

PEACE JUBILEE DINNER,

Held at the Union League Club, Chicago,

Thursday, November 14,

1918.

President Frank H. Scott, Presiding as Toastmaster.

The invocation was delivered by Rev. David Hugh Jones.

TOASTMASTER SCOTT: One thing which Dr. Jones said in his invocation, reached me very intimately, and I think it reached many of the older men and women in this audience. He thanked God that we had lived to see the beginning of the new day. As years creep on, as men approach that end which must come to all of us, I think that fear of death which to younger people is a source of disturbance and alarm, becomes less and less a disturbing thought. It is the natural order of things that with full growth and development, there shall come the time of the waning strength and the passing away, and humanity is prepared for it and accepts it with a resignation not known to the young. But in these last years, a fear has come upon older men that they might not live to see the end of this struggle; that they might die not knowing that it had been decisively settled that righteousness must prevail on earth. (applause) We have been taught for generations and for centuries that there is such a

thing as truth and such a thing as right, and such a thing as justice, and at times in these last four years we have feared that that which we taught might not be true; that justice might not control the affairs of men; that right might be subject to might, and we feared to die before that issue was settled; we feared for mankind; we feared for our children. And so my heart responded tonight when Dr. Jones thanked God that we had lived to see this day.

The Union League Club has a right to celebrate this Jubilee. The Union League Club and its members saw when we entered upon this war that there was something more sacred, something more valuable than human life; that right and justice were more valuable and more sacred than human life; that peace at the cost of civilization was not worth while; that it would be better that mankind should be exterminated from the face of the earth than that might should rule in this world. (applause) And I say we, as members of this club, have a right to feel some sense of satisfaction that this club-house in which we are assembled has been a center throughout the war for work in aid of the Government, for work in aid of our army, for work in aid of mankind. I think we may, because we know it has been, and the club itself as an entity, as an organization, has a right to a jubilee

tonight.

Early in the war, the Club thought, what can we do as a club to aid in this great struggle, and we appointed a War Committee. That committee, as all committees of such a character, at first found difficulty to find the lines in which it could make work effective, but it did find them. It built up an organization -- I cannot and will not go into the details of it, the members of the Club know it -- by which it took its share and a very large share in that which this country needed most, the education of the people as to why we fight, and why we must fight to ultimate victory, and it reached hundreds of thousands of people in this country by articles that undoubtedly contributed to the enlightening of the people.

This organization -- I can say it without the shadow of doubt that it is true -- this organization, through its war committee, more than any other similar organization in the United States, contributed to that work of education and enlightenment, and I think that this organization has work still to do upon the same lines, and it is to be hoped that it will be done.

We are not here tonight to dwell on the problems of the future. We know those problems are there. No man

can fail to see the clouds that are arising over the face of the whole earth. No man can fail to know that there are those who seek this opportunity to reconstruct the social organizations of the world; that in that reconstruction they will seek to reconstruct the social organizations of the world in the interest of class against democracy. The danger is as great if class is to tyrannize as it would be if autocracy was to tyrannize. (applause) Those who had faith that might could not triumph over right, will still have faith in this struggle, because the rule of class is still the rule of might over right. We have a right to believe what our mothers taught us, that truth is mighty and will prevail, but we know that if it shall prevail, there must be unselfish labor, there must be the enlightening of mankind so far as it is possible for any one of us, or for our organization to contribute to that enlightenment.

I have spoken more than I intended to night. Judge Landis was to have been the first speaker on the program, but I have a telegram from him that he deeply regrets that it will be impossible for him to be present at this meeting. I have pleasure in introducing to you our fellow member, Judge Nathaniel Sears, who will be the next speaker. (applause)

Address: By Judge Nathaniel C. Sears.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I came here tonight without the slightest suggestion or thought that I should be called upon to speak, and I would not now respond to the invitation were it not for the fear that in declining I would seem to be out of tune with the sentiment of the hour.

In the beginning of the year 1914 our world seemed to have gone well-nigh mad, pleasure-mad. Wealth was the apparent goal of all men, and wealth was sought, not to be hoarded, but to be spent. The dominant note of life was luxury, and the luxuries of yesterday became the necessities of today. Young men found in fashion and the sports the limit of their ambition. Reverence in youth for anything, for parents, for elders, for their God, was fast becoming a lost virtue. It was as if the world were marching in a great carnival, and the king of carnival was the god of the day. Eat, drink and be merry was the philosophy of the hour. And then in August of that year the thunder of cannon on the Belgian frontier awoke Europe with a shock. Later the under-sea shot which sank a great ocean liner and grazed the foundations of the statue of liberty, partly awoke us, and later still we

became fully awake, and then came a transformation. All at once men saw their country's flag through new eyes, in its bars a new color, in its stars a new radiance. Young men found in the dull brown khaki a better fashion than broadcloth and fine linen, and the sensible young American girl rated an orderly sergeant higher than a bank president . (applause) The serious side of life came uppermost again. The God of nations, our fathers' God, again became in the eyes of men the supreme factor in human destiny. Over there lips that had been framed to utter an oath, in the face of danger, learned to mutter a prayer; and there came to us from field and hospital strange tales of young soldiers who in their hour of agony, wounded or dying, were confronted by the white comrade, and here too we came again to the faith of the fathers.

I wonder if any of you have ever asked yourselves the question -- I wonder if all of you have not asked yourselves the question, how did it happen that the German army at the beginning of the war, admittedly the most highly perfected military machine the world had ever known, countless in numbers -- men who were in Germany during the mobilization a few weeks before the beginning of the war, tell how they looked out of their windows in the morning

and saw the gray-clad hosts marching by; saw them all day; heard the steady tramp all night, looked out again in the morning and still saw them going by; and so on for days and weeks, until they seemed as countless as the sands of the seashore -- an army that was the last word in equipment, provided with everything that ingenuity could devise and that science could supply, with an armament that was the product of the great Krupp factory for a quarter of a century, the result of a generation of training -- have you asked yourselves how it happened that those countless hosts, that matchless army did not in the first thirty days of the war, smash their way through to Paris and Calais? How it happened, how it could happen, that the thin red line of Britons and the French army, pitifully unprepared, brought out from Paris in automobile loads, could stop that matchless army at the Marne and hold them there and turn them back? If you ever did ask that question you found no answer except as you believe that the God of nations still governs and rules his world. (applause)

Victor Hugo, in his wonderful description of the Battle of Waterloo, said God had become tired of Napoleon. Some later Hugo, writing of the battle of the Marne, may say that God did not propose that the iron hand of autocracy should shatter the liberties of

the world (applause).

The minds of the people of the civilized world today are centered upon one question, the terms of peace. The people of the world have a right to think and speak on that question. You and I have got a right to think and speak upon that. This war is not the war of the leaders. No one would detract one iota from the credit due to the great leaders, civil and military, but this war is the war of the people. The victory is the victory of the people; and the peace will be the peace of the people. (applause) And you and I have got the right to think and to speak, and more than that, we have the duty of doing all we can to formulate a virile public sentiment which shall direct that peace along proper channels.

When the Allies gather at their Peace Conference table, shared by no enemy and by no neutral, neither the Pope of Rome, nor the President of the Swiss Republic, nor any other monarch of Europe (applause) -- when the Allies gather at their Peace Conference to determine the terms, to write down the terms of peace, what must be, what should be the guiding motive? What else can it be, but two things, justice and safety, just^{ice} for what has passed, safety for the world in all the years to come;

and if justice requires that Alsace and Lorraine be returned to France, and the Trentino to Italy, then the Allies will write in the return of the stolen provinces. And if justice requires that Belgium and France, the martyred nations, who have held their bleeding bodies between the Huns and the British Isles -- yes, and between them and our own fair land (applause), if justice requires that they shall be indemnified, and be indemnified in full, then the Allies will be fair enough to write that in (applause.)

I for one have no sympathy with the proposition of peace without indemnities (applause). To send Belgium and France out of this war without indemnities, would mean to wipe Belgium as an industrial nation off the face of the map, and to reduce France, with her devastated towns, her ruined work-shops, her flooded mines, her ruined farms-- it would reduce France from one of the most prosperous nations in the world to the condition of a bankrupt. And if both justice and safety demand that the men responsible for this world burden of woe and suffering and death be made to pay the penalty of their crimes, then the Allies should be brave enough to write that in (applause).

Does not justice demand it? Tell me if it be not

done how anyone of the Allied nations in the years to come can permit its judicial officers to sentence some poor devil to death for a single murder? (applause)

The fathers and mothers and wives of the land have a right to demand something in these peace terms. They have a right to demand safety for the sacrifices they have made.

What of the German people? In the beginning of the war you and I tried very hard to distinguish, to differentiate between the German people, the people of Germany, and the German rulers or leaders. We wanted to do it. We wanted to do it because we all had friends, loyal American citizens, whose homes were once in Germany. I yield to no man in my respect for the loyal American citizen whose home was once in Germany, but whose home and whose heart are now here (applause). And we must not forget, we will not forget, that as we have read the casualty lists from day to day, the wounded, the killed, the missing, we have seen a large proportion of German-American boys' names. (applause) But we are dealing with a proposition of world safety in dealing with the people of Germany, and we have found it a hard task to differentiate between the German people of Germany, the people of Germany, and the German rulers. When their armies were

losing, they have been very peaceful and loving, but when their armies have been winning, they have been absolutely adamant in their approval of ruthlessness. The German people have been what they are, because for a quarter of a century they have been poisoned in the pulpit, in the press, in the school-room by the jungle creed of Frederick Nietzsche. Possibly a much shorter time will suffice to make them again a safe, sane, reasonable, peace-loving people; but only when that has been done, only when the people of Germany have forgotten to walk in the goose step and to sing "Deutschland uber Alles", can the world afford to trust them. (applause)

I would not give the snap of my fingers for a German republic formed to meet the exigencies of peace with the Hohenzollerns in the back-ground. The ink would not be dry upon a treaty of peace so obtained, before the constitution of such a camouflage republic would be torn to shreds, consigned to the imperial waste-basket as a scrap of paper, and the Hohenzollern would be climbing back on his blood-stained throne. (applause)

We established a protectorate over Cuba, for what? Not for revenge, not for punishment, for world safety, to make Cuba safe for the world. We hold the Philippines under control. Why? To punish the Philippines? For re-

venge? No, in order to transform tribes of head-hunters into safe citizens.

The fathers and mothers of the land, the wives and sisters, have got a right to demand something. They have given up their boys, not to procure the temporary disappointment of William Hohelzollern, or to cause his dethronement; not merely to change the boundaries of the nation on the map of Europe, but in order that eternal justice may be done. They have given them with breaking hearts, in order that justice may be done, in order that the world may be made safe; in order that this war may be the last war the world shall ever know. (applause) If these ends be not attained, this war will have been a ghastly farce. If these ends be attained, it will have been the greatest event in human history since the crucifixion of the Nazarene. (applause)

TOASTMASTER SCOTT: One part of Judge Sears' admirable speech moves me to suggest that this audience now rise and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow".

(The audience stood and sang the Doxology.)

TOASTMASTER SCOTT: The next speaker of the evening will be our honored member and former President, Hon. Charles S. Cutting. (applause)

Address: Hon. Charles S. Cutting.

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen:

When the great World's Fair was in progress at St. Louis, a German visitor to that Exposition remarked to an American: "You have indeed a great country. It is great industrially, it is magnificent agriculturally, it is grand in its size and in the greatness of its undertakings, but it never will be truly great until there shall have been developed among its people an idealism which will take the place of the search which is universal among your people for the almighty dollar. When the time shall come, if it ever comes, when the American people will have time to cultivate those things which really count in the world, the ideals which make men great, and which create great nations, then perhaps you may have some reason to congratulate yourselves on the organization and conditions of your country." (applause)

I have always thought that that man who took the superficial view of the United States which is quite customary with our foreign visitors, knew little of its history and less of its spirit. I could point, if I were to talk with him, to historical incidents without number, to show that an ideal was always dominant in the history of the United States. I need not relate, even if I had

the time, to this audience, the fact that our inception was in an ideal; that is, the right of the people to rule, as governments have their just powers from the consent of the governed.

I could cite as another instance the great War of the Rebellion, in which we purified ourselves from the great stain of slavery, and again held up our heads among men in stating that freedom, real freedom was ours, and that the shackles of the slave dropped under the stars and stripes, as it had been the boast of those who fought under the Union Jack.

But if I needed proof in modern times, to show that the ideals of the fathers had not been lost, and that the spirit of their sons was still here, like that which the fathers had, the events that have culminated in the great celebration that went over this country on the 11th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1918, would furnish that proof.

Why were we at war? Were our borders invaded? No. Thousands of miles of the Atlantic Ocean intervened between us and the armies of the Kaiser. What was it? You may speak of the Lusitania, if you please; you may talk of the ruthless war of the sub-sea boats; you may speak of detached instances as much as you please.

5 Not one of them was the real cause. But the fact was that there had broken loose among the family of nations the mad dog of history, and it was the duty of all citizens and all nations to kill it (applause), and to dispose of it so that it should not communicate its madness to the rest of the world.

When the men of the United States of America were called to the colors, I have no doubt that there were many of us who wondered, not perhaps without faith, but with just a tinge of curiosity, just a tinge of question in our minds, as to whether from the condition which was so eloquently described by Judge Sears, there could be a response which was in accord with the traditions of 1776 and 1861. But when the response came, and when the men came to the colors, and when in spite of the demonstration that they never could get there, they did go onto the fields of France (applause), and when they met the enemy in a way that not only dismayed the enemy, but delighted us, every one of us, we knew that the old American spirit which we had known existed at Bunker Hill, and so through all the years that intervened between that and Yorktown, that the Gettysburg spirit, the idea that prevailed at Vicksburg was still existent, and still animated the young men of this great and splendid republic. (applause)

There were three great mistakes that the enemy made. The first and the greatest perhaps, and the one which set all the world against them, was the invasion of Belgium, contrary to his treaty obligations. That brought down upon his head the moral condemnation of civilization.

The next was the act of provocation which brought the United States into the war; and the third, which grew out of that act, was the demonstration which he had made to his own satisfaction, so that the German people lived in a fool's paradise with reference to it; first, that an unorganized mob of Americans, who had never had military training would be useless; second, that it could not be transported across the Atlantic; and third, that if it were there, it would not fight. Every postulate was absolutely false. When in the acme of his advance, when after repeated successes, the apex of his great machine had reached the Marne for the second time and crossed it, and still the gray-clad troops went on, there arose a new element, and at and about Chateau Thierry there came into the field some men with strange uniforms, bearing a hitherto unseen flag upon the fields of France; and when that event had been completed and five German divisions fresh had been sent time and again against that line and had been unable to move it, the

doom of autocracy was written on the pages of history.

(applause)

Of course, it is impossible to trace in the time that I ought to talk, these movements, but it is quite possible to say that one of these days there will come home to us two million men, the very finest that we have, the very best that have ever worn an American uniform, whether it be khaki or blue, the men of whom we are proud, and the men who, with sinking hearts, perhaps, we sent out to battle for us on the then, so far as this Government was concerned, unexplored battle-fields of Europe. The little nation which had been warned against entangling alliances, which had flourished in its magnificent isolation, on a continent where its neighbors were not at all dangerous, that followed the line which was laid out for it, and which was as inevitable as the procession of the equinoxes; and entered not only into world politics, but had entered into the domination of the world.

One of these days, I say, these men who for the first time in our history have been fighting across the water, will come home to us, and the question as to whether or not the idealism which has animated us during all this time shall have had its complete fulfillment, will be a fair question for the American people to ask.

I will confess to enough years to remember the time when the veterans in blue marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, after the end of our lamentable Civil War. I can picture in my mind's eye, the coming of these men home, and doubtless there will be another procession up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, and there will be at their head the General who has commanded with such signal success in the battle-fields of Europe. (applause) And I take it he will be met on the steps of the Capitol by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, who by virtue of his place as President of the United States is today, as we all know from contemporaneous history, the leading man of the world. (applause) And I can think that perhaps he may inquire -- he will know the answer, but he may inquire of that Commanding General who comes up with his troops of veterans, clad in the uniform of the Union: "Where are your captives, I see none chained to your chariot wheels? What do you bring for all this expenditure of men and money? What have you done, except defeat the enemy?? What has the world gained by this sacrifice of yours and of ours?" And I think I can hear the answer that will be given. I think I can hear the Commanding General say: "Your Excellency, Mr. President, we bring you no additions of territory. We bring not one dollar

of indemnity to the United States, but we have brought justice to the world (applause). The little nation of Belgium, which was invaded without the slightest excuse, except military necessity, which means anything according as the man who utters the word interprets it -- that country, despoiled, ruined in everything except its soul, which is still splendidly triumphant, has been made good, so far as worldly goods can make it. France, our old benefactor, of the days of the Revolution; the France of LaFayette, the France that stood by us at Yorktown; France, the Republic which has been solidly founded upon the ruins of the old monarchies which preceded it -- France, which stood in the front of the oncoming Hun in a way that has excited the admiration of all the world (applause); France, despoiled, almost bled white, has been, so far as money can make it so, remunerated for the terrible things that have happened to it. We have given autonomy to peoples who have never before been able to control their own affairs. We have seen to it with our associates, from whom we detract no word of glory, but we given them a full meed of praise -- we with them have seen to it that the oppressed peoples of Europe have come into their own, and we come back to you, your Excellency, with no material benefit, but with our

ideals accomplished. The thing that we started to do has been done, and America, known to others as the sordid nation, but in reality the ideal nation, or the nation of ideals, comes back to you in all her unselfishness, and says to you: "The mission on which you sent us has been performed, the world has been made safe for democracy, ~~and~~ justice among the nations has been established."

(applause)

Is it ^{not} enough, is there any reason why we should not rejoice? Is there any reason why this meeting and all others of a like character, should not feel the swelling of pride within our bosoms, when we think of the fact that we can say as we stand erect: We are American citizens, we are citizens of that great country where the people rule, where those who represent us are but our servants, and do our will, and our will has been that among all the nations of the world, there shall be justice, there shall be right, there shall be that which good conscience dictates, and when we have said that, we shall go home and pay the cost, though we may mourn over that cost, even as Rachel wept over her children. Yet we will say it has been well expended, for the Lord of Hosts has demanded it as our sacrifice.

We shall say perhaps just a line in addition, with

apologies to Macauley:

"Then glory to the Lord of Hosts,
 From whom all glories are,
 And glory to Democracy,
 Who fought the holy war."

(applause)

TOASTMASTER SCOTT: The next speaker has just returned from the scenes of battle. I have great pleasure in introducing Prof. S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, whose subject is: "Intimate Glimpses of our Soldiers in France and Italy." Professor Clark (applause).

Address: By Prof. S. H. Clark, University of Chicago.

"Intimate Glimpses of our Soldiers in
 France and Italy."

Mr. Chairman, it is very fortunate that there was some presiding genius hovering over me when I gave your Secretary the title of my chat. By its very informality it indicates the method that I have chosen in order to bring you into closer contact with your dear ones over yonder. I am no orator, as Brutus is, but a plain blunt man, a father who bade good-bye only a few short weeks ago to two of his own lads on the battle-field at Verdun. There is no room left then for anything but

simple, plain, unvarnished tales. of what I have seen beyond the seas.

7 If I had not prepared a speech there was enough suggestiveness in the remarks of my distinguished predecessor to have wound me up for the rest of the evening. When that splendid young man sang, "The Americans come", I at once wanted to tell you what dozens and scores of Frenchmen told me, what the Italians told me, how they felt when at last the dream of American support had come true, that the boys in khaki that marched through Trafalgar Square, through the Champs Elysees, or later on through the streets of Padua, had come to be a supporting line; that now France and England and Italy might throw in their last reserves, assured that the boys from here would be ready to take the place of those in these armies who had held back for the last great struggles.

The Americans Come! Oh, a mere song, a mere poem cannot convey all these people felt and thought and looked as they uttered that phrase.

My other friend who spoke said that in America we must be careful that class does not come to tyrannize. The boys over there say exactly the same thing. They are going to come back to America and say, in what class are we to face our future? In that class

who are direct descendants of the seers and prophets, business men, even professors, who have led us to this glorious victory, or are we to go back to a condition against which the I. W. W.'s and the Bolsheviki, or are after all only a more or less spontaneous though misled expression? Which class shall tyrannize, these boys are going to ask? And I can tell you now the answer in their minds, neither class, but both shall clasp hands in peace as they have in war, and shall guide us to a more beautiful and more enduring democracy.

(applause)

I am only wondering whether America has suffered enough, whether the end has not come too soon? God knows poor France, poor Italy and the others have suffered. Has America suffered enough to appreciate the value of peace, the value of contentment, the value of all those ideals for which we in our speeches have been pleading? Let me get a little closer to my theme.

On my way down here I met a friend of mine and he said to me: "Where are you going tonight?" I told him that I was going to make a talk at the Union League Club. Now, he knew that after very careful research of all the writings of President Wilson, I had succeeded in discovering one thing that he had done correctly,

and he said: "Never mind, Clark, you are going to talk to the most democratic union league in the whole United States of America." (applause)

What has been the mission of the American soldier abroad? I think he has been the bearer of light. He brought the torch into the darkness of Europe. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the end was not very far off, and the wrong end, had we not come. We may lay the flattering unction to ourselves, that we won the war, but there would have been no war to win had not England and France and Belgium and Italy done the work for us (applause). So long as these splendid boys of ours do not brag -- and they do not, they do not arrogate to themselves all the glory of this war and for this victory -- it behooves us left-overs -- that is all we are, the Americans are over there, you bet -- it little behooves us to do more than walk humbly in this our splendid and thrilling hour of victory.

We have a wonderful army over there. Won't you stop for a moment and ruminare over that word which has become so thin and trite through constant use. It is an army full of wonders, and wonder-begetting. I have been with it in virtually every one of its

innumerable triumphs, and I think I can speak advisedly. I am a poor partisan, but I am partisan now, after what I have been through. Remember that is a younger army than the army of France. Their young men, God help them, are under the sod, and our army therefore should be younger. They are really more spontaneous, and more full of vim and elan, and it is this wonderful army of ours of which I am going to speak to you now. It is clean-shaven, and it is a glorious thing to see these tens of thousands of boys here, there and everywhere, and alongside of them are our dear old friends the Poilus, God bless them, 40, 38, 36, 45 years of age, apparently careless of their equipment and accouterment, whether in the streets of Paris or in their trenches, a little bit soiled, a little bit the worse for wear, and compare them with our boys and the French do not look like fighters at all. But you ask those boys of ours whether the French can fight, and our boys cannot speak, for there is no word to express what they think of the French soldiers (applause). But these boys of ours look so young, so happy, so cheery, that they excite the wonder and occasionally the admiration even of the women of France (laughter and applause). They are so unsophisticated. Literally they are five^{years} younger than French,

German and English soldiers of that same age. Oh, butter will melt in their mouths when they get it -- it is a dollar a pound over there -- but just the same, they are more naive. They go to a shop where something glittering attracts their attention, something that they feel they want to send back to mother, or maybe to dad, or to her, and they go in and ask how much it is, combien, which they think is French, but the woman understands, and she says something that sounds literally like a bunch of fire-crackers going off in a barrel, and he looks at her and says: "no comprenez" and she says "no comprenez", digs his hand into his pocket and it comes out full of silver and he says to her: "Help yourself," and none too reluctant, she accedes and the transaction is done. But she loves the boy's youth, she loves his trustfulness. I don't think a French lad would do the same thing, he knows better (laughter).

And may I say that do my utmost I am very fearful that I may leave the task I have in mind unaccomplished, to make you live in reality rather than in fiction what I have seen. Before I went, I went to movies here, and I read I don't know how many accounts, and I listened to I don't know how many lectures, and I thought that when I went I knew something about it, but I did not.

It was only fiction, and I found when I was living with the boys over there that I knew nothing about it. You do not know anything about it, and marvellous as my power of depiction is (laughter), you will not know much about it when I get through.

That splendid patriot of our new republic of Bohemia, Dr. Marasyk the other night was telling us a story about the incapacity of the Americans to grasp a situation, and he remarked that it reminded him of the story that they tell in Bohemia, how a peasant asked a priest what a locomotive was, and with consummate skill the priest laid before him the picture of a locomotive perfectly done, and then the peasant said: "Yes, I understand perfectly, I know everything about it, but there is only one point that I do not know. Do you hitch the horse in front or behind? "

(Laughter and applause). I am trying to avoid that, but I want you to get this picture of our lads there. They know that they are bearers of the torch light. They know nothing of the intricacies of diplomacy, or Czech-Slavs, or Jugo-Slavs, the treaty of London, nothing. They only know that somewhere or other they have heard a speech, somewhere or other they have read a head-line, somewhere or other somebody has said some-

thing that means that the world of darkness can be illumined by only one light, the light of the statue of liberty, in the harbor of New York. (applause)

Though there may be fifty nationalities in our great army, almost to a man these lads have got the ideal, the ideal, let us be fair enough to say, that came from our great leader, and that ideal is with them every single moment. There is no hate in the hearts of our boys. There is not one single moment of hate in the hearts of the great majority of our lads. They regard themselves as the Lord High Sheriff of the Universe, sent to arrest a red-handed murderer, and they are doing the job, and they have done the job, and they have brought the prisoner, the culprit, to justice.

In one way they are very poor fighters, that is to say, they do not go at it with frothing, foaming lips, but with calm, grim determination to clean up a dirty job, and when they have done that they want to come home, and they want to come home quick. (applause)

9 I have seen them in dozens of little towns -- not big ones so much, little villages, that as one of them said to me looked so fine, but they smell to Heaven. He said when you get to one of those little French towns of which the dung heap is the altar, you

know it. The salvation of French agriculture is the dung heap, but it smells to heaven. The boys walking through those towns will have a little French girl on one side, and maybe a little kid on the other, and if he has an extra franc or two he spends it on something and gives it to the children. They are the most lovable of all the armies, because they have that peculiar quality which I think we may fairly well claim as one of the strongest and most suggestive signs of the men and women of America, a simple open-handedness, a loveliness, and the French women love every one of our boys as they do their own sons. (applause)

They have known us over there through our tourists, you and me, the Grand Hotel, or the Cecil or the Ritz. Now they know us as Americans, and they have got the best of America, those two million boys of yours and mine. (applause) They are not all saints, some of them drink pernaud -- God help them; in Italy they drink Chianti, but they are a pretty straight lot, straighter I think than many of us were ready to believe, and this is why -- and I have spoken to hundreds of them and with them, because they believe, nay they know, that on their shoulders rests, or rested an enormous responsibility, and they refused to fritter

away their energies in any form of dissipation which was likely to mean the betrayal of their strong right arm when they were called upon to give the particular and peculiar lunge which might mean victory. (applause)

I have seen them in their billets. You know when they get to one of those towns of which I have just spoken to you, the accommodations of the hotel are not of the best. They lie there with the rubbish, with the cow and the horse, and the rest of the family, and they come in much the worse for wear, and they throw themselves down, tired and worn out. One fellow said to me: "I had a bath yesterday in the Meuse, and today is the first day I have been free from cooties for five months." And yet they are always cheery, always nonchalant, always homesick. I have spoken to them under many many auspices, and I want to repeat to you -- it will take but a minute-- this poem, which they seem to like. It seems to convey their spirit. I understand that it has found its way into print, but it was still in manuscript when it came to me. "Let's get where we're going", which is said to be an expression often used by Pershing when at West Point, and imagine how these boys -- you left-overs, imagine how your boys who had to do the thing felt when they read it:

There's a man "Somewhere in France"
Who's not there because of chance,
For his motto's always been
When there's any going in,

"Let's get where we're going, boys."

"Let's get where we're going, boys,
Get there without brag or noise,
Do the thing we're out to do,
Clear the way and then go thru,

Let's get where we're going, boys."

And the men who go with him
Catch his spirit, feel his vim,
Bravely face the foes they meet,
Sing the motto with their feet:

"Let's get where we're going, boys."

"We'll go with you, Gen'ral Jack,
And there'll be no turning back
Till world freedom has been won
And we've civilized the Hun --

We'll get where we're going, boys."

(Applause.)

But remember after all, you are only applauding what to you is fiction. When those boys applauded that, they knew they might have to pay for that phrase with their heart's blood; and so as I read it to you I can scarcely keep back my tears.

I have read to them, I have spoken to them in splendid glorious huts holding two or three thousand, of the Y. M. C. A. or the Knights of Columbus. I have spoken to them on the edge of a hill, when the orders were that not more than fifteen or twenty could assemble at one place. I have spoken to them only a few miles behind the point where the St. Mihiel drive began. There never was such an audience under the sun, and I faced hundreds of them. Their interest, their attention and those eyes! I might easily wax oratorical over those eyes. I shall never forget them. They will haunt me to the end, those eyes, asking me a thousand questions, as I told them what our ship-builders were doing, what the Liberty Loan was accomplishing, what how the liberty motor was progressing, how our grain-fields were ready to pour out their treasure towards supporting them and for Europe, and every little bit of incident was greedily drank in, devoured, I might say, with those eyes.

The day before the St. Mihiel drive, or two days

or two days before, I was in the midst of all those soldiers marching to the front, and stopped to chat with some of them. The Colonel said to me: "If I interrupt you before you finish, don't misunderstand me. It is not because you are such a rotten speaker, but because we have orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice." If I had any power to speak, that night certainly it was present, as I looked into the eyes of those boys, who themselves knew they were under orders to advance behind Pershing to the front; and I wondered how many of those eyes would be closed in death before another 24 hours or 48 hours had passed. Yet you would never know from them that there was a flutter of fear in their hearts, though it must have been there. That man is either crazy or a liar who says that it does not make any difference to him whether he is under bombardment or not. I am a pretty brave soldier myself, but if you had been with me that night of the last -- it was only the latest then, but it now appears to have been the last -- air-raid under which poor Paris suffered nearly three hours, you would know what I mean. One of my own lads had come into town and was sleeping in a bed across the room, and he said: "Dad, how do you like it?" I said: "My dear son, I am scared to

death." He said: "Never mind, dad, I have had it for fourteen months". (laughter)

Has that brought you a little closer to the reality of war? These boys handle death as a juggler handles his little light air-balls. Before he goes to battle he says: "I will do the best I can and trust to luck", that is their spirit. I was with them at Verdun. I could see the Boche trenches only three kilometers, about two miles away, and I came upon a number of our artillerymen who were placing several eight-inch Howitzers in position. They had pushed one up a hill about -- I don't know what angle it was, but it was almost perpendicular, and it was not an easy job, with no horse, and no other power than their strong arms. Finally with one enormous effort they pushed it over a little protuberance and started to breath a little bit, when the darned thing slipped back a foot or two, two hours' work. The Lieutenant there was the whole spirit of America, the whole spirit of this wonderful army, covered with mud, including his face, down from his southwester pouring rain in circles, dripping to his feet, and as he looked at the result of two hours' work a smile and a look of scorn and disappointment all blended on his countenance as he said: "Who the hell

invented these damned Dutchmen"? (Laughter)

The whole story was right there.

You have been trying to your very utmost to sing tonight, with more or less success. I shall not descant on it, but if you want to hear singing, go to France. That "Long, long Trail" is a sort of interesting titillation for us here. We think we are entering into its spirit, and perhaps a few parents can go down a little below the surface, but the boys know that the route which takes them from Toul to St. Mihiel is a long long trail that they may never retrace. I saw nearly six thousand of them, every one of them with that peculiar lope, which they develop in order best to carry their heavy load, and I heard them singing with a growing tremor, "There's a long long trail", and I could not keep back the tears. You know, after a while you are not afraid to cry over there. Then they changed from "The long long trail" over into "Over there", but when they sing, "We won't come back till it's over over there" they change it and they say, "We won't come back until the damned thing is over there". You know ordinary adjectives and epithets are too weak to these lads.

I want to take you for a few moments to the second line, to the S. O. S., which means the source of supply,

where men work for 12 or 15 hours a day baking bread, unloading ships, putting together autos, or repairing them. There are thousands and tens of thousands of our boys who have never moved out of the town where they disembarked. I suppose we might mention it, somewhere in France, it was not at Verdun, they landed at a port, Bordeaux, Havre, Brest, and thousands of them are still at these ports. Many of them rebel against it, they don't want to stay there, they want to fight. One fellow said to me at Dijon, "Here I have baked a million loaves of bread, and I did not come over here for that, I came over here to fight." I said to him: "Remember that the quality of the bread you have baked at Dijon determines the quality of the fighting that is going to be done at the front;" and he realized it. And the fellow that is putting ^{on} a brake, say to him: "Remember that this is not a job for which you are paid by the hour; this is not a union job or a scab job. It is a great job, you have been sent over to assist in, and remember that when some splendid ambulance with his load of blesses is on the road to the hospital, he is relying on that brake, and do not forget he is relying with full confidence on the gear of this machine, and when you put that together, it is helping to save the life of one of your co-patriots", and he said: "Oh, yes, I am the saviour of the

Not very beautiful. Perhaps if he had extended mercy and so forth twenty years from now he might have been glad and we might have been, but I am telling that merely to show how the boys feel about it. They all asked me, all of those splendid Chateau Thierry boys, what the people over here said about them, and how I lied. I said that you said that it was the greatest battle of all the world; that Cressy's fifteen decisive battles of the world weren't in it with that; that when we read about Chateau Thierry, we celebrated, we jubilated, and they drank it in, those glorious heroes, because I knew that was the way you would have felt if you had thought about it. (applause)

May I add a word to the sentence of one of the preceding speakers about Chateau Thierry. The French, so it is said, had decided upon a strategic retreat at Chateau Thierry, because they had lost enough men, they were going back further to make a better stand, when our boys came along and said: "Hell, we haven't come here to retreat, we have come here to fight." They had no business to fight, they had no business to win, but they both fought and won; (applause) and that proved to Foch that these boys of ours were not weaklings, not the pampered sons of materialistic plutocracy; some of them fought

with their fists, and the Germans said that was not playing fair. (laughter) It put the fear of God in their hearts. It strengthened the morale of the French army. We have perhaps been bragging a little bit in times past -- our tourists have -- of what a great country this was, and when this army of beardless youths came marching through Paris, these old-timers wondered. But when Chateau Thierry was fought, then Foch knew that he could throw in his own reserves, feeling that our reserves that were then pouring in there, 100,000, 150,000, 200,000 a month, would be ready ^{and} if the hour ever came when the fate of the Empire was trembling in the balance, they could and would fight. Chateau Thierry has set a standard forevermore for the troops of our land. (applause)

I visited some in the gas ward. It is hard to dwell on it. If you are mad and hate Germans for gas or gasing, if your heart sympathizes with the splendid Princess Pats of Canada who met the first of these awful gas attacks, which mowed them down and consumed them as dry stubble is consumed with flame; if you are angry at them, how do you think you would feel if you could see those massacred innocents of ours? I went into a hospital where they were convalescing. At best, even

men slightly gassed in the face, or in the neck, with the injured places covered with cream and so forth, look worse than it is. But go into one of the other wards, the ~~bad~~ wards, as the Red Cross nurse called it. I did not want to go in there, I did not want to make capital out of that kind of sight-seeing, but she said: "Go in, it will give you an experience that you ought to have if you can stand it", and I went in. There was no jollying there, for I knew that nine of them had been taken from that room within 24 hours dead. She said: "The two nearest the door will probably not live very long." I went in. The end was very near, gasping for breath, black in the face, covered with this smear. I stayed there only a minute. I am not a man given much to blasphemy, but as I left that hospital and walked the mile back to the hotel, I think I am literally exact when I say that for the whole distance there was only one thing I could mutter, a prayer: "God damn them, God damn them". (applause)

And yet there is something behind it all, a miracle, and that is Germany did not discover gas shells early in the war, or we would have been annihilated. To relieve the strain let me say that I spoke yesterday to Prof. Stieglitz, here of the Chemistry Department, who

is interested in gas research, and I said: "What about this ^{gas?} Have we discovered anything particularly new?" He said: "I can tell you something now. We were ready to drench the German army and German cities with a thousand tons of mustard gas a day when the armistice was signed." I think I am almost glad we did not have to do it, because the innocent must have suffered with the guilty, but it is a rather interesting interlude, and as a result of all this, our boys being lovable have begotten love. You should see the French women embrace those boys as they would their own sons. You should see the kiddies play with them.

A little out of Paris one night, waiting for a train I came across a French corporal and by my side was a young Yankee Sergeant. I said to this Corporal: "What do you think of these boys of ours?" He said; throwing his arms around this lad, "les bons Americans, les bons Americans."

But if France loves us, Italy worships us. My friends, if we lose the friendship of Italy, it will be our fault. Italy is ours now body and soul, but there is one little hint, no more "Dagoes" and no more "wops" (applause), no more "hunkies" to the members of Dr. Marasyk's new-born republic, no more "Sheenies",

no more of these terms which after all are rather signs, conscious or not, of superiority. As you go towards the front and see their little huts, -- we passed nearly 200 of them -- for the Italian soldiers, and see Garibaldi, Wilson, Washington, Lincoln, Victor Emanuel, holding an equal place, you will get some little conception of what the Italians think of us. Poor Italy, a total wealth of ninety billion lira, francs, of which 65 billion are pledged as her war debt. Equal that if you can. I was at Monte Grappa, in the presence of an Austrian stronghold 3,000 feet higher, which the Italian Arditi had to climb, and if you could see that, you would never again call these splendid fellows Dagoes as a term of reproach. (ap-
plause)

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I spoke to the President of the Bologna Conservatory of Music, a man who writes music known not only in Italy, but in our own land, and he said: "I am not here to discuss the motive of Belgium, of France, even of Italy, but I do know that the motives that impelled you to enter this war were purely idealistic. You have given to the word a new meaning, you have given to the words liberty and democracy a new meaning", and he threw his hands together, in no melodramatic fashion,

as if in a moment of prayer. And we have done all this, friends, not only through our own letters, pronouncements and proclamations, but through what our boys over there have done.

I was in one of the Y huts one night when a French soldier drifted in there. He had no business there, because the French had their own, but it was raining and the woman in charge let him stay and she asked him if he would like a little chocolate. Yes. Would you like a little cake. Yes. Then he thought he would like to write a letter. She gave him paper and envelope, and he looked around and he had no pencil. He knew he had been asking a good deal, so he made motions rather tentatively of working a pencil up and down the paper, but she said: "See here, Cully, this is no Blackstone Hotel" (Laughter). That is the sort of stuff that goes straight to the hearts of the Arditi of Italy, the Poilus in France, but there are other oratorical bombs to be exploded, and how shall I close? There are two possible forks or roads open for me. One is what are the boys expecting of us when they get back, but that point has already been anticipated by one of the other speakers. They are going to ask this question: "We fought, we risked our all, You have

remained at home in relative comfort. No matter what you have done, you have had it easy compared with us. The land has grown rich righteously, and inevitably, but we have remained poor. What are we coming back to?" If that ultra-radicalism, ultra-paternalism, ultra-Bolshevism, ultra-any-ism, ever gets the whip-hand in our land, which, God help us, it may not, it will be because we, you who have done splendidly, as your Chairman said, have failed to grasp your opportunity, for in the last analysis, Bolshevism and all these isms are rightly or wrongly a protest against our economic system. They believe that at any rate, and the way to meet it is not with oaths, not with excommunication, but with kindly heartfelt tender sympathy. If we extend that to them, where in all our land have we the right to expect that sort of treatment if not here, with such an audience as this. If we expend that welcome and glad-hand, I have no fear. Remember we have had everything here. Most of them have had nothing, yet they have had everything. Nevertheless, when the enthusiasm is over, and the let-down comes, then is the tremendous danger that this red line of heroes will not be treated as they should be.

I want to say one word to justify my wearing this

honorable uniform. The Government has such confidence in the work of these seven charitable organizations, that it permits those who have gone over the sea to wear this in all patriotic addresses, especially those pertaining to the work of the War Council, so I must fulfil my obligation.

Secretary Baker has said we have had one arm around our boys, and now the time has come to wrap both arms around them (applause). The war has cost us little in blood relatively. Think of France with a million and a half dead! Think of England with one million dead! We will forget for the moment the wounded; and think of our relatively small loss, terrible though that loss has been in many an individual household. In treasure we are the only gainers in the world. For three long years we grew and grew in wealth. Now, in this crucial moment of the war, when the boys are no longer urged on by desire for victory, in the long weary hours of the night, they will have but one thought, home, home. They are the most homesick army in all the world, God bless them. They do not tell it in public, but they tell it to me. They want to come home, and they want to come home quickly. It is not right that they should. They will come home in due time. The end

will come and they will not go to the devil, not all at once at any rate, but there will be something even worse. They suffer from homesickness, nostalgia, if you want the big word for it, and the work of these organizations is to supply them with entertainment. The Government is going to establish schools all over Europe for these boys. A college boy can take post-graduate work there. They are going to have a thousand professors (God help them) to teach them. If your lad left in his high school year, he can get credit for that work over there. If he is interested in commercial things he can go on and study commercial law or bookkeeping, or accounting.

Our plan is a stupendous one. It means money. If the war were going on, one could tell you several stories, how these Y secretaries and these Knights of Columbus stand at the edge of the line of battle, which they do, holding out coffee or chocolate or candy or to these brave fellows of ours, and recount stories by the dozens of the Y men and Knights of Columbus men who have been wounded and killed over there. But if I were to ask you for \$250,000,000 -- it is \$250,000,000, not \$170,000,000 -- both arms you know, both arms, \$170,000,000 is only one arm -- if I would ask you to give ~~five days~~ war expenses, that is all, \$250,000,000--

you would give it gladly and willingly. Now, we ask for five days' war taxes for the most glorious work of the whole war, that demobilization shall not become demoralization, and that the boys that have stood the brunt of battle may be taken care of until they get back here. It is a Thanksgiving offering that the boys, most of them, the great majority of them, are coming back safe. Both arms then and all arms together in the construction of this glorious monument that shall be more lasting than bronze, more enduring than marble.

This should be a splendid tribute to the work they have done, a solemn promise, a vow that those who have now borne the brunt of battle shall forevermore be dear to us, and that whatsoever they want, or whatsoever they lack, these left-overs here will be only too glad to give them, not as charity, but as their right.

(applause)

TOASTMASTER SCOTT: I shall undertake to express for you the appreciation which I know you feel for this illumination which we have had of the situation there. Professor Clark has said something about bringing the reality of the war closer to us. It may be that it is still fiction to us, but it is much more fact than

it was half an hour ago. He has brought the reality of war closer to us.

Now, I want you to wait a few minutes more, and I am going to ask Mr. Charles W. Folds, who as you all know has been one of those who has given up almost all of his time since this war began to war work, to speak to you a few moments, about the immediate situation.
(applause)

Address: by Mr. Charles W. Folds.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and fellow members:

You have heard three magnificent addresses, and you do not wish to hear anything from me, I am sure, but perhaps in this moment of our jubilation it is well for us to take some sort of a mental inventory of ourselves and of the position in which we as citizens of our country see the future before us.

Our boys have done splendidly over there, as Professor Clark has told you. They will continue to do magnificently as long as they are wearing the uniform of the United States. Many of them will probably have to stay over on the other side to do various tasks, difficult, and some of them unpleasant for some time to come; in fact, a member of the Shipping Board, early in

September, told me that if the war were to end by the first of October, that it would take fully two years to get the last of our boys back; that it would be absolutely impossible to ship the boys home as fast as we had shipped them across the water, because the exigencies of the situation so demanded our army in France, that England and France and Italy gave us their ships to the last ship that they could possibly spare; that the people of those countries gave up their food, gave up their cotton, gave up various supplies that they needed from this country, in order to make room for the bodies of our boys to go over there, and therefore when peace was declared it would not be feasible or proper to bring them back at anything like the rate they had gone across, and aside from all that, they would be needed for the work of reconstruction, the work of settling the difficulties that have arisen in Central Europe.

It seems to have come to the mind of the average American -- and when I say the average American I speak of the people of more than ordinary intelligence -- that the war is over, and that is all there is to it, and as I have happened to be chairman of the various liberty loans in Chicago and Cook County, I have been

assailed for the last week daily by not one, but by hundreds, with the remark: "Well, the war is over and you have lost your job."

I wish that I had. Do you believe that all the things that have been ordered by the United States have been paid for? Do you believe that the army of two and a quarter million men that is now in France can be fed upon air, can be brought back without expense, or trouble? Do you believe that this government can cancel all its contracts at once, in justice to the manufacturers and merchants and farmers of this country? You know it cannot be so. Do you know that in the last year, up to the first of September, the Government of the United States expended seventeen billion dollars. That is what it expended for war and loaned its Allies, as I like to call them, those associated with us in the war, as they say down in Washington. And ^{of} that seventeen billion dollars, only five billion was raised by taxation, and the rest was raised by the sale of the United States government bonds. We have been spending money as we never thought we could spend it. We have got to go on, we cannot stop today, and I believe that the American people, when they realize what their duty is, that they will do it, so I am not going to talk any more about it.

The trouble right now with this United War Work proposition in the city of Chicago is, that people do not realize what it is. I have seen men put their hands in their pocket, or put their pen on their check-book and write out what was easy for them to spare out of their bank account. That has nothing to do with it. It is not what you can give now, it is what you can give for six months from now, otherwise we will never raise eight and a half million dollars in the city of Chicago within the period. It cannot be done. Everyone must help. It is not the rich, it is the great populace that will have to do it. It has got to be done.

There is one other point I want to speak of, and that is that the people of this country have got to hold the whole world stable. I think we will agree that our English cousins are pretty sure to sit tight in the boat. They always have, and I believe, God bless them, they always will, and I think the French people have shown a strength of character and perseverance, and we have got a great deal more confidence in them than we have ever had before. But really, after all, it is up to America to sit tight in the boat right now. What I mean by that is, that this great mass of people in Russia have found out now that when they are dissat-

isfied with things, they can revolt, they can mass together, they can do all sorts of things. They had some of it over here in years gone by. It started in Oregon, and worked its way east, but thanks to a certain brave man, who was to have spoken here tonight, Judge Landis, it has stopped to a certain extent. I want to tell you friends that it is due to the people of this country now that this war is over, to go on and carry on the fight. There is a great deal for us to do. We have got to face the future fearlessly and courageously. We have got to meet these things. We have got to realize that we do not live to ourselves alone. The people on the other side are calling upon us for a full message of citizenship, Therefore, let this Union League Club represent, not only all that it represents in the way of comfort and luxury, all it represents in the way of membership and in history, but as it is represented in this war, outstanding for those things that are right, outstanding for those things that are for the republic, outstanding for those things that will endure. Thank you. (applause)

A D J O U R N E D .
