

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-