

Watson's Magazine

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Vol. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1914

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WAR!

(From the painting by G. L. Gerome.)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Divine Right Dynasties of Europe: the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns: the Crazy Kaiser Who Set the World On Fire

VERY slowly, if at all, does the world emerge from Ignorance and Superstition: balance the gain and the loss, the sunshine against the shadow, the forward movement against the retreat, the advance guard which carries the banner of Light, against the human debris which strews the ground in the rear—and he is an optimist indeed who can say with confidence that humanity today holds higher levels than in the Age of the Antonines.

Only a few years ago, Mohammedan fanatics stretched themselves, face downward, on the ground, corduroying the road over which the sacred Sheik passed on horseback. The men that were not stepped on were miraculously saved: those poor wretches whose arms were crushed to pulp, or whose spines were broken, were hurried away into nearby tents, and their agonized moans were hushed in the noise of drums, trumpets and shouting believers. The men whom the horse's feet had maimed had not exercised sufficient faith: hence their disasters.

(See "Egypt and its Betrayal." Farman. 1908.)

The Roman Catholics drove the Mohammedans out of Spain—the followers of Mahomet being superstitious Infidels.

Concerning certain practices which took the place of Mohammedanism, I

quote the following from the book of S. P. Scott, "Through Spain." (Lippincott & Co., 1886.) page 43:

"Madrid, as becomes the residence of the 'Most Catholic King,' has its share of special holidays, the most noted being those of San Antonio, whom an irreverent populace has nicknamed 'San Anton,' and San Isidro. San Antonio's church and convent are situated in the Calle Hortalexa, where his function is held. This saint is the patron of animals, and on his day, droves of horses, mules and donkeys, thoroughly groomed, with their hoofs waxed, and their manes and tails decorated with bells and ribbons, are brought to the church door to be blessed. Two brethren of the convent officiate: one is furnished with a brush, the other with a leathern bag for contributions, and a precious relic—a thigh-bone of San Antonio. A large vase of holy water stands between them. The animals are led up in a row, and sprinkled with the sacred fluid. Then the owner of each one, who carries a small sack of barley, hands it to the monk of the bone and the bag. He repeats a prayer, touches the sack with the relic, and straightway such virtue is imparted to the grain as to make it a cure for all the ills of horse-flesh, and a handful fed to any animal known to be bewitched,

destroys the evil influence instant. The scoffing unbeliever may ridicule this holy thigh-bone but he cannot deny its talismanic efficacy in the collection of money, for it brings every year into the convent treasury many times its weight in gold."

On page 167 of the same book, we read:

"The old gate leading into the court . . . where the *Kadi* (the Mohammedan judge) was wont to dispense justice, are enshrined a pair of images, one of the Savior in his agony, with bloody face and rolling eyes, the other a bedizzened doll representing the Virgin.

The sanctity of these objects of adoration, *and particularly of the latter*, is shown by the number of votos, pictures, crutches—undoubted proofs of miracle cure—exhibited on shelves.

The following is a translation of the indulgence which, framed in silver, hangs before the image. It reads like a revelation of the Middle Ages:

"Pope Leo VII. grants perpetual plenary indulgence *and remission of sins* to all who on Good Friday, from earliest dawn to sunset, visit this image of *Our Lady of Pardon*, and pray for the extension of the faith, *the suppression of heresy*, and other objects of the Church, having first duly confessed and communicated. Dec. 17, 1824."

This shrine is well patronized, *as heaps of coin lying upon the broad copper trays daily testify*, and the space around the little altar is rarely free from kneeling and weeping devotees."

This description of Superstition in Spain was published in 1886. Not only is the same ludicrous and mortifying degradation of the human mind perpetuated in Spain, but the Images, the Relics, the Indulgences, the Miracles, the crutches of the supernaturally cured, and all the rest of it, have been imported into 20th Century North

America, "as the heaps of coin" raked in by the priests "daily testify."

Only a few years ago, the English were able to abolish the Hindoo *Suttee*, the inherited custom which flung the widow into the flames which were consuming the corpse of her husband.

No government has yet found itself strong enough to forbid the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, which brings together the fanatics from all parts of the Orient, intermingles their filth and their diseases in the closest communion, and disperses cholera and the plague throughout the Mohammedan world.

The night of the 27th Ramadan (our December) still remains the anniversary of the very night on which the angel brought the Koran to Mahomet. This heavenly messenger was twin brother to the angel that brought the book of Mormon to Joseph Smith. It may have been the same angel that extemporized a Zeppelin airship, and transported the hut of Joseph and Mary to Loretto. The marble stairway of Pilate's palace probably went by water; but it went, for it is now to be seen of all men in the city of Rome—a city bewilderingly divided between King Victor Emmanuel, Signor Ernesto Nathan, the red Socialists, the revived Waldensians, the belligerent Methodists, the academic Baptists, and a Papal vacancy which God will soon fill with another Italian. (This is Sept. 3, 1914.)

When the present War of the Monarchies broke out, the Czar of Russia acted a pretty bit of comedy: he exhibited a Sacred Image (ikon) to his faithful troops (who were all kneeling devoutly) and assured them that God would fight for Czarism. At the same time, he told the Jews and the Baptists that they might worship in any way they pleased.

The Emperor of Austria was equally certain that God meant to fight on his side, and the faithful troops who were to do the fighting knelt devoutly before

the sacred images of Austria—saints, virgins, crucifixes and what not.

His Majesty, King George of Great Britain, not to be outdone in pious demonstration, gravely invoked heavenly aid for the batallions which wear

ecclesiastical stone unturned, nor allowed any grass of skepticism to grow under his orthodox feet: he loudly invoked the Almighty, and proclaimed the utmost faith in assistance from on High.



THE MURDER OF KONIGSMARCK

red breeches, and he positively prophesied that the Lord would not forget Old England.

His Royal Highness, Albert of Belgium, is likewise a Christian of the most pronounced type, and he left no

Of course, the Me-and-God freak—the Kaiser of Germany—was the most persistent, most blatant, most blasphemous of all the monarchs who were calling on the Omnipotent to concern himself with the devilish little ambi-

tions, duplicities, hatreds and collisions of swell-headed bipeds who call themselves "Kings."

It seems a mockery of all our boasted progress that these Divine Right dynasties should be arrogating to themselves, with the acquiescence of mankind, the heaven-born authority to dispose of the property, the liberties and the lives of millions of human beings, all of whom were begotten just as *they* were, all of whom are fashioned in the same mold, and most of whom are at least as good men as the supreme monomaniacs who claim that they were born to represent God on earth.

These Bourbons, Guelphs, Romanoffs, Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are of ancient family, but not more so than many an Arab sheik, many a Venetian aristocrat, many a plebeian who bears a French, Spanish, German, Scotch, Welsh, Irish or English name.

Not one of these Royal Houses is free from the foulest crimes, from hideous skeletons in closets, and from black secrets that are vaguely hinted at in the memoirs of the times, or slurringly mentioned in contemporaneous history.

Even Voltaire was afraid to disclose the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask; we now know that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV., born some hours later than he, and kept in solitary confinement all his life "for reasons of State"—there being no provision for twins in a hereditary monarchy.

(See "Regent of the Roues," p. 23 et seq. Andrew Haggard, 1905.)

In the early days of the Guelph family, it was not known what fate befell the handsome, dashing, gallant, Count Konigsmarck; nor why the Princess Sophie Dorotheie was kept a prisoner in the lonely castle of Ahlden during the remaining thirty years of her sad existence.

One hundred and fifty years passed before it was learned with certainty that Konigsmarck had been the lover of

the beautiful young wife of England's first King George; and that the mistress of George Guelph, vainly coveting Konigsmarck's affection, caused him to be assassinated, as he left the arms of poor Sophie Dorotheie.

In the Divine Right family of Spain, there have been murders and perfidies and immoralities unspeakable, one of them being the assassination of a King's son by order of the King.

In the Divine Right family of Russia, there loom portentously two Czars who murdered their sons—Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great—two czarinas who murdered their husbands; and one Czar, (Paul I.) brutally slain in the palace, almost in the presence of the son who immediately profited thereby, and who rewarded the assassins with life-long friendship and honors. I refer to his Gracious Majesty, Alexander I., who confederated with other Divine Right monarchs in the overthrow of Napoleon, the democratic upstart and adventurer.

After the beautiful and dissolute Czarina, Catherine II., had caused Czar Peter III. to be choked to death by her lover, the gigantic Orloff, she issued a proclamation to her faithful subjects which reads very much like the hypocritical war-declarations recently made by the "crowned heads of Europe"—the enthroned scoundrels who richly deserve to be blown out of the mouths of their own seige guns.

The Czarina's announcement of her murder of the Czar reads thus—

"The seventh day after our accession to the throne of all the Russias, we received information that the late Emperor, Peter III. was attacked with a violent colic. That we might not be wanting in Christian duty, or disobedient to the Divine Command by which we are enjoined to preserve the life of our neighbor, we immediately ordered that the said Peter should be furnished with everything that might be judged necessary to restore his health by the

aids of medicine. But, to our great regret and affliction, we were yesterday evening apprized that, by permission of the Almighty, the late Emperor departed this life."

By permission of the Almighty, the Czar had died, Count Orloff having assisted thereto by an iron grip on the wind-pipe of him, the said Emperor.

In the Divine Right family of Great Britain, there has been the grossest

another. "*I will have mistresses!*" blubbered royal George, monarch by Divine Right.

The third King of this brutal Guelf family went raving mad, and was succeeded, in due course, by George IV., the Prince who privately married the widow Fitzherbert, and then lied about it, like a gentleman, and became a bigamist, when reasons of State required him to do so.

Of Queen Victoria, it were an un-



THE MURDER OF CZAR PETER III.

sensuality, sordid selfishness, and occasional madness.

The first George, as already stated, imprisoned his wife for thirty years, because she had done *once*, what he was doing all the years of his beastly career.

The second George hated his son with deadly rancor, flouted ugly concubines in the faces of the good Christians of his Kingdom, and comforted his dying wife by telling her he would never take

grateful task to speak: the world has accepted her as a model maid, wife, widow and queen. Those who read the curious book of the author whose pen-name is the "Marquise De Fontenoy," may have reason to suspect that the court painters have flattered the portrait of Her Majesty.

As to Edward VIII., there need be no doubts. A rake from his boyhood, he ran the whole gamut of vice; and when his body lay in state,

the tears of his wife dropped in the same puddle with the tears of his Mistress Keppel.

Everybody remembers the very queer proceedings, and the special secret court which hushed up the scandal which touched His Majesty, George V. It was alleged that he had privately married Admiral Seymour's daughter, at Malta, and had begotten children of her; but the Admiral testified that no such marriage had taken place.

It is the unwritten law of England that a gentleman must perjure himself in two cases, at least: one, to save a woman; another, to shield his King.

You may have thought it strange that Admiral Seymour's daughter was not produced in court, and that nobody in the outer world of common mortals can tell what became of her and those children.

A hundred years from now, the Bank of England may exhibit some documents on the subject—as it did in the case of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

* * * * *

The Hapsburg family dates back to the 13th Century, and one of its earlier crimes was the murder of "the despotic Albrecht by his nephew, John of Swabia, whom he had deprived of his hereditary possessions."

Another married the daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, who had broken his royal word, pledged to John Huss, and had allowed the Papists to burn the intrepid Bohemian, the forerunner of Martin Luther.

By this marriage, the Hapsburgs obtained Hungary and Bohemia, just as a peasant used to get the cow and the calf that belonged to his wife.

Another of the family, Maximilian I., secured the Netherlands by marrying Maria, the only child of Charles the Rash.

The son of Maximilian took to wife Crazy Jane, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

The son of Crazy Jane and her handsome spouse, Philip of Austria, became the great Emperor Charles V., whose son, in turn, became the bigoted monster Philip II. King of Spain and all its dependencies.

While Charles V. was dominating Europe, drawing into his royal coffers the wealth of Mexico, Central and South America, Holland, Sicily, Spain and Germany, he kept his demented mother caged in the castle of Torde-sillas, and sleeping on straw, like the veriest pauper lunatic, for *forty-nine years!* Death released her in 1555. She was the sister of Queen Catherine of England, over whom Emperor, King, Popes, and *Shakespeare*, made so much noise.

During all those volcanic forty-nine years, nobody bothered about Crazy Jane, stretched on her pallet of straw!

When Charles V. abdicated the imperial throne (1556) he was succeeded by his brother Ferdinand, who first introduced into Germany the devilish Jesuits.

Under Ferdinand II. commenced the horrible Thirty Years' War, in which 6,000 cities, 24,000 villages, and 2,000,000 human beings were destroyed. For what? To check Protestantism and to reinstate Italian popery.

In 1683, the Catholic Emperor of Austria was saved from utter annihilation, at the hands of the Turks, by John Sobieski, the Catholic King of Poland—and the Hapsburgs proved their gratitude by assisting the infidel Frederick the Great, King of Protestant Prussia, to dismember Catholic Poland.

In the division, Russia got a slice, Prussia a slice, and Austria the remainder.

More modern crimes of the Hapsburgs were, the formation of the Holy Alliance for the systematic repression of all liberal movements: the atrocities perpetrated on Hungary in 1848, when Kossuth struggled for Home Rule: and

the barbarous invasions of Italy at the instance of the Popes.

The Hapsburg name is hated in Switzerland, whose independence they tried to destroy; in France, which they have time and again invaded, in the interest of absolutism; in Italy, which they have drenched in blood: on the Balkan Peninsula, where they have been the violators of treaties and the butchers of free peoples.

Not the least of the Hapsburg infamies was the betrayal of Napoleon, the seizure of his son, and the indescribable methods which were practised upon the Young Eagle to induce premature decay and death.

In all the plots, tyrannies, perfidies and cruelties practised by Kings and popes to keep mankind in the fetters of Fear, Ignorance and Superstition, the House of Hapsburg has been one of the chiefest of criminal despots.

If there is any Divine Right family more coarsely and ruthlessly brutal than the Romanoffs of Russia and the Hapsburgs of Austria, it is the Hohenzollerns of Prussia.

They have always been of the raw bestial type, undisguised in the earlier ages, and very thinly disguised, now. Their strength was undeniable, but it was the strength of the savage.

In studying these men, we have to go back to the times of Clovis and Lothair, of Alaric and Alboin, to find their prototypes.

In the slaughter of unarmed peasants, old men, weeping women, and screaming children in Belgium last month: in the wanton destruction of the beautiful unfortified old city of Louvain; in the driving of thousands of Belgians into slavery; in the shameless disregard of treaties and humanities, we see the Kaiser of today, a barbarian whose proper place in history is alongside the Burgundian brute, Charles the Rash.

If you are as old as the writer, you

may have studied at school. "Robbins' Outlines of History," a popular textbook when I was a boy. You will remember the description of the second King of Prussia, the ancestor of the present Kaiser of Germany.

As you will not find the word-picture in recent histories, I quote it here:

"Frederick William I., would have been deemed an extraordinary man, had he not been eclipsed by his greater son. As the case is, his talents and management excite a degree of wonder. His father was profuse and lavished treasures without an object. Frederick William was economical in the extreme, and expended nothing except on the soldiery. In his dress and diet, he was remarkably simple and plain. He even denied himself the common comforts of life, being wont to say, that a prince ought to spare not only the blood, but the property of his subjects.

Voltaire describes this monarch thus: 'He used to walk from his palace, clothed in an old blue coat with copper buttons, half-way down his thighs; and when he bought a new one, these buttons were made to serve again. It was in this dress that his majesty, armed with a huge serjeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment of giants. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expense. The men who stood in the first rank of this regiment, were none of them less than seven feet high; and he sent to purchase them from the farthest parts of Europe to the borders of Asia.'

Frederick William was a man of vulgar habits, and coarse manners, and often treated his children with a rudeness and asperity that would have disgraced a savage. According to an account given by his daughter, Wilhelmina, Princess of Prussia, it would be difficult to count the canings and the fisticuffs with which he gratified his son, the great Frederick, who could never appear before the king without

being beaten, or, at least, insulted. The princess, too, had her full share of the brutal liberality of her father, who often struck her; she tells us, one day 'he seized her by the hair, gave her several blows on the face with his fist, one of which knocked her over.'

What added to their misfortune was, the severe diet to which they were condemned, for they were almost literally famishing. There was often nothing at their father's table but garden-stuff, so badly cooked that it disgusted them. Frequently, indeed, it was impossible to touch it, for, after serving the other guests, *Frederick William would spit in the dish*, that his children might not break their fast.

What a specimen of a prince's court!"

The forefathers of this King had been nothing more than leading men in the sandy province of Brandenburg, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. In time, they had come to be called Marquises. They developed a strong military man in the William who became known as The Great Elector.

Then, the Marquis, or Elector, of Brandenburg became jealous of the newly created "King" of Saxony, and he claimed that the Emperor of Germany should make *him* a King.

It is said that the counsellors of the Emperor were bribed to urge this concession in favor of the Marquis of Brandenburg. At any rate, the Emperor agreed to make another King; and great was the wrath of other German potentates. Prince Eugene, the brilliant Captain who beat back the Turks and helped Malborough beat the French, declared that the counsellors who advised the Emperor to create this new king deserved to be hanged.

Since the Hohenzollerns had never been anything more than local grandees of sandy flats, and since it was a man who made the first Prussian King, it might puzzle the present Kaiser to ex-

plain where he got his Me-and-God-ism.

His ancestor *bought* the title of King; and it was *an election* that made his grandfather the first of modern German Emperors.

The first Prussian King was crowned in Konigsberg, in 1700; and he "placed the crown upon his brow, with his own hands." (As did Napoleon.)

The wife of this self-crowned Divine Right monarch was a sister of George I., King of England.

The son of this self-crowned Prussian monarch married his cousin Sophie Dorothee, daughter of the aforesaid sister of George I.

The son of this cousin-marriage, was Frederick the Great, who never had any children, and who did not live with his wife.

(If the Great Frederick was not born a sexual impotent, he became so before his marriage. It causes a full-sexed man to smile when he thinks how many years Thomas Carlyle, also impotent, devoted to the study of Frederick.)

King Frederick I. lost his first wife early enough to take another, and to regret it. She went crazy, which may not have been the worst thing to do, in a palace where Anointed Majesty belabored recalcitrants with a club, and spat in the dishes when he had satisfied his own appetite.

Consider this tragic picture:

"The king, Frederick I. . . . was sitting alone and sad, in a chill morning of Feb. 1713, gazing into the fire . . . when suddenly there was a crash of glass. His frenzied wife, half-clad, with dishevelled hair, having escaped from her keepers, came bursting through the shattered panes. Her arms were gashed with glass, and she was in the highest state of maniacal excitement." (Abbott's "Frederick the Great," page 22.)

Frederick William was the name of the next of these Divine Right demi-gods. Of him, Macaulay says:

"When his majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends."

This Frederick William was a monomaniac on the subject of militarism. It was really he who planted that diabolical system deep into the soil of Germany.

Of the Divine Right methods employed by this royal brute to procure giants for his Potsdam Guard, we are told:

"Frederick William paid very little regard to individual rights or to the law of nations if any chance presented itself by which he could seize upon one of the monster men. Reigning in absolutism, compared with which the despotism of Turkey is mild, if he found in his domain any young woman of remarkable stature, he would compel her to marry one of his giants. It does not, however, appear that he thus succeeded in perpetuating a gigantic race.

Prussian recruits were sent in all directions to search with eagle eyes for candidates for the Potsdam Guards. Their pay was higher than that of any other troops, and they enjoyed unusual privileges. Their drill and discipline were as perfect as could by any possibility be achieved. The following stories are apparently well authenticated, describing the means to which the King often resorted to gain these men.

In the town of Zulich there was a very tall young carpenter by the name of Zimmerman. A Prussian recruit-

ing officer, in disguise, Baron Van Hompesch, entered the shop and ordered a stout chest to be made, 'six feet, six inches in length, at least—at all events, longer than yourself, Mr. Zimmerman. Mind you,' he added, 'if too short, it will be of no service to me.' At the appointed time he called for the chest. Looking at it, he exclaimed in apparent disappointment. 'Too short, as I dreaded!' 'I am certain it is over six feet six,' said the carpenter, taking out his rule. 'But I said it was to be longer than yourself,' was the reply. 'Well, it is,' rejoined the carpenter. To prove it, he jumped into the chest. Hompesch slammed down the lid, locked it, whistled, and three stout fellows came in who shouldered the chest and carried it through the streets to a remote place outside the town. Here the chest was opened, and poor Zimmerman was found dead, stifled to death.

On another occasion, an Austrian gentleman, M. Von Bentenreider, who was exceedingly tall, was journeying from Vienna to Berlin as the ambassador from the Emperor Charles VI. to the Congress of Cambrai. When near Halberstadt some part of his carriage broke. While the smith was repairing it, M. Bentenreider walked on. He passed a Prussian guard-house, alone, in plain clothes, on foot, an immensely tall, well-formed man. It was too rich a prize to be lost. The officials seized him, and hurried him into the guard-house. But soon his carriage came along with his suite. He was obsequiously hailed as "Your Excellency." The recruiting officers of Frederick William, mortified and chagrined, with many apologies, released the ambassador of the emperor.

As we have mentioned, the agents of the King of Prussia were eager to kidnap tall men, in whatever country they could find them. This greatly exasperated the rulers of the various realms of all sizes and conditions which

surrounded the Prussian territory. Frederick William was always ready to apologize, and to aver that each individual act was done without his

"Two events occurred at this time, highly characteristic of the king. There was a nobleman by the name of Schlubhut, occupying a high official



HIS MAJESTY OF PRUSSIA REVERSING THE DECISION OF THE LOWER COURT

orders or knowledge. Still, there was no abatement of the nuisance."

(Abbott's Frederick, p. 43 et seq.)

Illustrative of the temper of the Lord's Anointed, we are told—

position, who was found a defaulter to the amount of a sum equal to twenty-five thousand dollars. The Supreme Court sentenced him to three or four years' imprisonment. The king was indignant at the mildness of the sentence.

'What,' said he, 'when the private thief is sent to the gallows, shall a nobleman and a magistrate escape with fine and imprisonment?' Schlubhut was immediately sent to prison. All night long he was disturbed with the noise of carpentering in the castle square in front of his cell. In the morning he saw directly before his window a huge gallows erected. Upon that gallows he was immediately hung, and his body was left to swing in the wind for several days, some say for weeks.

Soon after, a soldier, six feet three inches tall, the ringleader of a gang, broke into a house and robbed it of property to the amount of about five thousand dollars. He was sentenced to be hung. We give the result in the words of Carlyle:

"Frederick William feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches. Frederick William flames up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting. They make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the ante-room, Frederick William, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges, do but provoke him farther. It is not long till he starts up growling terribly, 'Ye scoundrels, how could you?' and smites down upon the crown of them with the royal cudgel itself. Fancy the hurryscurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal cudgel rains blows right and left. Blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken: and several judges lost a few teeth and had their noses battered before they could get out. The second relay, meeting them in this dilapidated state on the staircases, dashed home again without

the honor of a royal interview. This is an actual scene, of date, Berlin, 1731, of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow. Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel. This musketeer, his majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again after some preliminary dusting."

Again, we read—

"It was early in March, 1729, while the king was still suffering from the gout.

At table his majesty told the queen that he had letters from Anspach; the young marquis to be in Berlin in May for his wedding; that M. Bremer, his tutor was just coming with the ring of betrothal for Louisa. He asked my sister if that gave her pleasure, and how she would regulate her housekeeping when married. My sister had got in the way of telling him whatever she thought, and home truths sometimes, without his taking it all. She answered, with her customary frankness, that she would have a good table, which should be delicately served, and, added she, 'which shall be better than yours. And if I have children I will not maltreat them like you, nor force them to eat what they have an aversion to.'

'What do you mean by that?' replied the king; 'what is there wanting at my table?'

'There is this wanting,' she said, 'that one can not have enough; and the little there is consists of coarse pot-herbs that nobody can eat.'

The king, as was not unnatural, had begun to get angry at her first answer. This last put him in quite a fury. But all his anger fell on my brother and me. He first threw a plate at my brother's head, who ducked out of the way. He then left fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hail-storm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion

against the queen, reproaching her with the bad training which she gave her children, and addressing my brother, said:

'You have reason to curse your mother, for it is she who causes your being an ill-governed fellow. I had a

might speak to his mother. They brought his mother. He came near, as if to whisper something to her, and bit away a piece of her ear. 'I treat you thus,' said he, 'to make you an example to all parents who take no heed to bring up their children in the practice of vir-



HIS MAJESTY OF PRUSSIA TEACHING TABLE MANNERS

protector,' continued he, 'who was an honest man. I remember always a story which he told me in his youth. There was a man at Carthage who had been condemned to die for many crimes he had committed. While they were leading him to execution he desired he

tue.' 'Make the application,' continued he, always addressing my brother; and getting no answer from him, he again set to abusing us till he could speak no longer.

We rose from the table. As we had to pass near him in going out, he aimed

a great blow at me with his crutch, which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people drawing it gave me time to escape to the queen's chamber.

That evening Wilhelmina was taken sick with burning fever and severe pain."

Dr. John Moore—father of Sir John Moore hero of Corunna and of "The Burial"—published, in 1796, a most valuable description of the Manners, Customs, and Society of Continental Europe, over which he had recently travelled.

In his Letters from Potsdam and Berlin, he tells of the continual training of the troops, their evolutions, their sham battles, their constant and vigorous exercise, under Frederick the Great.

"In the park at Berlin, every morning may be seen the lieutenants of the different regiments exercising, with greatest assiduity, sometimes a single man, at other times three or four together; and now, if the young recruit shows neglect or remissness, his attention is roused by the officer's cane, which is applied with augmenting energy, till he has acquired the full command of his firelock. He is taught steadiness under arms, and the immobility of a statue: he is informed that all his members are to move only at the word of command, and not at his own pleasure: that speaking, coughing, sneezing, are all unpardonable crimes: and when the poor lad is accomplished to their mind, they give him to understand, that now it is perfectly known what he can do, and therefore the smallest deficiency will be punished with rigor. And although he should destine every moment of his time and all his attention to cleaning his arms, taking care of his clothes, and practising the manual exercise, it is but barely possible for him to escape punishment;

and if his captain happens to be of a capricious or cruel disposition, the ill-fated soldier loses the poor chance of that possibility."

How Frederick the Great survived the brutalities of his father, and became a predominant brute himself, is narrated admiringly, and at prodigious length, by Thomas Carlyle.

Does your recollection of school days recall the incident of the Prussian officer who late at night was writing a



NAPOLEON AS HE WAS, WHEN HE DESTROYED THE PRUSSIAN ARMY AT JENA

letter to his wife, by the glimmer of a candle in his tent, and who was palsied by the sudden appearance of the enraged King? The orders had been, "No light." The officer had dared to suppose that his tent curtains hid the candle. The prowling King had seen the ray, in the darkness.

"What are you doing?" sternly asks the King.

"Writing a letter to my wife, your Majesty," humbly answers the officer.

"Add a post-script," said the King, "add—I will be shot at sun-rise, for disobedience of orders."

Of such is the kingdom of Kings!

Frederick the Great added Silesia and a part of Poland to his earthly possessions, bequeathed a perfected military machine to his successor, and died before the Hohenzollerns had the mortification of seeing a Corsican adventurer, Napoleon Bonaparte, knock the Prussian military machine into the scrap heap.

Frederick the Great was a practical man, as the following well known story proves.

Having no children of his own to inherit his Divine Right, he felt more than usual interest in the family of his nephew. This family too long consisted of husband and wife, only. Sons and daughters did not arrive. The years were passing, and old Fred became impatient.

Summoning a stout, young and healthy courtier, Schmettau by name, the King gave him certain instructions. At the Prussian court, to hear was to obey.

In nine months, or such a matter, the discreet and dutiful Schmettau presented himself to the great Frederick, and received a golden snuff-box. The King's niece had been delivered of a child.

In something less than the customary period, Schmettau was presented with another token of Frederick's distinguished consideration.

The royal niece had given birth to another child.

A third time, in due season, the punctual, proficient and docile Schmettau presented himself before His Majesty, and was given another royal souvenir.

As he was leaving the room, old Frederick called out—

"Schmettau! Trois: c'est assez!"

("Three! That's a plenty!")

How much of this Schmettau blood may be in the reigning Hohenzollerns, no one can tell; but when we remember the scandalous chronicles of every

European Court, and reflect upon the intermarriages that have taken place, one is reminded of Victor Hugo's celebrated fling at the Emperor Napoleon III.:

"You are not the son of your father, nor the father of your son."

The sour old cynic Frederick the Great loved his mother, his sister and his dogs. It is said that he wished to be buried on the lawn before his palace at Potsdam, in the midst of these dogs, but that his directions were disobeyed.

The present Emperor hated his mother, hated his father, hated his father's friends, and has never loved any living creature excepting himself.

Says the "Marquise de Fontenoy:"

"The present Emperor offers a most striking contrast both to his grandfather and to his late father, and his character may be summed up in one single French word—*poseur*. Everything he either says or does is for the sake of effect, and it is an open question as to whether there is one hour in the twenty-four, save the time devoted to sleep, when he is not in the act of posturing for the sake of some person or other. On no occasion did this trait of his character strike me so much as at a reception given a few years ago at Berlin by his mother, the Empress Frederick, at that time only Crown Princess. Among the distinguished guests present was Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, the most witty, wordly and cynical member of the Sacred College.

Standing in front of the fire-place of one of the salons, he was carrying on an animated conversation with Prince William. Although the utterances of His Eminence were soft and melodious, yet their tone was sufficiently distinct to enable the guests in the room to appreciate the sparkling and brilliant nature of his remarks. Each witticism that he made—and they were many—Prince William endeavored to cap in a clumsy, boorish way which had on those of us who were present much the

same exasperating effect as chattering does during the performance of some particularly sweet and exquisite piece of music. His elephantine and coarse attempts at humor were delivered in a loud, harsh tone of voice, the object being to avoid that any one should be unfortunate enough to fail to hear his ponderous jokes, and nothing could be more curious than his quick, furtive glance around the room while he was speaking, for the purpose of nothing the effect created upon us by his utterances. Of a nature exceedingly coarse, it is not astonishing that his sense of humor should be distinguished by the same characteristic, and when he tries to be funny, he is frequently nasty, and would be regarded as objectionably vulgar were he not one of the most powerful monarchs of the day.

His physique is of the same coarse grain as his character, and his features present such a contrast to the high-bred and good-humored face of his brother, and to the healthy and rosy countenances of his younger sisters, that one is almost tempted to doubt the relationship. His hair, though thin, is by no means of fine texture, and is of a dull, nay, almost a dead color. He has experienced the utmost difficulty in raising a moustache, possibly in consequence of the volcanic complexion with which he was afflicted until quite recently. Moreover, his hands are cold and clammy—a fact in itself which is sufficient to prejudice many persons against him. His uniforms are padded in the most outrageous fashion, and he wears exceedingly high-heeled boots for the sake of increasing his stature, which is about that of the Prince of Wales. (Within Royal Palaces, pp. 327-328.)

To those on whom he desires to create an agreeable impression he is exceedingly gracious—but in so effusive a manner as to leave doubts of his sincerity. In fact, at no time, not even in moments of apparent abandon, does he

give the impression of being natural and sincere. He should have been born an actor, for he has inherited from his grandmother, Empress Augusta, much of that stagginess for which she was distinguished, and, like an actor, too, he has a perfect mania for notoriety. It is this last characteristic which has constituted the principal motive of many of his most extraordinary freaks since his accession to the Crown, and it was this, likewise, that led to the estrangement from his parents which so embittered the closing years of his father's life. Simple, unaffected and natural himself, the Emperor Frederick could not tolerate his son's vanity, desire for notoriety and conceit. In his quiet, gentle way, he sought to keep the young man in the background until he had concluded the hopeless task of curing him of his bumptiousness. William never forgot or forgave his father's efforts to suppress that which he considered as his cleverness and genius, and eagerly swallowed the insinuations of his courtiers to the effect that Frederick's attempts to keep him down were entirely due to the father's jealousy of his son's extraordinary talents.

Such is the youth whose damp and clammy hands white-haired statesmen and generals consider it a privilege to kiss, and whose smile and frown are awaited with trembling anxiety by thousands of clever, shrewd Germans. What wonder, then, that he should regard himself as enjoying a greater degree of intimacy with Providence than the rest of mankind. The name of God figures in all his speeches, is referred to even in the most trivial matters, and is treated by that young Emperor with a degree of familiarity that would be touching did it not fringe the border line of blasphemy. For it is not the God of Christianity at large to whom he alludes, but a special particular Divinity who is supposed to regard the German Emperor as His Favorite and

most preferred child. It is a God who marches to war with the German army when it goes to war with some weaker neighbor. It is a God who has entrusted the German people to William as a talent which the latter is determined to increase before returning to his Maker, to whom he is alone responsible. It is a God who will help him to crush his enemies both at home and abroad, and according to William's own confession, contained in one of his recent speeches, when he is moved by the beauties of nature to commune with his God, he assumes the attitude of "present," brings his heels together with a clash of the spurs and pays to the Almighty the same military honors as if the Divinity were a Field Marshal, and a Prussian one at that.

Many of the Emperor's eccentricities may, it is true, be attributed to his state of health, which is anything but reassuring to his subjects. The technical name of his malady is *otitis media*, and in the case of the young monarch it has proved, as in that of many others of its victims, to be an incurable disease. It is not my intention to expatiate here upon its various features, for they are scarcely of a nature to prove palatable to my readers. They are, however, identical with those of the malady of King William IV., of Prussia, grand-uncle of the Emperor, and which culminated in his insanity. The King was not, however, deprived of the reins of government and placed under restraint until he had in turn astounded, alarmed and shocked all Europe by his extraordinary vagaries. (p. 330-331-332.)

In the case of King Frederick William IV., as in that of the Emperor, everything that could be done was attempted to cure his peculiar malady, the demoralizing character of which will be realized when it is stated that his only relief from suffering is obtained when the ear is in a state of

abundant suppuration. There is no other alleviation from the most racking pains in the side and back of the head, which become downright maddening when, for one reason or another, the suppuration is temporarily arrested. Many allowances must assuredly be made for men thus afflicted, more especially when it is borne in mind that they have nothing else to look forward to than the terrible fate of insanity. For the disease is not one of those the progress of which can be checked. It moves slowly but surely toward the brain, and as soon as ever the process of decomposition reaches that source of all the mental faculties and intelligence, the name of young Emperor William, the most interesting, and in some ways attractive figure of the present times, will have to be added to that long list of lunatic monarchs. (Page 333.)

Among his numerous manifestations of animosity—many of them very childish—toward everything French, I may mention his prohibition of the use of the word "cigar," which has incurred Imperial displeasure by reason of its Gallic origin. At the Berlin Court, by order the young Monarch the fragrant weed is known by the excruciatingly Teutonic word of "glimmstengel."

So strong is his hatred of everything French that it led him some time since to give orders to the effect that every menu for Court dinners should be printed in German; a most remarkable innovation, for the use of French is universal throughout Europe, not only for diplomatic negotiations, but also for everything relating to the cuisine and the table. Indeed everywhere save now at Berlin the menus of dinners are always written in French. Very indigestible sounds the following menu of a State banquet at Potsdam, which was sent me as a sample by a cousin

of mine who happened to be on a visit to the Prussian Court.

SPEISE KART.

- Englische Austern. St. Peray.
 Fruhlingssuppe. Port.
 Gebackene Seezengun. Latour de mons,
 1880.
 Prager Schinken in Rothwein gedampft.
 Erdener, 1881.
 Lamnbraten mit Endiviengemuse. Stein-
 berger Cabinet, 1882.
 Schnitzel von Reh mit Truffeln.
 Warmer Hummer mit Butter. Chateau
 Lafitte, 1880.
 Romisher Punch.
 Franzosisher Huhnerbruten, salat. Cliquot
 Ponsardin.
 Stangen spargel. Chateau Latuor, 1868.
 Bleichsellerie.
 Gesottene Frucht. Muscat.
 Weine Gelee, Kaesestangen mit Brotchen,
 Gefrorenes.
 Nachtisch.

That the Hohenzollerns took their crowns from God's altar and that they are responsible to none but the Almighty, is the monotonous dogma of Me-and-Godism.

Yet the Prussian archives contain the proofs that 6,000,000 Thalers, and 10,000 soldiers was the price paid by the Marquis of Brandenburg, when the Hapsburg Emperor sold him a royal title.

The adroit Kolbe, who was the lover of the Marquis' nominal mistress (Countess Wartenberg) conducted the negotiations which changed the lower title into the higher. (Fischer, p. 296.)

In 1906, "The Private Lives of William II. and his Consort," by Henry W. Fischer, was published in London. The picture of the Kaiser is not pleasant; in some respects he is almost as unbalanced as the craziest of the Roman Cæsars, Caligula, for instance.

Strutting before the world as the mailed-fist War-lord, he is so cowardly in his dread of disease, that he will not allow to come near him any member of a family in which there is sickness of any kind.

The lady-in-waiting from whose diaries the Fischer book is made, relates—

Once I found Fraulien von Hotze in tears behind some shrub in the White Hall, while all around her dancing was going on.

"What is the matter with you?" I inquired: "Can I be of service to you?"

"No, I thank you, Countess," she sobbed: "but to think that he said that to me!"

"Who is he, and what did he say?"

"The Kaiser of course. When he heard that my boy was ill, he remarked, turning on his heel,

'How dare you come to my house under such circumstances.'"

No Napoleon, *he*, to walk among the plague-smitten, ministering to their needs, soothing them with soft words.

The very name of measles or a cold, make the War-lord of Germany beat a hasty retreat, lest contagion invade his "Sacred person!"

The Great Frederick never minded what people said, or wrote about him: he scorned the role of the mean oppressor, and history tells how he ordered a scurrilous placard to be lowered on the wall, so that his Berliners might the more easily read it.

But the insanely vain Kaiser of the present day has gone to madder extremes in punishing those who criticise him, his speeches, his hunting, his compositions and his laws, than any Oriental despot ever cared, or dared to go.

Think of an Emperor sending a farmer's wife to jail for nine months because she said that he might kiss her foot!

Could you imagine a sane monarch doing a thing like that?

Wouldn't Great Britain have a fine fit, if King George should try his hand at despicable tyranny of that sort?

A registered prostitute of Altona said that the Kaiser might kiss, not her foot, but another place equally accessi-

ble; and this imperial fool actually took cognizance of the bawdy-house remark, and sent the woman up for four months.

Eugene Richter, a member of Parliament (Reichstag) said of one of the Emperor's boar hunts, "Yesterday the Kaiser and fifty of the noblest of the nation ran for two hours after an old sow."

The statement was made in the Parliament and was perhaps strictly true, but it was an insult to Majesty (*Lese Majeste*) and Eugene went to prison for nine months!

The Kaiser claimed the authorship of a "Song to Aegir"—which he did not compose—and when a lady music-teacher pronounced the composition "a piece of rubbish," the irate Emperor corrected the musical ear of the lady by clapping her in jail for three months.

Zealously following the mood of this crazy Emperor, his courts punish men and women for criticising governmental acts *in which the Kaiser takes special interest*.

Zeal carries far, and it happened that one of these limber-kneed German judges of Coblenz sentenced a sixteen-year-old nurse-girl to jail nine months "for saying she would like to sleep with the Emperor."

By accident the Divine William heard of this case, and his bowels of compassion immediately moved.

Said William the Divine, "She has probably seen me during the manoeuvres in Rhineland"—here he gave his mustache an upward stroke—"and devil take me if I blame the wench. Ill-bred as she is, that was *her* manner of expressing admiration."

The girl was pardoned. (Fischer, page 262.)

One of William's divine predecessors was Rudolph II., grand-son of Crazy Jane and Philip the Handsome: he put many innocent Germans to death for alleged lack of respect to his

Sacred person, and multitudes were imprisoned, or stripped of their property. The descendant of Rudolph has imposed prison sentences totalling 311 years, and fines amounting to 9,000 marks in the period of four years—1893 to 1896—on account of criticisms levelled at the "Song to Aegir!"

Is there a competent court outside of Germany that would not consider such a record an evidence of inherited lunacy?

The Divine William never condescends to call a servant by name. The Kaiser invariably addresses man or woman, "*You there!*" and none of them ever heard that cheap courtesy, "Good morning," or "Good evening," from the master's lips. (Fischer, p. 264.)

It is a rigid rule in the Kaiser's palace that servants must not be seen by him at their work of cleaning up, carrying water, dusting, &c. At his dread approach, they must scamper out of sight. Menials caught at their tasks, are incontinently dismissed. For the use of hundreds of men and women engaged in the numberless duties in the palace, (200 rooms) *there are two bathrooms*, and one toilet for each twenty-six servants. The wages paid are niggardly in the extreme, and the food is of the cheapest and scantiest. No image of God, clad in livery, may look the Kaiser in the face: such underlings must approach the Sacred person with eyes cast down and bodies bent.

This Sacred Person madness is a lineal descendant of Cæsarism, the Dives adoration of decadent Rome.

One of the Emperors who possessed a sense of humor and who felt that he was about to die, said to his courtiers, "I feel myself becoming a god."

He died, and the Romans worshipped him, outwardly, at least.

Rudolph II. of Hapsburg had the disease in a more serious form. When he was lying abed, very sick, the doctors were feeling his person in the effort to locate the trouble. Their-

hands touched the Emperor's stomach, whereupon he called out, "Mind what you are doing: that's the Holy Roman belly!"

That the Kaiser's egotism leads him to regard all State resources as his personal property, has already been mentioned. Everything is his. "My army," "my navy," "my ports," "my fortresses," "my funds," (meaning the State treasury), "my minister of war," "my chancellor," are expressions we hear as often as "my horse," "my boys," or "my speech." In the first week of August, 1896, when his Majesty suddenly returned from his Northland trip, an officer of the Feldjagers, whose name I have forgotten, was invited to second breakfast. "Sehr schneidig, this Herr Lieutenant," said William to her Majesty across the table, "but he came near ruining one of my torpedo-boats in trying to catch up with the Hohenzollern, on the way from Maeraak to Bergen. If he damages another of my vessels, he will have to pay for her."

Last year I heard William say at Wilhelmshohe to his former teacher, Dr. Kius: "Your chief aim must be to inoculate into the rising youth the sentiment that the greatness of my empire depends upon the progressive strengthening of my navy." (Fischer, page 281.)

This was shown in his recent proclamation where he spoke of the Russian invasion of "my royal province of East Prussia."

His speech to his soldiers created a world-wide sensation, outside of Germany. He wrote it himself:

"Recruits! Remember that the German army must be as ready to fight enemies that may rise in our midst, as foreign foes. Today, disbelief and malcontent are rampant in the Fatherland to a heretofore unheard of degree; consequently, I may call upon you at any time to shoot down and strike to the ground (neiderstechen) your own rela-

tives—father and mother, sisters and brothers. My orders in that respect must be executed cheerfully and without grumbling, like any other command I may issue. You must do your duty, no matter what your hearts' dictates are. And now go home and attend to your new duties." (Private Lives of William II. and his Consort. Page 38.)

How does the Kaiser spend his time? He has endeavored to fill the world with the idea that Napoleon himself never labored like William II.

As a matter of fact, his Divine time is divided thus—

"Of the three hundred and sixty-five days, the Kaiser spent away from his official residence one hundred and ninety-nine, devoting himself to the army on twenty-seven days, and employing sixteen days in duties of representation. One hundred and fifty-six days were consumed by hunting-trips, sea-journeys and visiting.

Now to the one hundred and sixty-six days when his Majesty was 'officially' at home. Seventy-seven of them were pleasantly passed in shooting, boating, yachting, or other out-door exercises in the neighborhood of Potsdam or Berlin, while of the remaining eighty-nine days, each twenty-four hours were diversified by banquets, corsos, concert, theatrical performances; by receptions, reviews, or speech-makings. The number of miles covered by the Kaiser either in his saloon-carriage or on board ship during the period mentioned, amounted to three-quarters of the earth's circumference." (Richster, page 107.)

Judging from the number of this maniac's photographs, one would suppose he used at least one day a month posturing for pictures.

* * * * *

The family ambition of the Hapsburgs led Spain into long, bloody, exhausting wars which could not possibly benefit the Spanish people.

The family ambition of the Bourbons led France into the fearful struggles which reduced her masses to maddening poverty, inflicted upon other European countries the utmost horrors of barbaric invasion, and left to history the shocking records of the devastated Palatinate, Italy drenched in blood, Holland calling in the ocean to save her from the French, Germany swept by fire and sword, and France herself trodden flat by the feet of ruthless armies, as merciless as the Saracen or the Vandal.

One of these dynastic struggles over a crown is known as the "War of the Spanish Succession," and it lasted seven terrible years, in which thousands of men were called out to kill each other, because insanely selfish princes could not agree which one should occupy a throne.

The Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs have, again and again, committed crimes that stagger humanity, have flung millions of common folk into the struggle for family ambition, have swept cities off the face of the earth, have turned fruitful provinces into deserts, have choked the dungeons with friends of liberty, have massacred hecatombs of patriots who dared to protest against Divine Right despotism.

Do not deceive yourself as to the action of Kings in supporting Popes: they were not blind dupes or fanatics: they realized that independence of thought was quite as dangerous to the absolute king as it was to the despotic pope: and therefore, in pretending to be solely concerned to suppress heresy in the Church, they were chiefly concerned to blot out democracy in the State.

In all of these dynastic wars, not a single dynast was killed. Millions of the common people fought and died: the dynasts neither fought nor died.

After Henry of Navarre ceased to

be a Huguenot here, and sank into a Roman Catholic King, his white plume never again led the forefront of the battle. No Bourbon King, precipitating a dynastic war, ever crossed the line of personal safety. He viewed from afar the desperate encounters of those who saluted Cæsar and then went forth to die in Cæsar's cause.

No Hapsburg ever received a scratch in battle. A bastard like Don John of Austria, keen to win his spurs, and to gain recognition, might lead the ships at Lepanto; but his crowned father, his crowned brother, his crowned nephews and his crowned grand-nephews took good care to save *their* precious carcasses from "those vile guns."

No crowned Romanoff was ever in actual battle, none was ever touched by sword or bullet. Millions of the common herd they have caused to be killed in wars which did not at all concern the common herd, but the crowned heads of Russia have always remained in the secure back-ground where the chief danger was a palace intrigue.

Even the Hohenzollerns, with their eternal vainglory, and mailed-fist rhodomontade, are most careful not to come within range of anybody else's mailed fist.

No crowned Hohenzollern has ever been under fire. Even Frederick the Great fled from the battle-field while his generals and his soldiers were gaining his first victory. Not one of his successors has ever gone to the firing line.

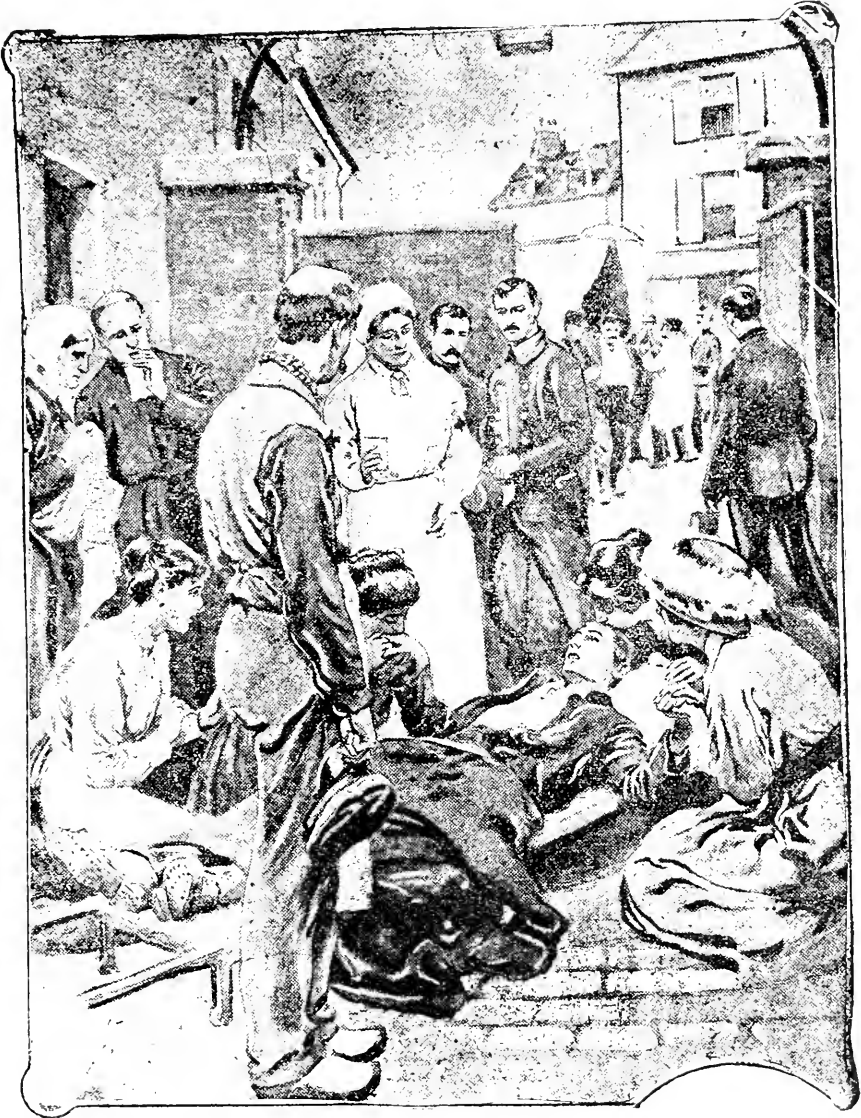
In the war now raging, neither the egomaniac Kaiser, nor any one of his six sons have smelt powder, save at a great and perfectly safe distance.

Yet the Germans are made to believe that Crazy William is "leading" his troops, and that his sons are "at the front." The Kaiser himself published to the world, with his usual stage-play flamboyance, a statement

that his son, "brilliantly supported by God," had distinguished himself in action.

Think of the state of the diseased mind which can proclaim to mankind

in the 20th Century the language which this Kaiser addressed to his troops, to the men whom he was snatching from their families and sending out of Germany, to die in the violation



THE COMMON PEOPLE DIE IN WAR, NOT THE CROWNED MAKERS OF WAR

the alleged fact, that Jehovah took the part of a military lieutenant to a Hohenzollern prince, and "brilliantly supported" that prince in his military efforts!

Think of a crowned madman using

of a solemn treaty which he himself had made!

"Remember that the German people are the chosen people of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended; I am His weapon; His

sword and His vice regent. Woe to the disobedient; death to cowards and unbelievers."

* * * * *

The causes of the war have already been given in this magazine. Let me briefly recapitulate:

Austria violated the Treaty of Berlin (1878) when she seized upon the former Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. She was Trustee, in possession for Europe and Turkey, and she converted the trust-estate to her own use. The German Kaiser supported her in the crime, becoming her confessed accomplice.

The morality involved was that of the robber on the highway—that of the burly black rapist dealing with a helpless girl.

Roman Catholic Austria, ruled by the Jesuits, sought to force popery on the Greek Catholic population of the stolen provinces. Intense resentment, not the less fierce because it was impotent, filled the souls of the violated people.

A Servian youth of nineteen killed the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the actual ruler of the empire and the slavish tool of the Italian pope.

Austria placed upon Servia the most extraordinary demands that one independent State ever put upon another; but Servia agreed to all these demands, with a single exception.

She could not consent that Austrian officers come into Servia and act as judges of accused Servians.

Then Austria plunged headlong into an attack upon her weak neighbor, believing that her conquest would be a trivial task.

The Kaiser demanded that his ally, Austria, be allowed a free hand in dealing with Servia. He demanded that Russia, England and France "hands off," while the frightful crime of a Roman Catholic empire was being committed upon a Greek Catholic neighbor.

Remember: Bismarck drove the Jesuits out of Germany in 1870, and never allowed them to return. "I will never go to Canossa," said he.

But the egomaniac, William II, drove Bismarck into sullen, embittered retirement; and the Jesuits came back, exulting over the Iron Chancellor.

For more than twenty-four years, "the black pope" has meddled in the political affairs of the German people. His subtle emissaries have played upon the vanities, the Me-and-Godism of this morbid, scrofulous Hohenzollern, until he has come to lean upon popery as the surest prop against democracy and Socialism.

The general of the Jesuits was a German—Francis Xavier Wernz—and he died suddenly, mysteriously, in the Vatican, on the same day that Joseph Taylor (Pope Pius X.) went to glory. That both popes, the white and the black, should die on the same day, was thought to be a suspicious coincidence—but no coroner's inquest can be held in the Vatican.

Whatever crimes are committed there, are beyond the jurisdiction of earth's laws: God alone will try Vatican murderers, poisoners, perjurers, rapists, sodomists, fornicators, forgers and hatchers of conspiracies against the free brain, the free pen, the free tongue, the free arm, the free soul.

Let no man forget that before the Servian youth killed Ferdinand of Austria, the Roman Catholics had broken the solemn treaty of Berlin; had forced their detested "religion" upon Bosnia-Herzegovina; had, in June 1914, forced Servia to elevate her 10,000 Roman Catholics into official domination over nearly 3,000,000 Greek Catholics; and had compelled Servia to pay tribute to Rome and to open her schools to popery.

Then the maddened Servian boy struck down the imperial Hapsburg who had violated the sacreddest rights of humanity.

Let no man forget that England, Russia and France implored the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns to submit the whole question to impartial mediation, and that the Germanic dynasties spurned the overture.

German Parliament, admitted that they had violated treaties, and asserted that "necessity knows no law."

Leave every criminal to act as his own judge of the "necessity," and the adage of the German Chancellor be-



THE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN NATIONS THAT SENDS MISSIONARIES TO THE HEATHEN
(The N. Y. Sun.)

Let no man forget that the Kaiser broke his plighted word, written and sealed, when he poured his legions upon neutral Belgium and Luxemburg.

Let no man forget that the German Chancellor stood up shamelessly in the

comes a dissolvent of organized society.

Let no man forget that the Kaiser and his sycophants scornfully alluded to the treaty he had signed and trampled upon, as a mere "scrap of paper."

Leave out the scrap of paper, and the bulk of Commerce disappears, the fundamental charters of human liberties are lost: the creeds of churches vanish, and literature fades away.

Modern civilization, which sought to escape the law of brute force and of the insensate ambition of individuals, is built upon scraps of paper.

The written word, the noblest heritage of mankind, is bound to the scrap of paper; and when the egomaniacs and militarists of Germany brushed away the treaties which assumed they knew what faith and honor were, it is no wonder that the German troops appalled humanity by their atrocities.

Like master, like man.

One day at Mountain Top, on the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, an old soldier of our Indian Wars of the West was telling me of hideous things that he had seen in the service. He mentioned, as the climax of incredible blood-lust, that the white troopers had dashed out the brains of Indian babes.

He waited a moment, as though his conscience were at work, forcing him to speak, and then he added, with a queer note in his voice:

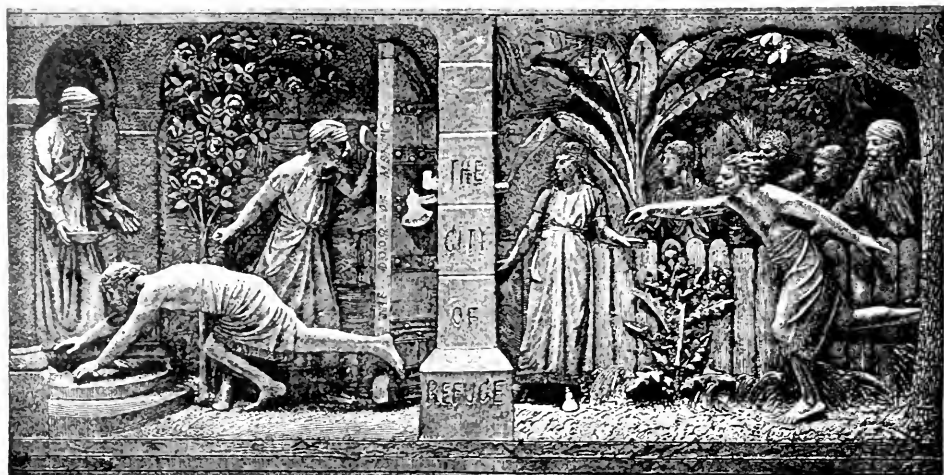
"And I wasn't any better than the rest."

Adam Glass, of the Blue Ridge, a plain, unassuming, ignorant and natural man, had done what he saw others do, all of them acting under "military orders."

But even Adam Glass could not have dreamed of a Christian Emperor, the senior partner of the firm of Hohenzollern, God & Company, who could send his officers to butcher unarmed peasants, butcher distracted women, butcher innocent little children, butcher the nurses of the wounded, drop bombs into hospitals, bury peasants alive—head downward—for refusing to act as guides to the invaders of their country, and kill his own wounded soldiers when *he thought* they were too badly wounded in his sacred cause to recover.

May the Infinite, Eternal, Omnipotent Jehovah touch the sealed eyes of the world, and let men see that there can be no truce between autocracy and populism: no truce between dynastic ambitions and popular rights: no truce between sacerdotalism and religion: no truce between hell-born popery and Heaven-born Progress.

And Pilate, who asked, *what is Truth*, might now inquire, "What is Christianity?"



“Christian vs. Pagan Civilization. The Truth About the Roman Catholic Church”

(No. 5.)

DID the Roman Catholic church, together with the barbarians of the North of Europe, destroy a glorious civilization, and plunge mankind into Night for a thousand years? Does our present state of society—with its freedom of mind, tongue, pen, vote, legislation, education and government—represent a partial overthrow of the debasing system which sordid, lascivious and tyrannical Italian priests imposed upon the Western World?

My contention is the affirmative of both these propositions. Mr. Windle, on the contrary affirms that the Roman Catholic church founded modern society by “planting the banner of Christianity on the walls of Paganism.”

To sustain himself, this Presbyterian, who “as a young man was a radical Protestant,” but who “re-examined the entire subject of religion” and “ceased to protest against any man’s religion,” now cites the “Library of Universal History.”

Which one? There are many universal histories, just as there are many biographical dictionaries, encyclopedias, compendiums, and other short cuts to imperfect knowledge.

It is well understood that works of that kind are made up of the separate contributions of numerous writers, who are paid “by the piece” for their part of the book. Necessarily a collection of so miscellaneous a character will contain many different grades of workmanship, many discrepancies, many unfair generalizations, and many a chapter that is colored by the prejudices of the author.

Mr. Windle tells us that he re-examined the entire subject of religion, twenty years ago. He does not tell us when he examined it the first time.

When he declares that he re-examined the entire subject twenty years ago, he certainly means us to understand that at some earlier period he had already examined the entire subject of religion. Thus the Roman Catholic champion, Mr. C. A. Windle, has an immense advantage over the most of us, in that he has had the leisure, inclination and opportunity to *twice* examine the stupendous mass of material necessary to be digested before any one can truthfully say that he has studied the entire subject of religion, a subject which carries us into the dawn of Time, leads us into every inhabited nook and corner of the globe; puzzles us with the broken monuments of Phallic worship, the crumbling temples of those who knelt to the Sun, the strange rites and strange names that linger yet, as reminders of the faith of Teuton and the Goth; and involves the human brain in the hopeless mazes of the question, *Did the symbol-adoration of the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians differ essentially from the image-adoration of the Roman Catholics?*

When Mr. Windle traversed the length and breadth of this vast subject, the first time, his Herculean labors left him “a radical Protestant.” He says so. He gloats over it. O that I could have known him *then!*

But, when he re-examined the entire subject, twenty years ago, he ceased to care two straws about anybody’s religion. Alas! he had lost his own.

Would that it were possible to prevail upon Windle to give religion another chance! Perhaps a third examination of the entire subject might work a third change in this remarkable Windle.

But if he studied religion in the

same way that he studies history, he has never given the subject a square deal. Dips into Universal History and small text-books prepared for the convenience of the class-room, are not calculated to fill the dipper with any comprehensive knowledge. Especially is this true of so large a field as Ancient Civilization and Roman history, each being a subject upon which the profoundest scholars have written at prodigious length, after a life-time of widest, deepest, intensest, research and study.

That any one should rely altogether upon a General History, when monumental works like those of Duruy, Mommsen &c. are accessible, and when every phase of the subject has been elaborately treated in special studies, simply proves a desire to accept at face-value the flippant assertions of a dull, self-complacent orthodoxy. The Roman Catholic church has so often asserted that it founded civilization, established the Home, freed the slave, elevated Woman, and led the human race in its march toward Individualism, that the assertion is believed, just as we believe other fairy tales from having heard them so often.

(I wonder whether Windle still believes the Catholic Bible-story of the angel that flew from the Euphrates to Palestine, stole the dinner-pail of some Jews who were gathering grain, and carried the mess to Daniel the Prophet!)

Mr. Windle is very indignant because "the tricky Watson, hard pressed for facts, applies my language to the Roman *EMPIRE*, built upon the ruins of the Republic, B. C. 27."

The indignant Windle says:

By thus deceiving his readers, Mr. Watson was enabled to take another vicious stab at the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, which had no existence during the life of the Republic. That "infusion of interior blood," refers to the Empire, not the Republic.

My critic considers it "an extraordinary thing" that I should "overlook the fact that Rome was at her zenith when Constantine the Great made his memorable bargain with the heads of the Christian Church." In discussing concentration of wealth in the Roman Republic, it was perfectly natural for me to overlook what took place 340 years after the Republic perished from the earth. I shall continue to "strangely forget" to record things that never happened. In this respect I differ radically from Mr. Watson, who never "forgets" to record things that never happened in order to support a defenseless cause. No man, unless desperate for an argument to support a lie, would be guilty of resorting to such a palpable fraud as revealed by this Watsonian trick. He proceeds upon the theory that his readers are a herd of ignorami, ravenous for verbal garbage, reeking with falsehood, garnished by bigotry and seasoned with hypocrisy.

What are the facts about wealth concentration in the Roman Republic? Do they support my position as set forth in my first pamphlet?

The Roman Republic was established B. C. 508, by Lucius Junius Brutus, known as "the Elder Brutus." It perished with the Marcus Junius Brutus, at Philippi, following the assassination of Julius Cæsar, 42 B. C. In the Library of Universal History, Vol. IV., page 1317, we read:

"The Battle of Actium made Octavius sole master of the Roman world. Roman liberty was gone forever; and the Roman people, who had lost all the virtues and republican spirit of their ancestors, made no effort to restore the republican constitution. The people, tired of the oppression of the ARISTOCRACY, gladly placed themselves under the sway of a single master. The Roman Republic ended and the ROMAN EMPIRE began, in the year B. C. 27, when the Roman Senate conferred upon Octavius sovereign powers with the title of Augustus (the Divine) and Imperator (Emperor)."

The same authority, Vol. IV., page 1238, describing conditions preceding the final crash, says:

"The poverty of the Roman masses became more and more widespread and deeper with the rapid increase of population. The Licinian laws, which required the employment of a certain amount of free labor by landowners, and which limited the amount of land owned by a single proprietor, had been for a long time disregarded in both particulars. Capitalists had absorbed the public lands, which

thus had come into the possession of a small class of wealthy men, who preferred to have them cultivated by the cheaper method of slave labor. It became more and more difficult every day to earn a livelihood in Rome, and the only means of acquiring wealth was by cultivating public lands on a large scale, in farming out the revenue, or in governing the provinces. But the rich ruling class wholly controlled these sources of wealth, and they only resigned them to persons of their own class, so that the rich were gradually becoming richer and the poor poorer; and Rome thus became 'a commonwealth of millionaires and beggars.'

I could fill hundreds of pages with similar quotations, but deem these sufficient, as no man living can unearth authentic records that contradict the facts here set forth. Mr. Watson tried and failed utterly and miserably.

This lengthy extract is laid before the "herd of ignorami," who are "ravenous for verbal garbage, reeking with falsehood, garnished by bigotry and seasoned with hypocrisy."

If the ignorami who peruse these pages are not sufficiently edified by this Windlian extract, they should do what Windle did—study the entire subject of religion, *twice*. If he talks that way to me after two examinations of all the thousands of varieties of "religion," what *would* he do to me were he to go over the same ground a third time?

So, Mr. Windle meant that the concentration of wealth ruined the Roman people under *the Republic*, and not under the Empire!

Out of what materials, then, did the Romans construct the magnificent Empire which created the roads, the aqueducts, the temples, the laws, the literature, the customs, the institutions and the ceremonial "religion" that still exist?

If the Romans were ruined by the Republic, whence came the Romans who built and maintained the splendid Empire?

Mr. Windle declares that he could quote hundreds of pages, in addition

to those in the Universal History, to prove that the Roman Commonwealth which "perished" 27 years before Christ (as he puts it) was composed of "millionaires and beggars."

Softly! In what sense can it be said that "the Roman Republic perished from the earth?"

The government changed its form, and one man centered in himself the controlling powers; but what became of those millionaires and beggars?

It was an extraordinary sort of beggars that enabled Augustus to say that he found a Rome of brick, and left a Rome of marble.

Much of the ruins of that vast marble city is to be seen to this day, after the lapse of nearly 1900 years.

But maybe the millionaires evolved this unparalleled city of marble—marble baths where the poorest Roman was at home, a marble forum where he could listen to the finest oratory that ever thrilled and educated the multitude, a marble amphitheatre where he witnessed the most exciting games, conflicts and pantomine; marble temples in which to pay his devoirs to the Mother of God, as the Roman Catholics of the same city now pay theirs to a divinity of the same name.

Was it the beggars, or the millionaires, that paved the Roman road so enduringly that it has withstood the wear and tear of 1900 years?

Was it the beggars, or the millionaires, who built the massive aqueducts which still bring from the mountains the millions of gallons of pure water, daily, in which the humblest Roman had the same usufruct as the proudest?

Was it the beggars, or the millionaires, that perfected Roman jurisprudence, Roman literature, Roman schools, Roman art, and the Roman science of government—a science which improved all that it touched, and left its immortal monuments spread over earth's surface from the Pillars of Her-

cules almost to the Persian Gulf, from the Thames to the Danube, from the Caspian Sea to the African deserts?

If the beggars did all this, then we must revise our opinion of beggars. If the millionaires did it, we must reconsider our verdict against millionaires.

Now what *is* the real truth as to the great estates of Italy? The truth seems to be that the small land-owner, growing grain chiefly, was unable to compete with the grain growers of Sicily, Egypt and Asia. Nor could he compete with the plantation where there was a larger method, more capital and a regular supply of labor.

Consequently, the small land-owners fell into debt, lost their holdings to the money-lender, and became herders of cattle, or dressers of vines, or reapers of another man's harvest, or artisans in the city—much as we see it nowadays among our own people.

The lure of the city had a great deal to do with the abandonment of Italian farms; but the fact seems to be that the rural population was never less under the Commonwealth, than it is today.

According to the latest authorities which I have examined, the distinctive physiognomy of the Romans of the Republic has indomitably persisted. The round skull, the black hair and eyes; the short, thick neck; the powerful chest and limbs are said to be readily distinguishable in modern Rome, and in the rural communities.

The Roman girl and matron of the present day, are almost exactly a reproduction of the same types of 2,000 years ago.

Indeed, it is claimed that the man-animal is more vigorous, more vividly strong and assertive in Italy, than anywhere else.

If Mr. Windle will consult something more trustworthy than a Universal History, he will learn that the concentration of land-ownership took place

500 years before the Republic "perished from the earth."

(See Merivale's "History of Rome," Chapter VI.)

Does not this prove, what I have so often contended, that the ownership of land is not, *of itself*, a creation of wealth, or the oppressions of "Capitalism?"

Where rents are low, or where there is an equitable system of farming on shares, it is to the advantage of the farmer *not* to own the land. He gets the use of the landlord's capital at a lower rate of interest than his own money, invested in the soil, would bring him. On thousands of plantations in this country the rents do not pay the taxes, the repairs and a legal rate of interest on the cost price of the land. Hence, thousands of tenants cannot be persuaded to buy land, at all. They say it is cheaper to rent. Besides, they are left free to change about, as their inclinations, or their necessities, or their family connections may suggest.

In "Bracebridge Hall," Washington Irving draws a delightful picture of the sturdy, independent tenant-farmer, in old Jack Tibbatts; and the portrait appears to be drawn to life. The tenant-farmer in England was a man of substantial influence, a solid citizen, a yeoman who was universally respected. Politicians courted his good will, for his was the vote that carried the elections.

In our own country, the tenant-farmers are a self-respecting, independent, and respectable body of men. They are as proud as the landlord. They manage their own farms in their own way. They serve on juries, hold office, vote candidates in and out, furnish the merchants and the banks their best customers, sustain the churches and schools, make the roads, and are as far from being degenerate as any class of men under the sun.

Therefore, when we read in a book

some academic generalization about the ruin wrought to a Republic, or to a kingdom, by the concentration of soil-ownership, we are wise if we avoid jumping at the conclusion that the population decayed when the land-title changed.

The Scotch, the Irish, the Germans, the French, and the Italians themselves have demonstrated the fallacy of such an argument.

If the lack of land-title were destructive to a race, what would have become, especially, of the Scotch and the Irish?

Every sixteen-year-old school-boy ought to know that the fierce democracy of the Roman Republic had been factious from the beginning, that the whole fabric of government had been endangered by civil wars, that the Marian plebs and the Sullan patricians had drenched Rome in Roman blood, that these factional feuds descended to Pompey and Cæsar; and that when Cæsar crushed the aristocratic party, he determined to put an end to internecine strife, by concentrating in his own person all the authority of Church and State.

Julius Cæsar was both Pope and Emperor; and in the person of his nephew Octavius (Augustus) the dynasty was established.

Great as the Republic had been, the Empire was incomparably greater.

How can we believe that the vitality of the Romans had been sapped by wealth, when we know that the Romans of the Empire surpassed, in permanent achievement, the Romans of the Republic?

As Mr. Windle does not even furnish us the name of the Universal History from which he joyously quotes, I will ask you to waive an examination of the anonymous authority, and come with me to the voluminous, up-to-date work of the illustrious German scholar, Theodore Mommsen—not the least of whose honors is that he refused to ac-

cept title from Crazy William Hohenzollern, the present Kaiser.

In Vol. III. of the "History of Rome," Chapter XI., Mommsen enters into a thorough examination of the economic condition of the Commonwealth.

He shows that the State drew almost entirely on the Provinces for its revenues, and that the Romans themselves were practically untaxed, save by a customs duty on imported luxuries.

What the direct taxation in the Provinces was, may be gathered from the fact that Macedonia paid only about \$100,000.

Mommsen states that the growing wealth of the capitalists was gradually displacing the middle class; that coarse luxury was becoming the bane of the aristocracy; and that the old Roman principle of civil and social equality was giving way to class distinctions. He also dwells at length upon the influx of foreign peoples and foreign religions. Very significant is the reference to the Pagan priesthood which in the highest circle renewed itself by appointment—as Italian Popes and Sacred Colleges now do.

Mommsen speaks of the worship of the Mother of God; and, from what he says, the Italians of the Commonwealth were much the same as the Italians who now worship Mary, the Mother of God.

The learned historian tells us that the priests of Paganism worked miracles at Rome, during the latter days of the Republic, in the same easy manner that Roman Catholic priests now work miracles in Rome, in New York, and even in so tough a town as Chicago.

However, Mommsen does not libel Paganism by stating that a Roman priest could, at that early day, talk Latin to a bottle of Port wine, and change it into the blood of Divinity.

If you would like to see for yourself how slight has been our advance in the matter of government, education

and religion, you should read volumes III. and IV. of Mommsen's masterly work.

And nowhere does he allege, or intimate, that the Romans were ruined by the concentration of wealth. Much less does he say that 1,800 men owned the whole world—as Windle does.

Nor does Mommsen state that the Roman Commonwealth consisted of "millionaires and beggars."

On the contrary, the German scholar tells us that the noble brothers, the Gracchi, divided out among the common people (the plebeians) "*almost the whole public domain land*, and gave the State 80,000 new Italian farmers." He also states that Sulla gave public land to 120,000 colonists in Italy. He further says that the plantation system "through the co-operation of an energetic and methodical management attained to a state of high prosperity."

He makes the additional and amazing statement that the price of land was low!

Of course, Mommsen teaches us that the Roman slave system was a canker at the vitals of the Republic. But was it? *We do not know*. Sages will continue to debate, until the crack of doom, the disputed question, What is the best method of handling the poor?

The Patriarchs of the Bible owned slaves; the rich men who listened to Christ owned slaves; and not a word in the Scriptures condemns slavery. In one form, or another, slavery has always existed: it exists in every known part of the world, *now*: what is the best form?

Shall it be a soulless, dollar-crazed Commercialism, which sucks out the strength of the serf, and then flings him on the dung heap and into Potter's Field? or shall it be a legalized status, with legal limitations and legal responsibilities?

In chattel-slavery, the cost of labor is greater than it is in wage-slavery. This economic fact is recognized by all,

excepting those Windles who hastily glance at the high points visible in Universal Histories.

The reasons why slave labor is costly are, the responsibilities resting upon the owner. He must lose the time of the slave when he is sick. He must bear the expense of doctors and medicines. He loses the price of the slave that dies. He must feed and clothe those who are too young, or too old to work. He is at the same expense for maintenance during the bad weather when no labor can be done. In seasons of dearth, crop-failure, loss in business, &c., he cannot lock out his slaves: he must keep them on his hands, no matter what the loss.

These, and other considerations have led all political economists to declare that slave labor is the costliest of all, the most expensive items perhaps being the virtual pensions constantly drawn by the sick, the injured, the infants and children, the incurably diseased and those who are enfeebled by age.

* * * * *

If you would learn the true ideals and standards of any civilization, "search for the woman." Ascertain how she was treated, and to what extent her separate existence was recognized by law and custom.

Let us see, if we can, what kind of Paganism it was that the Roman Catholic priests overthrew, as a prelude to that happy millenium known to history as the Dark Ages.

William Ferrer (Guglielmo Ferrero) is perhaps the best living authority on Rome. His monograph, "The Women of the Cæsars," appeared in 1911, being issued in England by the London publishing house of Unwin and in America by the DeVinne Press of New York.

On page 4, Ferrer says, "If there ever was a time when the Roman woman lived in a state of perennial tutelage, under the authority of man from birth to death—of the husband,

if not of the father, or, if not of the father or husband, of the guardian—that time belongs to remote antiquity.

When Rome became the master state of the Mediterranean world, and especially during the last century of the republic, woman, aside from a few slight limitations of form rather than of substance, had already acquired legal and economic independence, the condition necessary for social and moral equality."

Again, on page 9, "There was, then, at the close of the republic, little disparity in legal condition between the man and the woman. As is natural, to this almost complete legal equality, there was united an analogous moral and social equality."

On page 10—"Moreover, in the home the woman was mistress, at the side of and on equality with the husband."

The learned historian then states that the Roman ladies were free to visit, just as our women of today; and that they not only met in private clubs, but assembled in the public Forum to express themselves for and against legislation!

When the great Emperor Augustus died, his parting words to his wife were, "*Good-bye, Livia: remember how long we have been united!*"

They had lived happily together for fifty-two years.

Again, our Italian scholar tells us:

"The passage I have quoted from Nepos proves that she was not segregated, like the Greek woman; she received and enjoyed the friends of her husband, was present with them at festivals and banquets in the houses of families with whom she had friendly relations, although at such banquets she might not, like the man, recline, but must, for the sake of greater modesty, sit at table. In short, she was not, like the Greek woman, shut up at home, a veritable prisoner.

She might go out freely; this she did generally in a litter. She was never

excluded from theatres, even though the Roman government tried as best it could for a long period to temper in its people the passion for spectacular entertainments. She could frequent public places and have recourse directly to the magistrates. We have record of the assembling and of demonstrations made by the richest women in the Forum and other public places, to obtain laws and other provisions from the magistrates, like that famous demonstration of women that Livy describes as having occurred in the year 195 B. C., to secure the abolition of the Oppian Law against luxury.

What more? We have good reason for holding that already under the republic there existed at Rome a kind of Woman's Club, which called itself *conventus matronarum*, and gathered together the dames of great families. Finally, it is certain that many times in critical moments the government turned directly and officially to the great ladies of Rome for help to overcome the dangers that menaced public affairs, by collecting money, or imploring with solemn religious ceremonies the favor of the gods.

One understands then, how at all times there were at Rome women much interested in public affairs. The fortunes of the powerful families, their glory, their dominance, their wealth, depended on the vicissitudes of politics and of war. The heads of these families were all statesmen, diplomats, warriors; the more intelligent and cultivated the wife, and the fonder she was of her husband, the intenser the absorption with which she must have followed the fortunes of politics, domestic and foreign; for with these were bound up many family interests, and often even the life of her husband." (Guglielmo Ferrero, "The Women of the Cæsars," pp. 10-12.)

Surely we must abandon the idea that Roman matrons were "slaves," and that the Roman home was some-

thing extremely different from the best of ours.

The literature of antiquity contains no hint of the vile dogma introduced by Roman Catholic popes—that woman is the unclean beast who introduced “sin” into the world. Not only did the ancients elevate women to the highest plane in social and governmental affairs, but in the creation of their religions, they placed a woman in the highest Heaven, as the Mother of the Gods; and then placed other women on equality with the gods themselves.

Temples to Juno, to Venus, to Diana were as plentiful as temples to Apollo and Jove; and after two thousand years of Christ, the old deities are returning under new names, the Romanists now worshipping a Mother of God, and a mythological array of Saints, all of whom have rather thrown the Almighty in the back-ground. There are more Catholic cathedrals reared to the Mother of God, and to the Saints, than are reared to God himself. In other words, we have slowly approached the mythological worship of the ancients; and the prospects are, that if we persevere in well doing, we may finally obliterate the last vestiges of the dia-

bolical laws, customs and practises *against woman*, that the Roman Catholic church introduced.

The “religion” which branded woman as an unclean beast, and crushed her with the foul charge of having introduced “sin” into the world, was quite consistent when it struck out of her life, for a thousand years, the right to own property, to claim her own children, to resist the brutal beatings of a drunken husband, to aspire to civil equality, to open her lips in a church, or to express an opinion on legislation and government.

We have made some progress in civilization, *in spite of* the Roman Catholic.

The slave is free, in spite of popery, which chained him.

The woman is free, in spite of the vile dogma that degraded her.

The minds of men are free, in exact ratio to the scorn and contempt with which the monstrous superstitions of Italian priesthoods have been rejected and penalized.

(In the book of Emile Thomas (Putnam's Sons, London and New York, 1899) there is a comprehensive account of “Roman Life under the Cæsars.”)

Culprits

Ralph M. Thomson

*Upon a night a burglar came,
And stole the gold I owned;
My neighbor robbed me of my name,
And mocked at me, dethroned.*

*I soon forgot the felon-act,
That crossed my chamber door;
But, oh, the pillager, the cheat,
Who left me stark and poor!*

*Sometimes I ask, a refuge,
Eviled from paths I trod,
Which one the greater thief will be
Before the bar of God?*

Send Your Boy or Girl to Me

If they are ambitious, desirous of
obtaining a **superior** education
I'll conscientiously guide them to

€ € **The Goal of Success** € €

Thorough-
ness and
Complete-
ness Our
Motto.



This College
has **more**
Bankers, Pro-
fessional Men
Business and
Railroad Of-
ficials on its
lists of grad-
uates than
any other
college in the
South.

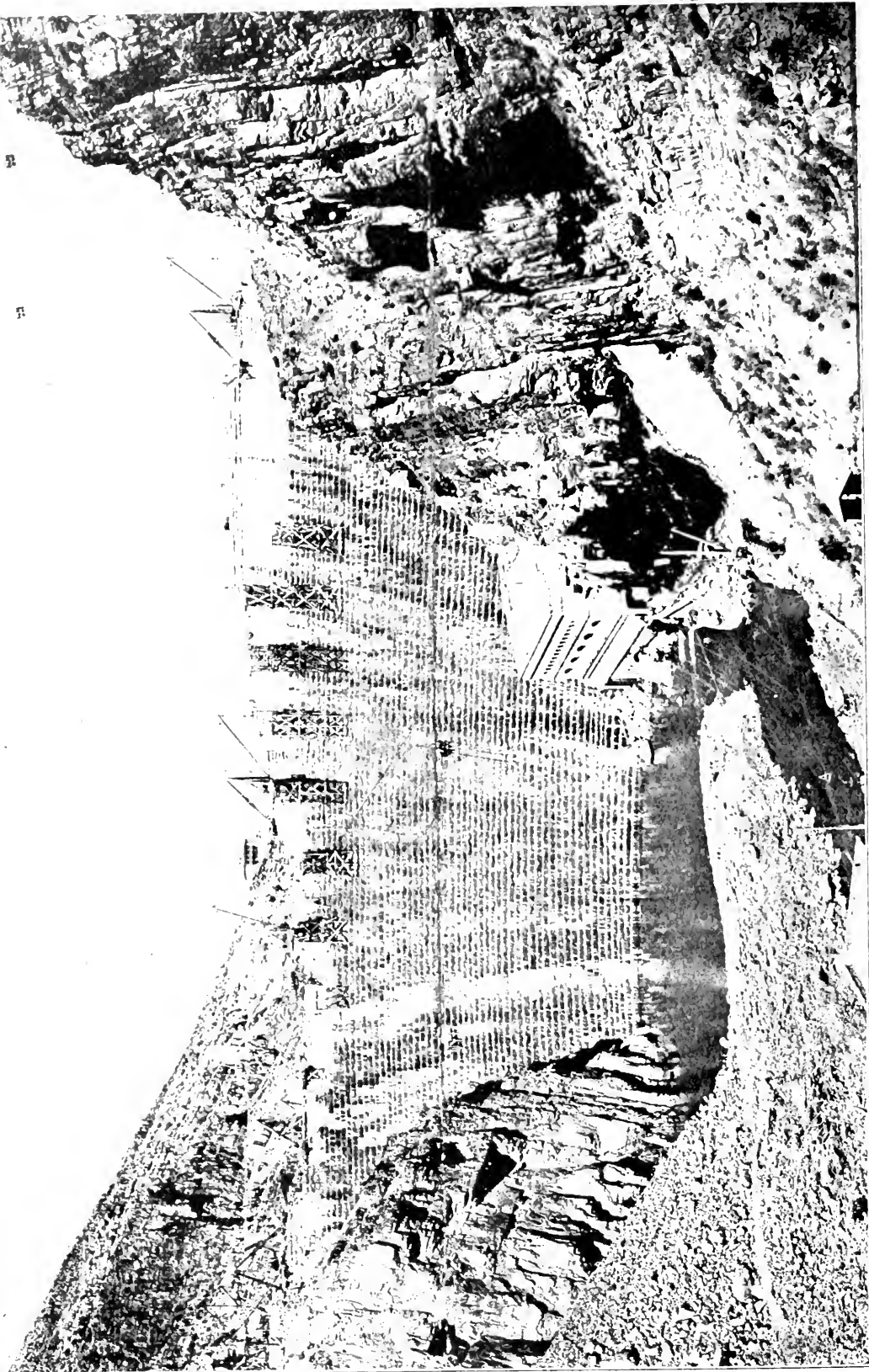
Telephones:
Office, M. 1823
Home, M. 3059

Fall's Business College,

Broadway and
Eighth Ave.—
Northwest

Alexander Fall Nashville, Tenn.

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST



ROOSEVELT DAM, SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA.—See Page 121.

The Old Blue-Back Speller

Charles Davidson

I WAS highly entertained and very much enjoyed reading Col. Joel Fort's eulogy and tribute to the old blue-backed Webster's Elementary Spelling Book.

I have one of them laying before me on my "box of shelves," one that I brought up from Georgia in 1884, where they were using them in the common schools.

It is an almost duplicate of the one that I "toted" to school, back in Ohio in the early Forty's. One of the distinct recollections I have of that old blue-backed speller is that there was on the market at the same time the same speller with a yellow cover with the picture of a school-room, teacher and a class scene on the cover which I admired and coveted, and insisted should be bought for me, but as the plain blue cover was in stock in the family and as a matter of economy and to overcome my desire for the yellow cover with the picture, my people told me those yellow covered books were *Whig* spelling books. That satisfied me for the time and for a long time following, until 1868 when August Belmont took charge of the Democratic Party, and in 1872 they nominated Horace Greely and refused to declare for the payment of the Government Bonds, with the same kind of money they were bought with. I began to be suspicious, but the straw that broke the camel's back was in 1875, when the Eastern wing of the Democratic Party openly opposed the re-election of Governor Allen of Ohio and contributed money to defeat him; that was an offence greater than the idea of a yellow covered speller being a *Whig* book or contaminated with Toryism.

I quit the party short off, and in 1876 voted for Peter Cooper, pros-

perity and progress, and continued on that line down to the present.

That was as radical a change as discarding the old blue-backed speller for a McGuffey, or any other new fangled book upon which the book trusts grow rich. Now just allow me to remark that I never for one moment have thought I made a mistake when I deserted August Belmont and his single gold standard bunch; and the logic of events has proven that the Green-backer was right and builded on a true philosophical principle. Evolution is a slow process, but we will surely come to the scientific plan of the Government issuing a full legal tender paper money direct to the people based absolutely on the industry of the people and their property, public and private.

The Kaiser William a few weeks ago laid the single gold standard away in its little grave, where it will rest for a century or more before that superstitious pagan idea will be again resurrected to afflict the industrial classes engaged in productive and distributive commerce.

Paper money, or rather a paper substitute has always been resorted to, to forward any material enterprise. Paper money made a legal tender and issued by Government direct to the people, has been and always will be the money of civilization. The trouble always has been and now is, that governmental functions have been delegated to individuals or private corporations to issue a currency substitute for money and sell it to or "swap" it to the people for interest bearing untaxed bonds, for a price called interest or discount.

The system has progressed far enough so that the people have demanded security, and Congress has

provided that the Government furnishes the notes and at the same time guarantees their payment in absolute money of the Government's own creation. What Alexander Stevens called a game of "thimble rigging."

What we old time Greenbacker Populist, Farmers' Alliance and many other people are now thinking about is that the thing for the Government to do is to issue an absolute full legal tender money direct to the people on the value of their property—land, cotton, wheat, corn, or any other staple commodity, properly inspected and warehoused, for the same price that the Government has been furnishing notes to the banks of issue and in addition guaranteeing the payment of the notes on demand.

That price usually has been not to exceed the cost of keeping the account, which does not exceed one, or one and one-half of one per cent. While the banks of issue when they put those

notes in circulation, sell it for bonds or "swap" it for the farmers notes, charge six, eight, or ten per cent interest profit, and often the borrower or buyer has to pay an additional one, two or three per cent brokerage or commission. "Charging for the use of money an excess over the cost of keeping the account and collection is usury," and "usury is theft."

The question now before the farmer, merchant and manufacturer is why cannot they secure absolute money direct from the Government for the same price that banks of issue get notes on "shin-plaster" security which, in the last analysis is based on the property of the people and their industry and ability to pay? That is or soon will be an issue which the people and the professional politician will have to meet face to face.

Do you catch a glimpse of the single gold standard going glimmering?

Compensation

John Joseph Scott

*Sometimes, Dear Heart, when all the world is dreary,
And vernal skies refuse to smile and dream—
When everywhere the violets seem weary
Of each day's sun that dars on them to beam,
Have faith, Kind Soul, although the deepest sorrow
May wrack the tender heart that you possess,
Remembering, that God may on the morrow,
Heal every ill that now brings you distress.*

*Know, Patient Soul, for every hint of Sadness
That makes its way into your noble life,
That soon there'll come to you a wholesome gladness
To laugh away the vilest imps of strife,
For near at hand a sweeter health is dawning—
A radiant sky to glorify your heart—
Whose light will be as roses of the morning
When dew-drops kiss the blushing leaves apart.*

What About Roman Catholic Exemptions and Special Favors At Our Custom Houses?

Florent D. Jaudon

Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: June the 11th last I wrote a letter to the President regarding an article in the April number of the Dublin Review, Ireland, by its editor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, entitled "A Visit to America." He stated his baggage was passed through the Custom House in New York without an examination by the "Chief Official," by reason of the Roman Catholic priest, Father McMahan.

On the 6th instant I got a reply from Wm. P. Malburn, Assistant Secretary, who said:

"In reply I have to advise you that the Department has carefully investigated the matter and *is convinced* that the article published in the Dublin Review has but little foundation in fact.

"An inspection of Mr. Ward's baggage entry shows that he made a *proper declaration* upon the form provided for non-residents and that he declared *thirty-five cigars*.

"An inspector (who was it?) made a *careful examination* of the baggage and the declaration bears a notation in the inspector's own hand-writing, to the effect that *only ten cigars were found*, clearly indicating that he has searched Mr. Ward's baggage and found only ten out of a possible thirty-five cigars. The recollection of the inspector is refreshed as to the circumstances connected with the examination of Mr. Ward's baggage, by an unusual item of 'some MSS.' which appears on the declaration. A search failing to disclose the manuscript, the inspector informed Mr. Ward that it would not be necessary to produce it, as it was entitled to free entry." (What kind of a manu-

script would an editor carry that would be dutiable?)

"The inspector testifies," (was he under oath, or should the Asst. Secretary have used the word "stated?") that he made no statement to Mr. Ward that *his baggage was being passed without an examination because he was accompanied by a Roman Catholic priest*; he also states that he *never passed the baggage of any Catholic priest without examination, nor passed any baggage without an examination because a person was accompanied by a Catholic priest.*"

The only charge I submitted was that he passed Mr. Ward's baggage because a Catholic priest was present, and his blanket denial was not asked for.

The Asst. Secretary says the inspector bears an excellent record. I have not questioned his record except in this instance, and the proof fully shows he was delinquent in this particular case.

He continues: "The acting deputy surveyor assigned to supervise the baggage examinations of the steamship upon which Mr. Ward arrived, states that he never advised any inspector at *that time*, or any other time in his official career, or suggested to him in any way, to pass any baggage without opening the same, etc."

This does not help the erring inspector in his wrong-doing, as he could readily act without instructions from the deputy surveyor—it is begging the question. The deputy surveyor felt obligated to make this statement. I presume, from Mr. Ward using these words: "I was at once struck with the *general deference* of the dock officials towards the Catholic priest."

Mr. Malburn says, "In view of the excellent reputation of the inspector, the *Department is convinced that there was no laxity* in the examination of Mr. Ward's baggage."

This is only the Department's view of it, there is another with no *esprit de corps* prejudice in it.

Unless you have been unpardonably negligent in the examination, rendering it one-sided, then you have intentionally not taken the statements of Father McMahon and Father Sheridan, who were with Mr. Ward when he states his baggage was passed without an examination. If you did not get their accounts of it, who surely would have sustained Mr. Ward's, what excuse have you to offer for not getting them? I called your attention to them.

The circumstances show Mr. Ward's article had a solid "foundation, *in truth*, and the facts show the inspector had no "foundation" whatever for his denial.

What inducement could Mr. Ward have had to frame-up his statement? Can you give any reason for it? He is a prominent Irish Catholic editor, who states, "*The chief interest of my tour lay in the experience it afforded of Catholic America*. The great bulk of my lectures being given at the invitation of Catholic societies, and the actual work there, and *the information gained at first hand* from those closely connected with it, gave me quite a new idea of its *strength and importance* in the States which I visited."

Is it not a fact well known to the Department that the Catholic church, through its priests, have great political influence in New York and throughout the United States, and are courted by parties on account of it?

Mr. Ward declares of the diocese of New York in 1822, "In New York City there were two churches: there was one in Albany, one in Auburn, one at Carthage, one on Black River, and the *total of priests was eight*. In 1910 there

were 331 churches, of which *New York City contained 147* and the rest of the diocese 184." Do you not believe what Father McMahon said was true, "Of course the Catholic population in New York is very large—quite twenty-five per cent?" And do you not know that its vote has a very great influence in New York elections?

"Concurrently with the growth of numbers among the Catholics has come a steady growth of influence," says Mr. Ward. "At Washington I met a *large number of the most influential officials*." A very great deference shown to a magazine editor, you must admit. "My introduction to them was *almost entirely through the Catholic prelates and priests* of the place. It was chiefly through Monsignor Russell, who gave a dinner for me and Father Hammick that I met such *prominent public men* as the Chief Justice, Mr. White, who is himself a Catholic; the Speaker, Mr. Clark; Dr. Taylor, formerly Ambassador in Spain; Mr. Wynne, lately American Consul-General in London; the Mexican Charge d'Affaires, Senor Algara di Tereros, and *many Senators and ex-Cabinet Ministers*."

Can you declare all this was done out of deference to a Dublin editor alone, and not from any political courtesy to the powerful Catholic church?

Mr. Ward further states:

"When I began to travel and give my lectures, again and again I was informed that the governor of the State in which I was lecturing was a Catholic. Mr. Glynn, the Governor of New York who invited me to a reception at Albany, was a Catholic. When I lectured at Boston I was told that the Governor of Massachusetts—Mr. Walsh—was a Catholic. When I lectured at Providence, I learnt that the Governor of Rhode Island, of which Providence is the capital, was also a Catholic. And at Chicago, the second largest city in the United States, I was again informed that

the Governor of the State was a Catholic. It was the same with the mayors. At New York, at Providence, and at Boston, *they were all Catholics*. Twenty years ago it was very rare to find a Catholic in a prominent public position—the old Puritan anti-Catholic prejudice barred the way. I may add a few symptoms of the *strength of the Catholics* in New York which I encountered at the outset. The parish of Our Lady of Lourdes, of which Dr. McMahon is the rector, is not a large one. Yet the rector has three curates, and all of them as well as himself have as much work as they can get through. At all the Masses in the morning the number of communions last year in the course of the year was 97,000. On Sundays two or three priests are needed to *give Communion simultaneously*."

I neglected to ask you if the inspector, that should have inspected Mr. Ward's baggage, was Catholic, if so the probabilities of his passing Mr. Ward's baggage free on account of the presence of Father McMahon being present become almost a certainty without the evidence of Mr. Ward to that effect. The further I consider the facts given by Mr. Ward the more they prove his truthfulness, and show the opposite of the inspectors.

"As to the number of Catholics in the leading cities according to the rough estimate given to me when I visited them, the most remarkable is that of Boston where they number from sixty to seventy per cent of the whole population. Boston, it must be remembered, was long the headquarters of Puritan New England." It is not remarkable that Boston has become anti-Puritan when it has a surfeit of Polish, Slovak, Croatian, Kreiner, Bohemian, Magyar, Lithuanian, Rumanian, Italian, and like emigrants.

Speaking of his visit to Pittsburg, he says: "After Mass the priest made a little address of welcome to Dr. Ship-

man and myself, in which he celebrated the influence of the Berlin Review *as a factor in Catholic education* for English-speaking races in terms which were highly polite, though I could not but fear that they went beyond the truth."

He speaks of the "large conventional establishments which are a most noteworthy feature in the United States. The reflection came to me, as I saw many of these and heard of fresh ones growing up every year, that the *power of the religious orders of women which had been destroyed in France was growing at a marvelous pace in the New World*."

Buffalo has 460,000 inhabitants. *Catholics are in power in the city*, 60 per cent of it being of that church, and he was told a word from the Bishop had recently led to the police removing from the streets an advertisement which he thought indecorous.

With this array of facts in Mr. Ward's favor you will still tell me Father McMahon's presence had no effect on that inspector!

"One of my most interesting talks," he says, "with the leading officials was with Chief Justice White, who is an excellent Catholic and a *splendid Tory*."

Tory is defined, "One of a party in England inclined to support the *Royal prerogative and ecclesiastical authority*."

"Chief Justice White is utterly shocked at the appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs as Chief Justice, and at its being possible to make such an appointment without raising an intolerable outcry. He spoke very strongly on the utter lack of common sense shown in Mr. Lloyd George's land policy and in the Parliament Act."

As this is intended to give the working men of England land-holdings, how will the Chief Justice like to see it in print?

Perhaps the Department does not know how Mr. Ward was treated by

Father McMahon. He declares "Dr. McMahon and the other friends with whom I stayed were unflinching in their thoughtful kindness," and that Father McMahon had met him at the steamer.

Divesting yourself of any Department prejudice you may have, is it probable, at all possible that Mr. Ward, an ardent Catholic, would fabricate a lie to the injury of this friend, one that would subject Father McMahon to humiliation and subject him to your dislike? I ask you again, what benefit could Mr. Ward derive from it? It could bring him nothing but Father McMahon's contempt for his ingratitude, at whose table he had eaten, under whose roof he had slept! Your inspector has lied.

This is what I quoted from Mr. Ward's article which I included in the letter I sent President Wilson, that caused you to make the examination:

"I was at once struck with the *general deference of the dock officials towards the Catholic priest*. I had been warned that the custom house examination in New York was *elaborate and tiresome*, but the chief official at once said to my host (Father McMahon), "He is a friend of yours, Sir, I see, so we won't look at any of his baggage. I must have looked a somewhat suspicious character, for he added as he scrutinized me, 'If he hadn't been a friend of yours we would have had him open every trunk he has got.' The alacrity of the porters to do the priest's bidding was equally noticeable. In a moment about three of them had seized on my five or six packages, and we hurried off to the street where a taxicab was waiting for us.

I at once remarked to Father McMahon on the attention shown him, which *reminded one of Ireland*, and my host replied: "Of course the Catholic population in New York is very large, quite twenty-five per cent."

He gave a circumstantial detail of what took place which was so reason-

able and natural that an unbiased mind must receive it as true.

Let me direct your attention to this also: Father McMahon did not ask your inspector, "chief official," to break the custom house laws, but your *inspector of his own accord passed the baggage unexamined*.

Is it not a fact that "quite twenty-five per cent" of New York is Catholic? Is it not a fact, as Father McMahon indirectly declared, that its Catholic voters hold the balance of power in that city?

Is it not reasonable to infer from the above facts that a "*general deference*" is shown in New York to that Catholic minority, and that "general deference" is accorded by custom officials?

If you deny this I direct your attention to the History of Tammany Hall at the ballot box every time an election is held!

In 1910 Mr. Ward says there was 147 Catholic churches in New York, a large number of chapels, and about 400 priests. Is it not an undeniable fact that the priests of the Catholic church are active workers politically?

Has not a special "*deference*" been shown to the Catholic church by President Wilson in the appointment of a private secretary?

In numbers the Catholics in the United States are one-fifth of the Protestants, and its priests number only one-sixth compared with the Protestant ministers. Would not the decided majority of the Protestants, in ministers and members, have rightly given that Secretaryship to the Protestants? Surely as capable a Secretary could have been found among the Protestants! Does it not appear reasonable that Mr. Wilson's choosing a Catholic Secretary was caused by his being sure of the Protestant vote and desired to secure the Catholic minority's?

Thanksgiving Day has become *the* holiday among Protestants of the North, yet Mr. Wilson, a Protestant,

attends High Mass in a Roman Catholic church in Washington City on that day! Was this not an unexampled special "deference" Presidentially shown the Roman Catholic church?

As the President has shown so positive a "deference" to the Roman Catholic church, is it any wonder an inspector of customs should defer to that church by passing the baggage of a Roman Catholic editor, whose magazine "as a factor in Catholic education" in the United States has so much influence? And especially as a Roman Catholic priest, Father McMahon, was present?

There is a certain amount of "deference" due the ministry, but this should be confined to ministerial affairs—official servility is not due it.

Leaving the proof to an unprejudiced jury, without leaving the box, its verdict would be that Mr. Ward had told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

You will agree with me when I admit that Mr. Ward has put the Department in an unenviable predicament by unwisely, from a Catholic standpoint, *telling the truth!* Wisely he published it, for the public ought to know, and now do know, how the custom house is brought down to church influence.

This is what you ought to have done when your examination was ended: you should have discharged that inspector, that was your duty.

Edwin Lefevre, in the Saturday Evening Post, August 8, 1914, gives

some twists of the New York Custom House, in which he declares, "Practical politics, of course, is the greatest business school in the world." The collector, he said, that he was painting, knew "there was graft in the custom house,—but firing grafting clerks was not picturesque, or even desirable." That that collector "was very accomplished," with a manner, "a near approach to majesty," but Caldecott, the diamond smuggler did not expect sincerity from Mr. Walter Low, the collector. In answer to a remark made by the collector Caldecott said: "I thought there were heights to which the superlative stupidity of Custom officials could not rise—I am forced to agree with him that the roof is off for some of them."

I gave the Department the sure tip, and for my impertinence the Department gives me the double-cross, although Mr. Ward got the inspector's goat. You omitted to give that inspector's name, but as the case is disposed of we will never mention it.

Thomas Carlyle says it is a dangerous thing to begin with denial, and fatal to end with it. The inspector began with a denial and ended with no proof to sustain it.

Let me remind you, quoting from Junius, "There is a mistaken zeal in politics, as well as in religion," and Grover Cleveland declared that "Party honesty is party expediency." It cannot be said the inspector lies under a mistake.



"The Soldier of Peace"

(The author of the poem which follows served four years in the Civil War, and took a soldier's part in some of the bloodiest battles.

He was brave enough to become and to remain a Populist. Naturally, my heart warms to such a man, for I, also, in the immortal words of Heine, have

one condemns himself to obloquy and ostracism, is an ordeal which all the Reformers have suffered—the undaunted Few who swing aloft the lights which humanity must follow, if it would be free.

In sending me the poem, Dr. John N. Taylor writes—

He too, was a Populist, quite content to fight in the ranks of the forlorn hope 'till his last day. It seems very pathetic to me when I remember, that all through life's battle he stood with the few against the many; undaunted by defeat, he was always ready to renew the battle.

For the dead soldier, "Taps" are sounded, and no matter how great he was, his place is taken by another; but if ever "Lights out!" is sounded for such torchbearers as the old Populists were, the orgy of the sons of Chaos and Old Night will begin. (T. E. W.)



DR. JOHN N. TAYLOR, Crawfordsville, Ind.

been a soldier in the wars of Liberation.

"Lay a sword across my breast when I am dead," said the heroic Jew, who today is better loved of mankind than Goethe will ever be.

To stand for what one believes to be right, to endure ridicule and abuse from the brutal majority, to realize that what one does, or even tries to do, will never be wholly understood and appreciated by those for whose sake

THE SOLDIER OF PEACE.

Howard Singleton Taylor.

We have laureled the heroes whose glory
Was won where the battle-waves rolled;
We have chiseled and chanted their story
For mankind to hear and behold—
To hear and behold and to wonder,
While cannon and trumpet and drum
Send a militant message of thunder
To waken the ages to come!

Ah! the ages to come—will they treasure
As we do, our trophies and tombs?
Will they level all life to the measure
Of the sword, and the torch that consumes?
Will they still plow the fields with their
cannon
And seed them with bullet and blade,
And reap under war's bloody pennon,
The harvest of death they have made?

We have come through deep tribulation;
We are heavy with grief and regret;
And we long for the dear consummation
When men shall forgive and forget!
When neighbor shall strike hands with
neighbor,
And wrath and contention shall cease

And the world find the hero at labor—
The good, gallant Soldier of Peace!

A soldier!—on whose stainless glory
No turbulent passions encroach;
A Bayard with no blazoned story,
Yet still above fear or reproach;
No red-handed warfare he wages,
But the heroes of Rome and of Greece
Grow dwarfed in the noon of the ages
Below the good Soldier of Peace!

He has conquered the hostile high moun-
tains,
He has mastered the obdurate flood,

He has dappled the desert with fountains,
And opened the jungle wild wood,
Till nature subdued by his spirit,
Doth bounty on bounty increase,
And they who that bounty inherit,
All bless the brave Soldier of Peace!

Oh stainless Knight-errant of Labor
Our eyes have been holden!—but now
We know that for musket and sabre,
Thy arms were the axe and the plow!
We will cross them in heraldic fashion
A blazonry never to cease,
And wrap in our heart's fondest passion
The good, gallant Soldier of Peace!

Iowa's Tax-payers Rebel

THE trend to tax "the many for the benefit of the few is growing.

Iowa, one of the most prosperous of the Western States, seems to be facing a crisis and the following speech shows conditions similar to those in Georgia and other Southern States:

(SPEECH DELIVERED BY CAPT. ALBERT HEAD, EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AT THE MEETING OF THE TAXPAYERS' ALLIANCE, HELD AT THE COURT HOUSE IN BOONE, IOWA, AUG. 22, 1914.)

I will call your attention to the most stupendous, audacious, infamous and oppressive legislation ever enacted by a legislative body in this or any other government on earth, either in ancient, modern or the present age; in the railroading through and passage under gag-rule—what is known as the Capitol Extension and Appropriation "Bill"—House File No. 669—by the 35th General Assembly on April 8, 1913. This bill was introduced by the committee on appropriations of the House in the afternoon of April 3, 1913 (Su. Journal H. R. P. 1862)—

read first and several times by its title and passed on file.

On April 4th, it was made special order for April 8th. On April 8th, H. F. 669—Bartle of Mitchell moved to amend the bill by adding the words, "including moneys and credits"—Amendment lost. Bliss of Ringgold moved the previous question: Powers of Jefferson seconded the motion. Carried. Mr. Dixon moved the rules be suspended and bill passed. Carried. The bill was read a third time and passed.

Dixon of Sac moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill passed and lay motion on the table. Whitney of Woodbury, seconded the motion. Motion prevailed, and the bill was passed and nailed down, and immediately messaged to the Senate,—this railroading gag-ruling of H. F. 669 only occupied the time of the House less than two hours. Gov. Clark and his co-adjutors had polled the House and knew how each and every member would vote, no doubt, and a perfunctory roll call was had and the deed was accomplished in the H. R., and after dinner the conspirators headed by Gov. Clark, after

polling the Senators, to see that they were all "standing hitched," followed the bill to the Senate and had it called up the same afternoon on April 8th, under the eagle eye of the governor and his co-adjutors House File 669, the capital extension—millions of dollars—appropriation bill—and sale of Governor's Square, was taken up in the Senate.

Senator Mattes of Sac county asked unanimous consent to consider H. F. 669. Senator Doran of Boone, objected; but the trap was set and bait agreed on, and Senator Mattes moved that the bill be considered at this time. Carried, of course. Senator Mattes then moved "that the rule by which no bill may be read the second and third time the same day be suspended." Carried, and the sun stood still in the heavens, while the bill was rushed through the Senate. Fearing somebody would find out that the clandestine enormity had been accomplished, and reconsider the damnable deed, Senator Mattes moved to reconsider the vote by which House File No. 669 passed the Senate and to lay the motion "on the table"—which, as already planned by the governor, carried. The nailing down and cementing, beyond resurrection the bill as passed, the conspirators rushed it to "His Excellency's" office, where surrounded by his chosen gang, Gov. Clarke signed the bill that made him a real estate agent to buy or condemn hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, and lay off, plat and decorate a pleasure park of more than fifty acres around the capitol of "Greater Iowa."

There was not one taxpayer in one thousand in Iowa who had any knowledge or information of the extent and enormity of the provisions of this law, nor do the great majority of the taxpayers yet realize the burden placed on them and their children and unborn generations. This law put a mortgage that runs ten years, for millions of dol-

lars, on every farm and home, on all personal and real estate, and it is a first blanket mortgage on all property, real, personal and mixed, tangible and intangible, except "moneys and credits." Gov. Clarke and his henchmen have the brazen audacity to claim that this vast tract of real estate covered by homes, business blocks, churches and school houses is being purchased by the governor and executive council at a great bargain, and could be sold for much more than is being paid for the property. They know, and any one familiar with this property and real estate values knows that this property cannot be sold after the buildings are removed for fifty cents on the dollar. Such claims by the governor and his henchmen entitles them to membership in the "Ananias club," without application, election or initiation. (Applause.)

Not content with mortgaging every home, hamlet and farm, merchandise, factories, horses, cattle and other property in Iowa, the gallant governor calls "magnum consilium" together and lays the "withering hand" on all the realty in Iowa by raising the valuation of all city and town property in every village, town and city in Iowa ten per cent, an act unauthorized by law, and unjustified, unnecessary, and unequal, oppressive and unjust, as railroad and other corporate property was not raised. The railroads claimed that farms and other realty were not paying their proportion of the burdens of taxation, and demanded of Gov. Clarke to raise the assessed valuation of real estate and stock on farms, and the governor called the executive council together and complied with the unjust demands of the railroads and corporations. The wealth producing farms were raised from 25 to 50 per cent, which thus relieved the railroads from the burden to that extent, and Gov. Clarke has the brazen audacity to go before the intelligent people of Iowa al-

leging that he has been complying with law: that the assessors, boards of supervisors, city councils and school officers have failed to perform their sworn official duties, and had thus perjured themselves, and he was compelled to go to the relieve of the railroads and corporations. He doubtless imagined, because some of the horny-handed farmers had autos that it was his duty to clip their wings before they got aeroplanes and got too far from the ground to plow. (Applause.)

Gov. Clarke has been neglecting the duties of his office and working overtime since May, 1913, flooding the State with figures, statistics and windy words; but is carefully suppressing the truth about the clandestine railroading of H. F. 669 through the 35th G. A. He has been acting the reformer, politician and petifoger, "rolled into one." He seems to regard the intelligent voters of Iowa as a lot of boneheads, retired sod-busters and "sons of rest," whose sole occupation is to raise corn, hogs and other agricultural products, pay taxes, plunking down the "mazuma" twice a year, and that he is the only pebble on the beach, competent to fix the amount; but he will find out the day after the November election in

the year of our Lord 1914, that some of them raised hell at the election, "and don't you fail to forget it. (Applause.) He and the executive council, that raised the taxes and the Senators and Representatives who voted for that outrage on the taxpayers will fully realize that the taxpayers of Iowa hold in their hand—

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes do upon the sod,
And executes the freeman will
As lightning does the will of God."

In conclusion I will say that neither Governor Clarke, the executive council nor any member of the 35th G. A. who voted for the capitol extension and appropriation law and assisted in railroading it through the House and Senate have any claim whatever to the vote of any taxpayer in Iowa, be he Republican, Democrat or Bull Moose. Personally I shall vote my honest sentiments regardless of "politics, color or previous condition of servitude." I hope my life will be spared and health preserved to make further observations on the "Crime of 1913" before the polls close at the November election.



Editorial Notes and Clippings

WHO is John Barrett, "Director General of The Pan American Union?"

And *why* is The Pan American Union?

It is high time that our people were giving careful thought and investigation to both these questions.

Every year, Congress appropriates a large sum of money to pay the expenses of John Barrett and the Roman Catholic Union of which he is the centre-piece.

Every year, this John Barrett and his Roman Catholic associates in the Pan American Union commit this Government, more and more, to the principle that, *whatever concerns these United States of North America, is the concern of the Roman Catholic members of the Pan American Union.*

Every year the Italian pope inches up a little further, in the persistent purpose to meddle with American political affairs, and his avenue of advance is, The Pan American Union.

Thus when the traitor and assassin, General Huerta, was on his last legs in Mexico, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy wanted to save him and themselves—*his accomplices in the murder of Madero and the overthrow of the Republic*—the inevitable John Barrett caused three Roman Catholic members of his Pan American Union to offer "mediation."

At the very word "we accept." (uttered by our academicians, Wilson and Bryan.) the German vessel that had been blockaded in the port of Vera Cruz steamed out to Puerto Mexico, and landed 3,000,000 round of ammunition for Huerta.

It was mainly on account of the recognition that Wilson and Bryan gave Huerta in the mediation proceedings in Canada, that the old traitor and assassin got off scot free to Europe,

where he is now enjoying, under the protection of Roman Catholic Spain, the blood money he took from Mexico.

While those Canada negotiations were in progress, this Government was influenced by the Roman Catholic delegates to put the following demands upon Carranza—

New Orleans, June 24.—What purported to be details of the demands made by the United States upon General Venustiano Carranza, through which Carranza's representatives would be admitted to the mediation conference at Niagara Falls were given out here today by Fernando Iglesias Calderon, chief of the liberal party in Mexico, en route to Washington in connection with the Mexican problem.

Aside from the armistice feature which Carranza refused to consider, Calderon said it was demands concerning disposal of religious questions and the time when elections should take place which greatly interested the constitutionalists.

According to the statement of the liberal party leader today, the United States demanded that all property of the Catholic church confiscated by the constitutionalists should be returned to the church, that buildings destroyed should be paid for, that priests should be protected and that priests driven from the country should be allowed to return. To this Carranza replied, according to Calderon's statement, that the constitutionalist laws of reform provided that all church property should go to the State when needed and also that the priests must go.

Calderon stated also that Carranza refused to accede to the demand for elections as soon as the revolution is ended. His reply to that, according to the statement, was that election could not take place until banditry had ceased, therefore, he would not agree to holding an election until several leaders now classed as bandits had been crushed.

Another demand, according to the statement, was that Huerta should be protected.

"That Huerta be protected!"

The recognition which Wilson and Bryan gave to Huerta in this Canadian negotiation furnished the German vessels, not only an excuse to supply that villian with unlimited arms, *but to take him under the protection of the German flag*, when he was fleeing his country to escape the just consequences of his atrocious crimes.

Therefore, in a sense, this Government was "worked" by John Barrett and his Pan American Union, from start to finish.

The start was, the recognition of Huerta—for it is manifestly absurd to deny that you recognize a power that you negotiate with.

The finish was, the astonishing resolution of thanks to the Italian pope, adopted as the last work of the mediators.

In other words, *our Government thanked the Italian potentate for his intermeddling with the political affairs of American States!*

Thus far, already, has John Barrett brought his Roman Catholic Pan American Union.

At every step, he has had the active assistance of Cardinal Gibbons, and the coterie of priests that rules political affairs in Washington City.

At every step, it has been of inestimable service to him, *that a Jesuit and a Knight of Columbus is the confidential man of the President of the United States.*

At every step, John Barrett has been immensely benefitted by the fact that Bryan's confidential man is also a Roman Catholic!

The members of this Pan American Union are—Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, San Domingo, (negro) Ecuador, Gautemala, Haiti, (negro) Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru,

Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the U. S. of North America.

All of these members are Roman Catholic, except the United States of N. A.

"Union of American Republics" is the synonymous name of Pan American Union.

It has official headquarters at 17th and B. Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

It owns a palatial residence there, built partly at your expense.

In your government printing office it secures the publication of the most sumptuous magazine in America, partly at your expense.

(The public printer, Cornelius Ford, is a Roman Catholic and a traitorous Knight of Columbus; and he rides around in a \$4,000 automobile at your expense.)

The Union of All the American Republics includes the two negro republics, and quite a few of half-breed republics—all of which are joyously, ignorantly, lasciviously Roman Catholic.

In the Pan American Union, we are all equal—thank God! and John Barrett is the Lord of all.

Who *is* John Barrett, anyway?

And what did he intend that the European and South American world should understand, when he stated in his sumptuous magazine that the United States of North America had officially recognized the annual Roman Catholic Thanksgiving service as an official function of the Pan American Union?

President Wilson has not denied that statement. Perhaps his Catholic secretary won't let him.

Neither has Bryan denied it. Perhaps *his* Catholic secretary won't let him.

If Wilson and Bryan do not suspect that the American people are watching their series of base and ominous truck-

lings to Italian popery, they are peculiarly near sighted.

Perhaps their Jesuit secretaries can allay all such suspicions, and keep the minds of Wilson and Bryan filled with pharisaical self-satisfaction.

They will hear from all this in 1916.

The country was told, at the beginning, that the Pan American Union was merely a matter of amity and commerce.

It was a question of markets, an experiment in Chicago pork and Argentina beef, the altruistic effort to place New World traffic on a new basis of Ethics and Morals.

Ergo, John Barrett.

Contemplate the evolution of this sweetly conceived journey into Altruism!

It has given birth to a marble palace, fascinating to look at and expensive to keep up.

It has erected John Barrett into a permanent, international Institution.

It has created an ornate magazine which circulates, more or less, in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania and the District of Columbia.

Even the colored brothers of Haiti and San Domingo read John Barrett's sumptuous magazine, and pass it along to the Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Isle-of-Pineians.

It has committed the U. S. Government to the proposition that the annual Thanksgiving Day of this new Union of all the Americas cannot be properly celebrated, save by the celibate virgins of the Roman Catholic Church.

It has established the precedent that Roman Catholic members of this new Union are the natural mediators in our national difficulties.

More than all, it has put our U. S. Government on record before the world as thanking the Italian pope for his officious intermeddling with our political affairs!

Can you not realize the danger of such a false step?

Not until the advent of Wilson, Bryan, Tumulty and John Barrett did our Government commit a blunder so ominous of future troubles.

Will you read and reflect upon the following?

New York Times-London Daily Chronicle
War Service.

Special Cable to The New York Times.

Milan, Sept. 7.—An unpleasant impression has been created in Rome through Mr. Marconi's personal discovery by means of a new controlling apparatus of his own invention that a high-power wireless station has been installed secretly in the interior of the headquarters of an influential foreign religious order situated in the very heart of Rome.

The installation proved so strong as to be capable of transmitting and receiving radiograms to and from the principal long distance stations in the world.

The *Corriere della Sera* is informed that Mr. Marconi solved the mystery before leaving for Genoa a few days ago, and that the Italian Government raided the premises, seized the apparatus and demolished the wireless station.

The matter is to come before the law courts, seeing that Italy, like most other countries, reserves the right of exercising control over wireless telegraphy in her own country.

The "influential foreign religious order situated in the very heart of Rome," was Roman Catholic, of course. The Jesuits made this European war, just as they made the Franco-German war of 1870; and it was probably the Jesuits who were operating that "high-power wireless station."

Still, Dr. Gladden and other emaciated Protestants believe—or say they do—that the political activities, intrigues and atrocities of popery ended with the middle ages!

If Dr. Gladden were a bird, he would be at his best as a nice old ostrich.

His retinue could be made up of one-hoss Protestant preachers who bid for Catholic applause, by proclaiming the

harmlessness of a foreign church, which is notoriously ruled by Italian secret societies, and which has within the last dozen years caused the murder of Madero, Gaynor, Ferrer, and Canalejas.

Two-legged birds that hide their heads to keep from seeing things, might at least keep their mouths shut while exhibiting the opposite parts of their anatomy.

Why do not these Lotus-eating Protestants study the recent history of Italy, beginning with the year 1847? the recent history of Mexico, beginning with the year 1856? the recent history of France, beginning with the *Coup d'état* which elevated the bastard of Hortense Beauharnais to the "throne" of the 3rd Empire and dumped him into a marriage with a shelf-worn Spanish adventuress, Eugenie Montijo, a blind tool of the Jesuits, who first used the French army to smash the Italian Republic (1849) and then used it in the effort to smash Protestant Prussia?

President Uriah Wilson has withdrawn Funston and the other U. S. soldiers from Vera Cruz.

They were sent down there to get a salute to our flag.

They did not get it.

They were sent down there "to serve mankind, if we can find the way."

"We" never found the way.

They were ordered to Vera Cruz, to maintain the dignity and honor of the United States.

If the useless sacrifice of nineteen of our gallant young men, and the slaughter of several hundred unoffending Mexicans accomplished that purpose, then it was accomplished.

Those troops have not exerted the slightest influence over events, one thing excepted:

They gave Huerta his chance to escape the noose!

The policy of "watchful waiting"

was a stupid blunder, from the lawless landing of our troops, to the inglorious withdrawal.

We either ought to have taken full control of the Mexican situation, or should have had no more to do with it than with the affairs of Germany, Belgium and France.

"Watchful waiting" spells academic indecision.

At this writing (September 17th) the mailed fist of the German Kaiser is badly bruised.

His extravagantly praised war machine turns out to be an awkward piece of mechanism—as all attempts to make automats out of human beings must always necessarily be.

Men are just men, and the drill master cannot alter the law of Nature.

The German officer has kicked and cuffed, and spat in the face of German soldiers, until the whole world is seething with disgust and indignation.

Next to the universal hatred borne to the Me-and-God Madman, comes the German officer as an object of supreme dislike—not because he is a German, but because he is an inflated brute who believes that the private soldier is a mere dog who must be treated *like* a dog.

The inevitable consequence of such a system is, that when the military machine is no longer able to move in well worn grooves, it goes to pieces.

The men have no initiative.

Man to man, the little Frenchmen have beaten the big Germans, *because* in the one case there is *a man* behind the gun, and in the other, *a machine behind a machine.*

The very moment the enormous war machine of Germany got out of the ruts of cast-iron maneuvers, and had to adapt itself to new conditions requiring quick thought and flexible motion, it was as helpless before the looser lines of the English and French, as the rigid

phalanx of ancient Greece was when it confronted the looser, more flexible legion of Rome.

To the astonishment of mankind, the Kaiser massed his men in attacking intrenched positions defended by machine guns.

country to draw new troops from, while the enemies that he had insanely aroused could be drawn from four of the mightiest nations of earth.

The banquet of the German officers, set for Aug. 15th, 1914, at the Cafe de



THE CRAZY KAISER WHO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

Thus he spent his best troops, lavishly, with all the recklessness of an excited gambler.

Two to one, was a loss that Gen. Grant could afford against the army of General Lee; but it was a spendthrift policy in the Kaiser, who had but one

Paris, was a woeful instance of the pride which goes before the fall.

In magazine articles, several years ago, we were told that whenever two German officers met and drank, the toast was, "The day!"

The day so ardently expected was—

we are told—the glad day when the German army would strike the English.

It came soon enough, and those German officers who survive the disastrous clash may remember ruefully the heedless joy with which they looked forward to it.

The fact is, the whole world *has had enough* of German bluster, brag, bulldozing and arrogant militarism.

When the world gets enough of *anything*, it's apt to be a bad time for that thing.

This refers, of course to German autocrats, and not to the German people, who are themselves the worst sufferers from the lunacies of militarism.

DAS IST NICHT EIN VOLKSKRIEG; DAS IST EIN OFFIZIERSKRIEG.

Paris, Aug. 13.—An official communication issued tonight says:

"German prisoners who have been questioned gave the impression they are broken in spirit and weak from hunger. They seem not to have been informed concerning the reason for the mobilization and one man asked why war had been declared. According to German opinion, 'Das ist nicht ein volkskrieg, das ist ein officerskrieg'—'This is not a people's war, but an officers' war.'"

GERMAN OFFICER READY TO SHOOT DOWN CIVILIANS.

Special Service to the Manila Times.

Berlin, Jan. 7.—The sensation in the trial of Col. Reuter at Strassburg yesterday was the testimony of Mueller, a high government official, who asserted that Reuter had told him that he was determined to prevent crowds from standing about in Zabern.

"I won't allow them to laugh at us," Mueller swore he said, "and I will shoot if necessary to prevent them."

Mueller added that Reuter had told him that machine guns had been kept in readiness for use if they became necessary during the troubles in November.

Col. Reuter and other officers leaving the court after the conclusion of the day's proceedings, were set upon by a mob and had to take refuge in a tram car.

Remember that this outburst of German-officer blood-thirstiness and me-and-Godness took place in January of this year.

Col. Reuter was ready to use machine guns on Germans who laughed at him and other officers.

The Crown Prince wrote Col. Reuter a letter of hearty approval.

"BIG GUNS WILL CERTAINLY HELP GOD MAKE A RIGHT DECISION," SAYS GERMAN PASTOR.

Rotterdam, August 30.—The practical why in which German view the war is well illustrated by a story told here today by A. R. Miller, of Louisville, Ky.

"A certain Protestant clergyman of Hanover," said Mr. Miller, "addressing a large congregation on the morning following mobilization, said among other things: 'We are face to face with a peculiar situation. No doubt the Russians, French and English will pray God to give them victory, but there is but one God, and since He is just and impartial, and they are also His children, we, in order to win, must work as well as pray. We must fight harder than the others. God may not always side with big guns, but big guns will certainly help Him make a right decision.'"

"A WELCOME TO THE BELGIANS."

To the Editor of The World.

Your wholly convincing editorial "A Welcome to the Belgians" voices the sentiments of the many true lovers of freedom throughout the world. Were Belgium so powerful a nation as England, astoundingly intrepid Germany would never have ventured to even ask permission for her armies to pass through the domains of that country. Somehow I actually believe that the allwise and infallible War Lord encumbering the German throne acted foolishly and unjustly when he with vainglorious dignity ordered the denizens of Belgium to idly stand by and allow his forces to march through their land. The thought that other nations of Europe would castigate little Belgium after she had meekly obeyed his dread mandate, strangely, did not enter his wonderfully ingenious mind before contemplating to insolently impose upon her.

The would-be Cæsar in plaintive tones

begs our President to please ask the terrible Belgians not to use dum-dum bullets on his soldiers. What a piece of grim humor! Why this ambitious monarch should expect a people whom he barefacedly plundered and deprived of liberty, and whose country he devastated, to be content not to seek vengeance is a mystery to me. O ye German Socialists, the formidable enemies of war, will you please, please explain why you helped to ruin a peaceful nation, shed the blood of your fellow-workers of Belgium and strewed the battle-fields with their corpses?

HILDA BERGEN.

The Reichstag is a body elected on the most liberal ballot law that exists anywhere, more liberal even than the ballot law of the United States for the election of a President. The German law, ever since 1867, has been a one-man-one-vote, universal, secret and direct ballot law.—Dr. Bernhard Dernburg in the Sun.

Why does not the German ex-Colonial Secretary add that the Reichstag has not been restricted since 1871; that consequently one agrarian voter balances half a dozen industrial voters; that the Imperial Senate is an oligarchical close corporation; that the three-class voting system puts State and local political power absolutely in the hands of wealth and title; that against such undemocratic conditions millions of patriotic Germans hotly protest? It is these conditions that have made the war possible.—N. Y. World.

New York.—A vivid description of the fighting before Liege, attributed to a German officer who was seriously wounded in the battle, is published by the *Weser Zeitung*, of Bremen, copies of which reached here Saturday.

"Our trip to the Belgian border," says the officer, "was a triumphal procession. It was pouring rain as we marched through the Ardennes. The town seemed deserted. We had no rest and during the night were fired upon.

"At 5 a. m. (Aug. 6) we marched through the Ourthe valley, meeting obstacles everywhere. It was an awful march; the roads were blocked by felled trees and boulders; of bridges there were only remnants. In the afternoon we took up quarters in a village south of Liege.

"Storm Liege!"

"Seven o'clock. An alarm is sounded; the captain shouts 'Storm Liege!' It is

impossible; we cannot go farther; the forts are thirty-five kilometers away, but we press on. Thirty minutes pass and we are fired upon from the heights. Now shots are fired directly at us from nearer points. We draw our revolvers and rush forward.

"The field is alive with troopers of all arms. It is raining in torrents; a thunderstorm is roaring and the night is pitch dark. We press on. We see soldiers fall. Now they fall in masses and do not rise. The sky clears, the moon shines; we hear cannonading.

"Suddenly we hear that our baggage has been attacked. One company turns back. The village has been burned down; all the people shot. Such are the atrocities of the Franc-Eireurs. Meanwhile we keep on, close to Liege, and turn off behind the wood. Four regiments lay down their knapsacks and 'iron rations' are taken out. The last exhortation is given; we form in ranks for the charge.

Hail of Bullets.

"Shells whiz past, but without aim. We gallop by our artillery, stuck helplessly in the mud up to the stomach. A wild hail of bullets bursts on us from a point directly opposite. Our own men are firing upon us, but just in time we are recognized. Now we are directly in front of the firing line of the forts. There is wild clamoring. Friend and enemy look alike.

"I am lying before a barricade of trees and barbed wire, with my comrade, Lieutenant G., on my left and the captain on my right. Shells explode all around; everywhere is the infernal noise of musketry fire. The air is hot. A few yards ahead we may get better cover. I nudge Lieutenant G. and ask 'shall we go forward?' No answer—he is dead. The captain jumps to his feet and falls back. He is shot in the breast. I raise my arm, the company responds to my word of command.

Shell in Thigh.

"I rush forward. A terrible blow throws me back three feet. I have received a shell in the left thigh. The pain is terrible. Before me an officer calls out, holds out his hand to me and then falls back—dead. In front of me there is a flag and I try to crawl up to it. The bearer is dead. A second shot strikes me in the left arm; a third in the right arm; I bite the earth with pain.

"A few steps in front are the Belgian rifle pits. Our men advance. I lie in one place nearly twelve hours, yet despite the

hail of bullets nothing happens to me. A doctor comes with bandages. At noon I am carried away, shivering with fever. I meet our regiment. Its losses are terrible—three captains, six lieutenants dead, nearly all from my battalion.

FRANCE GOT SECRET OF GERMANS' PLAN.

Its Forecast Proved True—Russian Preparation, Invasion of Belgium and Luxembourg, and British Campaign Prophesied.

A remarkable document showing all the German military plans and purporting to outline all the future operations of Germany, fell by accident into the hands of the French Government as long ago as December, 1913, according to an article in the French Military paper, the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, published last February. There is the possibility that the document was "planted" by Germans, but practically all the plans materialized in the last two weeks coincided with the statements in the document.

The document contained a prophecy of practically every movement made by Germany so far, as well as an accurate forecast of every step taken so far by each of the nations against her.

The author of the article in the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, who translated verbatim the contents of the document he found, entitles it "The German Concentration, According to a Document found in a Railroad Compartment, faithfully translated by—". He tells that on December 15, 1913, he was returning from Central Germany and, without having the necessary transport from a German military authority or any permit from the French Minister of War, boarded a train at Strassburg for Luneville on the Moselle. Realizing that it was forbidden for any one connected with the French army to remain even a minute in that part of the German Empire, and troubled by the thought of arrest if he were discovered, he remained quiet in the darkest corner of the compartment.

Mystery of a Morocco Case.

Just after the train left Strassburg he said, he suddenly saw in the far corner of the compartment a black morocco case. There was no other passenger in the compartment. Evidently the case had been left by a passenger alighting at Strassburg. The Frenchman picked up the case,

an imposing receptacle, circled with a band of copper and locked with a copper buckle. He intended at first to hand it over to the employe of military aspect on guard on the train, but a thought of his own plight if he were questioned and found "obliged to decline to tell surname, Christian name, or other qualities," made him resolve to keep the case till he got safely to France, when he trusted he could discover from the contents who the owner was and send it back.

"I was stupefied," he writes, "when on passing the frontier, I discovered the document which I have herewith translated. Its authenticity could not be doubted, for in beautiful gold letters there was inscribed on the inside of the cover of the portfolio: 'Inspection of the Seventh Army Headquarters at Strassburg-on-the-Main.' Besides, it was impossible not to be struck by the very form of the important military document which chance put into my hands. Its resemblance to the celebrated memoirs compiled before the war of 1870 by Marshal von Moltke is so complete that it attains at certain parts literal identity. For all who knew the traditional spirit of the great Major State of Berlin, this circumstance offers a new guarantee for the official origin of the document herewith faithfully translated."

The document itself takes up thirty-two closely printed pages of *The Journal*. Here is the translation in part:

"War plan of the German Empire: International complications are to be foreseen in the near future. They lead us to recur to our sole decisive argument: once the resources of diplomacy are exhausted—war.

Preparation of Russia.

"The origin of the differences between nations will be in the Orient where Russia has primordial interests. Possibly she will proceed first to armaments. As soon as these appear disquieting will be the moment to declare war on France. It is not necessary to recoil before the appearance of aggression, for we can be sure the preparations of Russia would be not affected if the two powers allied were not decided on a common offensive. France, to whose interests this could be, will simply allow Russia time to prepare herself.

"In making war on Russia we must expect to provoke England. Till now we always counted on Austria against Russia, but this support today is weakened—Romania, Servia, Greece and Montenegro will be leagued against our ally, and though

these may be balanced by Bulgaria and Turkey, whose Governments are allied to the Triple Alliance, we must count on possible individual insurrections that may at least paralyse the Austrian forces. Prudence orders us to rely in no way on Austria's effective support at the beginning.

As for Italy, one must not expect as in every coalition, that which is not to the advantage of the contracting party. Reflect on her attachment to England, the dangers of her fleet in the Mediterranean with the combined naval forces of England and France, all of which will make it profitable for the house of Savoy to draw back into a benevolence neutrality on the promises which the Triple Entente will surely make concerning Trentino, Istria, and Albania, when we cannot offer anything comparable. So we must consider Italy only a doubtful ally at best. Everything points to the fact that she will wait till she sees what side the balance inclines to before she takes definite part.

"If fate favours us and Victor Emmanuel goes to our side, then an invasion of France by the Italian Armies will be of great help to us at a moment when we shall have to fight Russia, and she will certainly help vanquish France's aversion to sign terms of peace."

The documents added that Spain might possibly be drawn into the conflict on the side of the Triple Entente, but that her slow mobilization and the uncertain effectiveness of the troops she could put in the field owing to her occupation of Morocco, made this a matter of less importance. Moreover, it adds, "very likely a great success achieved by us will freeze the military ardor of King Alfonso XIII." Taking up England the document says:

"Her chief force is her fleet, under whose cover she can throw an expeditionary force of about two army corps on the Continent, provided with fairly numerous cavalry. Haunted by the dread of a German invasion, England will not be very likely to resort to risk her active army on the Continent except after long hesitation, and especially after having attempted the destruction of our fleet. If so, she will be too late. The decision on the Continent will have already have been won, provided that we have not lost time in crushing one or other of the two powers of the Entente.

Violations of Neutrality.

"Where would England disembark her forces? Perhaps on our shores, perhaps in Belgium, perhaps in France. The at-

tempt on our shores need not be greatly feared, as she would first have to put our navy out of commission, and that would require much time. If by that time we were victorious on land, England would abandon her attempt.

"A disembarkment of English in Belgium interests us more, since it will influence directly our operation against the French, if we are led, as everything gives us reason to believe, to make use for our march of the roads of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and of Belgium Luxembourg. In that case we first shall be obliged to violate the neutrality of those two countries, which will draw on us the hostility of Belgium. We shall then have to guard our right flank, and our rear against the Belgians' army reinforced by the English."

That sacrifice, the writer held, was made necessary since the two neutral lands were indispensable to the German march.

"Finally," the document continues, "the forces of England can join France directly as an integral part of her armies to be counted with.

"In the last analysis, the only situation we can consider is that of a battle of Germany, isolated, against France—perhaps directly supported by England—united with Russia. Who is the most formidable of these foes?

"The frontier from Basle to Strasburg, via Metz and Thionville, assures us of a defence against France such as we have not against Russia, since on the east our fortified frontier passes through Breslau, Posen, Thorn, and Danzig, and leaves without defenses Silesia and all of East Prussia. It is certain that from 200,000 to 300,000 active troops and reserves could in three weeks defend the territory between Switzerland and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, against an adversary, no matter how superior. On the other hand, if we take the defensive on our west frontier, we may be sure that Italy will not declare for us, and we shall leave England and Spain all necessary time to prepare and mobilize.

"On the other hand, the certainty of our resistance between Alsace and Thionville rests on the hypothesis that France will respect the neutrality of Luxembourg and Belgium. But how parry the manoeuvre if France comes against us through these countries? Clearly Luxembourg cannot offer resistance to an entry of her territory. As for Belgium, if she tempted to defend access to her country, a thing which our own attitude would scarcely en-

courage her to try, she would be prevented therefrom by the English corps reinforced by the French troops of the second line, advancing from the sides of the Manche and from Pas de Calais towards Brussels.

Dash to Crush France.

"So long as we keep merely on the defensive against France we cannot hope for any results against Russia save a few easy successes, and possibly even a penetration deep into Muscovite territory. It must even so be feared that the Russians will not refuse all decisive engagements nor wait till the results of offensive operations against by France."

On the other hand, the document points out, owing to the long delays of mobilization in Russia, Germany can count on three or four weeks in which she will have her hands free to work against France offensively more if she scores a decisive victory by taking sturdy and speedy initiative. The self respect of the French commanders, it is contended, will not permit them to await the entry of Russia, in case of a German invasion of France, for French public opinion would cause a revolution if much of her territory were allowed to be occupied without a decisive battle. Moreover, France would soonest be prepared to face Germany in the field. Quick striking of offensive blows therefore was necessary on both sides.

"One can foresee, without fear of correction, that as early as the second week there will be a great clash, the issue of which, if favorable to us, will perhaps force England and Spain, if not Russia, to put back into the scabbard the sword they have half drawn. The same victory should insure us the co-operation of Italy. It is likely that France, having engaged all her disposable forces in the first battle, will be unable to prolong the fight and will accept the conditions we impose on her. If not, several hundred thousand of our men, in concert with an Italian army, will suffice to guard the conquered territories, and we can transport the bulk of our armies to Russia on the East.

"Should Russia finish her preparations before we get there and invade East Prussia and part of Silesia, we will lose nothing so long as our defensive army is not beaten, and we can afford to fall back to our strongholds and let the enemy advance even as far as the Oder."

The offensive operations against France are described a maximum of four weeks being allowed to complete them before the Russian attack must be met. The plan

reckoned on twenty French army corps, of which two must be kept guarding the Alpine frontier, a total of 7,000,000. This force would mobilize almost as fast as Germany's. The German tastician counted on about 420 French batalions in 35 divisions, of which 4 would be for the Alps, 7 for the fortresses of Nice, Briancon, Belfort, Epinal, Toul, Verdun, and Maulberge; 6 or 8 to keep order in Lyons and Paris, and the remaining 16 or 18 divisions of about 260,000 men to follow the armies in the campaign. Adding about 10 cavalry divisions, he estimated that France could align against Germany a total of 1,000,000 men, of whom, 740,000 would be active troops or in active formation.

German Force of 1,305,000.

Germany, on the other hand, would have 25 army corps, of which 22 could be used in offensive operations against France, some 850,000 men. Adding 320,000 reserves, 40,000 cavalry, 80,000 Landwehr, and 15,000 heavy artillery, Germany's total would be 1,305,000 men, of which 905,000 would be active forces. This would leave 270,000 to defend Germany against Russia, comprising 110,000 active troops, 80,000 reserves, and 80,000 Landwehr. Of the remaining 15 divisions of Landwehr 7 would garrison the west forts, 5 the east, and 3 the north shore.

The document describes in full the defense against Russia, emphasizing that not until nearly the end of the fourth week can the German commander afford to let himself be attacked by a superior force, even if he should have to retire as far as the Oder to avoid such a battle. A decisive victory in France was a preliminary essential to any decisive action against Russia.

Unlike the problem of von Moltke, who had only 400,000 troops to lead, the present plan would give the Germans over 1,000,000 to dispose of. Such a vast host, it is pointed out, needs at least 300 kilometres, the entire distance comprised between Belfort and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to operate in. That region, however, was unsuited for spreading out such a vast number of men or for allowing their passage through. Especially was this true of the Vosges and the territory around Dieuze, and these territories constituted half of all the border.

"It is therefore necessary that the front of our concentration extend beyond the Franco-German border!" announces the war plan. "The French moreover, face the same problem, and we cannot have any

illusion about the solution they will apply. Since the common boundary is not sufficient for deploying the forces to be used, we must use other territories further on. We have no other means of solving the question.

"Use the south? The armed Swiss would constitute too grave a danger to the German left flank, and the territory would be by nature too difficult for passage. There remains only the north frontier, between Treves and Aixla-Chapelle, along the frontiers of the two Luxembourgs. Such a concentration of our right wing implies undoubtedly a violation of neutrality of those lands, but it must not stop us, for it will also stop our adversary. If victory must be obtained at the price of treaties, the treaties will weigh lightly in the balance; moreover, the victory will restore them to us."

It is pointed out, such violation of neutrality merely will add one nation Belgium, to the enemies of Germany, and that is unimportant compared with the warlike Swiss.

Path to Heart of France.

"Moreover the Luxembourgs offer a territory easy to pass through, well served by our railroads, some of which are already directed by German patriots. Through there, finally, our right wing will march to the French border at the point nearest to Paris, the very heart of France!"

The strong German barriers at Ilstein, New Breisach, Strassburg, Mosheim, Metz, Thionville, meanwhile would prevent any extensive offensive operations by France.

The prime need was to make the German right wing so strong as to surpass the left of the foe and throw it southward towards Paris. For this manoeuvre ten army corps seemed indispensable, operating from Sierck to Saintwith. On the right of this concentration would be six divisions of reserve, to attack the same sort of troops of the foe which the enemy could throw outside and behind its flank.

To mask the true importance of this massing of the right wing and to reconnoitre news of the enemy, and "finish quickly with the French cavalry," the German right was to be preceded by a force of cavalry sufficient to overcome all obstacles.

"The right forms the marching wing. The left, starting from Strassburg, while not immobile, but rather moving as a sort of pivot, moves slowly, as does the centre from Mentz to Thionville. Indeed, the left and centre may even perhaps re-

tire, since the fortifications will economize our forces in Alsace, in the Vosges, and around Drieuze and along the frontier from Thionville to Mentz."

As for Belgium, the plan continued:

"We wish to invade Belgium only in order that our right may extend beyond the left of the foe, and therefore the possession of the right bank of the Meuse between Govet and Liege will suffice us. We may try to get Belgium to concentrate at Antwerp or on a strict defensive on the left bank of the Meuse—if necessary with the promise of territorial aggrandizement, etc. But we cannot count on Belgium's doing this. Accordingly we must reckon with 100,000 Belgians occupying the forts of Liege, Namur, and Antwerp."

Here again the plan forecasts what seems actually to have happened in the last week.

"As we do not wish to detach a single active unit, (unless the English land in Belgium), we must take these 100,000 Belgians, or most of them, into the midst of our troops of our second line—detaching five divisions of reserve and two of Landwehr, that is 112,000 men, which seems enough to put at rest all fear concerning our right flank while it is crossing Belgian Luexbourg and to guard our communications. This 112,000 will hold the Belgian army in check as an army of observation over the Belgians until the Belgian Government sees fit to make peace. Thereafter the 112,000 men can reinforce the second line into France, bringing it up to 577,000 without counting the Landstrum in the rear and the probable approach by that time of the Italian army.

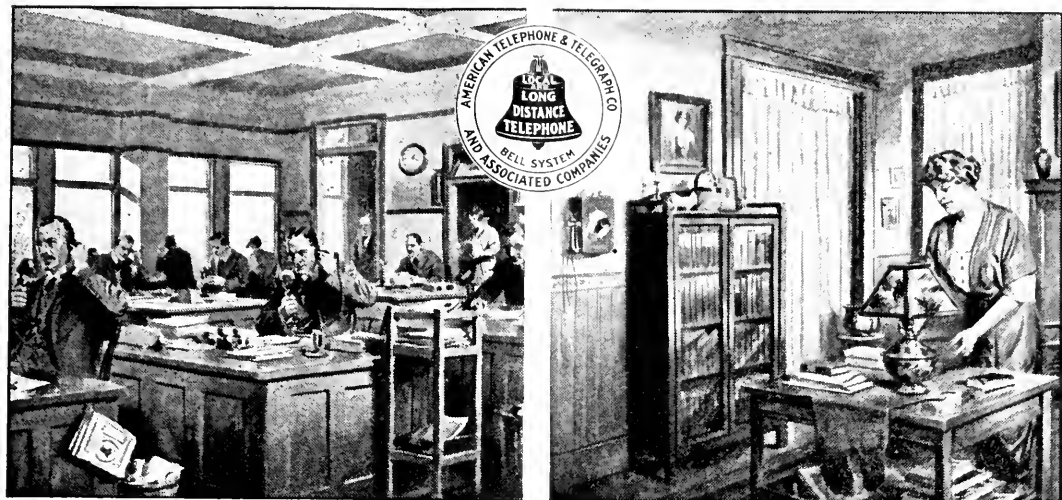
Four Groups of Armies.

The German plan dealt with four "groups of armies." The first was the "army of observation over the Belgians," which was to concentrate at Malmedy and to encircle and keep facing the forts at Liege, Namur and Huy. It was to consist of five divisions of reserves and two of Landwehr.

The second group constituted the tremendous right flank. It consisted of the Second, Third and Fifth armies, two corps of cavalry and one group of reserves, and was to operate between Saint-With and Waxweller, Waxweller and Treves, Saarburg and Thionville.

The third group constituted the centre, consisting of the Fifth army operating at Mentz, Chambley, and Souill, and the Sixth army operating at Nancy, Dieuze, Luneville, Verdun, and Toul.

The fourth group consisted of the Seventh army, with supporting cavalry, and



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IT is human nature to resent paying more than any one else and to demand cheap telephone service regardless of the cost of providing it.

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The calculations of the German war plan as to time have proved, in the light of the Belgian check of last week, too optimistic. It was calculated that by the eighth day all transporting of troops would be completed, and that the left and centre could begin marching on the ninth day and reach the French frontier on the tenth (Aug. 10.) By that time the concentration in the two Luxembourgs was to be finished. The right was scheduled to pass the French frontier at Mezières and Longwy and between them on the morning of the tenth day.

It was pointed out that it was imperative to seize the Belgian railroads at once and disconcert the Belgian Government, promising indemnity, territorial and pecuniary, if she would accept the faits accomplis. The entry of the two Luxembourgs was scheduled for the third day, the advance to the Luxembourg line at Arion, Neufchâteau and Palizeul, preceded by cavalry, on the tenth day. The advance guard of the "army of observation" was to be thrown around Liege, covering from there the roads to Huy and Namur.—(The Royal Gazette, Bermuda, W. I.)

THE LOST DISPATCH WHICH WRECKED GENERAL LEE'S CAMPAIGN.

It is nothing new in war for accidents to cause the miscarriage of the best laid plans. Captured dispatches are common givers-away of military secrets. One of these is said to have prevented the retreat of the Union Army, after the Second Day at Gettysburg.

But it is not often that an officer of high rank is so excessively imprudent as to crumple up an important order, and fling it upon the ground—leaving it there to be picked up by the enemy.

General D. H. Hill, was the Confederate officer whose name is unfortunately linked with "The Lost Dispatch" which revealed to General Geo. B. McClellan the plans of General Lee, and thus brought the Maryland campaign to ruin.

From Pollard's "Life of Jefferson Davis and Secret History of the Confederacy," I take the following quota-

tion which the author—an honest, fearless, patriotic Southerner—took from the *Quarterly Review*:

"But before D. H. Hill fell back upon South Mountain, it is now notorious that a momentous incident had happened. It will be necessary to give a few words of the character of this General. It should be premised that the wives of D. H. Hill and Stonewall Jackson are sisters, and it is generally believed (we know not with what truth) that Mrs. Hill had long urged her husband to do something whereby some portion of Jackson's lustrous fame might be acquired by and accrue to D. H. Hill. . . . The orders of General Lee respecting the battle, which was now imminent, were placed in General Hill's hands. These orders, according to General Lee's invariable practice, were full, precise and unreserved. It was, according to General Lee's views, very desirable to gain a few days, in order to permit General Jackson to finish his task at Harper's Ferry, and to allow some of the many stragglers to get to the front. General Hill was, therefore, instructed to take up a strong position at South Mountain. These orders, as it happened, were displeasing to General Hill. He flung them after reading them indignantly from him, in the belief (as has been urged in his defense) that they would be picked up by one of his staff, and carried safely to his quarters. Be this as it may, they were left lying where they fell; the ground was shortly afterward evacuated by the Confederates, and occupied by the Federals: General Lee's orders were picked up by a Federal soldier, and their value being recognized, quickly carried to McClellan. No wonder that McClellan, commanding, according to his own statement, 87,164, and according to the other Federal statements, 110,000 men, promised himself an assured and easy victory over the worn and weary troops which he knew to be before him, and as to whose movements and intentions he now had full information." (Quarterly Review, April, 1864, pp. 303-304.)

This statement of the case is corroborated by Lieut-Col. Fletcher, of the British Army, who wrote a history of our Civil War.

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ever, is the official report of General McClellan. Pollard quotes it:

“On the 13th of September an order fell into my hands, issued by General Lee, which fully disclosed his plans, and I immediately gave orders for a rapid and vigorous forward movement.” (p. 352 of Report.)

This leaves no room for doubt that there was a lost dispatch, and that McClellan based his movements on it.

It is almost unnecessary to remind the reader that these immediate movements of the Union Army led to the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) which put an end to Lee's invasion of the North.

But for the Lost Dispatch, we might now have a homogeneous Southern Confederacy: and the North, East and

West would have had one of their own, big enough for all practical purposes.

Not having been included in Lee's surrender, I may be permitted to gently remind our Northern friends that those demagogues who accuse the South of having attempted to destroy the Union, don't know what they're roaring about.

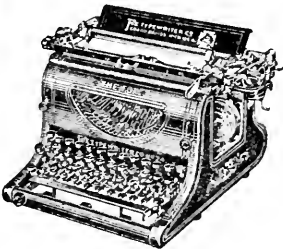
The South never made the slightest effort to destroy the Union. We merely wanted get out of the trap: we didn't care to injure the trap itself.

We had been baited into it with soft corn; and when the time of hard diet came, we longed for the fresh, free air, outside the cage.

That was all.

Please excuse me for being a little bit rebellious and unreconstructed.

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BANNOCKBURN.


"Bannockburn celebrations are the topic of the moment in Scotland. We are transplanted back some six hundred years ago into the history of Scotland and England. The wars then are being related, and the pros and cons of the situation discussed. The Roman Catholics are not behind the Protestants in the business. Masses, it is reported, have been said for the souls of those departed heroes. This raises a very peculiar situation. Robert Bruce and his followers were under the Pope's curse when the battle was fought. The Papal envoy had excommunicated him and his adherents, and according to the teaching of the Romish Church they were outside the church and therefore beyond redemption. On this subject a writer in the 'Catholic Herald' boasts of Bannockburn and Scottish independence having been won by 'Catholics.' It will be seen, however, that whatever beliefs they professed, Bruce and his followers, while fighting at Bannockburn, were under the curse of the Church of Rome. Was the Pope's curse in this case, like others, turned into a blessing? History gives the answer." ("English Churchman," July 2.)

When Edward Bruce landed at Larne A. D., 1315, with six thousand men, the

native Irish flocked to his standard and he quickly overran a large portion of the country. The Pope fulminated a Bull of Excommunication against him and his adherents. This was circulated by the priests and friars through Bruce's army and many thousands of the slaves, terrified for their soul's salvation, deserted. The heroic warrior stood his ground with the remnant of his army, and was defeated and slain at Faughard, near Dundalk. Why do not the priests organise a pilgrimage to the place?

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THOS. E. WATSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1914.

[SEAL.]
 (My commission expires August 5th, 1916.)

C. F. HUNT,
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