WENT out to find a happy man, named Milt; came at length to an eight or ten acre piece under glass—the gusty shine of late October upon it—a day that didn’t know just what to do next. Milt came toward me, a collie pup in his arm and a little girl tugging at his free hand. This is a glimpse of the story:

“We came out here five years ago, a bit whipped in health and otherwise from the city,” Milt said. “We dared to be poor—had our faces fixed for that. The second fall I found a tomato-seedling sprouting out of due time in the dooryard, and transplanted it under our small bit of glass. I couldn’t have been very busy that morning. . . . Well, that turned out to be the legacy—”

“I heard you were making a vulgar lot of money,” said I.

“No, I almost fell for that, but thought better of it. I’m making enough. The seedling came along fine and husky. About Christmas I saw where to begin for next year—to market a fine tomato just long enough after the northern season so that people have a relish for them, and before the southern producers begin to ship north in quantity. But a man could do it with berries or melons or asparagus.”

“You say you almost fell for making a lot of money?” I asked curiously.

“Well, you see it opened big. I found myself in a tension for more, more. I planned vast acreage, even a glass works. Then I began to feel lame in the head along the same old routes that the town had worn so deep. Finally it dawned on us—what had we come out here for? We talked it over, decided to call in all the wild
expansion stuff; allowed that we had better leave some of the country for other men to play in, and slowly the fever subsided."

I was thinking that the city must have bitten Milt rather deep. Then it occurred to me that he would never have noticed that tomato-seedling if his brain had been full of fortune dreams that morning. He had come close to smashing the jewel afterward, by his own word.

. . . Now his holdings were proportioned generously to the needs of his house; he had them gratefully in hand, also well in hand his squirrel and beaver instincts, and the barn madness. Milt’s eyes were not held to the ground; he was not dependent upon others; his lines of interest were not stretched out unduly; in fact, he was in a safe and sane relation with mundane things. Not in a single detail, so far as I could see, did the analogy break between Milt’s establishment and a happy nation.

Milt was bringing up his own children.

"I don’t care for the schools," he said. "They didn’t do a good job for me; and while they may be a lot better now, they’re not right. At least, I don’t think they are right. Thinking that way I certainly ought to gamble on the education of my own children. A man doesn’t want to use too much glass for this kind of seedling, however."

Milt wouldn’t have time for this, had he been caught in the great fortune dreaming. . . . A nation should bring up its own children. No individual would dare to risk himself as a teacher in a true Fatherland.

JUST so surely as Milt would have ruined the unique vitality of his house by falling into the dream of great expansion, just so surely does an intrinsically small power with a passion for wealth and colonization, threaten, in its most amicable moments, the very principles of peace; and in the end destroy itself and all suspected tissue surrounding.

Milt has land proportioned to the needs of his establishment, a free highway to the market, also time and disposition to develop the particular values and potencies of the entire scheme; having these he is a successful and happy man, who can laugh, if he were of that temper, at all ulterior insanities. A successful and happy nation must have these. But that nation which in its proper self is but a capitol and suburbs, which becomes a formidable power through an aggressive policy and mastering the destinies of alien peoples; its interest sprawled over the several seas; one of the necessities of its mastery an enforcement of the conviction upon the alien peoples of their own inferiority; the processes of its mastery being frequent displays of power and a steady system of artful diplomacy,—such a
nation is not making of itself a fatherland, but something very much like a spider-land; acceptable only to such gods of the universe as delight in pure spider-like tendencies.

If Milt were to ride forth on a conquest of the country, he would first be compelled to make his house into a citadel, thoroughly to barb his lands, set watch-dogs and arm all the hands. Rivalry of material interest abroad enforces domestic defence. Tenuous lines of conquest, the concentration of riches at home—these call for jaws and claws and fighting instincts, without which no spider can keep up a prosperous lair, pleasantly hung and strewn with drained carcasses.

NEVER was there such a time for a statement of simple truths. America stands with senses sharpened by illness; yet she is hearkening dangerously to the Prussia of America—that military party which would like to become an autocracy. Its voice is raised:

"Let us seize the non-belligerent world-trade now. Let us build, buy and lease ships for this trade. Let us spend the next few years in a forced growth of our navy; by every sacrifice to accumulate such a navy as will stand with Europe in strength, and protect our new world-trade, when damaged Europe returns for her markets."

What a voice from Prussian America,—with neighboring Europe gashed open—the stench around the world from her uncovered dead—and every scream of the European tragedy now and in the more terrible months to come—the result of that identical predatory instinct and no other.

There is also an America, not Prussian, which is acquiring a new mind and heart from the moaning and misery of the neighboring continent, and is striving to put away forever the tarantula from its breast. This America has seen that the affairs of an upright man among his neighbors do not compel him to live in a fortress; and that this is a national verity also. Neither man nor nation can honestly or decently overrule another and continue to be a power; for the lie which makes me say, "I am superior to you," will destroy me in due time before your eyes, though I drive you daily with goads, and take the milk from your babes.

England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain represent different stages of decay in structures not fashioned to endure. From the ripe decadence of Spain to the sharpening of wits' ends in England, each name tells the story of the rise of imperial passion, the flatulence of predatory strength, and just as surely will tell the story of miserable empty ending.

Spain now is a dull red dot in the western sky; Italy not so low nor
red, though her people are scattered, without especial dominance anywhere, without coherence of principle or coördination of action, a sapped and ridden Rome, very far from an “eternal city,” a smile instead of that. France has not the vitality of her enemy, nor of her allies. She will be able to cope with neither at the end of this war. One need look no further than her own physical sterility to turn to the low west for France. She is there—part of the waning constellation which might be called Mediterrania. Even though her all is at stake, her fighting during the first fall days in her own vineyards will be her greatest fighting, for the stamina has been drained from the French spine.

CARLYLE believed that Germany would some time be Europe, but he judged from the Germany before eighteen hundred and seventy, the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Schopenhauer, possibly in part from the Germany of Bismarck. The Germany Carlyle loved had not ceased to build its empire in the sky; but the Germany of the last fifty years has sadly forgotten the stars, and will become the example for future ages of all that a Fatherland must not be. For it has been a Fatherland that turned the eyes of its children to the ground. Men of Cain’s breed come from looking down—slayers and madmen, frenziedly getting, for that is the meaning of Cain—not pastors.

The gods of matter are the devils of men. These gods are manifesting now afield, because the Fatherland did not teach its children to subdue matter, rather to become machine-men, slaves to matter, men of disgusting efficiency in small things and blinking deaf as the bandar-log to immortal things.

With all its mighty engines and perfected detail the German war-machine will break of its own weight. It is that high mystery, roughly named morale which wins wars.

The nation that looks down finds first of all its stomach. You can estimate the value of a soldier by the size of his girth; the larger the belt-line the poorer the soldier. The men who will win this war will win through famine. Enlarged stomachs and fatty hearts are not formed for that. Spirit, the white fire, is the stuff of morale, not sentiment. Sentiment is purely a red flesh matter which dies with each body, and does not lend itself to augment the heroism of survivors.

England is not a sentiment, but an institution. She is in at every case of obstetrics within her dominion, and by some subtle prowess becomes identified with the personality of her subjects. She is not a part of the white fire of her people; in fact she maims her genius by
enslaving him to England and blinding him to the world. There is always her adhesion in the soul of a British genius which keeps it an Englishman instead of a cosmic force. Her commonest subject treated to every abomination at home, is no sooner abroad than he lifts his head in serene contempt for all who are not English—a divine-right sort of self-conviction now denoted because it is a kind of morale afield, and a better thing to fight with than sentiment; also the British ranker in many cases has been inured to famine at home.

England, at this moment, has three fears. I believe in the breasts of those who see farthest, the least of these three fears has to do with Germany. There is devouring terror in the British heart as to what may be taking place under the yoke in India. The key to the length of the British future is India; and London which rules the English press of the world today, as she did ten years ago for Japan against Russia, has so far been able to keep us from hearing India’s voice. If the spirit of India remains crushed through the war, her physical tributes together with the solid British adherence, will reckon with Russia long after France and Germany are silent.

Russia, her present ally, but ancient and structural foe, is England’s third and possibly her greatest fear.

SHE does well to fear Russia, who holds the whip hand of the whole argument according to this outlook. Russia has commensurate land for her population. She needs sea-doors and she will get them. Petrograd isn’t the only city that will lose “burg” from its name. Russia is the vast new surface upon which the future of Europe is to be written. Nature is sick of writing history upon the defiled surfaces of small predatory powers. . . . Not the Russia of Nicholas—but the peasant millions of Russia, holding in its great mass the finest genius of today, as a clustered beeswarm shelters its queen-mother, the future—these are the men of Europe’s to-morrow. They are not yet defiled because they are still children. These vast throngs move slowly.

They come from the north like all invaders; they come from the cold broad lands of poverty; they have been kept clean by the rigors of Nature, and moderate in their appetites by the thievery of their masters. These red-blooded millions have not yet had their voice in the world, and Mother Nature gives a voice to every people before it passes. They represent the spirit of youth which must be served. This that we hear is not Russia’s swan-song, but the anthem for the birth of her new soul.

The leavening of the mass and the spirit of the future (which will be pure at least in its conception,) is represented by the genius of
THE HAPPY DEAD

Russia today—not all of which has been shot and hanged. These are men who have heard the mighty music of humanity. They will sing their dream and grave their message upon the peasant soul.

Not the Russia of Nicholas Romanoff. Red Sunday was the beginning of the end forever of Little Father. His passing and all the princes of his tainted blood will be but an incident of the Great War. Very low in the west among the red blinking points of Mediterrania is Nicholas and that Russia. In the east is the Russian novae, before the sun, commanding the dark before the dawn.

THE HAPPY DEAD

The Place of the dead is fair and still,
The grave-stones gleam like doors in the hill,
    When the sun goes red,
And the moon comes white.

The trees on the hill are kingly high,
Their plumes swing proudly against the sky
    In the blaze of noon,
    In the ghostly night.

Why moan you there by the peaceful dead,
And cry on the earth and hide your head,
    On the stormless hill,
    By the tearless bed?

Oh, rest, sweet rest for the quiet dead,
Beneath the grass in their lovely bed—
    Not a twinge of pain,
    Not a hunger pang!

I weep for those in the place of life
Whose hearts have died of the bitter strife—
    Not the sleeping dead,
    Not the happy dead.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND.