

Abe and Morris on "Soap Boxes and Peace Fellers"

BY MONTAGUE GLASS.

SP PEOPLE ain't begun to realize yet what this war really and truly means, Mawruss," Abe Potash said, as he finished reading an interview with ex-Ambassador Gerard, in which the ex-ambassador said that people had not yet begun to realize what the war really meant.

"Maybe they don't," Morris Perlmutter agreed, "but for every feller which ain't begun to realize what this war really and truly means, Abe, there is a hundred other fellers which ain't begun to realize what a number of people there is which goes round saying that people ain't begun to realize what this war really and truly means, y'understand. Also, Abe, the same people is going round begging people which is just as patriotic as they are that they should brace up and be patriotic, y'understand, and they are pulling pledges to hold up the hands of the President on other people who has got similar pledges in their breast pockets and pretty near beats 'em to it, understand me, and that's the way it goes."

"Well, if one time out of a hundred, they strike somebody who really and truly don't realize what the war means, like you, Mawruss," Abe began, "why then their time ain't entirely wasted neither."

"I realize just so much as you do what this war means, Abe," Morris retorted.

"Maybe you do," Abe admitted, "but you don't talk like you did, Mawruss, otherwise you would know that if out of a hundred Americans only ninety-nine of 'em pledges themselves to hold up the hands of the President, y'understand, and the balance of one claims that we are in this war just to save our investments in Franco-American bonds and that Mr. Wilson is every bit as bad as the Kaiser except that he's clean-shaven, y'understand, then them ninety-nine fellers with the pledges in their breast pockets should ought to convert the balance of one. Because, Mawruss, a nation which is ninety-nine per cent patriotic is like a fish which is ninety-nine per cent fresh—all you can notice is the one per cent, which smells bad."

"I am just so much in favor of the country being one hundred per cent American as you are, Abe," Morris said, "but what I claim is that we should go about it right."

"If you mean we shouldn't argue with them one-percenters but send them right back to that part of the world country which they come from originally, Mawruss," Abe continued, "why, I am agreeable that they should be shipped right away, f.o.b. N. Y., all deliveries subject to delay and liability being limited to \$50 personal baggage in case they should fail to arrive in Europe."

"Sure I know," Morris agreed, "but pretty near all them one-percenters was born and raised in the United States or in St. Louis, Wisconsin and Cincinnati. You take this here burgermeister of Chicago for instance, and the chances is that all he knows about the old country is what he learned on a couple of visits to Milwaukee, y'understand, so how could you export a feller like that?"

"I don't want to export him, Maw-

russ. All I would like to see is that they should put an embargo on him," Abe said, "and on his friends, them peace fellers, too."

"Well, I'll tell you," Morris commented, "about them peace fellers, you couldn't blame 'em exactly, because you know how it is with some people—they ain't got no control over their feelings, and if they're scared to death, y'understand, they couldn't help showing it, which my poor grandmother, olav hasholom, wouldn't allow me to keep so much as a pea-shooter in the house, on account, she says, if the good Lord wills it, even a broomstick could give fire."

"And yet, Mawruss, if burglars would of broke into her home, I bet you she would grabbed the nearest flatiron and went for 'em with it," Abe said, "so don't insult your grandmother, sellig, by comparing her with them peace fellers which they oser care how many burglars is johnnying the front door just so long as they could hide under the bed."

"At the same time, Abe, there is some of them peace fellers which ain't so much scared as they are contrary, y'understand," Morris said. "Take this here La Follette, Abe, and that feller's motto is: 'My country—I think she's always wrong—but right or wrong, that's my opinion and I stick to it.' All a United States senator has got to do is to look like he is preparing to do something, y'understand, and before he can get out so much as 'Brother President and fellow members of this organization,' La Follette jumps up and

how many American soldiers is going to be killed by the Germans in France six months later, just so long as his own name is spelt right by the newspapers in New York city next morning."

"It would help a whole lot, Mawruss," Abe said, "if senators and congressmen was numbered the same like automobiles, y'understand, because who is going to waste his breath arguing that the Senate should pass a law which it's a pipe the Senate ain't going to pass on account that nobody is in favor of it except himself and a couple of other senators temporarily absent on the road, making Fargo, Minneapolis, Chicago and points east as traveling peace conventioners, y'understand, when he knows that next morning, the only notice the New York newspapers will take of his geschrei will be: 'Among those who spoke in the Senate yesterday war.'"

"Well, there's plenty of people which thinks when Gov. Lauben wouldn't let them peace fellers run off their convention, y'understand, that it was unconstitutional," Morris said.

"Sure I know," Abe said, "they're the same people which thinks that anything which helps us and hinders Germany is unconstitutional, including the Constitution. You take them socialist orators, which the only use they've got for soap is the boxes the soap comes in, y'understand, and to hear them talk you would think that the Kaiser sunk the Lusitania pursuant to Article LXI, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States, Mawruss, whereas when President Wilson sends a message to Congress asking them when they are going to get busy on the war taxes and what do they think this is anyway—a kaffeeklatsch, y'understand—it is all kinds of violations of Article XVI, XXXII, OK and COD of the Constitution and that the American people is a lot of weak-livered curs to stand for it, outside of being weak-livered curs anyway."

"You mean to say we allow these here fellers to get up on soap boxes and say such things like that?" Morris exclaimed.

"We've got to allow them," Abe replied. "The Constitution protects them."

"What do you mean—the Constitution protects them?" Morris said. "Here a couple of weeks ago a judge in North Carolina gives out a decision that the Constitution don't protect little children eleven years old from being made to work in factories, y'understand, and now you are trying to tell me that the same Constitution does protect these here loafers? What kind of

Constitution have we got anyway?"

"I don't know, Mawruss, but there's this much about it anyhow, a lawyer could get more money out of just one board of directors which wants to go ahead and put through the deal, if under the Constitution of the United States nobody could do 'em nothing, y'understand, than he could out of all the children which gets injured working in all the cotton mills south of Mason and Hamlin's line, understand me. So you see, Mawruss, the Constitution not only protects these here soap box orators, but it also gives 'em something to talk about, because when they want to

knock the United States and boost Germany, all they need to say is that you've got to hand it to the Germans; if they kill little children, they're anyhow foreign children and not German children."

"I suppose a lot of them soap box orators gets paid by the German government for boosting the Germans the way you just done it, Abe," Morris commented, "which I see that this here editor, of the fifty-six-day voyage, that is any one what accuses him that he is getting paid by the German government for boosting the Kaiser in his paper

would got to stand a suit for libel, because he is so patriotic an American citizen to print articles boosting the Kaiser except as a matter of friendship and free of charge, outside of what he can make by syndicating them to other German newspapers."

"But do them other German newspapers get paid by the German government for reprinting this editor's articles?" Abe asked.

"That the editor don't say," Morris replied.

"Well," Abe continued, "somebody should ought to appreciate the way them German newspapers love the



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"LA FOLLETTE JUMPS UP AND SAYS, 'I'M SORRY, BUT I DISAGREE WITH YOU.'"

National Guard of Philippines May See War Service

THE War Department has given out the interesting news that a National Guard is being formed in Philippine Islands. The native soldiery there has existed, heretofore, of the Philippine scouts and the constabulary. The latter has the credit for being the pioneer force which is making possible much of the progress outlined by the United States government.

The scouts, trained under the tireless supervision of our Army officers designated for that purpose, have a high place in the estimation of the bureau of insular affairs. The pertinent information on the subject is a skin. But it was Mr. Manuel A. Quezon, once delegate from the Philippines to the United States, and now the head of the Philippine senate and speaker of the house, whom the bureau suggested as a better source of knowledge concerned with the new body of soldiery in the islands.

Senator Quezon happened to be in Washington a while ago, and when approached on the subject showed a keen interest in it. From all reports it appears obvious that our Philippine troops will be ready to do actual work at the front.

It might be said that the loyalty of the people of the islands is shown by the offer made to the government of the National Guard, a result of the concession of an autonomous government for our people and the promise of future independence. It is difficult to say how sincere the Philippine people would have remained indifferent, but they were not satisfied with the administration of their affairs and were certainly distrustful of the future of their country, since no definite policy had been announced as to final relations between the islands and America.

"But since President Wilson was first inaugurated and announced to the world that the purpose of the United States was to give the Philippines independence, and to this end he would gradually turn the reins of government over to the Filipinos themselves, there has been growing a widely different feeling among our people. To carry out his purpose the President sent to the islands Francis Burton Harrison of New York, who, upon arriving in Manila, delivered a message from Mr. Wilson, informing the people of the intention of the United States to grant independence to the islands as soon as possible. With this in view the governor general was to give the Filipinos as much latitude as possible in managing their own affairs."

"Gov. Harrison carried out the message of the President to the letter, and now three years of his administration when the responsible positions in the islands had been given to the native



PHILIPPINE SCOUTS BY QUARANTINE SERVICE. THIS IS THE TYPE THAT WILL FIGHT FOR US.

residents and the success of this plan was shown. Congress finally enacted the Jones law, which created a legislature, whose house and senate are entirely constituted of native Filipinos elected by the people themselves.

"The result of this policy has been to create confidence as to the liberal, altruistic attitude of the people of the United States. Today the Filipinos are loyal to this country. They are anxious to make any sacrifice for the benefit of the United States. These sentiments are shown by the Philippine legislature. The amount of money necessary for the purpose of the Philippine congress gave recognition to a school for orphaned marquis, last of a martial line that stretched back to the time of the Crusades and the heir to more than two million francs.

"As children of nine and eleven they had played together in the old French garden, and as children the boy had dreamed of romance and adventure and the little girl had been a responsive and loyal companion to his wildest fancy. Later came their marriage, and Lafayette then a commissioned officer in the Black Musketeers, was shortly after ordered to Metz, where one day a visitor to the officers' mess—none other than the Duke of York, brother of the King of England—told the story of the Americans and their brave fight for Liberty, equality and justice! How these words had burned themselves into the soul of the earnest young marquis. Although in high position at the frivolous court of Louis XVI, Lafayette was not of it. He had often been teased by the graceful Marie Antoinette for his bad dancing.

"The American troops withdrew from Mindanao and Jolo in October, 1913, a constabulary thereupon assuming their duties and responsibilities. The United States troops in Mindanao-Sulu are made up of Philippine scouts, with the exception of individual members of the service and staff corps. These scouts are sent to especially good work done in connection with the attempt of the government to prevent epidemics among the cattle of the islands. These groups of mountain origin, have had much effect in controlling natives of remote districts, difficult to handle on account of their non-acquaintance with civilization.

"About two years ago the Ifugaos and some other tribes from the wilder mountain fastnesses voluntarily offer-

Adrienne de Lafayette, Patriot of Two Republics, and the Chocolate Fund for United States Soldier

A N ocean stretches far out to the gray horizon, against which a ship with sails all set is silhouetted for a brief moment ere it disappears forever in the twilight mist. Such a picture must have come before the eyes of Adrienne de Lafayette when she bade farewell to her young husband that spring day so many years ago. She hid her tears from the world lest the anger of the powerful Duc d'Ayen, her father, be intensified against the dashing young soldier, Lafayette, who had disobeyed his orders by secretly departing to join the struggling American patriots across the seas.

Less than three years of happy married life had been theirs since, newly betrothed they had walked together along the cliff-bordered path between fantastically tilted ledges of yew in the quaint old garden of the Hotel de Noailles in Paris. Less than three years since, in the Church of St. Roch—favorite scene in this hour of remembrance—the young Marquis Gilbert de Lafayette had married the Mlle. de Cr teux with all the splendor and pomp of that period. She was the daughter of a family for 400 years the proud house of the Crusades and the heir to more than two million francs.

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Although this was the time of the wildest extravagance and frivolity among the French nobility, it was also a time of public awakening through the writings of a Voltaire and a Rousseau. Democracy was becoming a by-word, a thing to chatter about even in court circles. A young American, Benjamin Franklin by name, had come to Paris recently and created a furor of enthusiasm at the court of Versailles. He was a quiet man, sent across the sea to ask aid of the French. He became intensely popular. He succeeded in fanning into a spreading flame the sparks of liberty among an excited people and took home to America as a gift from the same people the sum of \$600,000 franc, arranged for, at the same time, a subsequent loan of 15,000,000 franc.

Young Lafayette was eager to go to America. Older men attempted to dissuade him; his king forbade him, but all to no purpose. Secretly he embarked for England, and there, at his own expense, the ship *Victoire* was prepared and he set sail for America in the spring of 1777, leaving his wife, Adrienne, a baby daughter, Henriette, and all the ties of kin and country behind him.

The anxiety of the young wife can hardly be told. Scarcely eighteen, passionately fond of her husband, she tried to conceal her grief, lest they should blame the absent one too much for causing it. No cable then to tell Adrienne of the fifty-six-day voyage, that finally landed Lafayette on American soil. The letters of Mme. de Lafayette went astray, probably intercepted by the British, and she never did receive of the death of the little Henriette, also that a second child, Anas-

taise, had come to take the place of the first born. As for Adrienne, it was in the streets of Paris that she first heard of the wounding of her husband at the battle of Brandywine. Also the Virginia campaign, in recognition of which the French king made Lafayette field marshal of the French army, cost Mme. de Lafayette—she afterward told her daughter Virginia—"untold anguish."

"Had I received word from you at Bordeaux that you needed me, that you did not approve my course, often said Lafayette to Adrienne in after years, 'I would never have gone to America.'"

Had the courageous wife protested how different might have been America's history. It is well in these days to recall America's long-forgotten

friend, Adrienne de Noailles and her silent self-sacrifice. America was her dreamland. She longed to come here, but her wish was never realized. In the bitterest moments of her storm-tossed later life she turned to her people for assistance. She and her husband loved the ideals of democracy and freedom that were being welded into the foundation of our new republic.

When, during the French revolution, she sent her only son, George Washington Lafayette, to America, she wrote to President Washington: "I put my dear child under the protection of the United States, which he has been accustomed to look upon as his second country, and which I myself have always considered as being our future home."

My wish is that my son may become fit to fulfill the duties of a citizen of the United States, whose feelings will always agree with those of a French citizen."

Lafayette made two voyages to America. At the first, in 1780, and when he returned to France the second time he found Adrienne in perfect sympathy with his dream of a republic. What this dream cost them both is told in the tragic events of their later life, but those who were always united by an understanding and a love in perfect keeping with their high ideals.

In Auvergne, in southern France, she was imprisoned on a rocky promontory, washed by the ceaseless flow of a mountain rivulet, looms Chavanic, the fortress seat of the Lafayettes. Although dating back to the fourteenth century, its original construction was almost destroyed by fire in 1791, and was replaced by the heavy mass of stone which one views today. In this old chateau, now the property of a group of patriotic Americans, were spent some of the happiest and some of the most despairing hours of the life of Adrienne de Lafayette. There she went with husband and children to share the hardships of the prison. Soon, however, the storm cloud of the French revolution, which had for generations been gathering in France, broke above their heads and caught them in its fury. Lafayette, finally forced to flee to the French border, was seized by the Austrian forces assembling in aid of Queen Marie Antoinette, and mistakenly thrown into prison for conspiracy against his king. In the meantime Mme. de Lafayette fled to the old chateau of Chavanic, where she was imprisoned on parole for many months before she was brought back to Paris to await her final summons for execution.

While at Chavanic she wrote letters after letter to George Washington, imploring him to seek the liberation of Lafayette, imprisoned beyond the Prussian frontier, but the President, for international reasons, did not act on her request.

At Chavanic, expecting the house to be pillaged and destroyed, Adrienne buried the sword of honor given by the United States on August 24, 1779, to Lafayette and presented by the grandson of Benjamin Franklin to the general. The sword was of massive gold, with emblematic designs illustrating how different might have been America's history. It is well in these days to recall America's long-forgotten

friend, Adrienne de Lafayette, a patriot of two great republics, did her bit for our country a century ago. She is a name to be proud of, and in the Union Saving Bank building, Washington, her picture, decorated in the colors of two nations, is placed in a position of honor amid scenes of enthusiastic activity. The room is the headquarters of the Adrienne de Lafayette chocolate fund, where Washington women are doing their part of the great work of caring for the welfare of our soldiers. They are procuring funds to buy the sustaining chocolate necessary to a soldier's kit only begun, but ready to bid fair to be an undertaking worthy of the name it bears. November 11, 1917, is the day when the "Chocolat Soldiers" as these women call the soldiers, are to be remembered. Let us make the day a memorable one for our fund.



ADRIENNE DE LAFAYETTE.