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The Call To Arms

IT is estimated that 10,000,000 Americans will be subject to the selective draft. The first thought is one of exultation that our country is able to supply such a host. The second is that they are the very flower of the land, and what a pity it is that they should have to be called from the ranks of industry to the ranks of war.

Behind these men are ten millions of young women—the brightest, sweetest, fairest women in all the world. Even the unmarried ones among that number have everything at stake, for deep within their hearts is the longing of each one for a husband, a home and children. With peace, this dream would in most cases be realized. So that a generation hence, instead of ten millions there would be twenty millions ready for such a call to arms as the present one.

But, behind all, there is that other compelling force called duty. And that, in its demands, is so imperious that all else must be subordinated to it. Our country was given its place among the nations in fulfillment of a determination that all men should be born free and equal. Not equal in fact, for that is impossible, but equal in opportunities to achieve for themselves fortune and honored names.

To accomplish this the fathers of the republic offered their fortunes, their sacred honor and their lives.

They did this, too, when there was no rich government and country to reinforce them; they wrought out their destiny amid sufferings and hardships and dangers and poverty extreme, but they never faltered; and at the end of over-wearied lives they left priceless heritage to their children to maintain and improve upon. It is that inheritance and the duty to maintain it that brings the present call.

The sons of such sires cannot falter now. The fathers fought to forge a wonderful dream into a reality. It is the sacred duty of their sons to preserve that reality inviolate.

When the fathers were doing their work, the world looked on and wondered if they could ever succeed; it has looked on ever since and marked the mighty advances that have followed. Now it is watching and wondering if, with those advances, the high attainments of the fathers have been preserved. This has been the question all around the world since "the state of war" was declared by President Wilson. This is behind Marshall Joffre's plea that a small American army be sent to France. It is to answer this question effectively that Colonel Roosevelt is moved with the burning desire to lead an army division into France.

And while the present upheaval may shatter a great many hopes, it is a good thing after all. It is the way that the manhood of a nation is kept exalted; it is the way to emphasize to the world that free government, instead of breaking the spirit of a people, lifts them up, makes them jealous of their advantages and nerves them to make any needed sacrifice to prevent free government from perishing from the earth.

Up to date, the old flag has never been carried into a war that it has not held more and more majesty in its folds on its return. It may come back blackened by battle-smoke and rent by the hostile missiles of war, but it has come like a sea eagle from a storm—with plumage ruffled and featherless pinions, but with a stronger

sweep of wing and a shriller, fiercer cadence to its scream.

It will be so this time and the strongest nations will take to themselves the thought that, whatever their future dreams may be, it will be a dangerous venture to ever arouse the American eagle to arms.

Joseph H. Choate

FOR many years, looking from a long distance, we have held Joseph H. Choate to be about the foremost of all the great men of the United States. This belief was founded on the fact that whenever, in a crisis or supreme emergency, his opinion was called forth, it had the effect of moving the previous question—it promptly shut off debate.

His matchless wit and repartee were but the flashings of his sunny nature—sunbeams on the surface of life's restless sea, but never disturbing or changing the course of the deeper currents of his mind.

He was a profound scholar as the world estimates scholarship, so profound that he himself realized that the utmost learning of man is, after all, but "the playing of the shells on the ocean shore—that the great ocean rolled unexplored beyond him." Hence there was never anything

VIVA LA FRANCE

By Richard Butler Glaenger.

"France is dying."—Hindenburg.

If France is dying, she dies as day
 In the splendor of noon, sun-aureoled.
 If France is dying, then youth is gray
 And steel is soft and flame is cold.
 France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
 When a mother dreams of her child-to-be.
 If France is dying, then God above
 Died with His Son upon the Tree.
 France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, true manhood dies,
 Freedom and justice, all golden things.
 If France is dying, their life were wise
 To borrow of death such immortal wings.
 France cannot die! France cannot die!

—New York Times.

like false pride in his makeup, no imperious air of superiority about him; nothing cold or stern in his dealings with men save when he was insisting upon the vindication of a high and just principle.

He became the leader of the New York bar by natural gravitation to the place; he was there because he naturally belonged there.

He had not one trick of the politician. He would have scorned the highest office in the land if, to obtain the position, he would have been required to surrender one atom of his own self-respect.

When he talked politics, it was either to help his friends or to vindicate some principle that was dear to him because he believed it to be right.

This is the impression that emanates from his life work, and when one who has never seen him compares him with the other great men of our country, very few attain to his royal standard.

When he accepted the ambassadorship to the court of St. James, we believe his uppermost thought was one of curiosity as to how he would measure up with the so-called great men abroad. This, not for public estimation but to satisfy him-

self. He surpassed all previous records and won an inner seat at Temple Bar.

His lighter self, by which he was generally known, was wonderful. There are a thousand examples of it. He made a friendly campaign with Chauncey Depew in New York. Depew was famous as an orator and wit. The two were in friendly contest at every meeting. One night Depew was particularly sharp and won great applause by his jibes at Choate. When he finished Choate arose, drew a circular from his pocket and began to read: "The great Depew Gas Company, Limited." Then he stopped and looked at Depew; then for a second looked over the audience and said: "Why Limited?" That finished Depew for that meeting.

When ambassador to England, a Scottish lord invited Choate to be his guest for a week in the Highlands. Choate accepted the invitation, and his host gave a great banquet in his honor. The male guests arrived dressed in kilts. As they took their seats at the banquet table, Choate whispered to his host: "I pray your pardon, my Lord. Had I known the fashion here I would have left my pantaloons at the hotel." The host was bright enough to see the joke and, rising, repeated Choate's words to the guests, which at once placed the distinguished American in full accord with the company.

As head of the Bar Association in New York City, he presided at a banquet of the bar and bench. At the right time he arose and said: "My brothers, inasmuch as we are all lawyers except the judges, and some of them are—" He could get no further for several minutes.

His whole record is illustrated by his wit.

It is a pleasure to think that when he arose to greet the English and French delegations last week his words revealed that his supere brain was still in perfect form; his royal heart was still throbbing with all that was high and true, though the machinery of his earthly self was so nearly run down.

Peace to his sleep: the world was blessed by his splendid life.

The War's Outlook

THE only real hope that the war news presents nowadays is that the very desperation with which it is being carried on will bring a collapse soon. There are limits to human endurance and the present pace cannot long be maintained.

The armies are being called upon to do their utmost, and behind the armies are the people whose suffering, physical and mental, cannot possibly be estimated.

The weak spot in the Allies just now is Russia. Since the storm of her revolution suddenly ceased, she has been trembling in the rough seas made by it and has not yet recovered her steering way.

The English destroyers appear to be getting the better of the submarines, and if we have any destroyers to spare they should be sent across the waters to help. Our belief is that on our destroyers are scores of young officers who are simply burning with a desire to engage in such work, even as Cushing in our great war.

If it is true that Italy has four millions of seasoned soldiers on the Austrian border there will be decisive news from there before long, for Austria, with the half dozen loosely-knit nations that comprise her empire, is already close to the breaking point.

From the dispatches, we gather that Turkey is like the man who has hold of a charged wire with both hands—she is held tightly because she cannot let go. We still think that could a segment of our fleet be spared, the place for it to strike in order to disturb Germany most would be on the Hellespont. Certainly, it is in this