

ministration of the government of the United States into a bloody and probably long-continued war. The "Schoolmaster" kept his head and went patiently along his way of humanity and good sense, although once in a while, being human, he showed his disgust at unjustified criticism. But he was not stampeded into fighting. He was determined to keep the peace of this continent, and he did it. Is there a sane man or woman in these United States today who is sorry for it? . . . One of the most rabid and unreasoning of President Wilson's critics at the time when the Mexican trouble loomed darkest, now manfully deplores the present inflammation in Europe and draws a gloomy picture of that continent after the ending of a general war. This is commendable, but the same logic and the same arguments were just as powerful in President Wilson's favor when he was trying to avert a conflict with Mexico and succeeded. If war is horrible and to be prevented if possible, now and in Europe, it was horrible and to be prevented then in Mexico. The "Schoolmaster" is magnificently vindicated by the trend of affairs across the sea. It was a good school he kept and his pupils learned something worth while. Would he could teach the rest of the world his lessons of peace and humanity. Perhaps it is not impossible.



Money Worse Than Wasted.

Farm Stock and Home, Minneapolis, Aug. 15.—It is to weep! After all our millions spent for naval and coast defense, here comes a writer in "McClure's" declaring upon the authority of a United States army officer that a hostile force of 50,000 men supported by a fleet could take New York in spite of its defenses. The conclusion of course is that more defenses are needed. If the millions already turned into forts and battleships are so utterly wasted why throw more money into the armament rat-holes? Why not spend a little money in the saner, if less spectacular, defense that comes through superior education and closer friendship?



Autocracy Must End.

New York World, August 4.—Ten days ago the German people were at peace with all the world. They had no quarrel of their own with anybody. In the years that had followed the downfall of Napoleon III, they had won the admiration of every civilized country. Out of a condition of general poverty they had arisen to great wealth and prosperity. . . . There was not another country in the world but could learn something from them. Suddenly this vast fabric woven by peace and industry and skill and science is torn in two. All the machinery of progress is stopped by the hand of autocracy. The Kaiser plunges Europe into the most devastating conflict known to human history, and every civilized country reels under the shock. And about what? Ostensibly because Russia had answered Austria's wanton war against Serbia by mobilizing troops on the frontier in order to protect her own interests. In reality because the reactionary party of Germany was determined to invite a general European conflict in order to stay the advancement of political reforms. . . . Autocracy has had its way. Austria's

quarrel with Serbia was no affair of the German people. Russia's challenge to Austria was no affair of the German people. Yet the very fate of the German Empire is thrown into the balance in order to halt the march of political freedom in Europe. . . . What was begun hastily as a war of autocracy is not unlikely to end as a war of revolution, with thrones crumbling and dynasties in exile. Civilization cannot rest at the mercy of despotism, and the welfare of mankind is not to be made the plaything of autocracy. If all Europe must be drenched in blood before this lesson is implanted in the minds of kings and courtiers, we may say of this war as Lincoln said of the war that exterminated human slavery: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." This is the twilight of the gods.

RELATED THINGS

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TIT FOR TAT.

It's cold an' grey an' still outside,
And everything is wet with rain.
I'm standing on the cushion seat,
And breavin' on the window pane,
An' drawin' pictures with me 'and.
The window's high against the sky—
I can't see out unless I stand.

I've drawn a house an' chimley pot;
I've drawn a man an' child'en, too,
A napple an' a toasting fork,
An' someone who is jus' like you,
And Gran'ma sittin' in the rain.
The pane's so small I've filled it all,
And speks I'll have to breave again.

But Jane has spoilt it now; she says
I want a whippin'—an' I don't.
She's rubbed the window clean, and says
She'll fetch a policeman—but she won't.
And now she's gone downstairs again . . .
I'm breavin' on the window pane.
I'll draw a nugly one of Jane.

—Marion St. J. Adcock.
(Mrs. Sidney H. Webb.)



PAY YOUR PASSAGE.

Louis F. Post in *The Joliet (Ill.) Prison Post* of July 1, 1914. Reprinted By Permission.

We are all sailing through space on "The Good Ship Earth," as Herbert Quick calls our planet.

With steering this old craft we have nothing to do; with making things ship-shape on board we have everything to do. It is by such work that we pay our passage.

Each of us must pay his own passage with his own work. He cannot pay with money unless he himself earns the money. Whoever pays with

money he didn't earn, is paid for by whoever did earn it.

If he pays his passage with money he got as a gift, what is he but a charity passenger? If he got it by trick or device or force, whether according to the shipping articles or in defiance of them, what is he but a thief or at best a sponge? Every one of us must work his passage on the good ship Earth or be a loafer. And on this ship a loafer is a parasite; for every one's work is needed, and if any loaf others must overwork.

It isn't a question, either, of working on the bridge or on the deck, in the cabin or in the hold. Useful work, not its grade, is the kind that counts in paying our passage on the good ship Earth.

Dropping Quick's nautical metaphor, the question with everyone who would not be a parasite, is how can he serve his fellow men. Whether he is rich or poor makes no difference, or free or slave, at liberty or in prison, educated or ignorant, of good repute or bad; he can nevertheless be useful, and unless he is useful he helps to make this a disorderly world. In as much as he is useful he serves, whereas if he be not useful he is a loafer of the kind that is also a parasite.

The old Negro who boasted of his indispensability at Sunday School was as useful as he thought he was. Though despised as a slave, too ignorant for a teacher, too old for a pupil and too crippled to distribute and gather up the books or sweep the room, he was useful in the Sunday School because, as he himself explained, he "just sat on the pulpit stairs and smiled at the children."

To give pleasure is to serve. To augment comfort is to serve. To encourage good service is to give good service. To promote freedom, or education, or a larger participation of all in the benefits of civilization, is to be useful. Whoever does any of these things faithfully is paying his way as truly as if he were clearing forests with the work of his hands. Slavery and prisons and monopolization of the benefits that civilization has to offer are obstacles, and in helping society to put them aside there is work to do.

Such work The Joliet Prison Post is doing. It is a public service that can be done in prison and by prisoners as well as by others and out of prison. It can be done by even the humblest prisoner. In so far as any prisoner moulds his own life in the moral and civic matrix the Post is making, to that degree is that prisoner working for the abolition of prisons. Not merely by making less occasion for them through individual self reform, but also by making less public necessity for them through social reform.

That those obstacles, and all others, may be soon removed from the paths of civilization is greatly to be desired. But even while they remain there is work to do, not only for their removal

but within their limitations. In prisons and out of prisons, as in poverty and above its reach, the need of useful service is insistent and opportunity for it abundant.

No one is so poor that he cannot do something to help others, no one is so much a prisoner that he cannot freely serve in some way, no one is so ignorant that he cannot teach, no one is so degraded that his friendship is altogether unwelcome. Or, if there be any such, then at any rate there is no one who cannot do service by refusing to do harm.

It would revolt me to be suspected of handing these thoughts patronizingly to prisoners. There is no more need for them inside of prisons than outside, nor by the most hopeless convict than by myself. In so far as they may be a prison sermon it is my wish that instead of a sermon handed in to prisoners they may be regarded as a sermon handed out by prisoners.

For that reason I invite their first publication in The Joliet Prison Post. The Post appeals to me as the local paper of a community that interests me. It interests me not for the peculiar misfortunes of its inhabitants—the inhabitants of all communities have misfortunes—but for the good it is beginning to do, for the public service it is beginning to develop, The Joliet Prison Post reflects local interests and local character. Like any other local paper, it is published for local service and not for the information or education of other communities; yet it contributes, even as all local papers do, to the information and the education and consequently to the fraternal unifying of all communities. It belongs to that great family of local papers through which communities come to know one another and to recognize their likeness as groups in the common whole of civilization. Published primarily for the Joliet Prison community, The Prison Post photographs the character of its community even as other local papers photograph the character of theirs. It is therefore as their own message from themselves to themselves—this community at Joliet—and by reflection to their fellow citizens of the world, their fellow passengers on board the good ship Earth, that I prefer seeing this little discourse appear first in the Post. I would rather have it go from them with their genuine endorsement than to them for their supposed edification.



A VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

William J. Robinson, M. D., in Critic and Guide.

Some time ago, the exact date does not matter, I visited the Capitol of the State. . . . As our American cities of small and medium size are not noted for the interesting and entertaining features that they offer to the stranger, time dragged somewhat wearily and a friend suggested one