

The Windrow.

Boy Scouts in Japan are being trained to handle rifles.

China has adopted compulsory military service in two Provinces.

Lloyd George, Britain's Minister of Munitions, has found a very efficient woman chauffeur, a Miss Marsh. She drives the Minister's car at all times.

In seven States, Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arkansas, and South Carolina, at midnight on the last day of the old year, the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors was prohibited by law. The number of prohibition States is now eighteen. A few exceptions are generally made for medical, sacramental and scientific uses.

General Castelnau, the French Chief of Staff in the East, pronounces Salonika impregnable.

"The Terror of the Sea," as the Germans have named their submarines, has been thwarted by the use of nets. In the narrow waters, between England and Ireland, and in the English Channel, ships ply to and fro without a thought or care of the submarines of their enemies. Human ingenuity has closed these narrow seas at either end by huge nets, some of them forty miles long, in which the submarine, submerged and blind, becomes entangled and perishes.—Literary Digest.

Readers who are acquainted with David Grayson's delightful books, "Adventures in Friendship," "Adventures in Contentment," and "The Friendly Road," will be interested in the following item from The Bookman: "An interesting development in the increasing David Grayson following is the organization of a Graysonian Club in a little town in Florida. So popular has the idea become that plans are now on foot for the organization of chapters in a number of States. The first club, which was founded by Mrs. Neal Wyatt Chapline in Sarasota, Florida, met with such success that Mrs. Chapline has received letters from people in seven States asking her advice as to how to go about organizing a Graysonian Club. David Grayson himself has received many letters inviting him to attend the organization of these institutions, which are designed to spread broadcast the Graysonian ideals."

Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was undeniably witty, although there was a sting to her wit. A conceited, dilapidated bachelor once said to her: "It is time for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much; I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace—" "Yes," she interrupted sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all." Of a conceited young man airing his disbelief in a magazine article, she said: Charles evidently thinks he has invented atheism." When Charles Sumner, refusing to meet some friends of hers at dinner, explained languidly: "Really, Julia, I have lost all my interest in individuals," she retorted: "Why, Charles, God hasn't got as far as that yet." Once walking the streets of Boston with a friend, she looked up and read on a public building, "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary." She said: "I did not know there were any charitable eyes and ears in Boston."—The Bookman.

Bouck White, author of "The Call of the Carpenter" and other books, who is now serving as pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution in New York, has followed the example of Tolstai in wearing the smock of the workman. "I refuse to dress in the fashion of a world that permits war," he says. Mr. White is convinced that money-lust is the real cause of war—and may be discovered as that by going back far enough and down deep enough. "Nowhere in history," he says, "not in Babylon in its prime, not in the Rome of magnificent decadence,

can I find another era when the money-lust was so unrestrained and universal as now. And this orgy of militarism is the result. War is a combination of the money-makers in one country to tread down and exploit the money-makers in another country." . . . "Today leisure class ideas are dominant," he says, "and leisure class clothing is therefore, the fashion. I have thrown in my lot with the toiler class. And I give notice of the fact that by wearing a garb that has been consecrated to toil by many thousand years of association therewith. Only by an overturn that will put labor at the top and leisure at the bottom can the world be saved from the red Niagara toward which it is at present swinging. Mammonism, the messenger of militarism, comes up only when men cease to be laborers and seek to exploit other men who are laborers."

Many United States editors and others are expressing the mind of a certain percentage of the people by opposing the stampede in'o militarism, under the name of "preparedness," that is seizing the Republic. "It is not against preparedness in the true meaning of the word," says Governor Capper, of Kansas, in The Independent, "that we protest, but against the evident attempt to stampede the American people into a hasty and ill-considered adoption of that policy of militarism which has demonstrated so tragically its futility and wickedness in Europe. . . . Let the United States arm itself to the teeth, and straightway the rapidly-growing republics of South America, with their enormous natural resources and teeming populations, will

between individuals. The combined forces of the powers, economic and military, against any one of their number who fails to take its case before an international court, could hardly fail to keep the peace. A cycle of preparedness in Europe, and of the very sort now demanded with such a clamor for the United States, has resulted in the greatest cataclysm of history. Are we prepared to pay that price?"

ugliness of war; service shall take the place of competition, and the slogan henceforth shall be, instead of the old, despicable "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," a clarion call, penetrating even to the hearts of the most stupid and the most selfish, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity! The Brotherhood of Man!"

It is a beautiful dream, this last, and one that must eventually come to pass even on this earth, else creation shall have been in vain. Nevertheless, "the mills of God grind slowly." At times one is tempted to marvel at the patience of the Infinite, in whose eyes, indeed, "a thousand years are as a day." When one thinks of the millions of years required in evolution from the first simple cells of organic matter to the complex vegetable and animal forms of to-day, even man himself, one has some faint conception of that Infinite Patience. When one reflects that the work of evolution is still going on, slowly, and silently, yet surely as before, one stands dumb before the possibility of what yet may be. It is hard to realize, perhaps, that each one of us must partake of that evolution, be a part in it, and eventually know and understand all; yet so it must be, or the creation of us shall have been the "devil's dance" that some pessimists have portrayed it.

The possibilities of the future make life well worth the living, no matter what our lot here may be; yet since it is clear that the events of the Universe do, as a rule, move slowly, it may be that we have before us a period of more militarism, more autocracy of wealth, more burdens to bear, before the final liberation. Thinking of such a possibility, it may help us, at times, to reflect that the rough way may be needed to put the iron into our souls that we may be strong to rise. At such times it may help us to realize the spirit of the words of Browning, the fighting poet,

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!"

It isn't an easy doctrine—this being willing to take rebuffs so that we rise by them—but we can never be really free until we so look upon them.

At the same time—to return to our subject—although "the mills of God grind slowly," there is no law to prevent an impetus at any time. There have been events in the world that have made for very great progress within a very short period, even a few years; and it may be that the end of this war may see just such a period. I rather think the Infinite is well satisfied when such leapings forward occur.

But in order that such rapid advancement may be made, one thing seems absolutely necessary—concerted movement forward on the part of all the people, all the masses of the people; and those in the most civilized countries must lead. Upon them lies the burden. It is impossible for a few prophets and a few leaders to do everything themselves. They must have at their backs the great majority of the folk living everywhere, in the shops, in the schools, away out on the farms. Not one can evade the responsibility, not one can say, "I do not count." Not one can say, "No chance to help comes to me," for the ballot, at least, goes everywhere, and may be the sword of the future,—a more effective weapon than the sword of finest steel or the most terrible modern Howitzer. It is not hard to believe firmly, with Bouck White, that "the ballot-box is going to be discovered as probably the one greatest spiritual contribution to mankind,"—he means in "raising" mankind in general,—the ballot the instrument, not the cause. Yes, that opportunity will come to everyone capable of thought before long, for it is only a stone's throw until women also will have legal permission everywhere to vote.

But it is not sufficient that everyone have the power to vote. That will not be a cure-all. In order that the leaders,

The Ingle Nook.

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After the War.

Do you ever try to imagine what conditions will be after the war? From the fact that in many of the better-class magazines, articles of a prophetic or analytic nature are appearing in increasing numbers of late, it would seem that such speculations are becoming very general. And, indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise. We think we live in the present; as a matter of fact, we live very much in the future, and when a great world-shaking cataclysm such as the present war arrives, there are problems ahead that allure yet defy the strongest minds and the most acute prophecy. To some it appears that civilization has been put back for a hundred years



Try a Pulley Clothes Line.

By having a pulley at each end of the line, and an "endless" rope, to go double, the clothes can be put on at the door, and the line drawn along until filled with them. This little plan, which any handy man can carry out, will save wading through snow on winter wash-days.

take up arms in self-protection. They never have trusted us, never have understood us. If we begin arming now, history will see the Old-world blunder repeated in this hemisphere. We are human. We shall soon be carrying a chip on our shoulders; the bully in us will assuredly assert itself and will be the means of turning these western nations into armed camps, just as occurred in Europe. Then a coalition against the feared and misunderstood United States by these South American Latins will bring about the inevitable conflagration we now see as a result of this policy in Europe. But long before this we shall lose their trade. They will fear to build up a dreaded rival by buying goods of him. . . . But more than the commercial loss, a greater calamity even than the loss of human lives which attends warfare, is the deterioration of national character which follows the policy of militarism. We now are a peaceful people, loving the ways of peace. Given over to the rule of jingoes, we shall become a swaggering, aggressive, bullying nation that puts its trust in might rather than right. . . . I have great faith in the efficacy of economic pressure as a defensive measure. I do not think that the idea embodied in the proposal of a "League to Enforce Peace" is at all visionary. An international court is as possible among civilized nations as are courts for the adjustment of disputes

or more; that art and beauty have been slain; that, on the excuse of "preparedness," militarism will be more rampant than ever, the very "Prussianism" that the Allies are to-day trying to kill, coming thus to the fore in every land; that because of the great wealth now flowing into the hands of munitions manufacturers, democracy will be a stunning blow, and a plutocracy will be established, more powerful, more crushing than the worst imperial autocracy.

Upon the other hand, there are those who cling to the idea that right must win out in the end, however it come; that evolution cannot cease in things political any more than in things physical. Out of the very throes of the war, say these, will come a larger democracy. Socialism will again rear its head, making for an internationalism that has been hitherto unknown. Disgusted with war's ruin, the nations will unite in a strong league, pledged to oppose, by ostracism of trade and other measures, any single nation that shall, in the future, dare to make trouble; and so the only forces needed will be for policing, and the crushing cost of keeping up huge armies and fleets will be forever done away with. Animated by a new humanitarianism, and assisted by facts that were formerly swallowed up by militarism, all peaceful arts shall flourish; beauty shall mount to the throne from which has been driven the

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