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POOR DOCUMENT

WAR AMONG ADVOCATES OF PEACE

Italy Has Other Conflict Than That Over Tripoli

IS A WORDY BATTLE

Peace Apostles of the Country at Variance With Those of Other Lands and Principally With the International Bureau

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Rome, Dec. 27—Italy is fighting valiantly a second war, which is not at all in Tripoli, though it arises therefrom. It is a war of words, and judged by the fierceness of the language which flies it is a great war. Had General Caneva only half such ugly ammunition he would have subdued Tripoli, Barca and Fezzan in a week. And this wordy conflict not only causes no small pain to reverent men, but gives infinite material for sneers to cynics, who hold that peace societies are frauds, useful only for providing smug young apostles with secretaryships at $1,000 a year.

Peace Apostles at War

The painful fact is that Italy's peace apostles are at war with the peace apostles of other lands, and in particular with the permanent international bureau of peace, which is the central organization of all other peace bureaus. These peace bureaus exist to make peace; and in times of peace they do this assiduously, self-devotedly, with early Christian zeal. Every one praises them, some pay them subscriptions, and nice old ladies embroider them beaded peace flags. But the moment peace is broken between two governments peace is immediately broken also between at least twenty peace societies; and the big war with Mausers, howitzers, and aeroplanes is no fiercer than the war among the peace folk.

The present peace war is mainly between Italy and Switzerland. Both are sacramental shrines of pacifism. Italy has forty peace associations, all with resounding names, such as the Palermo "Pie e Nobile Compagnia della Pace," the Milan "Lega della Fratellanza, Pace e Liberta," and many others. And Switzerland! Why Switzerland is the ark of the covenant of pacifist internationalism. At Berne are the International Copyright Bureau, the International Industrial Property Bureau, the World Postal Union, and more. Geneva, as all men know, first saw modified, on paper, the horrors of war; and finally Berne's greatest glory is the possession of the "Permanent International Bureau of Peace." This bureau of peace is the greatest thing of its kind on earth, but when a cynic remarked that the bureau was permanent, while the peace was not, he hit the truth.

Mother of World Peace

The bureau organizes for united action no less than 184 head peace associations, with 600 affiliations. Nobody would ever think there were so many peace associations did not constant wars draw attention to the fact. The total incomes and outlays of the 184 associations are no less than $957,000 a year, not including special donations, and every penny goes on peace. The bureau's services are praiseworthy. In 1910 the Norwegian Strothing awarded to it the Nobel Prize. It has literature, libraries archives. It is presided over by the famous "ancient captain of artillery, Gaston Moch." One of its vice-presidents is Baroness Suttner, the venerable mother of world peace, and it has among its members all the cream of peace promoters.

There are Fried, the German peace apostle; Emile Arnaut, chief of the French Peace Society; Moneta, the peace Savonarola of Milan; Baron Descamps, the St. Paul of peace; Frederic Passy, Edwin D. Mear(homme de lettres, Boston, Mass.; His Highness Prince Riza Mirza Khan, and even a Prusisan lieutenant colonel. To it are affiliated the American Peace Society, the "Mohonk Arbitration Conference" and all Italy's forty peace societies, from imperial Rome's down to Barga's and Todi's—for happily Italy's peace movement is particularly strong.

In short, the permanent international bureau of peace at Berne is most praiseworthy. It has only one defect. It cannot keep the peace. In this there is nothing new, and the cause is always the same. All Europe's peace societies are fanatically sincere against war in general, but when a particular war breaks out their action depends upon whether their country is the warrior or not. The British peace society condemned every war for twenty years, but when the Boer war broke out it approved of its government's attitude.

And that is what has led to trouble between the Italian peace societies and the bureau at Berne. The bureau and its non-Italian members, even down to His Highness Prince Riza Mirza Khan, agree that the Italian war against Turkey is wicked and that Italy is a sinner. But the "Societa Italiana della Pace" of Milan, the "Associazione per l'Arbitrato e per la Pace Internazionale," the "Cora Fratres" and all other Italian societies agree that though wars in general are vicious and abominable, this particular war against Turkey is righteous, admirable and glorious.

And on this basis began a wordy slaughter compared with which the mutual ferocities of Caneva and Fethi Bey are salon courtesies. The Italian peace societies find themselves arrayed against all Europe. It is the permanent bureau, and its excellent secretary, M. Gobat, which represent Europe. The Italians have two sturdy champions.

First comes Signor E. T. Moneta, who is president of the "Federation of Italian Peace Societies," lives at Milan, and issues a frenetic pacifist organ known as La Vita Internazionale. Next comes Signor the Count Angelo de Gubernatis, president of the "International Union of Rome. He is a brilliant Orientalist, and has a particular horror of bloodshed when any one except Italy sheds it.

Until about the first of October Signor Moneta and Count Gubernatis agreed with the Berne bureau (of which they are members) that all wars were wrong and reprobate. But when their own country rushed into war Signor Moneta and the count, and all the peace societies of Italy discovered that though all wars are wrong and reprobate there are exceptions, and that the war which Italy has entered upon is a strking exception.

And the pacifist organ, La Vita Internazionale, suddenly became a mouthpiece of the Roman War Office, and published inspiring articles which began "Secondo le regole elementari della strategia"—"according to the elementary rules of strategy"—explaining that General Caneva should attack the Turks without delay and wipe them out of existence.

"Peace Fighting"

But as the permanent bureau at Berne was preparing an angry protest against Italy's conduct, while the Italian pacifist members were all thirsting for Turkey's blood, naturally an autumn campaign was inevitable. It is going on today. On one side are the pacifist Italian generals. Moneta and Gubernatis; on the other pacifist pashas. Gobat of Berne and Senator Lafontaine of Brussels. Lafontaine is one of the ablest members of the Berne bureau.

"Moneta fired the first gun with a dithyramb on the war in the pacifist Vita Internazionale, and hymned in the style of Homer the glories of this particular war. He explained that it was a peaceful war, as the Turks would not fight; and that even if they did fight, the fighting of the Italians was really peace fighting, and only seemed like war; and when a contributor complained that Italy did not first appeal to The Hague, he published a footnote about the contributor's intelligence, and proved conclusively that appealing to The Hague is really the worst kind of war, and that going to war is much more pacific. And all the other Italian peace societies imitated Signor Moneta, and declared that, though they still hated war as much as ever, this war must be regarded as a genuine service to peace.

Naturally the permanent bureau was somewhat shocked by this reasoning. The peace societies, before they knew war was coming, had appropriately chosen Rome for a great demonstrative congress and intended to begin this congress on September 25 last. Naturally the congress had to be abandoned "owing to the sanitary condition of Rome." The secretary of the permanent bureau at Berne, M. Gobat, smelt in this a piece of Italian treason, and addressed to Count de Gubernatis an indignant protest accusing him of knowing all the time about Italian plans for a war, and calling the action of Italy "an odious attempt."

Count Gubernatis retorted in kind.

Thereupon Senator Lafontaine marched forward and sent Count Gubernatis a protest that "we cannot listen to Italy's claim to civilize Tripoli when she has not civilized Calabria, and has left Sicily and Sardinia to rot in misery."

"Dear colleague and friend," replied Count Gubernatis, "the ancient Romans owned Tripoli."

"They also owned Gaul," retorted Lafontaine, "are you, therefore, going to reconquer France?"

Meantime, other pacifists joined in, and "insult worthy of the Berne bureau, which is friendly with Turkish butchers," was the retort made to Lafontaine's remarks about Calabria.

"Illustrious friend," wrote Gubernatis, "in Italy every one applauds the war except the anarchists."

"Your letter desolates me," replied Lafontaine.

And the pacifist press printed the correspondence with little notes about "jingo fever," "ferocious Turk," "Mussulman fanatic" and "paid scribe of a hypercritical pacifism." And finally out came another issue of La Vita Internazionale in which Signor Moneta explained that he was a stronger pacific than ever; but in this particular war he was for war to the knife:

"Why not be frank? Although friend of peace my old soldier heart throbs with ineffable rapture at the vision of this warlike might, at this strong, harmonious animation of my native country in its glorious struggle. A spectacle veritably comforting! For although the peace feeling, as I have explained elsewhere, daily becomes more and more general, we live nevertheless in an age in which moral and political prestige depends entirely on force. * * *" And a few pages further on be printed a paragraph: "The peace movement in South America makes comforting progress. In Uruguay * * *"—

And the permanent International Bureau of Peace at Berne was much distressed at all this. It explained that the only nation whose pacifists could disinterestedly and effectively condemn the war was Italy, and that all the Italian pacifists had become sanguinary militarists. But it went on steadily issuing protests against the war, and M. Gobat repeated provocatively his "Italy's odious attempt." By this time the war spirit of the Italian pacifists had heated to boiling point, and now it is announced that all the Italian members of the permanent International Bureau of Peace of Berne threaten to secede, and will form a peace organization of their own. Probably it will be on the more reasonable, elastic arrangement that henceforth the peace societies will propagandize for peace only until war breaks out, and that then they will not go worrying and spoiling the war makers' joy.

"Eternal peace—when no one is on the warpath!"—will be the motto of the peace societies of the future.

VIVIAN CARBERT.

BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER.
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OLD PETERKIN'S HOBBY

Old Peterkin, my neighbor, is a kindly, gentle soul,
Devoted to the sacred cause of Peace;
Arbitration is his hobby, and Disarmament his goal,
And he hopes to live until all conflicts cease.
"But that day," says he, "won't come
Till the pesky fife-and-drum
An' the bugle-squad a-buglin' marchin' time,
An' the military band,
An' the pipers struttin' grand,
Are 'bolished by the law an' made a crime!"

Old Peterkin's philosophy to me is true and pat—
There's a military microbe in our blood,
And when the drums arouse it with their rat-a-tat, a-tat,
You might as well attempt to stem a flood.
So the day has got to come
When the passion-stirring drum,
And the "glory" raising bagpipe and the fife,
And the military band
Shall be banished from the land
As adjuncts of barbarity and strife.

Old Peterkin acknowledges with "nothin' short of shame,"
That he himself can't witness a parade
And listen to the music "'tout bein' overcame
By a silly fightin' spirit in his head."
"So," says he, "I stand right plumb,
That the pesky fife-an'-drum,
An' the bugle-squad a buglin' marchin' time,
An' the military band
Must git out o' this fair land,
'Cause they're nothin' but a nuisance an' a crime!!"

Where's that "Music of the Future?"
Where's the Sousa who will write
The Marches of Humanity, to thrill
The bosoms of the multitude with noble thoughts of Right,
Instead of with the butcher-lust to kill?
We are waiting—let him come
And transform the fife-an'-durm
Into powers that will aid man's upward course,
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Change the bagpipes and the band
Into agencies of civilizing force!

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