

I never had another that made so deep an impression upon me.

I had not been long on the Circuit before I realized that my audience had only a languid interest in my subject, that what they were really interested in, wanted to hear and talk about was the War, then ending its second year. But I could not talk about the War. Nothing had ever so engulfed me as in a black fog, closed my mouth, confused my mind.

~~Partly that was because of the collapse of the diplomatic machinery of self-control which I imagined the Nations had developed, coupled with a complete routing of peace societies, the rush of socialists to take place in the armies. Everything I had counted on collapsed.~~ From the hour war was declared I had a sense of doom quite inexplicable in so matter-of-fact a person. We would go in, of that I felt certain. After we did go in John Siddall more than once recalled how in August of 1914 when a party of us were dining at the then popular Hungarian Restaurant on Houston Street I had said that before the thing was ended the United States, the World, would be in.

Roll 4-11

"You are a prophet," Siddall would laugh.

But I was not a prophet. It was the logic of my conviction that the world is one, that isolation of Nations is as fantastic as isolation of the earth from the solar system, the solar system from the universe. Peoples are one.

All this made a species of Fabian pacifist of me. I was for anything that looked to peace, to neutrality, but it was always with the hopeless feeling that one simply must do what one

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