

"THE BURDEN OF THE NATIONS"

Thomas Edward Green's great lecture, entitled "The Burden of the Nations," attracted such wide-spread interest when delivered at the Dallas chautauqua that The Observer feels justified in producing it in its entirety. The address was originally delivered at the fourth National Peace Congress at St. Louis in 1913, at which time it was given world-wide notice. The address follows:

If money is the measure of economic value, civilization is standing today face to face with its most stupendous problem. Sixty-five per cent of the entire income of the civilized world was lavished during the last year upon a single object, an object that, by common consent, stands very low in the scale of moral appraisal.

Whatever may have been the glory of the lost arts or the splendor of the Atlantis, we love to persuade ourselves these days that our generation is at least writing some new chapters in the history of enlightenment. Our age is instinct with attainment. It devises decorations for those who bend the cosmic forces of the universe anew to the will of man.

It enriches fertile furrows; changes fruit and flowers to richer beauty and fragrance, and reaps redoubled harvests with the pruning-hooks of skilled capacity.

It rids the world of slavery; cleanses the putrid pools of pestilence; rescues humanity from the age-long bondage of pain, disease, and death.

It has laid the ghosts of fear and bigotry; eliminated error; boldly challenged ancient sophistry; emancipated thought; flung wide the portals of unfettered research. All this and more is the motif of the twentieth century. Added to a wise philosophy, joined with fraternal co-operation, it ought to be the dynamic measure of an Age of Gold. To its furtherance there should be given the best and highest constructive and conservative forces of the world. But iconoclasm has possessed the better judgment of the world. A vampire philosophy is sucking the life blood of lofty purpose.

Civilization today lauds and decorates her ages; but an age unequalled among the centuries in incalculable treasure still sends its scholars to search in stunted squalor; chains investigation with insufficiency; progress pines in poverty; earth's largest, loftiest longings languish in impotent indigence, while civilization pours uncounted millions at the shrine of ravaging savagery, and wastes the substance of its people in the murderous engineering of war.

During 1912 the nations spent two billion, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars (\$2,250,000,000) in the creation of military and naval armament.

Since history began to be written, it is estimated that fifteen billion men have died as a result of battle. Such figures are beyond the possibility of our normal conception. Our Saviour was born nineteen centuries ago. From the moment that the new-born Child lay in the manger cradle in Bethlehem until now, there have been barely one billion minutes. Fifteen billion men means all the human beings that have lived in the world for six hundred years, counting three generations to a century. That many men have died in war.

During the nineteenth century alone 14,000,000 men died as a result of battle, and it cost the world forty-two thousand million dollars for their taking off. And as the result of all that stupendous price of life and treasure there stands but little great achievement recorded for the common good.

On the ledger pages of history there are few great accomplishments to balance the awful account. It meant for the most part simply a change of masters or a contest over the boundaries of adjacent States—the gratification of envy, jealousy, and hatred; the bloody enthusiasm of mere physical victory! Of course, the great Civil War in America effected the emancipation of millions of negro slaves; but with the money that that war cost us, the actual outlay, to say nothing of the price of a myriad of lives or of the awful heritage that after fifty years still remains to vex and trouble us, we might have bought, paid for, educated, and endowed every slave forty times over.

And yet, with the awful experience of history to make us wise, there is a type of so-called statesmanship that still insists that war is tenable between civilized nations. Not war, mind you, as an absolutely frank, outspoken purpose of destruction. There are few, save those who by a perverted policy we have educated and trained in the gentle art of killing, who would justify the world's ancient savagery and find in its bloody cruelty an ideal of courage. To justify itself the age has invented a new delusion. War, in its grim reality, is the sole survivor of medieval barbarism. Everything else has been banished. We have eliminated pestilence; we have removed slavery; we have prevented famine. We have driven superstition and ignorance before the advancing light of civilization and culture. War alone of all remains to flaunt its horrid crest in the face of the twentieth century. An age whose loudly lauded ideals are the protection, the development, the evolution of human life cannot justify war; for war deliberately

plans the ruthless, inhuman destruction of myriads of living men. It makes possible the agony and the nameless suffering incident to torn and mangled bodies. It inflicts upon the innocent and defenseless the hideous torment of bereavement, the lasting, gnawing grief of broken-hearted solitude, and the long sunless future of dreary, unrelieved poverty and want. It takes from a generation its strongest and most virile men, and leaves the decadent, anemic, and unfit to the fatherhood of generations to come. It destroys homes, it despoils widows, it bereaves orphans. It exalts murder into virtue. It halos cruelty with the excellency of courage. It drags down human brotherhood and fills the world with the foul dissonance of fiends let loose from hell. All this, and indescribably, unspeakably more, is war; and so no one justifies war.

There is not a sovereign in the world today that would advocate war. There is not a Parliament or Congress in the world today that would countenance war. There is not a prime minister in the world today that would suggest war. There is not a journal or a review in the whole world today but deprecates war. There is not a nation in the world today but trembles at the mention of war. And yet never since history began to be written has the world wasted so much of the people's substance, never have such enormous expenditures been lavished, as the great nations of the earth are flinging into the mad, fatuous race of the militarism of today.

On the one side, they tell us war is impossible—that the whole thing is a mad delusion. The great political economist, Jean de Bloch, in that eminent work has merited the admiration of the civilized world, has proven that the great war—the war that has been haunting the imagination of men for a hundred years—has automatically eliminated itself from the realm of possibility; that we have made on the one hand so resistless our agencies of destruction, and on the other so stupendous our powers of resistance, that the result is a dynamic stalemate. But for the most part men have realized that all these lavish resources are not for a mere phantasm of purpose. War is still as possible as ever. But men have hidden its awful meaning behind a skilled mask of deception.

We are not fighting war in this Peace Congress, for nobody wants war. We are fighting a delusion. We have invented a new economy that protests with false platitudes its humanitarian purposes. It loathes war, it loves peace, and the only way in which we can insure life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is to be ready at any cost, however enormous, to compel peace, even by barbaric force—for each individual nation to be so strongly, so invincibly armed as to make all other nations peaceful and affectionate, even if one has to shoot them into obedient tranquility.

The kindest excuse that we can make for such a philosophy is to say that militarism is a disease—that it is an economic pestilence, life sapping, reason destroying, irrational. Its entire philosophy is a delusion. There is no logic by which it can be justified. Common sense as well as common conscience have eliminated such arguments from the world of individuals. The field of honor is marked with the bar sinister—and in every civilized nation the "code duello" is under the ban of the criminal law. Only the logic of barbarism can justify it between nations. But you give a man a gun and his finger tingles with the touch of the treacherous trigger. There is a strange morbid psychology about it. Before you know it—before he knows it—he will begin to shoot; not because he has anything to shoot about—not because he has anything to shoot with. A gun is a dangerous thing, "without lock, stock, or barrel."

Let nations maintain vast armaments, call them readiness for war or guarantees of peace as you like, and the world is simply an armed camp where a spark may kindle a conflagration. Where once the nations matched force against force, intent upon conquest, today the nations match force against force, deceived by a mere trick of words. Armies were once the potent agencies by which ambitious nations insured victory. Today they are the equally resistless dynamics by which the nations prevent defeat. Save only in sentimental phrases there has been no change, except that with advanced acquirements the requirements are greater than ever before.

The rivalry is the same—mad, fatuous, and insane. The expenditure is beyond all comprehension, and not war, but an insane militarism, is throttling the world. It is a disease—reason destroying, insensate, incoherent—a pestilence self-nourished. It respects neither present good nor future evil, and today the world's greatest problem is, Can civilization save itself? Has it an antiseptic for this cancerous distemper? Is there any end possible save chaos?

To safeguard peace the nations prepare for war. Stupendous armies, magnificent navies, are hailed as the supreme safeguards of civilization. Statescraft joggles with words; clothes itself with pretense; presents to the historic judgment of a century to



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come the pitiful spectacle of a deluded age that increases its armaments at the expense of two billion dollars a year for the purpose of making those armaments useless—an average when nations are willing to confess that they are bankrupting themselves to keep from fighting.

A few months ago the German Emperor celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his coronation. In the midst of the ceremonies incident to that interesting event he made a speech, in which he said, if there was one thing for which above all others, he thanked Almighty God, it was that during all those twenty-five years he had been able to maintain inviolate the peace of Europe. And yet, at the moment that Emperor William spoke these high-sounding and commendable words, he had an army of 650,000 of the most scientifically trained soldiers in the world, with a round million more in the first and second reserve—the most stupendous fighting machine the world has ever known, ready at his beck and nod to take the field against any foe on a day's notice—an army for which Germany is spending this year forty-five per cent of her income—an army costing the German people over \$250,000,000 for this single twelve months.

The statesmen of the world stand aghast. They dare not drop behind in the mad race of equipment. They are tormented by the old-time philosophy of the survival of the strongest. On either side lies peril. They appreciate the value of the things that should be done, but cannot be done for lack of public ways and means.

They recognize the calamity of an enormous ruinous taxation, crushing the people into helpless penury, generating insatiable discontent, threatening the very foundations of law and order.

They know that the masses of the people, the bone and sinew of the nation's welfare, are not afraid of foes abroad. They are afraid of want and penury, the burden of the struggle of life at home, every year becoming more burdensome and more exhausting. They know that on the same common people they must depend alike for money with which to equip and the men with which to fight. And they know that they are rapidly approaching the point where both are going to be denied.

It is always the masses of men who furnish the means that support the government and the lives that defend it. That has always been true—and is true now—everywhere. The economic masters of men have always managed to evade responsibility along both lines. Let us not imagine that we have an American monopoly of that familiar bit of locus-pocus by which the predatory wealth and protected interests have been able to entrench themselves behind the organic structure that we call government, and there with nimble fingers to manipulate the strings that control legislation and its applications so as to be able to complacently shrug from their shoulders the burden of obligation that rightly belongs to them over unto the bent and straining backs of the masses of common men, who have always borne the burden and the heat of the day. Taxation is a tragedy the world around, and tax dodging ranks with polo as the recreation of the few.

And it is the masses of men who do the fighting. The masters of men seldom peril their precious lives. Let us hang our heads with shame for humanity as we confess that time and again these masters of men have not hesitated to involve nations in the clash of bloody war, that out of it there might come aggrandizement for their selfish interests or increase of their already swollen fortunes.

If we could take the wars of the past century and get behind the pomp and ceremony of waving plumes and blaring bands and find the real sources from which they sprang, it would be surprising how little there would be found that by the farthest flight of imagination might be attributed to that highest impulse of the soul that we call patriotism.

Selfishness in all its sordid ugliness does not hesitate at means to accomplish its ends. But the world around, today the masses of men are beginning to know their worth. The masses of men are beginning to feel their power. The masses of men are beginning to realize that through the centuries they have been complacent cat's-paws that have raked the chestnuts of advantage even out of the red flames of war for some one's selfish advantage. And

the time is rapidly coming when the masses of men are going to stand before their erstwhile masters, and are going to say: "Go on gentlemen, go on. Declare war if you want to; but also understand if you declare war now, you can do the fighting yourselves. We have nothing to fight about! We are content as we are! We have homes and our wives and our children. Go away, and let us alone! We have nothing to fight about! Do your fighting yourselves."

There are several things that the entering as essential dynamics into the solution of some of our present problems.

First and most far-reaching is the emancipation and the enfranchisement of women. The day has dawned when men will no longer dare to deny to woman what is hers by the divinely bestowed birthright of her womanhood—the right of having a voice in determining what kind of a world it is to be in which the sons and daughters shall live whom she perils her life to bring into the world. Women don't go down into the dark valley and the shadow of death, and though long hours of anguish stand face to face with grizzly terror, to give birth to sons whose end it shall be to dress themselves in some one's tinsel uniform and make targets of their bodies for the bullets of selfish ambition. When woman comes into her own, wars, believe me, will be few and mighty far between.

And the world, too, is breaking away from that philosophy of lies, made sacrosanct by centuries of usage—a philosophy behind which has stood what men have falsely called religion—that has taught that God meant the world to be what it has been—that some men should be high and other men should be low; some men should be rich and other men poor; that some men should be masters, and the rest of us just men. The world is breaking with that sort of ecclesiastical tommy-rot. God never did anything of the kind. And as men come to grasp and understand the divine communism of the carpenter's Son of Nazareth, as men begin to comprehend the Universal Fatherhood of God, there will come the deep, wide social gospel of human brotherhood, and the world battalions will become invincible guardians of peace—the guarantors of every man's right to life and to an even chance to live.

But last year the so-called civilized nations spent \$2,250,000,000 in preparation for war. This year it will probably be \$3,000,000,000. That is more than 170 per cent increase in the past thirty years, and the increase has been largely during the last decade.

Let the same increase go on—and with growing rivalry it will be far larger during the next decade—and it will demand the present total income of civilization—and that means economic bankruptcy—the destruction of the very foundation upon which organized society rests. So the nations rage. There seems no possible stopping place. Behind them is a crazed, resistless force; before them yawns the Stygian abyss of destruction.

Let it be understood that in the discussion of such a question as this a radical distinction must be observed between the dominant nations of Europe and the United States of America. With them conditions are by force of circumstance, and the necessity that grips them is the result of resistless environment. They are the legatees of centuries of struggle, the creatures of hereditary rivalry, jealousy, and inborn antipathy.

Out of a unique environment of absolute self-sufficiency we are still, thank God, the architects of our own fortunes. Our relations, our attitude to the great problems of international economy are still not matters of necessity, but of deliberate choice. What the United States is today, what it will be tomorrow, is still in the Providence of God what she chooses to be.

Alone among the nations we are in a peculiar sense a self-determining people. England, for example, raises only a small per cent of what her people eat. Much of her food supply she purchases outside her boundary lines, and she must bring it across oceans and over the channel, protected against foreign attack and confiscation. In Germany the per cent of food supply and raw material for her manufactures produced at home is smaller still. In both England and Germany imports are largely in excess of exports—and both England and Germany make vast demands upon the surplus production of the United States. There is the unique protection of the American flag. There is the unparalleled defense of this Republic that we love. Not its eminent domain, so vast that even winged imagination cannot compass its tremendous expanse. Not its resources, incalculable, and scarcely yet touched in their development, but the fact that America has become absolutely necessary to the rest of the world.

There isn't an American farmer today plowing his field, planting his seed, reaping in due time the golden harvest that God gives us as an earnest to honest toil, who isn't ten times the defense to the flag of his country as is the most brass-buttoned, gilded admiral that ever trod the quarter-deck of a battleship. Why?

America has become the bread basket of civilization. Keep your hand on the cover of the world's bread basket, and your flag is as safe as if it were surrounded by glittering bayonets or guarded by great batteries of embrasured guns. No nation will ever attack, or allow to be attacked another nation upon which she depends for the food that keeps her people alive.

In Copenhagen I sat at lunch with a brilliant newspaper man, talking with him of such things as these. I said to him, "Don't you feel a bit nervous sometimes, perched here on your little promontory, with Germany on one side and England on the other? Aren't you afraid that some day the big millstones may begin to go around, and that Denmark may be the grist for some one's grinding?" He laughed as he answered, "Have you forgotten that Denmark has the strongest navy in the world?" I wanted to tell him that I was "from Missouri," but I didn't know how to put it in French so he would understand the subtle significance of American slang. Denmark is one of those happy nations so nearly neutralized as to need very little army or navy. She has a few regiments and squadrons for guard duty and ceremonies. She has a few gunboats, useful for harbor patrol and to fire salutes for visiting sovereigns. But Denmark is practically, and yet safely, unarmed. I asked my friend to explain, and in perfect seriousness he repeated: "Denmark has the strongest navy in the world. Every day, practically from January to December, one, and often two, ships sail from Copenhagen for London loaded with butter and cheese and cream! That is the strongest navy in the world." And he was right. Nor was it a pun on Gouda cheese. Every gun of England would roar, every soldier of England would march to the defense of little Denmark did any one dare to lay a finger on her, for Denmark has become the creamery of England's breakfast table. Nor is there a nation in the world today but needs for its comfort, if not for its necessity, what we only can supply.

Ours, too, is the only nation around whose border you might build a wall so high and so strong that none from without might enter, that none from within might withdraw. Within it you may enclose this United States, with its hundred million people, and leave us to our fate—ten, twenty, thirty years—and at the end of three decades a visitor from Mars might drop down here, there, yonder—anywhere—and he would merely find the American people as much stronger, richer, happier, and contented as the years had been few or many in their flight.

It is time, then, high time, for the thinking people of the United States to take stock of the great world problems as they exist today, and to determine whether we are to be mere imitators, tagging at the heels of the moth-eaten, suicidal policies of the nations of Europe, entangled already in a hopeless muddle, whose only solution is havoc, or whether we are to be brave enough to rise to our opportunity and at least point the way to the threshold of a new era, whose marks of attainment are to be an immediate end to this ruinous expenditure for military armament, the absolute elimination of war between civilized nations, and the establishment of courts of arbitration for the settlement of all international disputes.

Aside from the humanitarian arguments everywhere admitted, even if everywhere violated, there stands the tremendous logic of facts. Militarism is the burden of the nations. It is exhausting their substance, impoverishing their people, retarding their progress as no war ever did or ever could do. It is crushing the poorer of the nations; it is crippling the richest of them all.

In order that you may understand exactly what I mean when I say that militarism is the "Burden of the Nations," it is necessary that you go with me on such a journey around the world in fancy as I recently completed in fact—a magic carpet journey, shall we say?—with eyes and ears open to facts as we shall find them. Indeed, I want you to listen with particular care as I pass to you the following facts—fascinating facts—facts which you do not possess now—which you cannot obtain unless you do go with me and rather than as I have done. You may not agree with me in the conclusions to which they lead me, but I shall be satisfied if I can succeed in making you merely stop and think!

We start with England—the mother country across the sea—England for short—though of course we mean the United Kingdom—Great Britain—the source and inspiration of our art and architecture, of our literature and our law—the very cradle of Occidental civilization.

Great Britain has forty-five million people crowded into an area much smaller than our single State of Texas. That crowded condition has given rise to some strange and remarkable economic facts. In the first place, Great Britain has a public debt of more than three and a half billion dollars—an average of \$92 per capita for every man, woman, and child in the country. Last year, by census

count, there were in England 1,086,707 paupers. That is something you don't know anything about in this country. Outside of the eleemosynary institutions where we put those by some limitation are unable to take care of themselves, we don't have that type of population in America.

Go on Monday to your public schools, and stand before a class in the eighth grade, and begin to talk to them about paupers. They would open their eyes wide in ignorance, and wonder as to what you meant. A pauper is a man or woman who has nothing, who can get nothing, who depends for everything, every mouthful of food and strip of clothing, upon public or private charity.

In England there are 1,068,707 absolute, registered paupers. Mr. Lloyd George has stated that under the old age pension bill it has been discovered that there are in Great Britain 12,000,000 people actually entitled, under the terms of the act, to public charity, to enable them to end their lives decently, to die comfortably, and be buried respectfully. Twelve million people so poor that they need public aid to get out of the world in a respectable fashion. And yet, with her army of 735,000 men, with her navy of 633 war vessels of all sorts and kinds, Great Britain is spending this year thirty-five per cent of her entire income, above the interest on her stupendous debt, in creating and maintaining her naval and military armament.

Take Germany: There are 65,000,000 people in Germany, so congested that they average three hundred and ten (310) to the square mile the Empire over. You can scarcely conceive of such congestion; and that, too, has created strange and unnatural economic problems.

Germany has a debt of three and a half billion dollars, gold, every cent of it war debt. Upon the backs of her people rests an enormous rate of taxation, a taxation that restricts her progress, for she spends over forty-five per cent of her entire income in order that she may maintain her enormous army of 1,763,000 soldiers and build and keep in working order a navy commensurate with that of the great arch enemy across the channel.

The most absurd madness, the most pitiable thing in our modern world, is this weird, insane delusion—the hysterical madness—that exists between England and Germany. Here are two great nations—blood relations—ethnic cousins, absolutely certain that one day they are going to go to war and fight each other—provided always that they can find something to fight about. As it is, there is absolutely nothing that by any rational logic could possibly be magnified into a cause of combat. There isn't a spot on earth where their interests clash; there isn't a point in the universe where their lines of influence even cross. There is absolutely nothing between England and Germany but the English channel, and yet so lurid, so fiendish, has become this madness that, regardless of their crowded millions of tax-laden people, it is going to take all the tact and diplomacy of statesmanship on both sides to prevent "the inevitable conflict." And woe betide the world if that conflict comes.

France, ever mindful of her pet provinces lost to Bismarck, still decorating with pathetic mourning the little kiosk in the Place de la Concorde that bears the name of Stairsburg; France impoverished still by the millions of her men, strong in their manhood, who went to death following the Corsican—France carries a war debt of six billion dollars, and spends thirty-seven per cent of her entire income in preparation for war.

Merely to pay the interest on her stupendous debt costs every man, woman, and child in France \$5.00 per annum. A war budget of nearly \$3,000,000,000 per year for her army and navy adds \$7.20 to the per capita burden. Aside from all the expense of government and administration, local and general, these two single items demand a yearly individual toll of \$12.20!

(Concluded next Tuesday.)
MINNESOTA TRAVELING MAN IN BAD SHAPE

In an affidavit executed before a Notary in St. Paul a traveling man swears to the following: Had a serofulous ulcer about two by three inches in size on the right side of neck over the jugular vein—a dangerous place. Was treated by many doctors but no benefit. Allen's Ulcerine Salve cured the ulcer in six months.

This salve is one of the oldest remedies in America and since 1869 it has been known as the only salve powerful enough to cure chronic ulcers and old sores of long standing.

Allen's Ulcerine Salve acts by drawing out the poisons and healing the sore from the bottom up. It is so powerful that it heals new cuts and sores in one-third the time that common salves and liniments take. And it heals burns and scalds without a scar. Sold by The Fuller Pharmacy, and other leading druggists. 3-Fri.

The Observer has added Satisfaction of Mortgage to its stock of legal blanks. Notaries and Attorneys may now secure them in any quantity desired. Phone orders for legal blanks given prompt attention.