

The War In Europe

—BY—

CLARENCE DARROW

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF
RATIONALISM, AT GERMANIA THEATRE,
64 EAST VAN BUREN STREET,
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The War In Europe

SO much has been said and written about the War that it is not easy to find anything new on that subject. Still unless one is to say something that is in a measure at least, different, it is hardly worth while to talk, and still less worth while to listen. Like all subjects, there has been a great deal of nonsense, pure sentimentalism, loose talk, and loose thinking, in connection with the events of the war. Most people are really interested in finding out the causes of the war, and whether there is any cure for it, and what the cure must be, and also whether it is a desirable thing to cure it, or whether war is the natural state of man, and best for the human race.

It is not worth while to talk about the horrors of the war; everybody understands these; half the human race are engaged in the business of destroying each other, destroying the property that has been built up, destroying such civilization as we have; the horrors can easily be imagined, and if they cannot be, there are plenty of newspaper and magazine writers

who sit down in their studies and describe it from their imagination, of course making the picture as horrible as they can, because it must be horrible, or no one will read. There are some things, however, that are rather plain in this matter.

It is plain that the whole world has failed in its ideas of civilization. We had supposed—at least a large number of people in the world had supposed—that wars were over; that they belonged to the barbarism of the past and not to the barbarism of the present. Men had fancied all sorts of reasons why they had seen the last of the wars, and yet, almost out of a clear sky, without any apparent cause—certainly without any sufficient cause, the greatest war in the history of the world has come upon us. We find that all the theories have failed; religion, socialism, trades-unionism, capitalism, education—every theory has been swept away by war, and it is worth while to find out the cause, if we can.

The Christians have supposed that the spread of Christianity would stop war, and yet the Christian German is praying to God to help him kill the Christian Russian, and the Christian Russian is asking the same God to help him kill the Christian German, and He seems to be helping both of them. The Christian Englishman is calling on the Heathen Jap and the

East Indian to help him kill the Christian German, and the Christian German is enlisting the service of the Mohammedan Turk to help him kill the Christian Englishman. It is not a question of religion. The German Christian is willing to ally himself with anybody to kill Christians, and the same is true with the Christian Frenchman and the Christian Russian, they are all Christians, excepting the Jews. Of course, in all this the Lord must be considerably mixed and does not know what to do. Then comes the President of the United States, a Presbyterian, and tries to make it easier for the Lord. He appoints a prayer day in the United States, a neutral country, and asks the Lord to stop the war entirely, but this was four weeks ago, and the war is still going on. It seems to take the Lord longer to mobilize than it does the Russian Army.

In this great contest the Christian has failed. Of course, when the President appointed a prayer day, he knew it would do no good. I assume that he has that much intelligence. Everybody who prayed knew it would do no good. Everybody who went to church on prayer day knew it would do no good, but they wanted to keep up the bluff.

The Kaiser and the rest of them, when they pray, know it will do no good, and while they pray, they

make the best preparations they can with battleship, with cannon and with horse to help out the Lord if he should happen to be on their side. So religion has availed nothing. With the spread of Christianity, in 2,000 years, we find the world just as much given to war as it was before Christianity came.

The Socialist thought he would stop war. One-third of the population of Germany, perhaps, are Socialists. A large number of the French are Socialists. A large number of English are Socialists. They all believe in the Brotherhood of Man. They are not patriotic. They have never considered the existing state as their friend, but rather as their enemy, and they believe that a brother in France is just the same as one in Germany, and yet, when the war came on, the German Socialist would call the French Socialist "Comrade", and run a dagger into him at the same time, just the same as other people. When the war came on, the German Socialist united with the Kaiser, and all the rest of them, and was as patriotic as the others. There were enough members of the German Reichstag who were Socialists to stop the war loan, but they unanimously voted for the loan. The French Socialist went in with the rest. There are two Socialist members of the French Cabinet, and they are fighting as hard as anybody else. The leading Socialist in Belgium is a member of the cabinet, and on the

field of battle. The Socialists in Germany are fighting loyally and forgetting all about the Brotherhood of Man, excepting inside of their own country. Hence Socialism has failed in so far as bringing peace is concerned, and the Socialists have demonstrated to the world what a great many of us were in doubt about—that they are just as human as other people. Some of us were afraid they were not. They have also demonstrated that Socialism is not the big thing and it does not reach the primal instincts and feeling of man, which is the main point. But when you get down to the primal feeling of man, it cuts below religion, and it cuts under Socialism, and you find that you cannot change the real character of man by any intellectual process, or by building up a theory of life.

Trades-Unionism has failed in just the same way. It has been preaching that the Trades-Unionist of one country is just as good as the Trades-Unionist of another. Everybody was equal if he belonged to a Union, but the Trades-Unionist of England fights valiantly to kill the Trades-Unionist of Germany, and so on around. Trades-Unionism has meant nothing so far as the war is concerned. I had myself rather thought that the greatest wars were over, not on account of Christianity or Socialism, or Trades-Unionism, but on account of capitalism. I had felt that the Lon-

don banker and the Paris banker and the German banker, who are internationalists, who are ready to make money in any part of the earth, and who own the earth, would not destroy their own property, or would not give up money to have their own property destroyed, but when the war comes on, we find the banker shoveling out his money with a scoop shovel for war, and after the money is gone, he leaves the bank and takes his gun and goes to fight himself, so war is deeper than money.

There have been people who thought that education would change the world. I remember thirty-five or forty years ago, reading a very eloquent article by Victor Hugo on that subject. He said that the common school would settle all the problems of the world. Poverty would be abolished; war would be abolished; we would now educate the human race. The common school is here; the high school is here, and the university is here, and men are wonderfully educated. They can measure the distance to the sun and the far off planets, and they can even weigh them and tell what they are made of. but they have not changed the instincts and the feelings of man; they have not touched them. Education has taught men how they can kill more people, and the better educated the nation, the more people they can kill, and the more they do kill when they start the kill-

ing. Education has counted for nothing toward bringing about the peace of the world. Many of the scientists give their time to designing new ways to kill, and many scholars to proving that their side of the war is carried on in self-defense. The philosophers of the world are divided. We find the great French philosophers are for France, the great German philosophers are for Germany, and the English philosophers for England. The poets take sides like the rest. The literary men in France prove by fine rhetoric that they are right, and the literary men of Germany prove that Germany was invaded and is fighting in self-defense, and so on around. We find the Atheist people in Germany uniting with the Christian philosophers of Germany to prove that Germany is right.

Religion, Socialism, Trades-Unionism, Capitalism, learning, all of them, so far as this war is concerned, have done absolutely nothing to change the nature of the man; to direct him into paths of peace instead of war. And so we find half the human race at war, and no one knowing whether any neutrals will be left outside. One after another gets into the fight until all may finally be in. Why is it?

Probably a million and a half have been killed and seriously wounded in three months. Whole countries have been devastated, property destroyed that it took

centuries to build; the number of homeless cannot be counted, the agony and suffering that goes with the war is greater than the human race has ever known, and still no one thinks of stopping until the other side is completely vanquished. Now that is one side of it.

A person who believes that nothing good can be said for war, does not think. What is there on the other side? War has divided people the world over. Christian against Christian, Socialist against Socialist, Trades-Unionist against Trades-Unionist. On the other hand, it has united people as nothing in the world ever has united them, excepting war. The German Christian and the German Atheist are fighting side by side. They do not even quarrel about their religion; they do not have time. The German Socialist and the German Prince are living and dying together. The German Kaiser no longer forbids the sale of Socialistic literature even in the army. All are really brothers. The German capitalist and the German workingman are fighting together and living together, dying together in the trenches, living upon the same kind of fare, dying in the same way and for the same cause, whatever that cause may be I do not profess to know. All kinds of people are really united.

What is true in Germany, is true in England and in France. Social distinctions, for a time at least, have

been swept away, and a real brotherhood has come to the world, such as the world has always dreamed about, but has never seen, except in times of war; a Brotherhood which I am quite sure will never entirely disappear and will be closer after the war is over than it has ever been before.

It means this. The small feelings of life have been swallowed up in a strong emotion, one that has cut through the petty things and reached down to the fundamentals of existence, and everything else is forgotten. Not only have these people united and found out the common kinship there is in men, but they are forgetting little things; the small troubles they once had.

Each of the legislatures of the different states in the Union is passing in the neighborhood of a thousand laws at every session. Most of these laws contrive new ways to send people to jail; pick out new bad things for people to do, and provide a way for people to go to jail. This is the result of peace without any strong emotion that can take possession of the soul of man. The people in Europe have not been making new laws. They are too busy breaking old ones. They are not engaged in the petty business of bothering each other. In a great conflict that touches the deep emotions of men, a reformer is forgotten the same as a mosquito; there are bigger things to think about. The little patch-work

made by little people to strangle the emotions of men and make an artificial society are swept away. These small things come from peace when there is nothing but little things to do. Peace breeds a pestilence of busybodies. We have organizations that are paid to give their time, and who sit up nights contriving ways to do things to their fellow men, and they are tying the world up with laws and restrictions and customs and institutions that strangle every emotion there is in man, and take away all the joy there is in life. These disappear in the presence of a great thing like war.

Man has to be busy at something. If one stopped to think, he would die. Why would he live if he thought about it? What is there to life anyhow? Men are not kept alive by intellect; they are kept alive by the will to live, the will to power, the deep instincts and emotions, and they must first of all be doing something, and if they cannot be doing something big, they find something little to do, because they must be busy.

Life in itself would not go on if one thought of himself, and considered the question of whether it was worth while. No one would bring human life into the world from an act of reason. If human life was desirable, the Lord was wise when he provided that bringing people into the world should have nothing to do with intellect but should be governed entirely by dif-

ferent emotions, otherwise the world would die. By your instincts you live. Nobody can reason out that he gets anything out of life with its troubles and its disappointments; and even if it were pleasant, it comes to an end very, very soon, and this thought alone would rob life of joy.

The reason there are so many optimists in the world is because there are so many idiots in the world. Man lives by activity with no plan, with no purpose. He thinks he is going to do something to-morrow. If he stops to reason, he knows that he will not, he feels that if he lives through to-morrow, the next day will come, and then he feels that if he lives through to-morrow, the next day will come, and thus life is everlastingly luring him on by his emotions and his feelings and his instincts and he must do something. So, in times of profound peace, the world turns to little things, men engage in regulating each other; they seek to better man, to better him intellectually, to better him spiritually and physically; each person figuring out for himself how the rest of the world ought to live, and this brings countless evils in its train. War sweeps these things away. It is a big thing for which men live and which takes the place of all other things. After all it is better to be killed by a lion than nibbled to pieces by mosquitoes.

The torment does not last so long; it is not so annoying, and there is something more heroic about it.

The other day in a little town, I went into a park. I saw two old soldiers, probably 75 years of age, most likely living on small pensions. They were sitting on a bench and telling each other about how each one saved the country in a great battle of the Civil War; where they were, and what they did, what the enemy did, each describing his great emotion; they were the only ones they ever had. Each had lived fifty years on the emotion of one battle. All the rest of each life was commonplace, all of it a little narrow path; they had felt one strong emotion, when, for a few hours they had risked their lives, fought like demons, and all the rest of the years each had been living on this one emotion. Do you think that it had paid them, or that it did not pay? It did pay them. It was the one thing on which each had lived all of the period since the Civil War.

We feel sorry for the poor peasant that dies on the field of battle in Europe. The poor fellow, seized by a strong emotion, goes into a battle, fighting like a demon, and dies! If he had not gone to war, he could have lived fifty years in cold, in rags, in hunger, in toil and suffering, and brought forth a dozen others to live the same kind of a life that he had lived. Did he win, or did he lose, by having that one great emotion which

meant his death? No one can tell. If it were any one of you, who are fairly comfortable, you would rather have the one great emotion than the fifty years of petty, constant trouble, hardship and sorrow that is incident to the life of the poor.

We read of a million people killed and wounded in three months in the battlefields of Europe. How many in the same time were killed and wounded in the industrial battlefields of the world? Probably nearly as many the world over in the same time. They were ground to death under the wheels of locomotives, picked to pieces in cotton mills, melted iron poured on them, legs and arms cut off in the industries of the world; living and dying in want, in poverty, and in sorrow. Nobody pays any attention to them. We have got used to their afflictions and their fate. If this war lasts long enough, we will get used to that, and think nothing about it. It is the new and unusual thing that we think about, not the commonplace, every-day things in life.

All over Europe to-day there are homes that have been broken by the war, but who is there in this audience whose home has not been broken by death? Yet you forget about this.

I saw in the paper yesterday that the people in the London hotels would not occupy the top floors for fear a Zeppelin dirigible would come along and drop a bomb

on the hotel. London lies awake nights for fear that a Zeppelin will drop a bomb into the city which might kill fifteen or twenty people, and yet every day five hundred die. The Reaper comes every day and takes away five hundred without any more logic, without any more reason, without any more warning than if they were killed by a Zeppelin bomb. Every day in London, when people go to bed at night, they know that five hundred will die before morning; they do not know who the five hundred will be. They have gotten used to the silent Reaper which takes them sooner or later, friend and foe, but if ten people should be killed in a city of five million—each person might be one of the killed—that is enough to fill a city with terror. If the war keeps up the world will get used to Zeppelins with all the other calamities that are incident to life, and men will go on about their business just as before.

Carlyle relates that during the French Revolution, after the people were used to it, business was never so good; theatres were never so prosperous; everybody was happy, excepting the fellows who were getting killed. The Guillotine was taking its victims every day, but not so very many in comparison with the whole population—sometimes rich men and famous men; of course, these make more noise when they die than poor people do, but Paris got used to it, and they thought no more about it

than does a person who rides down Dearborn Avenue in an automobile, while they are hanging somebody in the County Jail. We do not stop business because we are engaged in hanging a person on that day—we do not think about it.

There is everything in getting used to things, and this war comes upon the world as a terrible horror, because it is out of the ordinary, while if you compare its victims with the victims of business, it would be hard to tell where the balance is. War is great. Peace is small. I do not say that sometime the world will not find some strong emotion which will make for life, and which the world will cling to, some strong emotion that will take the place of war, but so far, it has not been found, and until it is, we shall have war.

It is this way: You go ten miles out in the sea on a stormy day, the wind is blowing, the waves are rolling, but the air is clear, the water is pure. You can live, if you are not seasick, and you get over that; the water is pure, and the air is pure; but in a little, stagnant, inland pool, a green scum comes over the water, and you find tadpoles and mosquitoes and pestilence coming from the top, and death all around.

So the peace that the world has always known brings little things, mosquitoes, reformers, slander, spite, jealousy, criminal statutes, all kinds of nuisances, besides

which death is a glorious delivery. Sometime the world may find some better, strong emotion, but now it has not. Education has not solved the problem, nor Religion, nor Socialism.

No historian, or philosopher would say that no good has come out of war, or can come out of war.

I was reading just this morning an article on the present war by the great Italian historian, Ferrero. He was sketching the good that has come out of past wars, and the good that will come out of this war. What has happened in the past is fairly well known. What will happen in the future is, perhaps largely prophecy.

Long ago, the old prophet said that "without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin", and it seems to be pretty nearly true. It is not worth while to inquire whether it should be true or not. It seems that all down through the ages, it has been true—that without some violent upheaval this world cannot be changed, and after all, it should be changed; change is the law of life; nobody wants peace; we want action,—change.

You may figure out all sorts of schemes. The Socialist may make you rich, but he can't make you happy. After you get rich, you will have stomach trouble, probably more than you had before; tuberculosis and death. There will still be mosquitoes and reformers, and all kinds of things to bother you. You will have just as many

troubles as you had before. Everybody may figure out his schemes, but none of these schemes will bring happiness, that comes only from a strong emotion which makes one forget himself. There is only one place on earth where there is peace, and that is the grave-yard; and everybody is trying to keep out of it, because they do not want peace, they want life, and life is everlasting conflict in some form. It means that; it can be nothing else. Much good has come from war, doubtless much evil, but certainly much good.

Take the earth. It grows stratified and hard, so that the plow cannot touch it, and men break it open with dynamite and it will then bear grain. Nature sent a flood over the earth carrying with it glaciers, destroying mountains, pulverizing rocks, and fitting the earth for the home of man. Society is like the earth. It gets stratified, fixed in layers. Here is something on top; here is something still lower, clear down to the bottom, and all the years of peace makes that strata harder, and it takes a violent shock; it takes bloodshed; it takes the convulsion of the human race to bring change.

Society is broken up; it reorganizes, generally better than before. Reorganization, growth, cannot, does not, come without it. You might say it should be done without it; that is not the question. Does it come otherwise? Has it ever come otherwise? Will it ever be done in

any other way? It has been done in that way all through the past.

This war will no doubt bring good. Many people will be killed. Of course, that means suffering. It means also salvation from long years of suffering. A great deal of property will be destroyed. Whose property? Not the property of the poor—they have none. The destruction of property in this war means nothing to the human race—absolutely nothing. Destruction of property under our present industrial system simply means division of property, nothing else. It means a new distribution of property. It means that the poor and the idle will be employed afterwards to build up at higher wages than they had been getting before, and there is nothing that a poor man seems to like better than work at high wages.

What else will come? What are the real things that probably will come? There will come a challenge to the kings and the nobles, to the rulers and creeds. Some people will be forced to think, and even though they cannot think, will be forced to feel. They will ask questions. And then, the Russian Cossack, fighting with the Russian Peasant, the German Nobleman fighting with the German Workingman, will learn more of each other. There will come through it a greater brotherhood than the world has ever known. There has

always come through war a greater brotherhood than there was before. It was through war that almost every democratic institution was given to the common man, if for nothing else, as a reward for his services. The Kaiser, when he sees the suffering and the struggling of the poor on behalf of his monarchy will give him more. These poor always have got more; they will get more from this war, and out of this terrible strife will come a distrust of kings, a distrust of rulers, a distrust of creeds, a growth of the common man greater than could possibly have come without it. The war must break up the old, and prepare for the new. Destruction is construction. People who talk of radicals being destructive and not constructive are like the rest of the idle who use catch words instead of sense. Destruction and construction always go together, and they always must go together. The war will bring about a brotherhood that could not be brought about in times of peace.

Do you think that the prince and the workingman who have been fighting in the trenches side by side, living together, eating together, sleeping in the same place, finding that they were like each other—do you think when the war is over, that they will go back to their old position? Never. Possibly they will not be quite as equal as when they were consumed by a great emotion, and living and dying side by side, but they will know

each other; they will respect each other; that will be more of brotherhood, more of liberty, more of fraternity, because of the great suffering they have gone through.

Nature cares nothing about short periods of time. She moves with "Seven League Boots"—not for today—not for to-morrow—not for next year—not for a thousand years. She is the same nature that everlastingly rules, and we can only ask what is the result for the human race?

Must there always be war? Of course it is hard to think that children are born into this world, and men and women live for nothing else than to be slaughtered wholesale in a thousand ghastly ways. The world ought to get beyond it. How can it? What is to blame for war?

I do not care to fix the blame as between these countries, even if I could. It is a matter of no consequence, excepting as to the settling of this particular struggle. But what is the real cause of war? The Socialist tells us that it is capitalism; the peace people tell us something else. Some people say it is patriotism; some say one thing, and some say another. Are any of them right? War in itself is a natural state of man. Whether man will ever get beyond it is another question. But man is a part of the whole creation; he lives as a part of

the scheme. All vegetable and animal life has made its way and preserved itself through eternal struggle, by fighting each other; living on each other, building life upon death. It is instinctive in man. Whether he can ever get beyond it is another thing, but fighting is there. It is a part of his varied being.

Another thing—Man can easily be shown that war is wasteful, extravagant and cruel. You can demonstrate that with your reason and logic, but reason has nothing to do with the actions of man. It does not influence him; it does not move him; no one is governed by it. Man is governed by strong feelings and desires and instincts that reach far beyond reason. You cannot overthrow these instincts. You cannot settle wars by saying that kings alone want them, or that capitalists want them.

Before the war broke out a great tumultuous mob of the common people gathered in the streets and the parks of Vienna, clamoring for war. No Monarch could stand against it. People like you and like me, people who knew that in war some of them would die—they wanted to go and be killed; they were clamoring to fight in the front ranks, as they always are. In Trafalgar Square in London, an equally great mob of common people were clamoring for war. In Berlin, filling the parks and crowding the streets, was the same crazy, clamoring crowd. In Paris, through the Parks and the Boulevards,

a similar mob gathered and shouted "On to Berlin". The great common people who do the fighting, and who do the dying, they were for it. It was the same kind of instinct that tells them when they are hungry, when they are thirsty, when they are sleepy. It is the same instinct that governs animal life, and which primarily rules man.

Now, man is governed by certain instincts,—hatred, fear, vengeance, all of these reaching back to the destruction of his enemies and the preservation of his life, to getting his food. He is also moved by love and sympathy, these also, reaching back to the preservation of life. These emotions, you might call conflicting emotions, in a way they are, but they are some of the chief emotions which rule man. He is not ruled by his reason, but by his emotions, as every speaker and every person who has ever had anything to do with the public well knows. He is moved by these, and it has been an everlasting struggle with man as between these sets of emotion. Fear, hatred, vengeance, love, sympathy are some of the emotions that enter into life. They are necessary to life and the preservation of the species; what about them? All our contact with our fellows calls for both. We preserve our life; we deal with our fellows. Self-preservation calls upon us to get the most we can. People ought to be careful about dealing with their friends, because self-preservation makes it almost necessary that

they make a good bargain with them. It brings bitter feeling. It is these that make us hate people. Any conflict makes us hate them, and we cannot help it.

We learn first the things close about us, our own families, our surroundings, finally reaching out to our cities and our state. More and more we take others into our neighborhood, and the people outside are barbarous and unknown enemies. It is the conflict of life that causes our feelings of hatred to be aroused; little things arouse these deep primal instincts in man.

So here, someone killed a Prince of Austria. It must have been a Servian, because Servia had made trouble for Austria. Austria says to Servia: "Unless you practically give up your independence, we will make war upon you and annihilate you". If it had been a workman who was killed, Austria would not have said any such thing, because there are more of them. Russia says to Austria, "If you start, we will go after you". Germany says to Russia, "If you interfere, we will go after you". France, bound to Russia, says, "We will go in and help Russia", and England, united with the other two, says, "We will help Russia and France". A whole world at war because a prince was killed.—

Now, it was not just the killing of a prince; but it was this particular act that aroused the instinct of hatred, of jealousy, of vengeance, that kindled a flame in the hearts

of men, that kindled a flame where a flame can always start, until a conflagration sweeps around the world.

It is the feeling of hatred, of vengeance, of fear, in man. Now, what may overcome it? Not orthodox religion; that does not reach it. Some kind of religion might; not Socialism; these doctrines are theoretical, superficial, intellectual; those do not affect it. The only things that can reach the primitive man are the instincts; real love can do it. People do not kill the ones they love—not while they love them. The mother preserves her child, the members of a family live together and are so associated that they love each other. After a while it reaches out into communities. The feeling of sympathy is born. It is a purely personal feeling.

I see a beggar on the street, a beggar who is maimed and deformed, and it hurts me if I pass him by without giving, and I give to relieve myself. I put myself in the beggar's place, an act of imagination—nothing else. We cannot think and we cannot act, and we cannot feel outside ourselves. It must reach us, or we are not moved. Sympathy is the power of putting yourself in the other person's place. Its foundation is imagination. Unimaginative people are cruel. If you ever want help in this world, do not go to an unimaginative person; he cannot feel what you feel; and until he feels what you feel, he cannot help. When he helps you, he simply helps him-

self. Before we can get rid of war, these instincts of love and sympathy must be the predominating instincts in man. How are we to bring it about? I am not sure that I know.

I think I can suggest some things that would help. Our whole education is wrong. We must cultivate the imagination of people. It is pretty much a question of imagination. I do not know why the world has been so slow to learn. No man is human unless he has imagination. No man is kind unless he has imagination. He could not be from the nature of things, because he must feel, and when he feels, he must be kind; otherwise he could not live.

Children are taught arithmetic, which does not develop the imagination. Far from it. They are taught grammar, which develops nothing but hatred. They are taught Latin, which is dead. They are taught logic, which shows how illogical imagination is. They are taught all these things, which are useless to move the real man. If children are told fairy stories, they can be made to feel the emotions of other people. They can be made to feel the sufferings of those they have never seen. They can be made to feel the sufferings of animals and plants. They can be made to put themselves somewhere else. It is easy to appeal to the imagination of children. It is easy to appeal to the imagination of grown people. Imagina-

tion is easy to cultivate, but the whole educational world has been going in the other direction, making men cold and hard and calculating, and developing what we might call the lower instincts of man. Even our religion has not appealed to the higher instincts, but has told the world that if men do certain things, they will go to Hell, and if they do not do certain things they will go to Heaven and be happy. Education should appeal to the imagination of man. The education of children, the education of the human race, must be toward the imagination; this breeds kindness, gentleness, charity. Every person is charitable to himself. He knows all about it. He cannot put himself in the place of the other person; if he could, he would be charitable to him as he is to himself. This is really a religious cure. I do not exactly like the word, but it fits. Not orthodox, but religious; of course, there is a difference between orthodoxy and religion. It is a religious feeling that would fit a Buddhist, an Atheist, a Christian, or anyone else. It simply means a cultivation of these higher instincts. It means a cultivation of sympathy, of charity, of love. The old religionist has called it a change of heart. That is all right; it does mean that. It must be a change of heart, so that the man will really, really love, instead of talking about love. Now, many Socialists, for instance, talk a great deal about love; while they are talking about love, they are

hating. The Christians talk about love, but do they really love? What we need is real love, not theoretical love. Men do not kill the ones they love, because it hurts them, if they do.

When you have sympathy for another person, it is because you are so close to that other person that his sorrow hurts you. If it does not hurt you, you have no sympathy for him. This is a part of the education of man. The schools have overlooked it; the teachers know nothing about it. They are giving us something dry and soulless, and they call it civilization. Civilization comes from within, not from without. A lot of good people are condemning war. Are they any better than the men that are fighting? Why do men fight? The responsible as well as the irresponsible; they fight because they hate. Do these good people who make laws and regulations and restrictions, and who talk about peace, do they love, or do they hate? Let us test them.

Suppose to-morrow morning they take up a paper which tells of a horrible murder. How many of them feel a genuine sorrow for the man who committed the murder? How many of them would be glad to help him if they could, not approving of the murder, but understanding that the man who commits it was just a part of a great infinite machine; that he had no more power over his deed than the planets in their course—a man

who could no more be good than these people could be evil. How many of them are there whose sympathy goes out to the poor unfortunate person who does what they call wrong? How many really love him? How many of them are there who criticise and slander and pass criminal statutes, to control their fellow man? Pretty much all of them; and the feeling that makes you hate the individual whom you think has done wrong, that makes you talk about the individual; the feeling that makes you send him to jail, is exactly the feeling that drives these Kings and Czars and people to war. The feeling is the same; the heart is the same. Men, by the aid of what they call logic, have been led to live a certain way, and they seek to force others to live the way they live. The people who do not condemn, who do not judge, who really love, are the ones who will solve this question. There are many of them, but there are not yet enough to stop war. This is a religious feeling in so far as it is an appeal to the higher instincts and sentiments of man; and when those higher instincts and sentiments of man have overcome the others, when men really love instead of hate, when they want to help the individual, not theoretically build up something, but when they love the individual, sympathize with him, have charity for him; when these higher feelings reach out beyond themselves to their fellowmen, to the world, then

wars will be over, and we will develop some strong emotion that will fill the lives of men, and make for the real happiness of the world.

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