

and in love. The face in the moon reminded him of Mr. Wilcox as Dogberry. The longing in him grew into passionate hope and he told himself that he was going towards the New World where there had been wars of liberty."

A success—perhaps! But he could not make a more brilliant success than by retaining that splendid, lovely ideal of his; that beautiful, eternal spirit of youth.

Peace or Righteousness

By L. K. Keay

"You with your 'Art for its own sake,' posing and prinking;
You with your 'Live and be merry,' eating and drinking;
You with your 'Peace at all hazard,' from bright blood shrinking.

"Fools! I will tell you—
There's a glory gold never can buy to yearn and to cry for;
There's a hope that's as old as the skies to suffer and sigh for;
There's a faith that out-dazzles the sun to martyr and die for."

WE are living in a peculiar age. We are witnessing the occurrence of events of a magnitude and importance unprecedented in history. Tremendous issues are being settled. We ourselves are constantly being confronted by problems involving fundamental principles of right and wrong concerning which no right-thinking man can be neutral. In a nation claiming so great a share of honor in promoting liberty, once the mind is made up, its decision should be advanced with indefatigable zeal and straightforward fearlessness.

In the present European conflict—a clash of opposing ideals—a war between democracy and despotism, the so-called pacifists and their fellow-believers the conscientious objectors, although perhaps far from a vital factor in the War's progress, have been a thorn in the side of nations fighting to obliterate a militarism that is an affront to modern civilization. Especially as the United States nears the edge of the precipice, and indeed any day may see her topple over, a consideration of that strange type of mind which professes to hold ideals—but which refuses to defend them—seems to be, at least, opportune.

Were it not for the fact that there are numerous well-meaning

people utterly incapable of learning any lesson taught by history, even utterly incapable of interpreting aright what has occurred before their very eyes in the last three years, there would be no pacifists. And the members of that cult who refuse to bear arms are not at fault, because they are doing what they think right; but their error lies in having so perverted an idea of what is right. Therefore, though numbers of such people are doubtless actuated by motives of sheer cowardice, those who are not are none the less open to attack. Many anarchists have been known to be absolutely sincere in their beliefs, yet the whole established system of jurisprudence would have to be reconstructed before mere sincerity would be accepted as excuse for wrong-doing. Let it be understood at the outset, then, that we do not impugn the conscientious objectors for practising their beliefs, but attack the beliefs themselves.

Any cursory study of history will show that the great principles of democracy, including all the countless changes which mark the progress of civilization, and which we enjoy as a matter of course, have been gained only with enormous bloodshed. An attempt to enumerate instances where questions vital to the progress of mankind have been settled by war would seem unnecessary to convince an intelligent person. We are an independent democracy today because some of our ancestors were willing to sacrifice their lives for a cause. We are united today for the same reason. Most of what we have and of what we are is due to our forebears not being too proud to fight. Indeed, stepping back across the threshold of a few centuries, we find that if certain of the European peoples had been impelled by the motives of the conscientious objector, the very religion on which he bases his objection would have ceased to exist, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that our religion today would be Mohammedanism.

We are prone to wonder at the backwardness of Russia. Yet her condition is explained fully by the significant fact that in the thirteenth century she was trodden under foot by an alien civilization because she had not developed a military efficiency capable of withstanding the onrush of the Mongol invasion. And today the scars remaining from two centuries of brutal subjugation constitute the chief difficulties with which Russia must contend in her effort to climb upward.

So through the ages we see clearly demonstrated the harsh but immutable law that nothing worth while can be obtained without great sacrifice. The trend of progress has been toward that state where the privileges that have been handed down from generation to generation shall be enjoyed by all men alike. Notwithstanding that there have

been countless unjust wars, the fruits of the righteous ones are enjoyed by the pacifists as well as his fellowmen. Yet as he brands all war as criminal, how can he conscientiously enjoy the privileges that are the fruits of a criminal code? - And after all such a person, because the number of his fellow-thinkers is small, may never learn from bitter experience that the lofty ideals which he vociferously advocates would by his attitude be blotted from the earth, because his fellowmen sacrifice themselves to realize his dreams.

The ideal mental state of the pacifists seems to be one of absolute adiaphory. They conveniently jump to the conclusion that because there have been futile wars—wars that perhaps even the militarist will declare better never to have been fought—all war is wrong. Of course the mere theory in itself is harmless, but when its practice leads to a refusal to meet duty it becomes odious. The fallacy of such a theory lies in the consideration of war as a thing in itself detached from its causes. War is a terrible thing. Only colossal ends can justify use of such a means, yet to any red-blooded man there are things infinitely worse than war. The war Belgium wages today can no more be compared with the war Villa wages against Carranza than electricity operating a motor can be compared with lightning. It is true that in both cases the force is electricity, but the difference of its effect is incalculable. Precisely does the same argument apply to war. War is simply a force and it is merely to utter a truism to say that any force capable of good is capable of evil as well. Fire destroys, water drowns, steam explodes, electricity kills, and if the same mental process prevailed in science as in conscientious objection, these forces would be considered better abolished.

As we remarked before, these people profess to hold ideals. These ideals are for the most part admirable. The dream of a permanent peace as being the only normal world condition is common to all clear-thinking men; but instead of accomplishing anything by his methods of attaining that ideal, in refusing to fight for it when the opportunity arrives, the pacifist actually jeopardizes it by helping the military power of an opponent which certainly will not enhance its progress. If he refuses to bear arms for a country in the right he is a force for evil. If he refuses to fight for a country in the wrong he is a force for good. In either case the progress of good or evil does not appear to concern him. He is a mere creature of circumstance—fate alone determining the channels of his influence.

In the present War every conscientious objector that deserts Great Britain in her time of need constitutes a step toward an ultimate German victory. In the event of such a catastrophe theirs would be a portion

of the guilt. In general terms any propaganda of non-resistance exerting influence in an enlightened country goes hand in hand with the militarism of an aggressive foreign country.

The fallacies of the creed of pacifism are so numerous and so self-evident that consideration of them all would be a wearisome task. To begin with, few terms are so egregiously misapplied as the term pacifism. It conveys an entirely false impression as to the end it promotes. As this country is beginning to find out only too well, the idealistic pacifism in the policy of our government—the hyphenated pacifism in some of our adopted citizens—the infatuated pacifism, bordering on treason; in certain of our ex-officials, automobile manufacturers and others—far from conducing to immunity from armed conflict, has actually plunged the nation to the brink of war. The unbalanced type of mind that can pursue so fatuous a policy as will invariably bring on the result it most fears is indeed hard to understand. Such are the pacifists. They fail to realize that the ideal for the nation as well as for the individual is toward the attainment of a combination of qualities rather than the over-development of any one quality. The mere fact that certain men possess physical courage to the exclusion sometimes of other qualities does not render the one virtue they have a vice. Similarly the enlightenment of America, if she prove unwilling to defend it and to fight for it, is no better a quality than the military efficiency of Germany, which seems to lack such enlightenment. The perfect state would be a junction of both. Because lofty ideals and the brute force necessary to put them into practice are a rare combination, the worth of one need not obscure that of the other; for as a matter of fact each one is absolutely worthless without the other. The idealistic pacifist without the will to put his ideals into practice is not one iota more valuable to society than the violent militarist without any ideals to put into practice.

And even this equality is conjectural. The pacifists or the conscientious objectors by their pernicious advocacy of a false doctrine containing the immoral and fallacious theory that strife is best avoided by acquiescence in wrong and submission to aggression, not only do precisely nothing to advance the cause of peace, but actually accomplish by their infatuated senselessness the evil result they profess to combat. They not only fail to reduce the likelihood of war, but even were they successful, the peace they contemplate would be intolerable to men because justice is ignored in their calculations.

Failing to realize that neither war nor peace are ends in themselves, but that righteousness is the only end,—that peace is a means to that end, but unfortunately not the only one,—they refuse to admit

that there are times when the only means to attain the end of righteousness is war, and peace without righteousness is intolerable.

Herein lies the crime of pacifism. It preaches a neutrality between right and wrong. It places peace above justice, safety above performance of duty; no degree of sincerity can remove the ignominy of such a course.

Let us then, as units of a great nation, learn to esteem honor and duty above safety. Let us be willing to wage war rather than accept the peace that spells destruction. Let us hold ourselves in readiness to sacrifice our lives with stern joy, if necessary, rather than endure a peace that would throw righteousness to the winds and consecrate triumphant wrong. Let us, each one of us, show that we care for the things of the body but place infinitely more value on things of the soul. Let us realize that where a principle is at stake, human life counts for nothing. For, after all, we receive life from an unknown source and if, in laying it down, we perform some service that will make the world a better place for future generations to live in, even as our fathers have done for us, then our life has not been in vain.

Cabe Man: A Sketch

Willst a wife?—

Ay.—

I' faith, beat not thy wench.—Old play.

It was all over, all irretrievably over. For ten years he had fought against it and just when he had thought himself immune he had been struck down by it.

It surely was not love—that were too ignominious after such a long struggle. All through his life he had insisted that there was no such thing as love in its purest and least adulterated form; all through his life he had sought the society of women and enjoyed the thrills that beauty in the abstract can give; for him a lovely woman had been an object of art and as such he had admired her; there had never been the least *personal* sentiment. That is why he had been courted by women so much, I suppose.

No—it was *not* love.

And yet, why had he bent over her hand and begged her to marry him. He was not a saint; he had had affairs with women just as every red-blooded young man of his set but they had never been affairs of the *heart*; he flattered himself that he *knew* them—and yet—

He did not love her now; he *did* not love her a half an hour ago when he let himself in for marriage. She was not so very beautiful either; just a saucy little girl still in her teens. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! what a mess he had made of his life by that one instant of idiotic and