
RELATED THINGS

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THE TROPICS.

For The Public.

"The legion that never was listed,"
 The soft-lilting rythm and song,
 The starlight, and shadowy tropics,
 The palms—and all that belong;
 The unknown that ever persisted
 In dreams that were epics of bliss,
 Of glory and gain without effort—
 And the visions have faded, like this.

A shimmering hell in a tropic sun
 Where the shadows lie blistered and burnt,
 And the long-drawn days in the blazing rays
 Pass drearily one and one;
 Where the hot palm droops in half-scorched groups
 And the flashing lizards run
 On their fickle ways, as the lightning strays
 And golden quests are won.

A brazen wrath is the river's path,
 Molten and sluggish and sullen,
 Where the lean dug-out and its rough-hewn snout
 Ripples the muddied bath;
 And a blistering strand of white, hot sand
 A quivering fury hath,
 Like a flame burst out from a furnace spout—
 A withering aftermath.

A torrid maze are the crawling days
 On the seared and fevered beaches,
 Where the false, cool mist by the dawn is kissed
 And turns to the fetid haze
 Of a jungle's breath with its threat of death
 And fever's grizly gaze,
 That has taken the grist—a ghastly list—
 To wait the Final Praise.

From dusk to dawn, when the heat is gone,
 The home thoughts nestle and throb,
 And the drifting breeze through the dim, grey trees
 Stirs up the fancies wan
 Of the old, cool life and a white-man's wife
 With a white-man's babes on a lawn,
 Where the soft greens please—yet each morrow
 sees
 The flame that follows the dawn.

From dawn till eve the hot hours leave
 Their mark like a slow-burned scar;
 And a dull, red hate 'gainst the grilling fate,
 Impulse and fevers weave;
 While the days to come—in years their sum—
 The helpless thoughts perceive
 As an endless state, sans time or date
 That only gods relieve.

Rubber or gold—the game is old,
 The lust and lure and venture;
 And the trails gleam white in the tropic night
 Where the restless spirits mould;

A vine-tied cross 'neath the festooned moss,
 Bones in a matting rolled;
 No wrong or right, the loss is slight—
 The world-old fooled of gold.

"The legion that never was listed"—
 The glamor of words in a song,
 The lure of the strange and exotic,
 The drift of the few from the throng;
 The past that was never resisted
 In the ebb or the flow of desire,
 The foolish, the sordid, ambitious,
 Now pay what the gods may require.

CHARLES JOHNSON POST.

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WAR AND MANHOOD.

From Dr. David Starr Jordan's Address Before the
 National Educational Association at the Harvard
 Stadium on July 4, as Reported in the
 Chicago Inter Ocean.

Benjamin Franklin once remarked that the standing army must eventually bring about its own abolition, because it diminishes the size and breed of the human species by monopolizing the flower of the nation, who, in general, cannot marry. Franklin also said: "Wars are not paid for in war times; the bill comes later."

It is not the presence of the Emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. The decline of a people has but one cause, the decline of the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of men is under the law as a herd of cattle.

Few historians have looked on men as organisms and on nations as dependent on the specific character of those organisms destined for their reproduction. The seeds of destruction are found alone in the influences by which the best men are cut off from parenthood.

More than 3,000,000 men are said to have been victims of the ambition of Napoleon. Millions on millions might have been, but are not, because the best that France could produce were chosen as food for powder. Napoleon seized the young of large stature and left them scattered over European battlefields, and as a result the French people who followed are mostly of small stature.

The marvel of Japan's military prowess in recent years, after 200 years of peace, has been again and again commented on, but that is just what we should expect after six generations, in which there has been no slaughter of the strong, no sacrifice of the courageous. In the peaceful struggle for existence the virile and the brave survived; the idle, weak and the dissipated went to the wall. No nation has ever remained virile and strong after 200 years of incessant battle. Other things being equal, the nation that has known least of war is the most likely to develop strong battalions, with whom victory must rest.

What would be the effect on England if the thousands upon thousands of her young men who have fallen in battle during the last generation could be returned to her, with those that should have been their descendants today? If we may personify the spirit of the nation, England grieves most, not over its unreturning brave, but over those that might have been, but never were, and who, so long as history lasts, can never be.

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SOME SUPPOSED JUST CAUSES OF WAR.

An Address Delivered By Jackson H. Ralston of
Washington, D. C., At the New England Arbitration and Peace Congress at Hartford,
Conn., May 9, 1910.

Diplomatists and statesmen—we must mention both, for all diplomats are not statesmen and all statesmen are not diplomatists—agree often and so express themselves in treaties, that for honor and vital interests nations may wage what is dignified by the title of “solemn war,” and they must be permitted so to do, at their good pleasure, even though the doors of The Hague tribunal of arbitration swing freely upon their hinges, and possible judges wait the sound of the footsteps of the representatives of litigant states. Honor and vital interests—how sonorous these words sound! Resolve them into their elements: passion, avarice, commercial and territorial aggrandizement; and the result is verbiage so crude as to grate upon modern susceptibilities. Let us continue to use grand words, to conceal ignoble thoughts.

But it is only those aggregations of human units that we call nations, that slay without crime and without judicial punishment—slay, burn, rob and destroy. Why this logically should be the case we are at a loss to understand. Why the inherent rights of the individual to determine such questions as concern his honor or vital interests should be mercilessly abridged, and why cities and towns, and not nations, should be deprived of the full and free exercise of their most violent passions, one is unable to comprehend. Should not the power of both city and nation, or else, of neither, be submitted to the ruling care of the judiciary? Is there anything peculiar about the situation of a city or a state which should deprive them of the free exercise of their faculties? Let us examine into the question by considering first a couple of supposititious cases, either of which may find its full parallel in history, and offering a justification for war fully as well founded as the justification furnished for many wars of the past between nations.

New York, as we all know, is a great collection of human beings, greater than was boasted by all the cities of Greece of whose wars we read with

sanguinary pleasure; greater than Rome possessed after she had subdued all Italy. New Yorkers are overflowing her civic boundaries into New Jersey, even as Japanese are overflowing from Japan into Korea or Manchuria. Let us listen to the musings of a future chieftain of Tammany Hall, whose domain is co-extensive with that of Greater New York. He says: “New York is imperial, and every New Yorker feels the slow, patriotic pride when he gazes on the vast fleets coming from all quarters of the globe to share in the profits of her commerce. The bosom of every home-loving New Yorker must swell with pride as he contemplates her magnificent structures, at once index and emblem of her greatness. Here liberty reigns, here the son of the poorest immigrant, as illustrated in my own person, may become ruler. But with all this, New York is in her swaddling clothes. Imaginary lines bound her on the north, while to the west the jurisdiction of the city is limited by the North River, beyond which a New Yorker may not go without being in danger of losing his political allegiance and being absorbed by an alien community. Every patriotic instinct demands that New York should extend her boundaries so that her sons may have room in which to live and contribute to the glory of their native city.” And with all a subconscious voice whispers, “Let this come to pass and greater will be Tammany and more luscious the spoils thereof.”

What more effective appeal to true patriotism could be made, and when you add the promise to the valiant son of the Bowery or of the Harlem, that the rich lands of the Jerseys shall be theirs, that the super-abundance of their neighbors in cows and corn and strawberries shall be their abundance, can you not imagine with what fervor the embattled warriors of Yorkville and the Bronx, the Bowery and the Battery, would fall upon their weaker neighbors across the North River and openly put to the sword each offending owner of a herd of cows or of a promising strawberry patch? And the cause of war, that is, the ostensible cause of war? No matter. Perhaps a bibulous New Yorker, suffering from the Sunday drought of his city and seeking consolation in Hoboken, has been arrested somewhat roughly and given a disagreeable sample of Jersey justice, against which every city-loving citizen of Manhattan raises protest and cries for war. Anything will do as long as the desire exists for dominion over rich lands across the river, as long, in other words, as the “vital interests” of New York rulers—money always being vital—demands an extension of New York’s power. And now that we have the honor of New York assailed in the person of her intoxicated citizen, vital interests compel war.

And yet we live in such an unmanly, effete and degenerate age and country that should the mighty cohorts of Tammany, desisting from the milder