

They have trafficked in velvet and brimstone or the wages of ghastly mirth:

What!

A dollar is only a dollar? 'Tis the holiest thing on earth!

Lawgiver, lobby, distiller, breath of the underworld, Yellow-dog, jack-pot, defiant, maggots of men have hurled

Their souls out into the open, the shrivelled souls of their birth:

What!

A dollar is only a dollar? 'Tis the holiest thing on earth!

CHARLES JOHNSON POST.



SERVICE.

From the Address of President Wilson in New York, May 11, at the Funeral of the Men of the Navy Who Were Killed at Vera Cruz.

I know that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me and the whole nation at this hour are not feelings which can be suitably expressed in terms of attempted oratory or eloquence. They are things too deep for ordinary speech. For my own part I have a singular mixture of feelings. The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death. And yet there is mixed with that grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did, and if I may say it, out of my heart, a touch of envy of those who were permitted so quietly, so nobly, to do their duty. . . .

Duty is not an uncommon thing, gentlemen. Men are performing it in the ordinary walks of life all around us, all the time, and they are making great sacrifices to perform it. What gives men like these peculiar distinction is not merely that they did their duty, but that their duty had nothing to do with them or with their own personal and peculiar interests. They did not give their lives for themselves; they gave their lives for us, because we called upon them as a nation to perform an unexpected duty. That is the way in which men grow distinguished, and that is the only way—by serving somebody else than themselves. And what greater thing could you serve than a nation such as this we love and are proud of? . . .

We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind, if we can find out the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans; we want to serve the Mexicans if we can, because we know how we would like to be freed and how we would like to be served if there were friends standing by ready to serve us. A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is a war in which it is a proud thing to die. . . .

War, gentlemen, is only a sort of dramatic representation, a sort of dramatic symbol of a thousand forms of duty. I never went into battle, I

never was under fire, but I fancy that there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you. When they shoot at you they can only take your natural life; when they sneer at you they can wound your heart. And men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough to go about their duty with regard to their fellow men, no matter whether there are hisses or cheers—men who can do what Rudyard Kipling in one of his poems wrote,

Meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same

—these are men of whom a nation may be proud.

Morally speaking, disaster and triumph are imposters. The cheers of the moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and of the consciences of mankind. So when I look at you I feel as if I also and we all were enlisted men—not enlisted in your particular branch of the service, but enlisted to serve the country no matter what may come, what, though we may waste our lives in the arduous endeavor. We are expected to put the utmost energy of every power that we have into the service of our fellow men, never sparing ourselves, not condescending to think of what is going to happen to ourselves, but ready, if need be, to go to the utter length of complete self-sacrifice.



SHALL WE SLAY OUR NEIGHBORS—AND BE SLAIN?

From Congressman William Kent's Speech in the House of Representatives on April 27, as Reported in the Congressional Record, page 7912.

Between us and a general war in Mexico there seems to be but one thing, and that is the fact that there is one man in Mexico, one strong man—Villa, bandit to be sure, a child of ignorant Indian parentage, who began an outlaw career because he was robbed, insulted and abused, started out on the hypothesis that he must make war against Mexican society in accordance with the only code he knew, and that code justified barbarous methods. With the little education he had he proved himself to be a great leader of men. That man has been continually growing, not alone in power but in knowledge of what the civilized world demands of him and in knowledge of the needs of his country. The testimony I have received from private sources is that he is a brave man who keeps his word. He has, in a crucial time, had the courage of his convictions, and the enlightenment, almost alone among his people, to believe our protestations of disinterestedness, and seems to possess such a marvelous power of leadership as to hold his peo-

ple in leash. We have now before us the choice of whether, in view of all the facts, we are willing to recognize this man as, in a measure, our ally, whether we are willing to accept his good offices in conjunction with the good offices of the great Republics of South America, or whether we feel it incumbent on us to go into Mexico and to declare war on the Mexican people, 15,000,000 in number, who can not understand us any more than we can understand them, and to fight through a war to its indefinitely distant conclusion.

It is simple to talk about war as something short and determinate; but when the longer we fight the less we are going to be understood and the more inherent hostility we are going to incur—in view of this irreconcilable situation, it is time to see whether in God's name we can not be led out of this hell. . . .

These people are barbaric. We ought to know that. They are 90 per cent Indian. The wars among themselves have been cruel; they shoot prisoners as a matter of course and torture as a matter of course. So-called civilization has been cruel to them; they are only gentle when kindly and sympathetically treated. What a farce it is to expect what we call civilized warfare with a people like this. If we become involved, we shall be forced to accept their view of the game. We can not reciprocate, but we must understand what we shall have to suffer.

Within the last ten years I know of my own knowledge and can give the names of a new type of Americans that have been going to Mexico, men who have sympathy with the common people, who have treated them as human beings. These men have shown the honest, hardworking people of Mexico that ahead of them was opportunity for food, clothing, and, most of all, for their children to have a better chance than they had. To my own knowledge these common people have responded to this appeal and have worked faithfully, so that their children might be educated and become self-supporting and self-respecting. We have been sending there mining and civil engineers and railroad contractors and other producers of things—decent people, who were not there to exploit or rob the Mexicans. We have sent men who have realized that these backward folk, who are living in a fifteenth century, of Indian and Spanish origin, simple and backward, yes, and cruel, though they are, after all, good, honest, kindly, human beings, entitled to a chance and worthy of it.

I could bring many men here who could tell of their own knowledge that these common Mexicans whom we propose to kill are the kindest-hearted people in the world; could tell of their fortitude, their boundless hospitality; could tell of the antecedent causes of their backwardness. If you believe that we can send an army of men into Mexico that will so comport itself that the survivors of these people will have a better understanding

of the altruistic impulses of this country, such impulses having been shot into them, I think you are not thinking.

If we can have ten years more of peace, I believe the Mexicans will come to be friendly with us. I can not tolerate the thought of war with these people, looked at either from our viewpoint or theirs. Thousands of our soldiers would be killed by a people fully armed, incompetent in many warlike ways, but a people in a fighting state of mind. We all know that psychologically as between a man who is mentally in a state of peace and a man who is mentally in a state of war, you can shoot the latter through the heart and before he falls he will kill his adversary, whereas the man who is mentally peaceful will quit with the slightest wound. Those people are excited; as we cow-punchers say, they are "on the prod." They have arms which they did not have until recently, and as long as their ammunition holds out they will make a desperate fight, and it will be a war of miserable reprisals.

If we fight, it will be against a people who do not know civilized methods of war, and who can blame them for not understanding the absurd refinements of murder? I know what such war would mean—the 50 years, the 100 years, the 150 years of misunderstanding and bitterness. It means possibly the wiping out of existence of a people who, though backward, are honest, kindly, hospitable, and industrious, and who, I believe, have the right to live and be led toward civilization through the use of the opportunities of a rich country, and who have been looted, despoiled, embittered, and rendered savage by despots of Spanish and Mexican origin. If those on this side of the line who are chiefly plotting, planning, and fomenting war against this people were free of the lust of profit and land, we should merely call them senseless; we could not call them ghouls.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND BOYS

Harry L. Hopkins in The Survey of April 25.

"I move that the whole club stand for two minutes in honor of the four gunmen who died today."

The scene was the meeting of a club of small boys in a settlement on the Lower East Side of New York on the evening of the day that society had taken its revenge on four gunmen for the murder of a fellow criminal. It was a slip of a boy, scarcely fifteen, who spoke, learned in all the vices of city streets, the recognized leader of his gang, yet highly responsible in that at this early age he is the main support of a large family. Tonight there was no sign of his usual rollicking deviltry.

"Aw, what 'yu talkin' about. Dago Frank went to the chair first."

"They had a hard time killin' Gyp"—this last