

press, to peace societies and the churches. Every means of publicity should be used, not only to reassure these immigrants that they need not return, but to urge against doing so those who may feel inclined to go.

S. D.

Blasphemy!

Millions of Christian brethren, setting out to kill each other, pray for success to the All-Father, in the name of the Prince of Peace! Do they think there is no sense of humor in Heaven? Or have they simply gone mad?

S. C.

Prayers for Peace.

It is very well to pray for peace, but it is very important to strike at the cause of war. Prayers for peace will bring a favorable response if those who do the praying will do their duty as citizens. To pray for peace shows little respect for God when the one who prays is still willing to uphold a standing army and navy, is in favor of a tariff wall, and supports predatory interests in other ways, in whose behalf all wars are waged. Faith without works is dead.

S. D.

Europe's Apostles of Peace.

All honor to the Socialists of Europe! They constitute the one group urging the workers to refrain from killing each other. "Murder is murder", say they. Commands of superior officers and approval of the government do not make the shooting of a man—even though he be a foreigner—any less a violation of moral law than an illegal murder committed in time of peace. They are preaching obedience to the commandment "Thou shalt not kill", and are insisting that this commandment deserves obedience before the orders of emperors, kings or czars. What a pity that in this grand humane and religious work these Socialists have not the co-operation of the churches! What a pity that, instead of praying for victory and blessing the prospective murderers, the clergy do not see how their duty requires them to urge instead adherence to the Golden Rule! How sad it is that men should march forth to kill without so much as a reproof from those who should be the first to see wherein their conduct transgresses all principles of religion and morality. The war might have been prevented had there been from the churches of all the nations engaged as strong and emphatic a protest as is now being made by the Socialists, the only group in Europe, of considerable size, to preach, when most needed, the Gospel of Peace.

S. D.

A Hero of Peace.

"A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die," said President Wilson, "but a war of service is one in which it is a proud thing to die." The glory of dying in such a war belongs to Jean Leon Jaures, Socialist leader of France. He fell in a war of service, a war against war. He lost his life in attempting to save from the consequences of war thousands of such deluded fanatics as the one who turned upon and slew him. It would not be right to say that Jaures was the victim of an individual. His slayer was but the instrument of a murderous superstition, sustained and fostered by selfish interests. Jaures fell because there prevails in France, as elsewhere, the notion that superstitious chauvinism is patriotism. In trying to show the folly of that superstition, in endeavoring to make clear the wickedness of such doctrines as "my country, right or wrong," in the midst of an effort to save his country he was struck down. Peace has her martyrs and heroes as well as her glorious victories. A place among these martyr heroes belongs to Jean Leon Jaures.

S. D.

Pity Poor Carson.

Let no one forget to drop a tear for the doughty Ulsterman. But yesterday a hero, the political marplot, the Tory's hope, and the Liberal's despair, the overthrower of parties, and the disrupter of an empire; today, where is he? When Czars, Kaisers, and Holy Monarchs, full armed, stalk across the stage, who has an eye for little blustering Sir Edward? And are his fighting minions, raised to thwart their country's will, destined to lay their bones on foreign fields in behalf of that self-same country? Such is the irony of fate. Lord Macaulay long ago noted the fact that England could not be menaced by a civil and a foreign war at the same time; and the united front of the British nation demonstrates the truth of his statement. At one moment the Nationalists and the Ulstermen were ready to fly at each other's throats; the next moment they were pledging themselves in defense of their common country. Living side by side in Ireland they remained strangers; fighting shoulder to shoulder on the battlefields of Europe, they will be brothers. A strange creature, indeed, is man.

S. C.

Reviving the American Merchant Marine.

For fifty years the blight of a protective tariff has rested upon American shipping; and during that half century the American flag, once the