

thing of the past. As the opinions merely of individuals, these beliefs held no importance. But Crosby was a graduate of West Point and I of Annapolis, and our opinions were those not only of army and navy officers at that time, but of intelligent people generally.

This state of mind continued throughout the United States until the U. S. S. "Maine" blew up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898. Immediately the country went into hysterics. Red ribbons were worn on the lapels of the most conservative gentlemen, bearing in gold letters the words "To Hell With Spain." The administration under President McKinley made herculean efforts to calm the people and keep out of war, but the people themselves insisted on it and war was declared in April. At that time I was with the American fleet in Asia, under Dewey. Reports of the excitement had reached us, but we took them with a grain of salt, believing that they were evidence merely of a temporary disturbance. Even after war had been declared on April 27th, we could not bring ourselves to believe that we were actually going into battle. It was not until a few minutes before the midnight that ushered in May 1st, that the scream of shells fired at us as we were going into Manila Bay awoke us from our dream of peace.

Just so, if we indulge in dreams of everlasting peace at the present time we shall one day be awakened in the same rude manner. War is hor-

rible, even to the militarists. We are no more brutal or cold-blooded than the pacifists; we simply refuse to believe that war can be done away with by declining to recognize its existence. The causes of war are too deeply rooted in human nature ever to be abolished. The very same reasons that compel cities to have policemen make it necessary for nations to maintain armies and navies. There will always be outlaws among nations, and mob attacks in times of hysteria. An armed force is the only means of protecting property against such attacks. If world disarmament should be proclaimed, there would be world-wide helplessness against the mob. The same thing would happen to the world that happened to Boston when the police went on strike. Physical force is the only means of holding a mob in check.

Some pacifists wish to compromise, and advocate merely a reduction in armament; but as soon as they have done this they have rejected the principle of disarmament altogether. What they are then proposing is inadequate armament, which would be successful neither as a protective measure nor as a gesture of international confidence and good will. Of course we militarists do not demand that a country be armed to the teeth; the most extreme admit that there can be too much armament as well as too little. We do insist, however, that a nation ought to maintain an armament proportional to the amount of wealth which it guards.

Ouan Tsi T'ung Finds Violence weaker than Serenity

THE moth,
Enraged,
Beats against the lamp,
His wings forming
Countless tiny fans —
And falls at last
A fragile pinch of gray ashes. . . .

The lamp burns on,
Tranquilly. . . .

— Paul Eldridge



DOUBLE Birthday

by WILLA CATHER

EVEN IN AMERICAN cities, which seem so much alike, where people seem all to be living the same lives, striving for the same things, thinking the same thoughts, there are still individuals a little out of tune with the times — there are still survivals of a past more loosely woven, there are disconcerting beginnings of a future yet unforeseen.

Coming out of the gray stone Court House in Pittsburgh on a dark November afternoon, Judge Hammersley encountered one of these men whom one does not readily place, whom one is, indeed, a little embarrassed to meet, because they have not got on as they should. The Judge saw him mounting the steps outside, leaning against the wind, holding his soft felt hat on with his hand, his head thrust forward

— hurrying with a light, quick step, and so intent upon his own purposes that the Judge could have gone out by a side door and avoided the meeting. But that was against his principles.

“Good day, Albert,” he muttered, seeming to feel, himself, all the embarrassment of the encounter, for the other snatched off his hat with a smile of very evident pleasure, and something like pride. His gesture bared an attractive head — small, well-set, definite and smooth, one of those heads that look as if they had been turned out of some hard, rich wood by a workman deft with the lathe. His smooth-shaven face was dark — a warm coffee color — and his hazel eyes were warm and lively. He was not young, but his features had a kind of quick-silver mobility. His manner toward the stiff, frowning Judge was respectful and admiring — not in the least self-conscious.