five thousand of her citizens murdered without a trace on the high seas. Then shall we have all the banners of civilization floating together on those battle fronts both west and east of Germany, and we shall soon crush her into submission.

And after that the judgment. I am not preaching any gospel of hate, but I am preaching a gospel of punishment and expiation. The group of men who made this war should be brought to trial and execution. And then will come the creatures who so gleefully did the foul work. When we seek a phrase to express our abhorrence of these people we must go back to a spiritual and intellectual Germany that is dead and gone and find their condemnation in their own greatest prophet: "The Prussian," said Goethe, "is cruel by birth; civilization will make him ferocious." And that is true. He has indeed become ferocious. The pro-Germans are excusing all the German atrocities on the plea that such outrages are natural to a state of war. They are not natural to a state of war with anybody but the Germans. Let us give you a contrast. Women have been the especial prey of the German, both officers and private soldiers, from the very beginning of the war. Ambassador Penfield and Madame Carrell have told us of their personal knowledge of these outrages at Noyon and other rescued cities, and of the beastly and degenerate ferocity which has marked them. Lord Bryce gives a horrible story of the forced assembling of a group of good women in the public square of the city of Liège where the German officers and men in an orgy of lust and in the gaze of the whole population subjected them to the last indignity that can be put upon womanhood. That is the ogre's conception of frightfulness when it is commanded unto him by the Great General Staff. But how is it in the American army? Since our troops arrived in Europe there has been one, and only one, case of outrage, and the soldier was not shot—he was immediately hanged. That is the thing against which the

world is fighting—that spirit of the German people to conquer, destroy, ravish, and kill everything that is not German. That spirit exists in an abundant and malignant plenitude here in New York, it exists all over America, it faces us on the French battle front, and it will continue to fill the world with horror until we say to it: “You damned assassin, we have you by the throat, and we are going to keep a strangle hold on you until we cast out this devil from your soul!”

Oh, my friends, this bloodshed will have been in vain if we are going to add reconciliation to peace without the penitence of the criminal. Von Bissing says there must be no reconciliation but only a rest in order to prepare for the next war. Von Freytag, their Deputy Chief of the Great General Staff, has published a book within this last month saying the same thing. Even while von Hertling was making his adroit speech in avoidance of peace in the Reichstag, General von Liebert was giving utterance to the real mind of Germany in these words: “We hold that Might is Right. We will incorporate Courland and bring into our own population 60,000,000 Russians. We must have Belgium and the north of France. The curse of God is upon the French people; let us consider ourselves fortunate that he has separated us from that people which is as ungodly as it is infamous. The Portuguese colonial possessions must disappear. France must be made to pay until she is bled white.” The Emperor says that he will have no peace until with bloody fist he has crushed his victims to the earth. He wants no reconciliation. Neither should we. Let us show Germany by a hundred years of social and commercial ostracism that her crime is beyond forgiveness until her children’s children beg for it with contrite hearts. And in the meantime mobilizing without further delay all the resources of our civilization, let us develop and press forward with our holy crusade until we shall have rescued Belgium and France and Italy and all the oppressed countries from the grasp of the Barbarian, and established the world upon the foundations of righteousness, so that liberty shall walk unafraid and leaning upon the arm of law.

TWO: BY RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE

I do not wish to begin my address by launching into any difference with the gentleman who has preceded me, for I agree with nine-tenths of what he has said. I do, however, believe, and I do not wish to omit to say that I hope that we Americans are going to make up our minds that, if Russia needs military help and sup-

port in the East that help will come from Japan and from us together, and that no foreign army, whether our own or Japan's, is to be forced on Russia. The one thing we must not for a moment suffer the Russian people to believe is that we, too, are bent on Russian spoliation and dismemberment. We are the friends of Russia and of Russian freedom, and if we have the courage to trust the President of the United States as we ought to do and follow our own best and most unselfish judgment, we are going to keep the Russian people as our friends.

The question is not one of offending either Japan or Russia. Russia best knows whether she needs help. If she refuse foreign help, we may not insist on forcing upon her either our own or Japan's help. I trust that the Russian people—not Germany's agents in Russia,—will understand that Japan is a friend, that we are the best of her friends, and that the time may not be far distant when on the Western front—I mean the reconstructed Western front of Russia,—Germany will be met and overwhelmed by the forces of Russia, Japan and the United States.

The easiest thing in time of war is peace-mongering. I go back to a gentleman of my own race who, speaking with withering scorn, referred twenty-five hundred years ago to them that cry "Peace, Peace, when there is no peace." Some men to-day in this land, as in all Allied lands, are devoting themselves to the dubious business of peace-mongering. Any man who to-day uses the word "Peace" can find an audience and gain some kind of a hearing, can command some manner of assent from certain groups of so-called Americans. There has never been a moment since or before the second day of April, 1917, when we were not ready for peace. We are ready for it to-day on one condition. The war was made in Germany. The peace shall be made by America and our Allies.

In other words, we will have no German-made peace as we have had a German-manufactured war. I would bring it home to you if I can that there is danger lest certain groups of Americans assent to the subtle and insidious and altogether menacing suggestion of those who cry that the day of peace has come, that the time for peace negotiations is at hand. One day these peace-mongers call themselves the People's Peace Council; the next day they name themselves the American Bolsheviki. On the morrow they will style themselves the Friends of American Democracy.

But I warn you that their purpose remains immutably the same. They speak peace, but what they are striving for is a peace that will be not only dishonoring to America but a peace that will bring about this tragedy of tragedies, graver even than war,—all that the civilized world shall have invested in life and sub-

stance to defend itself against Kaiserism will have been in vain. In other words, we will go back to where we left off four years ago. That is the aim of the peace-mongers,—Germany pardoned and free to resume her assault upon the peace of civilization.

Men talk to us about a restoration of the *status quo ante*. The *status quo ante*, forsooth! For one thing, we can never have the *status quo ante*. We cannot repair Belgium. We cannot restore France. What millions of barbarous soldiers have done, the civilized forces of humanity cannot undo. Some manner of reparation will not bring about restoration in Belgium, France, Serbia, Poland, Palestine and Armenia. The President of the United States, I dare to say, will never assent to a restoration of the *status quo ante*, and if the President of the United States should erringly demand that we, the American people, assent thereto, he would find that the American people were unready to follow him. He will never be so untrue to himself and to his record as their leader as to make any such demand of the American people.

I ask you to consider what the *status quo ante* means or would mean. All of Europe would again dwell under the shadow of the Prussian menace. Belgium would be compelled to live again with the German gun pointed at her head. Serbia would renew its existence within the circle of Austrian greed and ambition. Poland would come under the influence of thwarted, though not vanquished, Germany. Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, alike intimidated into benevolent neutrality touching Germany, would stand cowed and fearful before the overflowing power of Prussian rule. The reëstablishment of the *status quo ante* would mean that the world would say to Germany,—although you have committed the most malign and hideous crimes in the history of the world, you are to be greatly rewarded. The toleration by the non-Teutonic world of the *status quo ante* would be equivalent to setting the seal of approval on the unspeakable deeds of the government and people, alike, which have violated the peace, invaded the security, and betrayed the decencies of life everywhere.

What are the terms offered to us by the gentlemen who indulge in the practices of peace-mongering? Not very long ago, one of these asked, "Can we not have peace if Germany be ready to end her ruthless submarine warfare?" I answered,—Yes, we can have peace when Germany not only ends her submarine warfare but when Germany becomes unable to resume her ruthless sub-human warfare on land, on sea and in the air.

Again, the peace-mongers naïvely inquire,—Must we attain a military victory over Germany before there can be peace? I do not know anything about the military. I am the only one of a

hundred million Americans inexpert in the science of military strategy. My acquaintance with the problems of armies is limited to the recollection of one single and incontrovertible fact that no American army was ever sent forth to do a job that it failed to do exactly as it was expected that it would be done. When these ask,—“Must we achieve a military victory over Germany?”—let us answer by asking another question,—“How are we going to make things Teutonically understandable unless we defeat Germany in arms? How can we hope to make anything Germanically intelligible unless we first administer a crushing blow to German military pride?”

The men who plead for the restoration of the *status quo ante* tell us not without reluctance that Germany of course must not gain anything by the war, and they urge that upon us as if it involved a fair and just decision with respect to the terms of peace. But I believe that you and I represent the voice and conscience of the American people far better than do the People's Peace Council and the American Bolsheviki and the Friends of American Democracy in holding that Germany must emerge from this war not only without having gained an inch of territory anywhere, under any form, in any guise, and by any name. Germany must emerge from the war exactly as she entered it save for two illimitably important things,—she will have forfeited the goodwill and respect of the entire world until that day, if it ever come, when the German people shall have returned to moral sanity and by penitence in deed as well as in word have once again merited the respect of the world which she has wronged. Germany is not to emerge from this war without change, for, when the war ends, Germany must no longer be free or able to blight the life of nations with the menace of militarism of which her existence is incarnate. If Germany could emerge from the war with her military strength unbroken, with German autocracy unshaken and undethroned, then we will have lost the war. We will have lost the war in truth unless we can bring it to pass and make it true of the whole world that while in the past Kaisers broke peace and made war, the peoples after this war shall have ended will break Kaisers and make peace.

Let us earnestly consider the terms of peace that are offered. Going back for a moment to the Reichstag resolutions of last June, which it would appear were inspired if not written by some American Bolsheviki, the German government then virtually promised that it would demand no annexations, that it would impose no indemnities, and that it placed its faith in national self-determination. As for no annexations, let us remember the answer of von Kühleman to the query, What is to be the fate of Belgium? His

answer was: The fate of Belgium must be left in the hands of our future peace negotiators.

Will you not assent to my word, harsh and inexorable though it seem? You and I would have one million, two million, three million, if necessary five millions of American boys go over there and there remain and put back of them half, yea if needs must the whole of the American fortune for investment in the war, and yet we would that no American boy, though every one be precious, come back to America until the last defiling, damning Prussian foot be forever removed from Belgian territory.

With reference to Germany's solemn promise of no annexations, it should be said that we must be fair to Germany, and it will be admitted that it is easy to be fair to Germany because it is almost impossible to be unfair to Germany. Germany may well guarantee no annexation. Germany never annexes, Germany peacefully permeates; Germany beneficently pervades; Germany in benedictory fashion penetrates; but Germany never annexes. Witness prostrate and dismembered Russia. And, alas, we are reminded of the word spoken last May at a meeting in New York that if Russia desert the Allies and make peace with Prussia, peace and liberty and democracy will for a time, if not for all time, forsake Russia.

Once again I venture to prophesy,—namely, that broken, dismembered, discrowned Russia is not the last word of history. The Russian democracy will have a rebirth and a thousand Prussians cannot permanently overwhelm and destroy Russia. In the meantime, what has Prussia, the friend of liberty, the saviour of small nations, the abhorrer of annexations, said to Russia? You are an unwieldy conglomerate of heterogeneous nationalities. The Ukraine must be separate and independent. Germany's mighty and irresistible passion for liberty outside of Germany would not permit her to live while the poor, bleeding Ukraine was under the heel of tyrannical Russia. It insisted upon the freedom of Livonia and Esthonia. It demanded the independence of Finland. It laid down as a condition that Lithuania must no longer be subject to a foreign power. And to prove the genuineness of her faith, Germany partitioned Poland anew, repeating the infamy of a century and a half ago, giving a great slice of Poland to Austria on the one hand, and a lesser slice to unrelated Ukraine on the other. Foulest and most dastardly of all, in violation of her guarantee of no annexations is Germany's threat, that shall never be more than a threat, to take from Russia the sole remaining Armenian province to which the Armenian refugees have fled, the one place where Armenians have found shrine and shelter from the Mohammedan Apaches, and to turn Armenian Russia over to the almost worthy

confederate of Germany and Austria, that assassincocracy which is known by the name of the Turkish government.

Germany has added "No indemnities." Germany does not need further indemnities. She has commandeered the granaries of the Ukraine; she has seized the inexhaustible oil-wells of the Armenian-Russian Batum region. Germany has richly indemnified herself. There was another way of her indemnifying herself,—that is territorially. Her indemnity has taken this form: she has broken Russia.

And now beguiling voices will be lifted up, pleading, "Let us now make peace with Germany." This is our opportunity. Germany will be satisfied to release Belgium, to free northern France, even to restore Alsace-Lorraine; and Germany will compensate herself only in the East.

The truth is we rest under no legal obligation toward Russia; we are bound by no international bond to Russia to-day, technically speaking. Officially and legally, we are free to enter into any arrangements we desire, without any reference to Russia; but still would I warn you against this un-American and immoral urging. This war is in some part the punishment of Heaven upon a world, which suffered Prussia to destroy and to dismember France in 1871. We left the crime of 1871 unpunished and unrighted. While we suffered that wrong to go unrequited, Prussia turned to Bavaria, to Baden, to Saxony: "Lo and behold, this is the first of our spoils. If you become part of the newly cemented German Confederation and make us the master thereof, in forty years we shall give you Belgium." Such was the prize which the Prussians were suffered to hold out to all the German States.

We can make peace with Germany if we will and let Russia surrender to Germany and thus become a victim of Prussian wile and wrongdoing; but if we do our crime shall not go unavenged. Desert Russia,—and I am not unmindful of the fact that my people, my fellow-Jews, have suffered incalculable wrong at the hands of the old Russian government, but I am not thinking of what my fellow-Jews have suffered; I am thinking of world-morality,—desert Russia now, and the vengeance of history will be meted out to us for our crime. The war of 1914 is the world's punishment for the unrighted wrong of 1871; and if we, taking advantage of legal status, desert Russia now, we will in time face another more terrible war even than this war. The war we can and will win. Germany is defeatable to-day. Germany reinforced after ten or twenty years by Russia's millions might prove undefeatable.

"No annexations; no indemnities; national self-determina-

tion." Thus spoke the German Reichstag. What could be more amusing than "national self-determination" as an article of the German creed? Do you not know that the war is being fought around that issue? In the last analysis, this war is being fought around this one simple, unmistakable issue,—namely, Germany maintains that every nation in the world has a right to live, provided it can defend itself at the point of the sword; America and the Allies hold that every nation, small or great, has the right to live, whether or not it can safeguard itself by force of arms. In other words Germany proclaims the right of Might, and we continue to rest our faith in the might of international Right.

One thing the American Bolsheviki, the American peace-mongers, may hope to do to you and me. They plan to lead us to believe their two equally false theses: first, that this is "just a war, just another war." Nothing could be more false. This is not *a* war at all; it is not "just another war," as if England and Germany, as if America and Germany, had simply made up their minds that the time had come for another war. The truth is that President Wilson did not set out to war with Germany until the day that he found we were challenged not so much to go to war as to defend the elementary sanctities of life. Far from being a war or another war, it is *the* war; it is the war of wars; it is the war against the war-plotting, war-making, war-glorifying powers of earth. Not less false is it to hint after the fashion of the American Bolsheviki, "this is just a capitalistic war; a war between the English capitalists and the German capitalists." About the only thing from this point of view which has not yet been claimed is that the Morgan Company or some other English or American banker moved the German army and navy to assassinate Captain Fryatt and Edith Cavell, and to do all those lovely things which will for centuries be associated with the name of Germany.

This is not a capitalist war; you and I—and they—know better than that. The aim of the peace-mongers, however, is to enfeeble the will, to shake the morale, of the American people. They speak of and demand a larger measure of democracy at home. But when these peace-mongers have come to me to join in their demand for completer democracy at home, I turn to them and say: "Gentlemen, show us your credentials. You speak of democracy at home, but you are ready and even eager to have the world come under the domination of German autocracy. What say you of the Germany that invaded Russia and broke Russia not alone nor even chiefly to divide and despoil Russia, least of all to make peace in or with Russia, but to teach the German proletar-

iat that democracy was a failure, as tried in Russia." Democracy has not been tried in Russia. Anarchy tempered by German-subsidized autocracy, has been tried in Russia. Democracy has not been tried in Russia, and will not be tried until after the day that we dictate the terms of a democratic and civilized peace to the German government and people.

As I close, I say to you yet again: Beware of the voices lifted up on behalf of peace-mongering.

There can be but one other reason for peace-mongering at this time, the fact that men not a few in America would have this war end in a truce. Such a truce obtained before the war began. Remember what that truce was and what it meant. It meant that all Europe, as we know, was a vast armed camp. The American Bolsheviki are pleading for the restoration of the *status quo ante* for one of two reasons, that militarism be magnified as never before in the history of the world, or else that such be the military burdens borne by the peoples as to bring about almost immediately the world-wide social revolution, for which the American Bolsheviki are hoping and at which they are aiming.

There is a great gulf fixed between the American peace-mongers and those of us who are American peace-lovers. The American peace-mongers are not Americans. They desire peace either for Germany's sake or for war's sake. And we are willing to go on, to endure war at any cost, at every sacrifice in the world, not for the sake of America alone, not for the sake of the world, but for the sake of peace, just and enduring. 'Tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die. America is willing to die, but not to surrender to Prussianism and all that Prussianism means as menace to the decencies of peace, the sanctities of freedom, the nobleness of American life. We are going on and we are going to win the war, not with the help of that Prussian godlet whom the Kaiser invokes; we are going to win the war with the help of the God of the Heavens, who is just, whose prophet has declared to us not "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," but peace such as "shall be the work of righteousness" forever.

THREE: DR. ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON

Of the American Woman's Hospital Headquarters

As I listened to those speakers, it seemed to me when they spoke of Russia and the rope of sand, that perhaps it would be more just to speak of Russia and the rope of pearls; and the string which held them together fitted them for a princess's neck

and the pearls are the tears which the prisoners in Siberia shed. Probably the releasing of the pearls will mean the regeneration of Russia, which will mean for the world something most precious. In all the misery they have had, there has been an unrest, a seething, seething which has to come to the top at some time, and the reason they can't find themselves just yet is because each element can't find out just what it can do. And when finally Russia evolves, it will be through the spiritual support which she needs now more than anything else. Criticism is not going to help her. A Japanese army is not going to help anything like faith in her intention is going to help her; and I feel, from the little I know of Russia, that the time will come when she will give us something so essentially interesting and individual when peace comes and the people can get back to a normal idea of life that it may be worth the agonies she is going through now.

When we speak of the outrages against civilization in France and Belgium, I think it is strange that we should think so little of that nation which barred the way for over six months. Serbia is something like the boy who, when he found the hole in the dike, put his arm through and kept the country from being overwhelmed. If Austria could have overwhelmed Serbia, she would have had an easy way to Bulgaria and Turkey. There were no English or French troops there to stop her. But that staunch little nation stood there and fought them off, and perhaps, as Rabbi Wise has said, we are paying the price of our indifference to the injuries to the Balkan nations, especially Serbia. Ten years ago, Austria took Bosnia and Herzegovina, and all Europe was quite complacent; and now that debt is being paid by the blood of countless sons of the rest of Europe. When we speak of restoration, I think we must count Serbia in. Unless we do, there is nothing to prevent the Austrian Empire from being a menace to the world. If she has her way free to the countries she desires, she certainly won't care particularly about Alsace and Lorraine; and that has seemed to me the failure of every peace proposition that has been presented. We could not consider them; they were all essentially unjust.

I am not going to tell you anything about the Serbian character. I want to say that when I saw the base hospitals in England, and when I saw in France the field and base hospitals filled with the men of England and of France, and then went out to Saloniki and saw the men of Russia and the men of Italy and of England and France, it seemed to me there was very little difference in the men. All over the world, they were all doing their job; they were all heroic; they were all men who in the hour of trial measured up to the highest stature of a man. In times of

peace we have known each other so little, in the artificial days in which we have lived before the war began we have criticized superficially; we have had little antagonisms because everybody was afraid to show himself. We thought the superficial to be our real selves, because we said it was wearing our heart on our sleeve, we felt it was indelicate to speak of what we really cared for most. And that is one of the good things of the war. It has broken down conventional values. "Out there" nobody has very long to live, and there is no time to be idle, and when a woman speaks she tells you in the fewest words what is necessary to say. And when they act they do what is necessary to do. There is something in the majesty of the souls of men and women when you meet them on a battlefield that makes you see what a glorious thing it is just to be human beings.

There have been so many women of every nation who have taken their part gloriously in the war, who have had the privilege of serving their country and doing their part, that the American women felt that it was not simply a duty, it is their right, it is just the opportunity for them to do their part, as the women of other nations have done theirs.

In the beginning of the war, the women doctors of England organized the Scottish Women's Hospital, and in ten days they had a unit in Belgium. When the Germans came they took out their patients, and by the way they lost fewer from typhus and typhoid than any other hospital, and they took out their patients and carried them to safety. They even took up the floors of their tents and carried out all the things they would have to set up for those men who were sick. There was no panic, no excitement. The bridge over which they crossed was blown up by them in order that the Germans who were pressing them hard should not cross the bridge. You think of women as emotional but whenever there is a crisis to meet they meet it calmly.

Then these British women had two units in Serbia; one of them was taken prisoner. They had one unit in Moscow to take care of refugee women and children. They have one outside of Paris, two in Saloniki. They have altogether ten hospitals, staffed entirely by women since the war began.

As soon as this war started, the women physicians of America organized for war service. The six thousand women physicians in the United States, graduates of Johns Hopkins and other medical schools, and thoroughly equipped for service, registered, as I say, for war service; and it was found that they registered in greater numbers than the men physicians of the country. I feel that it is right that we should be in Europe, and that our hospitals, to be known as the American Women's Hospitals, shall

parallel the Scottish Women's Hospitals, as expressing the patriotism of the women of America. The British public stood back of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. I expect the American public, particularly the American men, to stand back of the American Women's Hospitals. We are going to have a campaign, beginning on the 26th of this month and running for six days, so that it will be over before the Liberty Loan campaign, and during that time we are going to have headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, and we want very much to feel that it is a practical idea, that we shall appeal to some of you to be captains of teams, that there shall be many teams of men of one captain and four members, who will make it their business during those ten days to send out literature which will give an idea of what it is proposed to do and to help realize hospitals which shall be for the care of women and children in the devastated countries of France, Italy and Serbia.

There are no men doctors of military age who have any business to be doing civilian relief work. They are needed in military hospitals and will be increasingly needed as time goes on. It is for the women of America to take care of the women and children in Allied countries. Also we shall have need as the war goes on, of hospitals in which the men who have been returned from the military hospitals who are looked upon as unfit for anything but invalidism, can recuperate. They cannot go back to their villages; there is no place for them to go. I have seen men who are the age of my father as I remember him who felt there was nothing for them to do but to commit suicide; there was no future.

Out in Saloniki there were at least fifty hospitals of two thousand beds each, and there were only six beds for women and children. It was necessary to keep the army on the front, and naturally they had to give place, and the women gladly gave place to the soldiers; but in the Greek Municipal Hospital there was a waiting list for about six months. I saw a woman there who was desperately ill, and there was no hope in the hospital for at least six months, and I saw two people in nearly every bed; a child with a temperature of 103 in a bed with another child with a temperature of 105. We don't hear very much of the miseries of the uncomplaining women and children; and therefore, it seems as if the men of this country, taking such good care of their own women and children, ought to be willing to take some thought of the women and children who are so absolutely helpless on the other side.

The war has brought about a comradeship of women and men which is one of the good results of the war. You can't compass the war; no amount of study; no amount of reading about the war can give you the faintest idea. You have to go and be a part of it

and it is a great experience in one's life to have been a part of it.

I came home in a French hospital boat, and I saw on that boat men who were going to die in half an hour. There were only enough nurses for one to take care of about a hundred men; the nurses being assisted by men orderlies who took care of the soldiers, aside from giving them the hypodermics administered by the nurses themselves. The men's stomachs were in such condition that they could not take medicine by any other method. In the hour that these nurses should have lain down they would go back and see the men they knew would not be there when they made their evening rounds. One of these men was given a peppermint lozenge. The nurse didn't dare say it was candy because all the other men would want it too. So she said, "This is something to refresh your mouth." He tasted it and smiled and she asked him how he felt. He said, "I am much better." In an hour he was dead. He knew he was dying. But a soldier never says he is suffering; he doesn't say anything about being afraid to die. No man or woman is afraid to die who goes "out there," death doesn't seem to be anything except what you can make of it, how you can use it, how it can serve your country.

And when that man was buried—that man and five other men were buried in the sea who had died that day—I thought I would like to write a note to his family and tell them how splendid had been the courage of the dying French soldier, and how it had inspired every one else there. He was from the devastated part of France; nobody knew anything about his family. It occurred to me that it was rather a mercy that they were all gone.

When the men come back and find that we are taking care of their women and children and that when they are sick they are cared for by you and by us, it puts new heart in them. They can go out and fight, feeling there is a comradeship in arms and in the things they care most for in the world; and that is the thing we are counting on your helping us to do.

FOUR: BY PROFESSOR GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD *Yale University*

THE theme which is set for us to speak to is so suggestive and expansive that one can scarcely go amiss whatever one says about it. The description of the dragon that we are fighting might occupy not only many hours on the talker's part, but the whole of many volumes,—indeed, a whole library. I presume that, apropos of that title "The Dragon," you have all heard

of, if you have not all seen, one of the most caustic but true illustrations in one of the English papers. This illustration represented his Satanic Majesty as addressing the Kaiser and saying to the Kaiser, "If you don't stop calling me God, I shall withdraw diplomatic relations." That, I think, represents the nature of the dragon very well.

But I am going to take my text from something much more impassionate, as it seems, and much less picturesque, namely, a letter which I consider a very remarkable letter, that appeared in one of the New Haven papers on the morning of the 7th of August, 1914. That, you will please remember, was only three days after war was declared. Let me read you some extracts from that paper. After remarking on the ignorance that prevailed in the United States with regard to the nature of the German Empire and its plans, this writer says:

"Every traveler through Europe, and, in fact, all over the earth, has seen that the German merchant and trader and drummer is on the job. These German industries must be kept going at any cost of money and life. Under this imperative necessity, these German people have produced a more efficient system of production than any other in the world. The leaders of the German people have never deceived themselves as to the irrepressible conflict that such conditions must produce. They have, since 1871, prepared the people for the coming fight. This fight is now about to be pulled off. Along with the most efficient manufacturing system, these same Germans have also produced the most efficient fighting system, for they know that the highways and the byways must be cleared of rubbish and impedimenta, and among these impedimenta the complacent and gouty British merchant and degenerate aristocracy and rulers are in the first line. It is writ large in the soul of every German that Briton must go."

Then the author went on to say:

"The British fighting machine is a negligible quantity. Germany needs the stepping-stones of Belgium and Holland and these they are about to take. It will cost them a few army corps and also dreadnaughts, but they are prepared to pay the price. All these paper agreements of neutrality amount to nothing. Do not be deceived by thinking that the Germans only mean to march through Belgium. The Germans are going to stay there."

And then he goes on to predict that "the Briton will be starved out in thirty days, the Germans regarding the French mouthings as a joke, and Russia—she is beneath contempt. Unquestionably,

it is decreed by the facts above that the world belongs to the efficient and the energetic."

I call that a very remarkable letter. Let me call your attention to these three points:

That was written only three days after the war began.

It was written by a German. Who he was we cannot find out. There has been some investigation lately even undertaken by the Government, to determine whether this German had any diplomatic relations, any special means of information. It does not appear that he had.

The third thing is this: Remember that it was written by a German in this country and designed, if not in an exulting way, at any rate in an informing and warning way, to tell the people of America what the German plans were.

Let me, in my description of the dragon that we have got to fight, take that up point by point, and see how much of it has turned out to be true; in fact, more largely, more terribly true, than was implied, than was indicated by this obscure German.

It is implied in the first paragraph that the avowed, active principle controlling the German nation at that time was an unscrupulous and unlimited ambition for wealth and power. No bones is made about that statement in this letter. It is frankly confessed, and it is justified in the name of the Divine powers who are on the side of the efficient and energetic. That is our "Lord God" in the German Kaiser's phrase, "who is unqualifiedly on our side."

Notice, in the next place, that it belongs to the German policy as formed and avowed, to possess itself of what it wants, wealth and power, dominion and lands, belonging to others, by force if necessary. That is to say, Germany is as a nation divinely appointed on account of its superior efficiency and attainments hitherto, to take what it wants in the world from anybody and to take it by force. That has, as a matter of fact, been the active policy, as avowed at that time by this obscure German, of the whole German nation from the beginning of the war on.

Now notice, in the second place, that it is implied in this letter—nay, it is definitely stated—that the leaders of the German nation had been educating the German nation in that policy at least as far back at 1871. Many of you, I have no doubt, are familiar with the wonderful book written by André Chéradame with the title "Pan-German Plot Exposed." You remember that Chéradame spent twenty-two years before the war began, in investigating the formation of this pan-German plot. In conducting his investigations, he visited one hundred and seventy-seven of

the principal cities of Europe and America and Asia, and there is, therefore, in that book the whole thing exposed before the war of 1914 began, all planned; and notice that it is declared and truly declared there, that the leaders of the German nation had been educating the German people in that idea.

In my judgment—I speak of it hesitatingly—our President hitherto has made something of a mistake in making any such difference as does not exist between the guilt of the German government and the guilt of the German nation. And those of us who have watched the thing have become thoroughly convinced, as I have no doubt President Church has, of this truth, that the German nation through and through, not their Kaiser only, not their army and navy only, not the Junker class and Hamburg merchants only, but the whole body of the German people, from the children just out of the cradle to the Lutheran and Catholic clergy and the professors in the university had become thoroughly impregnated with that idea. They were God's specially privileged nation; they were privileged to take what they wanted, and they proposed to do it wherever they came across what they wanted.

And Germany went more gaily to that war, stepping with a proud goose-step to that war, expecting in a few weeks to be in Paris; they went more willingly to that war at the beginning, than we as yet have entered willingly into the war; the whole nation, including the different classes of the Socialists which are at the present time beginning to break away as they have discovered how vain their plans for gathering to themselves the wealth of other nations have turned out.

I might go on from that to endorse what has been said so eloquently and forcibly here, that the punishment cannot, if it falls where it deserves, fall only on the army and navy and the Kaiser and his family and the German Junkers; it must fall on the whole nation of Germany.

Notice, in the third place, that Germany has deliberately brought on the war. Or, to use the expression of the author of that letter, "This fight is now being pulled off." It had been planned for a whole generation. It is now being "pulled off." Twice before, at least, the German nation had thought the time had come to "pull off" the war which they had been planning for. I was on the 10th of July, 1911, spending the evening in the Authors' Club at Whitehall, England. Just as I was parting from my friends and going to my lodging, there came in a stalwart, typically clothed and framed Englishman of the more noble and manly sort. Some of the gentlemen with whom I was conversing said, "Smith"—(he afterward became the authorized censor of the press. He was the press correspondent delegated by the Brit-

ish government to visit the Japanese-Russian War)—“Smith, what is the news?” “The news, gentlemen,” Smith said, “is that this week Germany and England have been nearer war than they have been for years and years before.” There was an exclamation of surprise and astonishment, so far as Englishmen ever exclaim about anything, and there was evident disbelief in that statement.

I kept my ears open and had some specially good means of learning what had taken place. You will remember Lloyd George's Guildhouse address on that occasion, how in very mild terms he intimated that Great Britain had no particular interest in Morocco, no special reason for supporting France there; but that if it became necessary, the Government expected the people of England to stand by it. That infuriated the German Government, and they made a formal demand upon the British Government that they should repudiate the statement of Lloyd George. They demanded that of the Cabinet. The Cabinet informed the German Government through its diplomatic representative that, on the contrary, what Lloyd George had said represented the opinion of the Cabinet. Then they actually had the audacity to call on the British Government to discipline, to dismiss, its Minister! They were quietly told that it was not the habit of Great Britain to take care of its Cabinet according to the behests of any other government. That stopped the war in 1911. It would have been “pulled off” in 1911 if they had not been compelled, told that England would not suffer France to be defeated. They thought that England's hands were tied. They were pretty badly tied up; the miners were striking; the railroad employees were striking; windows were being smashed by the women and they were sticking their hairpins into the policemen. There was lots of trouble in England; but when the German Government found that in spite of all that, England was going to stand by France if the war was “pulled off” at that time, they postponed it.

They thought the same thing of England, as you well know, in 1914. They thought that the Irish troubles had tied up Great Britain's hands so that she would let Belgium be traversed and France be ruined. If they had known, perhaps, that England would support France; if they had known that it would defend Belgium with anything like the courage and tenacity with which it has been defended, the war might have been postponed a little longer. But that war was sure to come. It was planned for and had been planned for by the whole German nation for a whole generation of time.

The next thing is that Germany deliberately brought on the war at that time. We know that now. We do not know all the

secrets of those twelve days that elapsed between the ultimatum to Serbia and the declaration of war; but there have been whole books written about that, tracing every hour, and there can be no doubt that Germany deliberately brought on the war.

Another thing is that the Germans did not expect to pay any regard to their treaty. They were not forced, as a matter of life and death, to go through Belgium. Their General Staff deemed that, under the circumstances, that was the quickest way to get at France, to take Paris, then come back and administer a crushing blow at Russia. It was deliberated whether they should attack France through Belgium or through Switzerland.

They decided that the easiest way was through Belgium. They deliberately broke that treaty, and they regard, as this writer says, "They regard"—that is part of their policy—"treaties as mere scraps of paper." And if we had now, as our ex-President Taft is proposing, a treaty made to enforce peace, leaving Germany undefeated, unbroken, unpunished, they would have as few scruples in breaking that treaty when they got ready as they had in breaking the treaty with Belgium. It is a matter of fixed principle with Germany to pay no attention to treaty obligations; for, such is their theory of the state, that, no matter what Germany does, if it advances the interests of this God-chosen and superior people, it is advanced in that way; it is forgiven and approved by the powers on high, or, to use the Kaiser's terms, by "our Lord God, our unconditional ally."

Notice now also how the Germans have carried out their treaties with other nations in matters of international agreement. They have gone on, grabbing whatever they could lay their hands on, and they are at it now. No treaties that can be made with them, unless they are punished, thoroughly whipped and put out of court, will have any hold on them. They are taking over Finland; they have taken over a large part of Russia. They have prepared another way to the British possessions in India and to the Far East; and if they are not stopped they will go on. For that reason, I am in favor of the Japanese being used more largely in this war, and I may say also that I know the Japanese very thoroughly. I have been to Japan three times. I have somewhat more than a mere speaking acquaintance with some of their best statesmen. I have just as much confidence in the diplomatic policy and in the statesmanship of the Japanese as I have in any one of our allies. I have just as much confidence as I have in our own diplomat,—whether that is saying any more than I said a moment ago, I don't know!

Now, not to dwell on, but just to enumerate one of the most hurtful of the influences from this quietly written letter by an

unnoticed German: The list of atrocities, in character, in number, in length, committed not simply here and there, but committed right along, day by day and hour by hour, by the German army, and not only by the German army, but by the Prussian and Turkish armies, are something unparalleled in history. To tell them in detail as they are now known would not do before a mixed audience. It would scarcely be considered decent before an audience of gentlemen. And the accumulation of evidence on this point, gentlemen, is so complete, so manifold, that it will be laid up to the everlasting disgrace of Germany. Indeed, it is so complete that it is incredible. Twenty-five years from now, when the accumulated evidence in all forms is brought before the future historians, brought before your children for study it may be, they will say, "It is too bad to have been true. It is incredible because it is so complete." The number of non-combatants that have been murdered! Have you read a book written by a Frenchman, called "On the Road to Liège?" He visited at the risk of his life those little hamlets that lie in half-moon shape from the south of the forts of Liège around to the eastward. They did not take those forts until some days after they had taken the city of Liège. When the soldiers came back they went to these hamlets from their defeated efforts and they murdered right and left; they massacred in those little hamlets from ten to fifteen thousand; in fact, they shot up one town in Germany because they thought they had got over into Belgium. They didn't find out their mistake until it was pointed out. And in one city—I have the book in my possession, the book that has the names and ages and occupations of 620 persons varying from children in arms to old men and women of seventy that they massacred in one of the cities of Belgium. And it was not just this soldier and that soldier; it was the whole body of them, egged on and permitted by their officers.

Another form of treachery was the display of white flags, the shelling of thousands of old men and old women, the bombarding of hospitals—and they are keeping that up now—the shooting of drowning men, the looting and robbery of banks and private dwellings, of chateaux and cottages and wine cellars. (One reason why Providence permitted the Allies to win the Battle of the Marne was because the Prussians were so drunk. All along the roadways were strewn with thrown away bottles of champagne.) Arson and bombarding of churches and public buildings, systematic devastation of the country, the poisoning of the sources of water supply, the distributing of poisonous germs, as anthrax, for the destruction of cattle, the deportation of whole populations for work not only in their fields and mines but in the trenches,

the murders and deportation of women and girls for vile purposes, the insistent and persistent violation of women, hundreds and thousands of them, violation of nuns in the presence of their priests, while the priests were tied to their chairs, and all kinds of horrid things, lustful and criminal, of the vilest kind.

That, as I take it, gentlemen, is the kind of dragon that we have to meet. May I, in closing, tell you what I think we must do in order to meet that dragon, to fight that dragon? And it comes down upon America more and more heavily to do this.

In my judgment, though I let that go to the last, we disgraced ourselves by not protesting against the invasion of Belgium; by not entering into the war sooner. We could have shortened it by two years. But we must let that pass. It belongs to the irrevocable but not to the remediless past. The thing for us to do now is to be in that war in every way, and this demands—if I may draw the one demand out into three parts—these three things: We must require of our President and of our Government in all departments and operations as bearing on this war immediately, the highest possible efficiency. You know it has been a sort of slogan with us, "Leave it to the President." Well, I am not going to object to that, but I am going to say that it is time for us to supplement it with advice to the President and advice to the Government and advice to Congress. We should say to them all, to the men who are in the places of responsibility, "Do you, in this place of power and responsibility, leave it to the men who know." That has not been done up to this present hour. I think we are doing a little better in that regard; but there is not the slightest doubt in my mind, and I could give you confirming testimony without reserve, that we might have done a good deal better than we have done, especially in respect to the splendid beginning of an army that we have raised, if we had left more to the men that know.

The truth is, and it is not a peculiarity altogether of our government;—it was largely true in France, perhaps more true in France than with us; it was largely true in England, and they suffered, until they found it out, all through the years 1914 and 1915, that a great many of the men in the government—not so true with England, perhaps, as with us—a great many of our government habitually in the civil and in the military service, the men who represent us in Congress and in all branches of our service are rather small men, not very big men, not very competent men. There is no country in the world that has such a large proportion of competent business men as we have, and competent professional men. They are ready and have been from the start to do anything that the government might ask,—I know that to be so—ready to

offer their services to the government. The government is just about beginning, more freely than heretofore, to avail itself of those men.

Why gentlemen, do you know that there were two firms in the city of Pittsburgh that contracted with the British Government for 93 million dollars' worth of shells, and when they made that contract not one of them, their manager or principal men, had ever seen a shell; and none of their workmen knew anything about making shells. They spent nine million dollars in equipment before they began to make the shells. Their contract expired in 14 months. Three days before the end of that 14 months, they laid down the last shell on the dock in New York to the perfect satisfaction of the British Government. Those men could have made shells for us if they had been asked; they would have been glad to. But, more and more, I say, in order to kill this dragon we have got to insist that the men who have experience, who are trustworthy, who are sincere and patriotic, patriotic as a certain percentage of our former officialdom has not been, should have things under their counsel and more largely committed to their control. Let the red tape be cut! Let partisanship be banished! Let motives of personal and blood relationship be altogether subordinated, and so let the boundless resources which certainly exist in this country of energy and wisdom and devotion be made altogether available. That is the first thing, I believe, we must do to kill the dragon.

The next thing is this: We must frown down on and suppress all kinds of what is known as profiteering; but we need not make mistakes about that. Doing a large business with a good, large profit is not necessarily profiteering. It is not our great corporations alone that are in danger of injuring us by profiteering. The carpenter who does not do his work in the best way, the riveter who would rather strike than drive a proper number of rivets in a day, the miner who would rather have three days' pay suffice him for the whole week,—they are profiteers that we ought to frown down on and discourage. Doubtless, they need rather delicate handling, but with that handling should be shown a certain amount of purpose. The farmers who feed their wheat to the hogs, or hold their wheat for extravagant prices are to be frowned upon for their profiteering.

There are some kinds of manufacture that I can't quite understand. Mrs. Ladd is continually occupied with Red Cross work. We have just raised \$220,000 for local money. The women in New Haven in their Red Cross enterprise are spending a thousand dollars a day on all kinds of material. She tells me that gauze which cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a yard now cost 5 cents; that flannelette

and ordinary unbleached cotton cost about three times what it used to, that a hank of yarn that could be got for 70 cents now costs \$2.50 or \$2.80. I don't know that the cotton growers and manufacturers are profiteering, but it seems to me that there is as much reason to inquire into them as there is into the iron and copper manufacturers.

But, above all, we must talk no more about peace at the present time. We must suppress in our own hearts and on our own tongues and do what we can to discourage in our pulpits and press this untimely discussion of terms on which peace can be made.

One hates to say that about this blessed word "peace." There is no word—there was no word formerly,—that moved me more, being of a somewhat turbulent and ambitious temperament, than that word "peace," and I did think—I began my college career in the midst of the Civil War—so I did hope I could end it in the midst of peace and get my own soul in a condition of peace; but there is nothing now that disturbs me more than to hear just that word "peace."

There is no possibility of any compromise between the Entente Allies and Germany in the present situation, or in anything like the present situation! in fact, perhaps never since the battle of the Marne have things been in a more critical condition than they are at the present time. Never has there been less opportune talk about making peace than at the present time. As you have been told over and over again—I need not repeat it—if the war ends with things in anything like the present condition, Germany has gained more with regard to its future domination of the world than it set out to gain. It has gained in a different way, but gained more. Austria,—and I do not see any reason for making any great distinction between Austria and Germany—Austria is dominated as Germany is dominated from Berlin; Turkey is dominated from Berlin; Russia now more and more is being dominated from Berlin. The old path from the Persian Gulf to Europe, along the line of the half-completed, more than half-completed, Bagdad Railway, has been to a certain extent broken by the British Army; but here is this new way, this easier way, this equally available way, for grasping the whole of the Far East, open now with regard to its western end, quite fully open by the domination of Germany.

We cannot stop. As I look upon the matter, there is only one great question in the world at the present time. Everything else is subordinate to that question: Which form of the state, which form of civilization, shall triumph? Shall it be the Teutonic form? Shall it be the form which aims by force to rule the world,

irrespective of the wishes and rights of those who are ruled? Or shall it be that form which takes account of the individual, of his aspirations, of his soul, of his spirit, and tries to embody that in the government and elevate it and raise it nearer and nearer to the divine model? That is the one great question, and, so far as I can see, it rests with the United States at this present time more than with any other nation; although we expect France and Great Britain to hold the line, which they undoubtedly will; but with our coming in increasingly more and more, it is going to bear down heavier and heavier on our shoulders, and it will depend on how we do our duty more largely than on any other consideration, how this world-potent question is answered.

Which of the two forms of governing men, which of the two forms of civilization, shall triumph in the earth, and go on to the lifting or to the degrading of the soul of man?

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