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"We have been accustomed to call the words of the Declaration of Independence immortal. Whether they are immortal or whether, after all, they are merely the illusory dream of an idealist, an altruist, who thought better of his kind than his kind deserved, seems now to be put to the touch."

The
Relation Between the
Declaration of
Independence
and the
World War

Note:
From an address by T. J. O'Donnell

at Fort Morgan, Colorado
July 4th, 1917



One hundred and forty-one years ago today an infinite thought found expression through the pen of Thomas Jefferson, and voice amid the acclamations which greeted the peal of Liberty Bell, in Philadelphia.

The language in which this thought was written, is fit and worthy:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The hungry longing of the human race for freedom, had never before found utterance in such terms. The down-trodden, the vanquished, these had vaguely wondered, concerning the cause of their situation; resentment of their condition had, very often, in the world's history, led to outbreak and violence and blood-shed, but, generally, the wars which had been waged by the victims of oppression and tyranny, had been waged in behalf of a change of masters, rather than to abolish and do away with arrogant power.

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European war 1914 - date - Ethics
11-11-19 J. M. K. P.

Mankind had wasted itself, in struggles over the possession of the scepter, rather than in efforts to strike it down. To most of the people of that day, the thought that, "all men are created equal" was new, sudden, and surprising; they had been accustomed to accept inequality, and regarded inequality as having been ordained by those "Laws of nature and nature's God," to which Jefferson, elsewhere in the Declaration, appealed. There had been men, in almost every age and every clime, who had vague aspirations for those rights which Jefferson declared to be unalienable, but, mostly, these men were regarded as dreamers and, generally, it may be said, that they themselves had been unable to formulate, into concrete expression, the truths which Jefferson declared to be self-evident.

The proposition that all men are created equal, was, therefore, startling to the many, but even more startling was the proposition that all men

"are endowed by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights";

that is, rights which they can neither give away, nor have taken from them; rights which exist notwithstanding incapacity to exercise them; that among these rights are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and that these rights are the gift of the Creator, and not of the King.

It is probable, indeed I think the history of the period from 1776 to this day shows, that declaring this Trinity of Rights to be an endowment bestowed upon man by his Creator, has had a far greater effect, in spreading liberty and freedom throughout the world, in making men fit for freedom, and in making men ready to die for freedom, than the statement,

"All men are created equal."

The human mind, conscious of the inequalities, mental and physical inequalities, which do exist between men, and failing to wholly grasp the idea intended to be conveyed, debated the first proposition, but, with those who had rather be free than slaves, the placing of the right to liberty, and the right to pursue happiness, upon the same basis as the right to life itself, the statement that these rights have their common source in the Creator, opened a new vista of human right and human freedom, and added a dignity to the estate of man, which the vast millions of the human race had never before enjoyed.

In the words which I have quoted, it is declared, that to secure the rights enumerated,

"governments are instituted among men."

Before that declaration, the theory of the rulers of the world had been that governments were instituted to secure to rulers the right to rule, and that whatever benefits those who were ruled derived from governments, were purely incidental. The right to govern had always rested upon ability to seize and keep the power to govern; upon might, not right. The idea that right and duty went parallel, had not yet found root in the world.

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But, a declaration, still more astounding, is contained in the few lines which I have repeated; this is, that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." This thought, more than all the others, contains the germ of that truth which mankind has since been struggling to enforce in the world.

When we contemplate the fact that, except in a few small spaces of the earth, scarcely equal in area to some Colorado counties, mankind was governed by absolute monarchs; that the most liberal government, one of a very few under which men had rights of which it was impossible to deprive them, except by process of law, was the one against whose kingly representative the denunciations of the Declaration of Independence were hurled, we can appreciate the sublime courage of the men who framed the Declaration.

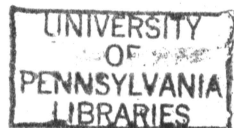
We can understand that, to enthroned power and its satraps, these words, and the conduct of the men who promulgated them, must have been regarded as sheer effrontery. Yet, so amazing is the power of truth, so fast is it borne by its winged messengers, so heavy is the artillery it commands, that within the term of the declining century in which these words were written, the precepts of this document, framed in assertion of the rights of some insignificant and far-off colonies of Britain, had toppled over nearly every throne in continental Europe, and had commenced the work of making England a democracy, a work which has gone steadily and successfully forward ever since.

In that same century the influence of these words laid the foundation for the freedom of another great, self-governing, English-speaking nation, absorbing the reaches of the continent to the north of us. The first grant of self-governing rights to Canada, followed closely the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Within fifty years this Declaration had made practically the entire hemisphere, to the south of us, into free and self-governing nations; within 100 years it had wrested from autocracy the control of practically every government in Europe, except that of the country with which we are officially at war, its ally, Turkey, and our ally, Russia, where these principles have triumphed so recently that the confusion of the change seems chaos to our unaccustomed eyes.

Today, governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, not only on the Western Hemisphere, and in England and in France, but, thank God, in Russia as well, and China too, which was old when the angels sang together on that morning long ago, is valiantly struggling to come up out of bondage and become a self-governing nation. Of the powers of the earth, worthy to be reckoned with, absolutism prevails only in Germany and in the dwindling realm of its Mohammedan ally. So has the seed of a thought, planted by Thomas Jefferson on the banks of the Delaware, less than a century and a half ago, spread over the face of the earth.

Free government in France, in Italy, in Portugal, in Brazil, in China, and in Russia, as well as in the other republics of America,

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Democracy in Britain, and in what Kipling calls the Four New Nations, is foundationed on the truths proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, just as certainly as the Christian religion is foundationed on the truths proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, was just as much the cradle of liberty for the lives of men as the Manger at Bethlehem was the cradle of liberty for the souls of men.

* * * * *

Within the week, David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, in a speech at Glasgow, referred to America as:

“Always the mainstay of Freedom.”

How the shade of Lord North must writhe with rage at this reference! What a shock to the soul of George the Third!

No further proof of the supremacy of democracy in England is needed, than the fact, that this Welch lawyer, with no patent of nobility except that with which his Creator endowed him, exercises, with the full consent of the people, a power, in the United Kingdom, that has not been equalled by any monarch since Elizabeth; a power regulated by law, and exercised according to law. Just such a power as Woodrow Wilson, with the consent of the freemen of this nation, exercises in these United States.

The British Government rests upon the consent of the governed, no less certainly than our own, and that government is more susceptible to the expressions of that consent—more easily responds to the popular will, than does our own. There is, therefore, no occasion to apologize, either for any of the denunciations contained in Jefferson's indictment, or for our present alliance with the country from which we separated ourselves by force of arms.

It will be observed that these denunciations are not hurled at the people of Great Britain. It is the King who is denounced, and not the people, and remember that king was a German king. Let me quote further:

“The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states.”

In the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson called the people of Great Britain “Our British Brethren”; he recited that we had warned and reminded and appealed and conjured these brethren. In his address to Congress the President says:

“We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.”

We have warned and reminded and appealed, and conjured them, even as Jefferson recites the colonies had done with the British people, but the Germans of this day, like the British of that,

“have been deaf to the voice of justice, and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, * * * and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.”

Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, denounced the German king of Great Britain. Woodrow Wilson, in his message, through the Congress, to the world, inspired, like Jefferson, with a “decent respect to the opinions of mankind,” has denounced the “Present King” of Prussia, and not the German peoples, and the President might have said, truly, “The history of the present King of” Prussia, Emperor of Germany,—“is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over” the world!

It is to resent these injuries, to resist these usurpations, to prevent the establishment of this tyranny over our own country, and over the world, that we are now at war.

* * * * *

To the individual may come many things worse than death; to the nation may come many things worse than war. Where is the man who will not, when the choice is forced upon him, choose death before dishonor; who would not prefer to die rather than deserve the contempt and scorn of his fellow-men? Who will not brave death, in any form, sooner than that his loved ones shall suffer defilement? Who, that was born to the heritage of freedom, will supinely surrender this priceless jewel without a struggle?

To command respect, a nation, as well as an individual, must deserve it. For more than a century and a quarter now, we have recited the achievements of our arms and gloried in the defeats we have inflicted, upon enemies by land and sea. We have pictured the wrongs we had endured and refused to endure further. We have proclaimed ourselves the protector of weak nations on this hemisphere and have liberated at least one people, by war.

We easily conquered the unorganized forces of half-civilized Mexico; we fought four years of civil strife, and, as every victory was a victory of American arms, every defeat was an American defeat. We easily triumphed over the land and sea forces of moth-eaten Spain. Because of these things, we had become fatuous, conceited and proud, and had accepted as true the bombastic boast, “Uncle Sam can lick the whole creation.”

A lesson in the psychology of a people is taught by our attitude. We were told by demagogic orators that we were invincible. These men lacked all perspective in statesmanship, but we believed them, because what they said flattered our vanity and did not put us to the effort of setting our reason in motion. We had the same sentiment in song:

“Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With freedom’s soil beneath our feet,

And freedom’s banner streaming o’er us.”

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In unorganized hordes, and with bare hands, we were ready to go forth to meet the millions of helmeted and trained men with machine guns, and with cannon which shoot and find their prey far beyond the range of human vision, guided by eyes in the air.

We had all the things, and we did all the things to invite attack, yet we miraculously escaped. We seemed to be under the protection of that special Providence which, it is said, cares for fools and children and drunken men.

Suddenly, but no one can say unexpectedly, we have been caught in the maelstrom of war. We have now been officially at war for three months, and we are, so far as armies are concerned, not yet able to add to the man-power of those who have been fighting our battles for us, strength in proportion greater than adding a corporal's guard to a well organized regiment.

Providence must, indeed, be our protector, for, so lamentable was our unpreparedness that, had we entered upon war with the German Emperor at a time when the English fleet had not interned his fleets, and when French, British, Italian, and Russian troops were not engaging his armies, he could have laid waste our coasts and ravaged our lands, for many miles inland, in the three months. Our cities would have been burned, our own people murdered, our women ravished and enslaved. In part, at least, we would have met the fate of Belgium and France.

* * * * *

The separation from what some are pleased to call "The Mother Country" needed no excuse but our situation, and the recognition of the potentialities of that situation, as those potentialities have since been developed and realized. This was a practical reason. Then, there was a sentimental reason. Mankind was hungry for liberty. The earth was athirst for it.

Just as the internal fires of the globe, from time to time, reach an intensity which results in the outbursts we call earthquakes, so the spirit of man, pent up through thousands of years of oppression and persecution, found outlet in the circumstance that a few farmers, on a far-off coast, resisted being governed by laws which they had no hand in making. The tiny crack in the incinerated crust of human endurance, became a vast crater, thru which exploded the chaotic upheavals of the French revolution, and thrones tottered and crashed in the rest of Europe, as heads were falling in heaps in France.

Without fear, therefore, of being successfully accused of exaggeration, I unhesitatingly declare that no equal number of words, ever written by the hand of man, were so fraught with influence upon human destiny as those I first read to you this evening.

We have been accustomed to call the words of the Declaration of Independence immortal. Whether they are immortal or whether, after all, they are merely the illusory dream of an idealist, an altruist, who

thought better of his kind than his kind deserved, seems now to be put to the touch, and this is well.

* * * * *

I have on another occasion, gone into the more instant causes of war. I shall not repeat what I then said. Suffice it that we are at war with the most desperate leader, backed by the best disciplined and most powerful armies, animated by the most cruel and ruthless purpose, that has ever cursed the earth.

It is certain that sceptered power never willingly yielded a constitution. It is certain that no tyrant ever willingly gave freedom to the people over whom he tyrannized. The glamor of Napoleon's fame and the glory which French arms gained under his guidance, caused the people of France to forget the precepts of the revolution; kings, made to order, were set up on the vacant thrones of Europe. The very men who had stormed the Bastille, beheaded a king and a queen, became indifferent to the principles which they had written in royal blood—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; the shout of these words was swallowed up in the cannons' rattle.

When the entailed sovereigns of Europe overcame Napoleon at Waterloo and banished him to St. Helena, they unknowingly, but none the less securely, exiled arbitrary power from a great part of that continent. Revolution followed revolution, until the countries of continental Europe, with the exception of those I have mentioned, had established representative government and security for individual rights under the law.

During all this time there was one princely house in Europe which never yielded its claim, its arrogant and self-instituted claim, to Divine right, except when driven into a corner; this house never conceded any right of the people to rule; this house always disregarded every concession extorted from it, as soon as the public clamor subsided, or the people laid down their arms.

This house is not particularly ancient, as royal houses go, but it has always been represented by shrewd traders, and frequently, by good fighters, and it has always had the family spirit to let the best trader, or the best fighter, the one who could get the most for the family, stand as its representative, and occupy the place of power. This family is known by the dynastic name of Hohenzollern.

Its power originated from the possession of a castle, which dominated the mercantile town of Nuremberg, and it added to its prestige, from time to time, by achieving domination over various little principalities, generally not larger or more important than a good-sized and populous American township, by shrewd bargaining, by reckless disregard of the rights of all others, and by some good fighting. The head of this house became elector of Brandenburg, and from this graduated to greater recognition, power and dominion as the royal house of Prussia.

This house seduced, beguiled and fought, until it secured the predominancy of its kingdom over all the other German states, except Austria, and then it fought Austria, defeating the latter at Sadowa fifty-one years ago yesterday; thus, it secured preponderance over the greater portion of the German people; these it united and hurled against France in 1870. The defeat of France, in that war, resulted in the formation of the present German empire, with the King of Prussia, the grandfather of the present Kaiser, as its titular and hereditary emperor.

This is the ruler against whom this nation is now arrayed. And, let me say to our fellow-citizens of German birth: You came to this country to escape the conditions with which we are now at war. You came to this country because of the contrast afforded when its free institutions are compared with the arbitrary rule of your native land, and if, in the battles of this country, German shall fight German, that has been the history of the race for a thousand years.

Your people have been the chattels of princes, who have hurled you against each other, with as little say upon your part, as has any cock in a pit, as to its opponent.

It is in such wars that your ancestors shed each others blood for centuries.

The family of the present Kaiser mounted to power over the bodies of slain Germans. His ship of state was floated to anchorage, first, as Margrave of Nuremberg, then as elector of Brandenburg, then as King of Prussia, and then as German emperor, in seas of German blood.

The morning newspapers contain copies of what purport to be letters, written by one of our Senators, and by a member of the House, from Colorado, on the subject of citizens of German birth and German blood being exempted from participation in the war.

I wish to most emphatically dissent from the tenor of both letters.

In the first place, I believe the paper to which they are addressed, and its publishers, to be disloyal. No loyal citizen, whatever his blood or birth, will ask for such an exemption. There can be no such thing as half-loyalty, or divided allegiance. We can say, with Another:

"He that is not with me is against me."

I have no spirit of hostility toward the German citizens of this country, or their descendants, or against the German people generally. I spoke of them in words of kindness and pleaded that consideration be shown them, in my address at the Auditorium in Denver, March 31st last. This was before the President had spoken; the thought which I expressed then, I repeat now:

"It is in view of just such an emergency, as this, that one, foreign born, is required, before being permitted to say, 'I am an American citizen,' to raise his hand to Heaven, and on his oath, renounce allegiance to the ruler of his native land and swear fealty to this land of ours, to this flag, the protection of which he thus voluntarily seeks."

* * * * *

Let us not make the mistake of underestimating our enemy. I regard the German emperor as the ablest man who has ever crossed the horizon of time. His ability, coupled with his unyielding fixedness of purposes, has made him the greatest scourge that has been born of the womb of all the ages to afflict mankind.

What use to go to Asia or Africa for examples? What use to seek parallels in history? Attila, the Hun, was called by medieval writers, on account of the ruthless and widespread destruction wrought by him, the "Scourge of God." Attila was the legitimate predecessor of William, but his power to spread ruthless and widespread destruction over the earth, was as a broad-sword to a machine gun, when compared with the capacity for evil possessed by his successor, who now makes war upon us. The ambition of Attila, the Hun, seems to have been confined to the conquest of Europe; the ambition of this successor and modern disciple of Attila is limited only by the confines of the world.

Napoleon found the world aflame. Wilhelm, the Kaiser, deliberately applied the torch.

Napoleon found the world in chaos. He determined that his was the sword which should subdue that chaos and restore order, and that of order, thus restored by him, he should be the chief administrator.

The Kaiser found order and determined to create chaos, so that he might pick up the fragments of a destroyed world and set his imperial helmet on top of them.

Napoleon created a throne for himself and thrones for his family, as if just to show Bourbon and Hohenzollern and Hapsburg and Romanoff, that kings and princes are made of clay, as other men are, and that there is nothing supernatural about a king. If a man could turn out kings by the dozen, what use that God should maintain a factory for their construction?

The Kaiser was born to a throne and determined that not only his own people, but all peoples, should recognize his claim to hold that throne by Divine title.

In other countries, the people were extending their power and either abolishing thrones or limiting their authority; he would extend the power of the throne and limit the power of the people, in his. In other countries liberty had been so securely established that its example threatened his title and his line. He would secure that title, and that line, by extending his power over those other countries. Free countries were busy debating human rights and securing guarantees for human liberty; he would keep his people so busy training for the conquest of these other peoples that they would not have time to discuss human rights, or think of human liberty.

It was an age of invention and scientific discovery and industrial development, and he would turn the genius of the inventors, the research of the scientists and the whole development of industry, into preparation for war. That preparation included making every man a soldier, and, by the training necessary to make a good soldier, make a willing and obedient subject and capable worker in those arts of peace which are so valuable in war.

He moulded his people into a nation so organized for war and so organized for peace, that no other people were able to compete with them, in either peace or war.

As he developed his people in the arts of peace and drilled them in the arts of war, he instilled into their minds these thoughts: that German Kultur is superior to the culture of all other peoples, and, because of this, the German people are entitled, as of right, to rule the world; God Almighty has recognized this superiority and has appointed and anointed these people to prevail over all; he (the Kaiser) and his descendants, are Divinely chosen representatives of the Most High and hold a commission, as Overlords of the earth, sealed with the Great Seal of High Heaven itself.

And, he taught his people that other people recognized their own inferiority and were jealous of the superiority of the German and of the progress the German nation was making; that there was a conspiracy among the other peoples of the earth to hamper and limit and destroy German trade, and to eliminate German peoples and German power as factors in the life of the world.

For forty years he has deliberately educated his people to believe that all other peoples, whose governments were not in alliance with him, are enemies of the German people, bent upon their ruthless destruction. This was to make the German people willing to take up the sword, to burn and destroy and murder, as they have burned and destroyed and murdered since this war began.

What could not be accomplished by sheer force of numbers, by superiority in arms, and in armies, was to be accomplished through methods of savagery, so ruthless that the people against whom they were directed would flee affrighted at the very mention of the German power.

He worked a magic hypnotism on his own people, through appeal to their vanity, their pride, their avarice and their greed. By this hypnotic spell, he added to the strength of a people every man of which was a drilled soldier, and the principal business of which was war, and he proposed, by similar processes of psychology, to weaken the resistance of those whom he attacked.

He proposed to make them believe, from awful example, that he who resisted the Kaiser's legions was doomed to death; not death in any of its ordinary forms, but death by tortures as terrible as those ever inflicted by any savage tribe known to history; that torture and death, fire and sword, would be visited not only upon men, but upon women and babes, as well; nor age, nor condition, nor sex was permitted to save the hapless victim, whose only fault was to dwell in a country which had been selected for waste and ruin.

How well he has held to his purpose, how well his soldiers have learned their lesson, is told in the reports of official commissions, French, British and Belgium—is told by neutral observers, and is told in letters written by the participants in these awful crimes and found upon their dead bodies, or taken from them, when captured.

Colonel S. S. McClure, publisher of McClure's Magazine, and other publications, recently spent several months abroad. His standing as an American publicist, commanded access to sources of information not permitted to everyone.

Colonel McClure has selected, out of thousands of cases, a large number, showing the crimes against civilization and humanity, committed by the German armies, and the foul savagery of the German invasion.

He has published these in a book entitled "Obstacles to Peace," and I read a few, as instances:

At Louveigne.

"A dozen men were arrested; * * * they were told: 'Go now, but on the run, or else, * * *' The unfortunate men ran, and the Germans amused themselves by bringing them down with the rifle."

The Massacre of Saint-Hadelin (Olne).

"M. Warnier was pushed along towards the little chapel close by. His wife followed him, a young child in her arms, pleading and beseeching. She was driven back by blows of the Germans' rifle-butts. Her face covered with blood, she continued to plead, but in vain.

"Her husband was shot before her eyes; then, in the midst of a scene of unspeakable savagery, she witnessed the murder of her children. Her two boys fell dead; her young daughters were next to be shot down. Bertha lay under the body of Nelly, who was mortally wounded; for fifteen minutes she heard her dying struggle for breath, and felt her die."

Extract From the Notebook of Private Fritz Krain, of the Fourth Battalion of Light Horse (Reserve), Fourth Reserve Corps, Concerning the Murder of a Young Girl.

"Our first bivouac in France. When we went to fetch water we encountered a girl with a revolver. Shot her dead and took her revolver."

Extract From the Notebook of Max Peich, Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry, Fourteenth Army Corps, Recording the Murder of Three Men and a Boy at Fumay (Ardennes).

"August 24th. The brick-works were searched once more and three men and a youngster were brought out of one of the kilns. They were shot forthwith."

Extract From the Notebook of an Anonymous Soldier of the Eleventh Battalion of Light Infantry, Eleventh Army Corps, Concerning Massacres at Lefse and Dinant.

"At Lefse nineteen civilians shot. Women begging for mercy as we marched towards the Meuse.

"Ten more men have been shot. The King having directed the people to defend the country by all possible means, we have received orders to shoot the entire male population. * * *

"At Dinant about one hundred men or more were huddled together and shot. A horrible Sunday."

Diary of a Saxon Officer (Unsigned), 178th Regiment, 88th Army Corps (Saxon Corps).

"26th August. The pretty village of Gue-d'Hossus in the Ardennes has been burnt, although innocent of any crime, it seemed to me; * * * the male inhabitants were simply consigned to the flames. It is to be hoped that such atrocities will not be repeated.

"Langeviller, 22d August. Village destroyed by the Eleventh Battalion of the Pioneers. Three women hanged on trees; the first dead I have seen. * * * In this way we destroyed eight houses with their inmates. In one of them two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen were bayoneted. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression."

Even as pathetic and innately cruel as the murder of these women and children is the torture of the blacksmith Broeden, near Diest:

"All day long he had labored, shoeing the horses of the enemy's cavalry. Early in the evening he repaired to the church with the sacristan, with the object of saving some precious articles which had not been placed in security. He was surprised by the soldiery and seized. Successively, the Germans broke his wrists, his arms, and his legs; perhaps he suffered yet other tortures. When he was apparently lifeless the soldiers asked him whether he thought that he would in future be capable of undertaking any kind of labor. On his replying, in an almost inaudible tone, that he did not, they declared that in that case he ought not to continue to live. Immediately they threw him, head first, into a ditch dug for the purpose; then the ditch was filled, leaving his feet protruding."

But time and space, and weak humanity all command that we should close the door upon this awful slaughterhouse.

* * * * *

Civilized nations, long ago, agreed upon the prevention of attacks upon women by the soldiers of invading armies. Among savages, the women of the conquered countries were always part of the spoil, but, as men emerged from savagery, women were distributed among the individual soldiers, and thus some might hope for a touch of kindness and mercy in their treatment.

The vast efficiency of the machine, which has been grinding Europe into bits during the last three years, reckons with cruel precision the value of women to a conquering army, and as there are not enough women to go around, women are made the common prey, as they were with the savage Utes.

We are told by the accredited correspondent of the New York Tribune, a woman who personally investigated the conditions, that it is a part of the duty of the enslaved women to bear children, for their conquerors, so that the population, which is to take up the burden of future wars of conquest, may be strengthened in number. The children born of these slave women are not to be the children of the mothers, but the children of the state which has enslaved these mothers.

The New York Times correspondent thus describes the conditions which he found in towns he visited after the recent German retreat from the Somme. He describes it as the dirty cruelty which is beyond the inevitable cruelty of war. I quote:

"The Germans have spared nothing on the way of their retreat. * * * They have blown up, or burned, all the houses, which were untouched by shell fire. * * * This morning in one village I saw how each house was marked with a white cross before it was gutted with fire. The cross of Christ was used to mark the work of the devil.

"The German soldiers not only blew out the fronts of houses, but with picks and axes smashed mirrors and furniture and picture frames. * * * Family portraits have been kicked into the gutters.

"The ruins of houses are bad to see, but worse than that is the ruin of women and children and living flesh. I saw that ruin today in Roye and Nesle. I was at first rejoiced to see the first inhabitants liberated after being so long in hostile lines. I approached them with a queer sense of excitement, eager to stop with them, but instantly when I saw those women and children in the streets and staring at me out of windows, I was struck with the chill of horror. The women's faces were dead faces, shallow and masklike and branded with the memory of great agonies. The children were white and thin, so thin that the cheek bones protruded and many of them seemed to me idiot children. Hunger and fear had been with them too long. * * *

"The women with whom I spoke were passionate and hysterical and told me horrible stories, not to be retold here.

"I believe them, too, because these women, who are French, had to live with men who were killing their husbands and brothers, and that is the great horror."

* * * * *

The German Government did not believe that the American people had a Soul; they conceived of us as low and sordid by design, and as having become cowardly at heart.

In other words, they thought that the few noisy pacifists were representative of the American nation. They have found out their mistake, and though they profess to believe that our entry into the war can have no effect on the result, the sun has set on their hope of victory.

The constant successes of the French and English armies in the past three months are not due alone to their preponderance in artillery, ammunitions, and men. The fact that the Leviathan of the West has entered the fight has put the fear of God into the German soldier in the trenches, as well as into his Master upon the throne.

We have already voted seven thousand million dollars to prosecute this war and raised two thousand millions. Seven thousand million dollars! two thousand million dollars! Either sum is so vast, the human mind cannot comprehend it. It staggers the imagination. It means enough gold to build the city described in Revelations. It far outshines

“* * * The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

We have provided, and we shall provide, money—a flood of gold such as the world has never seen—a very deluge of gold—shall flow out of this land to aid in destroying the dragon which makes war on mankind.

Americans can be proud of the fact that most of the countries of Central and South America have joined with us in the declaration that all free governments are concerned in putting an end to the sabre rattling and cannon pointing by which the German emperor has kept the world in arms for half a century, and which has finally led to the shocking devastation under which the world cowers and trembles today.

Brazil, the great republic of South America, which discarded royal, and assumed republican robes, in this generation—Brazil is, practically, our ally.

It is indeed a brave array of nations that we joined, and that marches with us as we enter this contest. Great Britain and Ireland, France, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Servia, Montenegro, Japan, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, all these are there to greet us, as, with the bands playing the “Star Spangled Banner,” the Red, White and Blue floating above us, and little Cuba, with the same colors and a single star marching beside us, we join in the battle cry of freedom, and take our place on the battle line where the forces of freedom are locked in a death struggle with the ensanguined hordes of autocracy and arbitrary power.

In this battle the stake is not the liberty of one nation, or of a group of nations; the stake is the right, liberty and the freedom of the whole world.

* * * * *

I am indebted to Mr. McClure's book, which I have already mentioned, for this abstract from a letter, found on the body of Jean Chatanay, Reservist Lieutenant, killed at Vermelles, October 15, 1914; a letter that reveals the spirit of France:

“My darling (he wrote to his wife), I am writing this letter in case of need, for we do not know. * * * If it

reaches you, it is because France will have had need of me to the end. You must not weep, for I swear to you, I shall die happy if I am called to give my life for her. My only anxiety is the difficult situation in which you will find yourself, you and the children. * * * Caress the dear little ones for their papa; tell them that he has gone on a long, very long journey, without ceasing to love them, without ceasing to think of them; and that he protects them from afar. I would like to have Cotte, at least, remember me. * * * There will also be a little child, so little I shall not have known it. If it is a son * * * say to him, when he is old enough to understand, THAT I HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE FOR A GREAT IDEAL, TO REORGANIZE AND STRENGTHEN MY COUNTRY.

"I believe that I have said all that is essential. Au revoir, my dear one, my love. PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NOT BLAME FRANCE IF SHE REQUIRES ME TO GIVE MY ENTIRE SELF. Promise me also to console mamma and papa; and tell the little girls that their father, although he is far away, never ceases to watch over them and to love them dearly. We will one day be reunited, I trust, reunited beside that One who guides our destinies, and who has given me the blessing of being near to you and of having known such happiness in you. Poor darling, I myself have not the time to dwell long enough on our love, so magnificently enduring and so brave.

"Au revoir, until the great, the true reunion. Be brave.

"Your Jean."

Jean, French for John,—the soul of Jean Chatanay, cannot die. Somewhere in the unknown spaces among the stars, it must be permitted him to see his beloved France resurrected, her wounds healed, her invader defeated, driven back and punished.

American mothers, let your prayer for your boy—prayer as fervent as that for the safety of your boy, be that, if he dies, he will die with the spirit of Jean Chatanay, Reservist Lieutenant, killed at Vermelles October 15, 1914.

Today the American army marched through the streets of Paris, to the commingled airs of the "Marsellaise" and our own national anthem; American soldiers placed wreathes of love and glory on the tombs of Lafayette, and the other French heroes, who helped to make this day a day to be remembered.

They have marched by the Column Vendome, ^{and} the place where repose the ashes of the dead Napoleon. They have realized how futile it is to attempt to conquer the world. Their blood has been quickened by the thought that they will be participants in the Waterloo, where shall be overthrown this madman who now bestrides the world like a Colossus, whose sword has been able to embroil the continents of the earth, and the isles of the seas, in war.

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God bless and save these brave American boys who are marching to that awful front of battle, "Somewhere in France," tonight. God speed others through the dangers of the infested ocean, to stand by their side, and take their places as they fall, and carry on the battle waged to,

"Bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

Just as Adams and Hancock and Carrollton and the others, who, with Jefferson, signed this priceless charter of our liberties, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to make that declaration effective, so we, in the language of our President,

"Dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we are; everything we have, to make Democracy safe upon the earth."

* * * * *

At the head of every command of the French army, on whatever front fighting, there was read this morning this general order:

"Today, Independence Day celebration of the United States, the first American troops which have disembarked in France, will march in Paris. Later they will join us on the front. Let us salute these new companions in arms who, without thought of gain nor of conquest, but with the simple desire of defending the cause of right and liberty, have come to take their places in the ranks beside us.

"Others are preparing to follow them. They will soon be on our soil. The United States means to put at our disposition, without reckoning, their soldiers, their factories, their vessels, and their entire country. They want to pay a hundredfold the debt of gratitude which they owe to Lafayette and his companions.

"From all the points of the front a single shout on this July Fourth will be heard, 'Honor to the great sister! Long live the United States.'"

Let us cry out here on this great American plain—let all America cry out in a shout that will make the mass of the mountains yonder tremble:

"Honor to France! Wounded, mutilated, suffering, bleeding, France! France unconquered and unconquerable! France, the mother of democracies and of human freedom! France, the wonderful creator of the beautiful in art and in song and story! France of the incomparable Soul! The Soul sublime! France, lying prostrate! France, whom we shall lift up and rescue from the strangle-hold of the barbarian and set again in her old place of glorious leadership in the world! France, our dear Foster-Mother! VIVA LA FRANCE!"

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