

"THE BURDEN OF THE NATIONS"

(Continued from Friday.)

Russia—I don't think I ever visited a country in all my travel up and down the length and breadth of the world with so much anticipation as I went to Russia. I never came away from any place in this world with so sad a heart. Russia is a wonderfully beautiful country, attractive in its physical endowment. I think St. Petersburg and Moscow are two of the most beautiful cities I ever saw. Nowhere have I seen such evidence of lavish bestowals of wealth upon certain things. I never have stepped inside the arched doorways of such churches—altars gleaming with gold, the holy icons framed in blazing diamonds and precious stones. They are paved with marble, wainscoted with malachite, panelled with lapis lazuli; and yet, step out of that environment of magnificence, and on the porches and on the steps of this majestic church you look upon the most awful squalor and pitiful poverty you ever saw. Old men and women lying there literally rotting, mumbling through toothless gums a prayer for a few pennies to keep them from starvation. I never saw such drunkenness. The government makes and sells the whiskey, vodka, and the more vodka the peasants drink, the more profit in the pocket of the government. And what does the government care for the few thousand of these mujiks?

Russia covers one-seventh of the land surface of the globe. Out of her stupendous population of millions seventy-two per cent can neither read nor write, and in the sense that we know it, there is not a public school in the whole empire. Russia carries a crushing debt of four and three-quarter billion dollars. She borrows money every spring to pay the \$2,000,000 interest on it; and yet she has provided this year four hundred and ninety-seven million dollars as a military budget, and at the knout's end she is taking by increased taxation from her peasants and poor the money with which to build and equip a navy to replace the one that Togo sent to the bottom of the Sea of Japan.

Well, there is Japan! Poor little bankrupt Japan! The logical end of the whole grotesque delusion! Fifty millions of industrious, economical, patriotic people wresting a living from a soil impoverished by centuries, without national resource, figuring income and expense to the last penny, halving each pitiful coin in willingly borne taxation—eighty-five per cent of Japan's income is derived from taxation—she has nothing else. It means that her people must give each year an average of twenty-five per cent of all they have and earn to pay Japan's penalty for following her "Great Ally" in the race of mad militarism.

Only fifteen per cent of the land of Japan is arable, and that only under forced intensive farming; all the rest of it is waste sand, rock, and lava, which would not grow even a blade of grass, and even the fifteen per cent of arable soil must be artificially fertilized before it will bring forth anything at all.

Japan has a national debt of \$1,378,000,000, an average of \$21.75 for every man, woman and child in the whole empire. If you put Japan upon the auction-block tomorrow and sell her before the nations of the world, everything, from one end of the empire to the other—jewels of the emperor's crown, her manufactories, railroads, tea fields, everything—I question whether at public sale the whole empire would bring enough to discharge the stupendous crushing debt that she has laid upon her shoulders in an endeavor to keep up with her great "Ally of the West."

I have been in Japan a great deal for the last ten years. Some of my best, warmest, and most trusted friends are men who stand high in the councils of the empire and who are striving with all the intensity of their intense natures to solve their problems. I spent a very pleasant day not long ago with Count Okuma, one of the few remaining old men of the ancient regime. For from being the fire-breathing, sanguinary monster that a great deal of our sensational description pictures as describing the leading men of Japan, he is a delightful old man, spending the twilight of his life in good deeds. He has endowed a magnificent university, where some three thousand young men and women are engaged in the laudable pursuit of getting an education. He has one of the most magnificent collections of orchids in the world. He specializes in beautiful first editions and rare Confucian classics. He is a philosopher and a sage—an ideal old man. He said to me, as we were talking about these things: "The impression has gone out through the world that the Japanese are a sanguinary nation—that we are blood-thirsty and quarrelsome, and that we delight in warfare. Have you ever stopped to think that Japan has fought just two wars in all her history, and that both those wars were in defense of what she considered—as you in America have considered when you fought—her sacred rights and her national honor. What Japan needs, and must have, is not war. She has had enough of that, heaven knows. She needs fifty years of quiet, constructive peace to win back the comfortable prosperity to which

men may look as an ideal of national existence."

I am sure that Count Okuma simply voiced the sentiment of multitudes of men whose names I might call, and with whom I have talked, in his expression of hearty gratitude to the United States. He said: "You opened the door for us by which we came out into the sisterhood of civilized nations. It was you who led the way. Shall a child make war upon its revered mother?" And that is the sentiment you will find in Japan.

Don't believe, my friends, the things that come filtering through the yellow dispatches from Tokio, designed merely to make reading matter for sensational scare lines. Yellow journalism depends upon springing sensations, even at the expense of kindling between nations the awful catastrophe of war. Japan is not going to fight you, not because she has only nineteen battleships where you have thirty-eight. Japan is not going to fight you, because she does not want to fight anybody. She wants to be let alone. She wants peace—constructive peace. She is not going to fight any one, because she can't.

She went back from Portsmouth defeated in her demand for indemnity—not by the diplomacy and the strategy of Witte, but defeated by her own empty-handed poverty, for she knew, as the Russians knew, that Japan could not have delivered another battle to save her soul. There is only one way Japan could fight you, and that is that some European nation, intent upon her suicide, should underwrite the method of her self-murder, or that the Hebrew bankers of Europe should take a mortgage on her tea fields and lacquer factories, feeling certain of its enforcement.

Japan is not going to fight you as long as you and I are true to the principles upon which America stands. Japan will look to you as her inspiration and her friend.

But there is not a nation of the world, from the least to the greatest, but has a hundred causes of paramount importance to the future of her people why these wasted millions might be well devoted to some other service. No matter what is left undone, the military mania is ever crying with feverish greed for more.

Side by side with neglect of national duty and the squandering of national resources, militarism is breeding internal dangers. The civilized world is seething with discontent. Everywhere the mass of the people are developing a resentful opposition to the existing order of things, and by far the greater part of it comes from the crushing and constantly increasing demand for larger sums to devote to national defense. To the masses of men taxation is only justifiable when its results are manifested in the general good. It is hard to convince men of the necessity, in times of peace, of vast creations of armament, when, in order to pay for it, there must result ruinous taxes, long hours, short wages, high prices. The burden eventually becomes too heavy to be borne, and then comes chaos.

In England today, with an annual income of one billion dollars, eighty-six per cent come from almost ruinous taxation. In Germany, in addition to the government ownership, the taxation burdens all classes of the people and Germany has just assessed a special Income Tax of 8 per cent for military purposes. In France, the interest on the national debt alone is five dollars a head for every living soul in the Republic, and the war budget takes \$7.20 more per capita. In Italy, taxes range from twelve per cent on houses to twenty per cent on income. In Japan, ninety per cent of the income is from taxation—and Japanese patriotism rises to a willing rate of thirty-five per cent—but he pays it with a smile on his face and a song in his heart, and Banzai for the glory of Japan.

Far beyond the decadent effect of actual war is the immoral effect of vast bodies of segregated men. Murder, cruelty, rapine, and loot always follow in the trail of battle, but they come quickly and they pass quickly; but far more lasting and degrading are the vices that hang about the idle thousands of armed peace.

In Germany today fifty-seven per cent of the men are unmarried. There are three reasons for that peculiar condition of things: The first is that the average population is 310 to the square mile. It takes thirty man, conscious of his power of parenthood, to complacently look into the face of the possibility of increasing that per cent of population. Then every man in Germany under the age of forty can be called on a few days' notice to the colors. And when he is called he must go. He may dislike the order of things, he may dislike the War Lord, but when he is called he must go, put on his uniform, and stand up and make a target of himself to be shot at, whether he will or not; and no man wants a wife, with a cottage and a little brood of children, with a contingency like that before him. Then a great many of the men in Germany do not need to be married. Let me tell you just one single fact—a little bit of bar sinister, not worse in Germany, I take it, than in any other country, but I happen to have the statistics for this—last year, ten per cent of all the children born in Ger-

many were fatherless, so far as recognized wedlock was concerned. There were born in Germany 172,814 illegitimate children—the very large majority, said the census report, in the neighborhood of cities housing large garrisons of troops.

A friend of mine, who is a major surgeon in the English army, walked with me through a great military hospital. There were twelve hundred men from garrisons scattered all over Great Britain. My friend told me that out of the standing army of 725,000 men over 100,000 were hopelessly, haplessly, incurably invalided as the result of vices that hang around the camp, that inhere in the profession of the soldier.

In the United States army at least 1,200 men—more than an entire war-footing regiment—are constantly under medical treatment for venereal disease. These results of vice overbalance all other causes of disability. Typhoid, malaria, smallpox, all these are negligible beside the black plague. In 1902, out of every 1,000 men 162 were diseased. In 1912, with all recent discoveries as to prevention and cure, there were 11,211 cases of venereal disease, as against 3,737 of all others. That is the army. In the navy the rate is 160. Surgeon-General Rixey, in his 1909 report, said: "This class (venereal) of disease renders entirely ineffective for over a month three battleships, with a complement of 1,900 officers and men for each." And yet what can you expect?

Don't you see that if you teach a man that one commandment is wrong, you can't for the life of you defend the other nine? Don't you see that if it is right to commit murder, you have no logic by which you can teach him that it is wrong to commit adultery? Don't you see that the whole moral fabric stands or falls by the same logic?

The underlying genius of warfare is strategy, and in the conception of strategy the end always justifies the means. Deceit, fraud, untruthfulness, spite, betrayal—these are the methods of military statesmanship. Embody them in modern civilization, and you have found war's philosophy.

Aside from Japan, an anomaly among the sister nations, the greatest powers of the world are all the representative embodiment of Christian civilization. Cut out all reference to the spiritual side of religion, all reference to salvation, or heaven, or hell, or immortality; make Christianity merely the dynamic of a desirable type of civilization. Reduce the much disputed question of foreign missions to a mere desire to carry culture about the world.

What sort of a front does the Christian civilization of the world present as it prays its prayers and stings its psalms under the shadow of naked steel, while the "perishing heathen" laugh in ill-concealed contempt and cry: "Look how these Christians love!"

I think the saddest thing I saw in my whole journey around the world was a cartoon in a Mohammedan paper published in Cairo. It happened to be in that part of the world when Italy declared war against Turkey to take Tripoli. The most inexcusable net that has happened in modern civilization was the declaration of war against Turkey for a little strip of arid land in Tripoli. Italy had no reason to fight, unless it was that she said: "We have a big army. We have trained them to kill. Unless we give them something to kill, they might get to killing each other or us. We have got to have something to keep our battleships from rusting away at the docks. All the nations have taken a bit of Africa. England took a grab, France took a piece, Germany reached over and took a little; if we are going to train in big company we must have a piece in Africa." So Italy declared war. I happened to be in Italy when the legions marched away from their homes in Florence, in Rome, in Naples. These regiments of boys came down the steets and took ships that took them to Africa; they knew not what for; they cared less. I never saw a particle of enthusiasm in those regiments. They looked to me very much like our regiments of national guards—boys mostly; broad shoulders, brown cheeks, healthy looking; no hands playing; the merchants did not leave their stores; the populace did not gather in cheering crowds. I saw no enthusiasm of any kind. They took ship and went to fight for a piece of Tripoli.

A few weeks after that I was in Cairo. A battle had been fought. I saw a cartoon I shall never forget. The Moslem artist had drawn a remarkable picture. It was the desert foreground a single towering palm tree. Under it an old man was standing—an old desert sheik, his tattered burqa scarcely reaching to his poor ankles, his green turban on his head, and the wind blowing his gray locks about his face. Beside him was a little weakened old woman, crouching at his side, as he flung around her a protecting arm. Just over her was a younger woman with a babe suckling at her naked breast, another little child pulling her skirts. All of them seemed to be shrinking from some approaching terror. Away yonder on

the line of the horizon some one had fired a shell that had described its fiery arch in the sky. It had suddenly burst above them, where it looked like some great meteor falling from the sky, and underneath it the Mohammedan cartoonist had written, "Is this, then, perhaps, the Star of Bethlehem?"

Oh, the awful cynicism of it, when we remember that the nation that fired the shot that killed helpless old women and drabbed little children in their own blood was the nation in whose capital sits the head of the greatest religious organization in the world, "The Vicegerent of God, to rule in His name." How can Christianity but stand abashed in the presence of this militarism that gives the lie to its Prince of Peace?

So civilization today faces its most tremendous problem. Morals, education, progress, and religion are bound up in one. Militarism squanders resources, increases taxation, raises the cost of living, breeds rebellion and anarchy, lowers moral ideals, spreads leprosy vice, makes of religion a thing of grotesque hypocrisy, paralyzes missions, throttles the world. Reason cries "Halt!" But fear has reason chained. Not a nation of them all but would stop today if it could; but self-preservation is the first law of life. In the aggregation of ancient states heredity is stronger than sagacity. The world is tricked by a delusion.

Armed peace is not peace, but potential, menacing war. There is only one way to insure peace, and that is to abandon the possibility of war. The world wants peace. It wants a constructive age that will prove the ideals of humanity, and make our dreams come true. Who will lead the way? It will require courage and self-sacrifice far beyond the heroism of battle. Who is to lead the way? America can do it.

Is she brave enough? Can she do it still? Has she gone too far, or can she still be what our fathers dreamed when they planted that flag, a new constellation in the firmament of the earth? We have made some sad mistakes. The contagion, with its glamour and its barbaric fascination, has touched our sober judgment. We who are supreme in our self-sufficiency—who for a century laughed at the follies of the Old World madmen—have allowed ourselves a venture in the domain of Bedlam. Providence flung us for a moment into the forefront of the world, and instead of remembering that we stood for a new age and a new philosophy we dressed ourselves in the uniform of modern savagery and began to ape the insanity of the older world. We are not any instinet "a military nation. It does not set well with the genius of the Republic. It does not attract our men. Our young men are men of vision, of accomplishment; men of peaceful conditions. They dream dreams. There is nothing attractive to the young men of America in being shut up in dusty barracks and burning up in practice marches. If they must march, they want to march for something and to some place. Our old men are not taken with the posturing of pomposity and the glare and glimmers of European militarism.

Our American women don't go down into the dark valley and the shadow of death to breed boys to be made targets for bullets unless there is something behind the bullets that is worth sacrifice. What we have done, we have done well. Let us congratulate ourselves on that. With our tremendous resources, what we have made is the best that can be made.

At Spithead, at the King's Coronation, peace advocate as I am, I hugged myself when I looked upon the lordly Delaware, supremest of them all, and prof to the world of what money and Yankee genius can do when it sets out to do it. But we don't want Delawares; we don't want standing armies and big navies. We have no hereditary enemies. We have no old feuds to fight over. Our militarism is artificial, but its tremendous cost is a proof of how easily we might come to the brink of ruin.

We have only succeeded in collecting an army of 81,785 men and a navy of 47,500—less than 150,000 men in all—even after offering chromos of their enlistment.

We have a population of 100,000,000 on a self-sufficient area of 3,571,223 square miles. What a wonderful thing it is to stand across the seas and look at America! You think about America sometimes, but did you ever look at it at the angle of five thousand miles and see what it looks like? Did you know that you can take England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey—that is, all of Europe except Russia? Now take a map of the United States; cut off New England and straighten the eastern line; split the map down the summit of the Rocky Mountains from Canada to Mexico. You have a square republic now, bounded on the north by Canada and the Great Lakes, on the east by the Hudson River and the Atlantic, south by Mexico and the Gulf, west by the Rocky Mountains. Now, between the Hudson River and the Rockies—between Albany, N. Y., and Denver, Colorado—you can take

all Europe except Russia, and lay it down once, twice and a half a time—two and a half times—two and a half times—and still have one-sixth of our territory left to make a frame to go around the marvelous picture and hang it on the Pole Star for all the world to view in wonder and amazement. Here are 1,800,000 square miles of arable soil, capable of supporting, not our present 100,000,000, but capable of supporting a thousand million population better than any equal area on the face of the earth.

We have a national debt of a round billion-dollars every penny of it war debt, too. During the past thirty years our population has increased eighty-five per cent, our wealth one hundred and eighty-five per cent, and our expenditures four hundred per cent. For the ten years before the Spanish war we appropriated yearly \$24,000,000 for our army and \$27,000,000 for our navy. Since the Spanish war each year \$83,000,000 at least has gone to the War Department, an average of \$108,000,000 to the navy. In the ten years we have spent \$1,975,000,000, enough to have paid the entire national debt and have built three Panama Canals.

During 1912 our entire income was \$702,000,000. Of this we expended \$654,000,000, and of that expenditure \$444,000,000 went to the War, Navy, and Pension departments. Seventy-two per cent, that is, of the entire income—for war, past, present, and to come, and twenty-eight per cent, or what was left, for all that a great nation should do—deserts to be irrigated, swamps to be drained, rivers to be deepened, harbors to be dredged, forests to be guarded, roads to be built, tuberculosis to be fought, cancer to be investigated, ten million negroes to be cared for—all, all the mighty problems of a free Republic to be met, and we kept twenty-eight per cent of our income and gave the rest to a cheap imitation of European insanity.

The whole public school system of America cost in 1912 the sum of \$426,250,434, and we lavished \$444,000,000 on our pet delusion. A single battleship costs at least \$15,000,000; its upkeep at least \$750,000 per year. We have grown, alas! so accustomed to battleships and their cost that the enormous magnitude fails to impress us as it should.

The cost of one battleship would furnish a faculty of twenty-five professors to fifty colleges for five years. It would furnish the entire public-school system to ten cities of 50,000 inhabitants for ten years. It would give a complete college or technical education to 20,000 young men. It would build modern sanitary tenements, whose small rental would keep them in lasting repair and condition, capable of housing 300,000 souls in comfort and safety. It would build and endow fifteen manual training schools and enable them to send out each year ten thousand boys and young men fit to earn not a mere competence, but an adequate living. Instead of costing three-quarters of a million dollars to keep it in repair, and in ten years at most going to the scrap-heap of uselessness, that one battleship would eliminate ignorance and crime and pave the way to usefulness and success for thousands of men for generations to come. And we are urged to perpetuate this monumental extravagance yearly—not by building one ship alone, but two or three, and even four—so wild has become the mania of the extreme advocates of militarism.

We have fifty two fourteen-inch guns in our navy, each throwing a 1,400-pound shell, firing three shells a minute. These monsters of destruction can reach a target fourteen miles away. We have thirty-six thirteen-inch cannon all but as powerful.

These guns cost \$75,000 apiece. Every time a gun is fired it burns \$1,000 to ashes, and all this while people starve in our slums, children die like flies for lack of pure milk, and half-famished girls sell their virtue for the price of life. And we pay \$75,000 for one gun! Why, my God! a nation that will do a thing like that deserves the doom that fell on Babylon and that swept Rome from the hills she thought were eternal.

And all this without an enemy in the world—without a single power to challenge us to combat.

Let America stop. We have nothing to lose. We have an imperishable immortality to gain. More, we can teach our own people a higher, loftier purpose of life than the sordid greed for territory and power that dominates the policy of the world. We can pour out our millions for the people's good. We can fight poverty and want. We can campaign against vice and unrighteousness. We can make our armies conquering battalions who shall bear the triumphant banners of accomplishment. We can bridge our rivers, scale our mountains, make ample our harbors, bring the crystal magic of our streams, beneath whose touch our arid deserts shall bud and blossom into gardens of beauty and fertility. We can harness our waterfalls until the whir of masterful machinery shall make a symphony keyed to the music of peace.

Never came an army home from a hard-fought campaign egged with such glory as belonged to the mud-daubed, water-stained regiments of

our national guard who for a few months ago fought the floods and gave battle to the swollen rivers. Their hands were blistered from the shovel handles and their shoulders were aching from the burden of bags of sand; but they left behind them, not hospitals stinking of putrid blood or sodden fields laid out in windrows of mangled, ghastly dead. They left behind them mothers clasping to thankful hearts the children rescued from the torrent, and happy towns, rejoicing even in the face of grim destruction over the valor of the nation's men who had fought for a nation's weal.

We have nothing to lose save the sorry, sordid, boast of cruelty and power. We can gain, the realization of a true democracy—a nation battling for the Common Good.

Let America stop!

Let America stand before the nations clad in simple honesty, panoplied in elemental justice. Let her appeal to the common conscience of the world. Let her say to the war-mad, demented powers of Europe: "There is a way out, and we will lead. We will help you police the sea; we will give our quota to a constabulary of peace; but we are through. No great standing army, no more leviathan battleships. We trust to what we boast of as the highest attainment of the age—the innate justice of civilized humanity.

"Touch us if you dare! Violate at your peril the sacred axis with which we panoply the world's peace!

"We shall have our problems, but for their solution you will go with us to The Hague; we will stand beside us at the bar of international arbitration, plead your cause with all the eloquence you can command. Then we will lead ours. Then the Court shall decide. But when the verdict is given you will abide by the decision of that court, or we shall hold you up to the scorn and contempt of the enlightened conscience of the world."

Within thirty days of such a pronouncement the nations of the earth will stand behind America, thanking God for the moral courage of a people who had dared not to fight for peace, but to live to make peace.

It is America's supreme opportunity. It will demand of us clean hands and a pure heart. They must be without reproach who bear the banner of righteousness.

Heaven grant us the courage to be what our fathers dreamed. And so when the day shall come, as it must come, when in company with earth's mighty past this great Republic shall lie down at last, its duty done, its responsibility ended, may they write above her resting-place, not "This was the richest nation in the world," not "This was the greatest nation in the world"—but above her may they write in letters of light, that all the ages to come may read and glorify, the proudest epitaph a nation may win, "This—This was America, the Peacemaker of the World."

THE CLASSIFIED "AD."

In learning to utilize Classified Advertising, you take a "six-league" stride toward success! There are still some people living in Dallas and Polk county who have not learned to use The Observer's classified advertising columns. They know that there are "such things as 'want ads,'" and probably assume that some people must find them useful. But, for some reason or other, they have not put these "ads" to the test of usefulness to themselves.

These same people have "caught up" with events in many other directions. They utilize the telephone, the telegraph, gas, electric light, the street cars. They adopt modern conveniences for house-keeping. They utilize time and labor-saving appliances in business.

But, having a task for a classified advertisement to do, they try to find some other way to accomplish it. If it is a renting task, they depend upon a placard. If it is a property selling task, they put up a "For Sale Sign." If it is a position-finding task, they rely upon personal friends to help them. If they have furnished rooms to rent, they place an advertisement in the window or over the door bell.

When these people make their first successful use of want advertising, they acquire a new optimism. Irksome tasks become mere business matters. New possibilities without number open to them. They learn to utilize the "Six-League Boots" of publicity when occasion requires—and every little daily problem becomes manageable. The Observer is published Tuesdays and Fridays, and gives results. It has been proven.
