

because they happened to be born in Germany.

There is more hope in the world's tribunal of peace which opened in Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday last, as outlined by John Hays Hammond, than anything else that has been wired for a month past.

When the present war broke out and President Wilson tendered the belligerents the good offices of our government to help adjust their differences, while approving the act, we ventured to express the belief that the president should go further, should summon neutral nations to send delegations to join our delegation at The Hague, and continue to demand that the difficulties be healed.

When two men engage in a fist fight in the street the by-standers separate them and demand that the fighting shall cease. The men engaged in war in Europe are too numerous to pick up and send to the cooler over night, but could the neutral nations of the earth, led by the United States, thunder a new demand for peace every week it would get within the fighting lines and have its effect after a while.

Depew at Eighty-One

ON the second of the present month, the Montauk club of New York City gave Chauncey Depew a birthday dinner, he being eighty-one on that day. It was the twenty-fourth annual dinner that the club has given him.

Depew made a rattling speech. He reviewed some of the changes of a century. One startling change has been the introduction of trousers. He touched on the various centenarians that have recently been celebrated and then said "that of trousers had been strangely neglected. And added:

"Among these celebrations of events of the older time, it will not be thought frivolous in an after-dinner speech, which permits anything fit to print provided that it is interesting, that a hundred years ago trousers were first worn by suffering men.

"The tailor, who appeared in them in Bond street, London, was assaulted by the mob and arrested by the police for indecency. The Duke of Wellington next tried the fashion, but was turned away from the most important ball of the season at Allwich. His fresh laurels of Waterloo could not save him from the indignation of the British matron. The governor of the ball said, 'your grace cannot enter here. The guests at this ball must be dressed.'

"The significance of trousers is that it marks the change which came in with the nineteenth century of nerve-racking habits of hurry and haste. Rest and repose no longer prolong and beautify our lives. The otium cum dignitate of Cicero has ceased to be a happy habit. The utilitarian says it cost Cicero his life, for he could have escaped Antony's assassins if he had hurried. The spirit of the age has cheapened literature. It is not that there are no great writers, but there are no patient readers. The pot-boiler drives out the classics."

He explained the difference between the militarists and pacifists this way:

"There never were preparations for war of such vast magnitude, and the perfection of the preparations made war inevitable. The irony of the situation is that the line is invisible between the size of armies and navies necessary for national defense and militarism which provokes war."

He told how great wealth had often missed him by a mere hairsbreadth. One chance was as follows:

"In 1877 I had an option on a sixth of the Bell Telephone stock for \$10,000. I consulted the most famous telegraphic expert in the country, and he advised me to drop it. 'It is a toy and commercially a fake,' he said. Had I followed my strong faith in the enterprise I would today (if alive, which is doubtful), be a hundred millionaire."

In closing he said some things which all men should read, of which the following is a synopsis:

One political change of recent date, he said, was that union labor under Samuel Gompers, had "secured a department of the government, a cabinet minister, and enacts and defeats legislation as it wills." He continued:

"The new idea is to reverse the laws of nature by acts of congress. It repudiates the old system of the 'equality of men before the law,' and seeks to secure the equality of all despite differences in character, ability, initiative, energy, industry, and thrift. It tries to do away with competition, because under competitive conditions the best man wins, and then to so control competition which does survive that the lame and the lazy may divide with the strong, capable, and sober.

"A national commission of well-meaning gentlemen to whom business is a mystery are given unlimited power over business to help the weak and check the strong. The wise, experienced and able management of the railroads of the country is as necessary to the public as to the corporations, and yet another law, when it goes into effect, if it is enforced according to its letter and spirit, will make it impossible for any one who has demonstrated his judgment and ability by accumulating property to be a director of a railroad company. The Hotel De Gink is to be our industrial university and the hobo our ideal of efficiency.

"The statesmen who enact these grotesque laws are men of brains, conscience, and patriotism. They have not been in contact with business, big or little, and spurn the lessons of experience. They believe that the fault or evils which are found in the transaction of business are to be remedied by untried theories. Nothing disturbs their cocksureness. Up to fifty I thought that a sign of strength and wisdom. At eighty-one I doubt."

A. M. Wrench

THE death of A. M. Wrench comes as a personal bereavement to all who knew him well. So true was he to every trust, so constant was he in his friendships, so considerate was he of others, so fine a gentleman; so controlled was he by his sense of duty; so backed was he by a courage that no danger could pall.

Withall he was modest as a timid woman; moving noiselessly among men and giving outwardly no sign of the indomitable soul within, or the high purposes that guided and controlled his life work.

He was as capable as he was brave and true. His death is a greater loss than the public at large can realize; his purpose was to accomplish much for those he loved and for his country, for his patriotism was so intense that in his heart he long ago, consecrated his fortune his honor, his life itself, if necessary, upon his country's altar.

It is pitiable that he should be called just in the noonday of life, when all his faculties were at their best, when hope was leading him on to a fruition that promised to be crowned by honorable achievement and the peace that comes for duties bravely fulfilled.

God rest his high soul.

Looks Like Desperation

THE indications all confirm the impression that just now Germany has lost her steady poise and has entered upon desperate tactics to win; as though her rulers feel that they cannot much longer hold their people up to the incessant drain of life to which they have been subjected now for nine months.

All her original plans have failed. She was by a quick dash to take Paris; then by one overwhelming blow to crush Russia's military power; then to hurl a great army upon the English coast and to dictate peace; by some excuse sweep over and take in the Netherlands; then by her alliance with Turkey to close the Hellespont effectively against Russia, and then capture Egypt and the Suez canal. Now after nine months not one thing has been gained except to so far prevent the invasion of her own territory, and then the foes are steadily closing in upon her and gaining strength every day, while the very

flower of the army has been smitten, and in the trenches her soldiers are going insane by hundreds under the hardships and strain to which they are being subjected.

Two weeks ago Dr. Scherer of Lucerne arriving at Geneva direct from the war asylum near Munich, said:

"I never realized the depth of the war horrors," said Dr. Scherer, "until I saw there hundreds of men, mostly young, who had gone mad in the trenches. Some lay quiet, oblivious to their surroundings; others with burning eyes watched every movement of the visitors and attendants.

"A percentage of the insane recover after some weeks of careful care and rest and later return to the front," Dr. Scherer said, "the remainder are sent to other asylums, because, their recovery being doubtful, their presence in the trenches might endanger their comrades.

"Several such special asylums for madmen from the trenches have been opened in Germany. Something seems to break inside the soldiers under the prolonged stress of fighting and fatigue, sanguinary scenes, and hand-to-hand encounters."

The news of the capture of the Dardanelles is liable to come at any time; Austria gives unmistakable signs of exhaustion; and Germany at fearful sacrifices is barely holding her own. If she moves her fleet out from Kiel, she will do it at the imminent risk of having it destroyed, for in the temper which the British naval officers and men are in, it will mean a fight to the death.

Our belief is that the kaiser will have to ask for terms of peace within the next forty days to save his throne from danger of destruction from his own people.

Who Knows?

DANTE was born in May, 1265 A. D.—six hundred and fifty years ago. He wrote an allegorical story describing his journey through "Hell," "Purgatory" and "Paradise."

The world has waited a long time, but nearly all Europe except his own country—and she seems anxious to start—is just now passing through something very like hell and purgatory, but paradise seems to be a long way off for those en route. If European civilization as represented today in 'Enlightened' Europe, can offer any reasons why it should exist, they will be welcome to a listening world. Milton wrote "Long is the way and dark that out of hell leads up to light." But looking out on the European world, the light does not much improve matters.

But who knows? Infinite justice grew weary of the prayers that were constantly rising from our country for freedom, and so at last caused great armies to be set in array, and the clouds were never lifted from our sky until four hundred thousand of the bravest and best of our people were dead, every home made a house of mourning, and half the land made a wreck.

Then when the people could dry their eyes enough to see and compose their mind enough to think, it suddenly came to them that the Infinite had grown weary of the institution of human slavery, and that in as much as it was a mighty wrong, that wrong had to be expiated through suffering.

Who, knows but that the same inexorable judge is tired of king's rule, weary of hearing a weak mortal proclaim a divine right to rule other mortals, and has determined that man shall at last be free? And hence the present cataclysm?

After carefully reading the remarks of William D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Industrial Workers of the World (with the accent on the "workers") given before the commission in Washington on Wednesday, it is difficult to come to any conclusion except that he is simply a pervert and ought to be restrained in an asylum.