

quarters of the league are at 68 William street, New York City. The officers are Miss Mary Boies Ely, chairman; Miss Amy Mali Hicks, secretary; Benjamin Doblin, treasurer. The advisory board consists of Professor Charles A. Downer of the College of the City of New York; Frank Garrison, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas of the Panama Canal Commission; Dr. Walter Mendelson, trustee of Columbia University; ex-Congressman John DeWitt Warner of New York, and Rev. Charles D. Williams, episcopal bishop of Michigan. [See current volume, page 1144.]

PRESS OPINIONS

Only Those Who Contract Debt Are Liable.

Coast Seamen's Journal, November 25.—Say, if your father had been insane and, while in that frame of mind, had contracted a great, uncalled-for debt, would you feel morally obligated to pay that debt? Of course you would not; and feeling that way about it you would, equally of course, not pay the debt. The case is exactly analogous to that of those warring nations in Europe and elsewhere who are piling up huge debts for the sole purpose of perpetrating bestial, insane murder on a wholesale scale. These debts are nonchalantly left to be paid by generations yet to be born. If those generations are not tainted with the criminal insanity of this generation, they will as nonchalantly repudiate the debts. No man or nation is morally obligated to pay the debts of a lunatic when incurred with the full knowledge on the part of his creditors of his mental condition. And no money lender will ever convince a sane jury that he doesn't know or inwardly believe that war is the most horrible outrage on civilization which Satan himself could think of.



Will Protection Theorists Explain?

Farm, Stock and Home, December 1.—These should be days full of happiness for the advocates of a high tariff. The time is certainly ideal for proof of their contentions. For years the high tariff stump speakers, pretending to be the protectors of American labor, prophesied utter desolation, ruin and poverty for this country unless we had a tariff high enough to protect us from the pauper labor of Europe, Asia and the Fiji Islands. Well, the pauper labor of Europe and Asia are not now competing with this country. The pauper labor of these countries, and in fact every able-bodied man, has "joined the colors." They are performing deeds of heroism in trenches, in bloody charges, facing death. They are not making or producing anything that competes with the laboring men of peaceful America. None of their products comes to our shores. We practically have a free field for American labor and American products. We are actually suffering and business is dragging, due to the lack of imports. Why, then, should not this country's business be booming? Why is it that manufacturing establishments are not working overtime? Certainly the pauper labor of Europe is not hurting anybody with competition in wages or products. That good old word, protection, has

been sadly treated by the happenings of the past ninety days. Instead of prophets of an ideal condition, the high tariff advocates have proven themselves dispensers of superheated air.

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

TWO GENTLEMEN.

For The Public.

A gentleman is he who treads
In no more than his share of road;
Is he who halts to lift the load
From tired backs and bended heads.
Humble he is nor nobly crowned,
And yet his traits, so lowly priced,
Belonged to two no less renowned
Than Buddha and the Christ!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



"FROM EVERLASTING TO EVER- LASTING"

For The Public.

In the times of doubt, of change, of upheaval, when the fountains of the deeps are broken up, and primitive passions run loose among men one has to consider the verdicts of other days, in the calm, after war, when the whirlwinds were dead.

Suppose, if you like, that it is written upon the unrolling scroll of "present politics; future history" (to use "Norman Conquest" Freeman's phrase) that one long-prepared warrior nation conquers Europe, both hemispheres, and all the sea-islands, the oceans, the last fastnesses of the mountains, the uttermost oases of the deserts. Suppose that this relentless victorious nation attempts to rule and remould all the children of earth—as Atlantis, Assyria, Egypt, Macedonia, Rome tried, and failed. Suppose that we, for our blindness, our laziness, our stupidity, our selfishness, our materialism, or inveterate habit of stoning (or neglecting) our prophets, are to pass through these deep waters, are to sound uncharted seas of disaster, are to lose this our civilization and once more live in huts, by campfires, in the waste places of the outlands.

Still there would be those who drew their strength and silence spark by spark, from the all-beholding stars. Still would the seeds of truth, of justice, of liberty remain on earth, taking root, none might say how, in the hearts of children. Still the earth would have saints and martyrs. Once again, in the fullness of time—as always before, the mighty and seemingly unconquerable dominion founded upon Force would go crashing down into irretrievable wreck. It would at last merely "point a moral or adorn a tale." The new

world-capital, though guarded by utmost sciences of discipline, would become "one with Babylon and Tyre"; the new war-lord would only be remembered with "Ozymandias, King of Kings," by his broken statue of stone in the desert, and his "sneer of cold command."

There is a moral order to the Universe "from everlasting to everlasting," and when history, writing of this whole affair, came to sum it up, a thousand years from now, it would write: "In the twentieth century after Christ there came another Attila who broke the nations in pieces and tried to re-shape the world with his war-hammer. Everything passed through the fire; the lies and blunders of our civilization perished, and much besides, but at last a better and happier social order developed. At last men learned how to live together without hate. The war-deeds of this Attila are not worth recording, and even his burial place is forgotten."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



UNCLE SAM SOLILOQUIZES.

Henry Slade Goff.

In Farm, Stock and Home.

Got to hev my weepens ready fer a scrap,
Else I ain't no good fer any kind o' trust,
If I sees a feller walkin' got to set the weepens talkin',

Or else mebbe he'll get his to goin' fust.
Needn't never hev no necessary scrimmage—
I'm a peaceful man and never wants no fuss—
But to be eternal ready if there's any one gets heady,
And to be the fust if any one is goin' to start a muss.

If I never wants no trouble—so they says—
With another feller campin' where I be,
Then I wants a gun thet's bigger with my finger on the trigger,

And I wants to get my work in 'fore he gets a range on me.
Lovin' peace and peace promotin'—so they utters as they talks—

Scatterin' olive branches round on every hand,
But I wants some guns a burnin' if there's ever any turnin'

On some other feller's axles on the continents where I stand.

"If a man's a man he's got to back his word up,"
And be ready with his weepen fer to work it with a vim.

If he meets another feller he must fire him till he's meller,

'Fore the other feller ever gets a chance to fire at him.

Mission holy and imposed by Heaven's enactment—
So the sayin's of the argufyers run—

Mebbe come across a Russian or an old Germanic Prussian,

And the way to make him peacefuller is haulin' out a gun.

Ain't nobody kind and peaceful more than me—
So my sarvants says that's talkin' as they goes—
But if any feller rustles up agin me where I hustles,
I should open up the firin', and they says as how they knows.

Kind o' new to me, this kind o' argufyin',
Lived a hundred years and more and never thought
Thet a peaceful man's ambition should be storin' ammunition,

Fearin' other fellers mebbe was a storin' more'n they ought.

Used to stay at home and didn't care for weepens,
'Ceptin' as my homestead was needin' special care.
But my sarvants got a notion thet I ought to rule the ocean,

So's to shoot some civilization into peoples anywhere.

And things are lookin' kind o' leery and the peace dove's lookin' skeery,

And the streamers are a floatin' on the other fellers' runs.

And I've got to keep a hoein' in my patch, and keep a goin'

Round and round the airth with nevies and a showin' of some guns.

BOOKS

THE GREAT DEBATE.

The world of Europe plunged into the hideous savagery of continental warfare is still not ancient or mediaeval, still not dead to a most modern sentiment, a product of civilization—the conscious and confessed appeal to public opinion as supreme earthly judge and final human authority. Bread and circuses was an address to the unthinking passions, and those merely of one social class in the great Roman state.

But these nations of 1915 at the very gates of destruction prove their right to live by an instinctive faith, however fearful, in democracy. Autocratic rulers and democratic ministers, blind slaves of empire and bewildered free citizens, all come alike to the great world-throne of a common brotherhood in reason; each pleads his cause before the universal bar of his fellow men's deliberate sense of justice.

Who shall say that these "appeals" and "answers," these "white papers" and "manifestos" and even summonses to "holy wars," are not signed proofs of democracy regnant and autocracy dethroned?



Truth About Germany: Facts About the War. Reprint, published by The Fatherland, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. Price, paper, 10 cents.

Not counting the white and yellow and other colored papers that since the war began have fluttered down upon Europe and America, one small book has been without doubt the most diligently