

which latter is the kind of war to which he refers that took place in Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, and the Central American States. Since the establishment of the Central Court of Justice, all interstate wars in the Central American States have ceased. Preparedness for civil war is, in the nature of the case, impossible much in advance. Rebels may get in power and secure all the advantage of increased armaments. In our own Civil war the southern arsenals would have been equally well-stocked had appropriations been doubled.

Mr. Roosevelt assumes that deBloch, the great author of the "Future of War," believed that war had now become impossible. He had no such illusion. He believed that successful war was now impossible and when war occurred between two fairly equal combatants, as in the present war, complete exhaustion and a "draw" would be the result. Mr. Roosevelt fans the flame of hysteria which our militarists have lighted as regards invasion by saying, "Of course, what has been done in Belgium would be done to us if the conditions required it." He should have added, "and if it were conceivably possible, which it is not." He wants the public to believe that if Germany desired to attack us, she could hereafter do it within the lifetime of the new armaments that he wants ordered this winter. To do so, a conceivably victorious Germany would have to ship her troops 4,000 miles away and leave a ring of 270,000,000 hostile, revengeful, defeated foes, ready to invade her land the moment her army left on its mission to destroy her best customer and the only power left on earth that was not hostile to her. If she came soon, she would probably meet an American fleet larger than hers will be when this war ends.

Are we to be stamped into increasing armaments at the very moment when every possible enemy is becoming weaker and poorer every day? If so, it will hamper us sorely as we go later to ask the Powers for general limitation of armaments. Professor Sidney Gulick of Japan, who knows the oriental problem as few do, warns us impressively that increased arming now will be construed in Japan as a menace and may snap the cords of friendship between us which every American citizen ought to desire to strengthen.

This year, is probably the most critical year in human history. We are facing either limitation of armaments and progress, or more armaments, universal conscription and presently an armed Asia, with panic, suspicion, bankruptcy, and the decay of civilization. The men who are working to have America tip the scale towards the world's further armaments know not what they do. Generations of the unborn on whom the world is placing the intolerable burden of paying the billions of borrowed capital that is carrying on this

war, cry out to us, in God's name, to spare them anything more.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.



JONES AND SUGAR

For The Public.

"Bob," said Mrs. Jones to her husband one morning in 1913, "Bob, I see by the big head-lines in the paper that sugar is on the free list. That means that the tax is off. We should get 30 pounds of sugar for a dollar now. Here is a dollar, go to the grocery and get 15 pounds of sugar, that's 50c; two boxes of strawberries, 25c; one pint of cream, 20c; and then you will have a nickel left to get you a paper. We will have berries and cream for lunch."

Jones took the dollar and started for the store, thinking what a fine thing it was that tax was off sugar. But he found that the big head-lines in the paper were misleading, sensational gossip, to sell the paper; and were also prompted by the great fear that sugar might go on the free list and help cut the high cost of living; of which millions of people were complaining.

"No," he was told at the store, "sugar is not on the free list yet. It is going up; only 14 pounds for a dollar this morning. No strawberries and cream for you today, nor cigars, either."

So Jones began to think hard, and wonder how he would tell his wife so as to cause her as little grief as possible.

"Well," said he, "others suffered and were disappointed as well as we, if that is any satisfaction. The farmer lost the sale of two boxes of berries; the cigar makers lost the sale of a cigar; and the cigar box makers will have to wait longer for a box order."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and the dairyman lost the sale of a pint of cream. And although this one sale to us means very little, think of all our neighbors, and of all the other families in this great city, who are in the same fix as ourselves."

"And it means a whole lot to the farmer, and to the dairyman. He can't keep so many cows as he would if he could sell his cream. He won't buy as much hay and feed from the farmer, nor keep as many men and teams and wagons, and cows," said Bob, whose mind seemed to be following this line that led everywhere and affected everybody adversely.

He finally said, "No wonder, dear, that I don't have work half the time and have to take small wages, besides; when the tax on sugar makes such a raid on the farmer, dairyman, can factories, horse market, wagon business and drivers out of jobs, so they can't buy anything. No wonder we are sour and get cross sometimes. If protection for the sugar industry does so much harm, whom does it protect? And then, think of all the other articles on the tariff list, 4,500 of them; I wonder

that we get enough to keep soul and body together."

Just then a farmer came in the door. "Don't you want some fine cherries this morning? Just picked last evening. They are just right for pies or canning."

"No, I don't want to buy any cherries," said Mrs. Jones, with an almost insolent tone in her voice; "sugar is so high we can't afford them. They take lots of sugar, cherries do, and you farmers have always been Protectionists, because you raise a few sugar beets, I suppose."

"Oh, there is no money in sugar beets," said the farmer. "No money in nothing, only lots of hard work. Here I've been all morning trying to sell this little lot of cherries. Pears, too, and nobody wants anything."

"Oh, yes, they all want them bad enough," said Mrs. Jones; "but they can't buy 'em when they have to pay two prices for sugar. And I hope you'll starve hollering protection."

"Didn't protection for sugar ruin the berry business, and the fruit business in general? Haven't you farmers more berries and plums and peaches and cherries to sell than you have sugar to sell? No wonder you can't sell anything."

Then she related the story of the morning; how some other farmer lost the sale of strawberries, the dairyman, of cream and milk, and added: "That's the way it is all down the line. And that is the reason Mr. Jones is sitting around the house with nothing to do and no money to buy cherries."

L. C. LAW.



THE DISEMPOWERED.

Hugh J. Hughes in *La Follette's*.

I am the shifting sand beneath the walls
Ye build and call the State. I am the Fear
That haunts you in your boastings and your dreams;
Your dead youth's lost occasions! Yea, I am
The corse beneath the fabric of your Dream!

I am the shifting sand beneath the State.
Your laws, your customs, creeds, I undermine.
I laugh at your conventions, meant to bind
Your Creeds! To me they purvey only lies.
So as ye build, I bury that ye build;
The walls ye rear upon me do decay.

I am the dream of Evil ye have dreamed;
The uncouth Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth;
The savage come again to leer, and laugh
Into forgetfulness the domes ye build.
Your learning, culture, visions,—these shall fade,
And I shall pour your wisdom into pools
To sink, and fail, and so be lost to man.
I am the youngest Anarch of the world:
I neither love nor hate, I only leer,
A gibbering ghost of manhood, o'er your dreams.

I am your Brother driven forth to die!
These are your cities, empires, and demesnes,—
And these your doles,—to toil!—and still to toil!

To render into Caesar, not the tithe,
But all, that Caesar of his will bestow
That in his wisdom 'recompense' is writ—
The helot I, your brother equal born!

These are your cities; I will make them dust!
These are your empires; they shall disappear
These your demesnes—Forgetfulness shall be
Of all ye said, or did, or hoped, or sung!

Ye did inherit much, and did take all;
So I shall ravish in its bloom your hope,
Shall make your boast of culture all a lie,
Shall make you know the emptiness of dreams!

Hear once again the word of him ye scorn!
I am that Ishmael ye have doomed to die;
I am the fair Occasions ye have flung
Aside as void of value and of life.
I am the Fear that haunts you in your halls
And senates, and the temples of your God.
And as your systems crumble and decay
Heed well that I did tell you and now tell;
I am the shifting sand beneath the State!

BOOKS

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama Canal. By Frederic J. Haskin. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.35 net.

"When on February 20, 1915, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition opens its gates to the world in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal, it expects to offer to the nations of the earth"—but this final chapter, like the rest of Mr. Haskin's book about the Canal, was written before the nations of the earth went to war. Its air of joyous American boastfulness, of happy international comradeship in a great victory over nature, seems now more like part of our innocent childhood, or of our dreams of the distant future than like any piece of reality.

Yet the Isthmian Canal is finished and both San Diego and San Francisco have opened their gates to celebrate. There is no harm in America's hailing the event, even if big sister Europe has no time or heart for our cheers. Just what we are hurrahing for, Mr. Haskin's book is to tell. The history of the Canal project, the difficulties and accomplishments of both its engineering and sanitary staff, the organizing abilities of its builders, even the politics preceding and accompanying this great work, are set forth simply and with essential truth in pleasantly readable form. The scores of pictures by the Canal Commission's photographer as well as the bird's-eye view which many readers appreciated in the *Geographic Magazine*, add greatly to the effectiveness of the story.

If moderation might have reduced some hundreds of superlatives to comparatives, and modesty