

ers are to disarm their forces, and release all political prisoners. [See current volume, page 831.]

—Colonel J. Lockett, commander of the federal troops in the Colorado strike district, announced on August 28th the receipt of an order from Secretary of War Garrison providing that all coal miners in that district must be residents of Colorado. On request of the operators Colonel Lockett asked the war department to clearly specify what entitled a miner to be considered a resident of Colorado. [See current volume, page 830.]

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## PRESS OPINIONS

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### The Biggest War Is in America.

Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat, August 26.—War has distorted the news perspective not only of the American editor, but of the American newspaper reader as well. The war news has swept us from our moorings. It is time to beat a retreat and dig up our old sense of values. . . . The things President Wilson is doing mean more to us than the plans the Kaiser is making. The deliberations of our own congress are of greater moment than the decisions reached by the German reichstag or the English parliament. The great battles are raging at Washington. . . . The matter over the outcome of the fight between the Wilson administration and the Sugar Trust is of greater moment to us than the outcome of the conflict at Mons, Belgium. . . . Two weeks ago the food pirates, the predatory interests, believing that the attention of the people of this nation was centered upon European affairs, swept down upon us. The Sugar Trust got clear through the lines. The enemy hit us hard. It levied tribute upon us. In general importance that assault looms high above the attack upon Liege. . . . Washington today is the real world capital. Our battles are economic battles. Our generals are cabinet members and congressmen and senators. And what they do is the big news. The war may get the scare headlines. But the big news is at Washington just the same.



### An Ideal Appointment.

Christian Science Monitor, August 20.—Ignoring the contentions of partisan factions in the Empire state, President Wilson has decided to put in charge of the immigration station at Ellis Island a man of high reputation as a civic expert. His nominee, F. C. Howe, has a knowledge of methods of city government, of dealing with public utility corporations, of drafting and enacting legislation expressing progressive community and state ideals equaled perhaps by few of his countrymen. Experience with practical politics in Ohio, administrative duties in connection with the People's Institute, New York City, commissions by the federal government to study city government in Europe, and service on the teaching staffs of universities have prepared him to take charge at Ellis Island committed to a policy of enlightened common sense. There are few posts in the federal service, outside of the highest ones in Washington, which call for as much practical idealism as the wardenship of the gate

through which a majority of Europeans seeking temporary or permanent citizenship enter. The necessity of combining due strictness of inspection with the amenities of courtesy, good will and hospitality is apparent; and to impress this ideal upon a staff of subordinates and hold them to it strictly is not possible save by a man of parts, serving as commissioner. Moreover, the more this man knows about the nations from which the immigrants have come and the more cosmopolitan in his sympathies he is, the better he can deal with the problems as they arise. By refusing to be party to any deal by which this post should be filled with a politician the President has met the expectations of his admirers. In enlisting Mr. Howe the President has found a subordinate who, we believe, will work loyally with him in any administrative reforms of the immigration station which may be recommended.



### Senselessness of War.

Belleville (Ill.) News-Democrat, August 11.—True Christianity sanctions no war. It stands for peace at any price. It exemplifies the gospel of non-resistance. When the enemy strikes you on one cheek, you turn him the other that he may smite that, too. It refuses to raise the sword to shed human blood, even when it is forced into the hand. We do not go that far. But the only war we justify is a war of self-defense. The Belgians are engaged in just warfare in fighting to repel the invader. . . . The German citizen and the Belgian man do not hate each other that they should shoot at each other and kill each other or destroy each other's property. The chances are they would become intimate friends if they would get acquainted with each other. Their boys and girls would intermarry. They would visit at each other's homes and they would enjoy social intercourse with each other. . . . They ought to let the kings and the emperors and the princes fight it out among themselves. There is nothing in war for the people. What the people of Europe need is republics instead of monarchies. They need the recall to recall their despotic and tyrannical rulers and bullies. Their governments ought to rest on the consent of the governed. . . . A titled nobility is a menace, and so is a large standing army.



### Unemployment and the Land Question.

Chicago Tribune, August 28.—When a thousand men are thrown out of employment in St. Petersburg by the shutdown of a factory at least half the number will betake themselves "to the provinces." For many of the city workers have homes and families in the provinces. The allotment of land in the peasant communities is too small to hold the growing family and the younger men seek the city and the factory. In time of trouble, of industrial depression, however, they come back to the land and to the old family home. The home, even if in the possession of a brother, or a cousin, or an uncle, still gives them a roof over their heads. The land gives them, if nothing more, at least black bread. The same is true to varying degrees of conditions in many, if not most, countries of the old world. There is a connection, a bond, in some cases near, in others

remote, between the factory worker and the land. In times of prosperity this bond is of only sentimental importance. In times of distress, of worklessness, however, it becomes an economic prop of greater or lesser significance and value. In the United States the bond between the factory worker and the man on the land is negligible as far as our largest industrial cities are concerned. . . . When a factory shuts down in an American city three-fourths of the employes, or thereabouts, must find work in another factory within a certain time. When the savings of such workers are eaten up and still there is no job in sight there is nothing but despair and starvation ahead of them. They must appeal to charity, to the municipal lodging house. This detached condition of the workman in our industrial cities is a constant source of worry to him. For he has nothing to fall back on in time of economic stagnation. The individual laborer's willingness to work counts for nothing. . . . The United States commission on industrial relations has been holding hearings in various parts of the country in an effort to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial world. . . . The greatest cause in this country, it may be safely said, is fear—the fear caused by the uncertainty of employment, the fear which comes from the workman's realization of his own helplessness against gigantic capitalistic enterprises, of his doubtful if not dark outlook for the future.



#### Sailors Held as Slaves.

(Andrew Furuseth, in Coast Seamen's Journal.)

In our country seamen are the only persons who may be punished for violation of a civil contract to labor, by being arrested as deserters (except in the domestic trade), detained, and finally delivered back to the ship, or sentenced to a term in prison, for the simple act of quitting the service of an employer. Modern education and this ancient status exist together. The native American, therefore, has left the sea to such an extent that few now remain, and the white man everywhere is leaving because of the taint of slavery which extends, in its influences, even into the exempted portions of the calling. Abolish the slave laws. Let American freedom extend to the decks of the American ship. Let American soil become free for seamen as it is for all other men. Then the United States will have the pick of the world's best seamen, while it is developing a much needed native personnel, a body of native American seamen owing allegiance to our flag and to none other. In short, enact the La Follette Seamen's Bill (S. 136). The hours of labor are discretionary with the owner and master. The seamen must work until exhausted, or go to prison for "disobedience to lawful command." Twelve hours' work every day, seven days a week, at sea, is the minimum often exceeded. In port fifteen to eighteen hours a day, sometimes thirty to forty hours at a stretch, are required. Then the vessel proceeds to sea and, without intervening rest, the men begin their sea watches. Men who work thus are too much exhausted to attend to safety of ship and passengers: Yet in this condition they go to the lookout, to the wheel, and to other work upon which the safety of all depends. Men on shore demand

and often get the eight-hour day and the six-day working week. Seamen ask simply watch and watch at sea (two on deck, three in fireroom) and a nine-hour workday in port, except in emergencies. Such regulations are provided for in Senate bill 136. Are you in favor of abolishing the only remaining slave laws on our statute books? Are you in favor of completing a work begun by Abraham Lincoln more than half a century ago? If so, write your Congressman today and demand action now—at this session of Congress!

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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A. D. 1914.

By Frank Stephens.

The searchlight's sword thrust, blinding bright,  
Stabs thro' the starry summer-night.  
Shrapnel and shell tear shrieking by  
Where late the white doves circled high.  
Gone from the once fair village street  
The lovers' laugh, the childish feet.  
Where Smiled Peace, Life and Hope before  
Red Madness raves,  
—And this is War.

Crushed lies that on the sodden earth  
To which some woman's pangs gave birth.  
Wasted the love, the toll, the care,  
The father-pride, the mother-prayer,  
The baby's hug, the young wife's kiss.  
Now but a nameless, shapeless this  
That from its rotting foulness gory  
Stinks to the flies,  
—And this is Glory.

Where red flames streak the cannon's pall,  
Beside her dead home's smouldering wall,  
She crouches in the ashen dust  
Twin victim of the conqueror's lust.  
Her butchered husband has been shown  
Mercy, beside what she has known—  
Black terror, outrage, burning shame  
That moans for death,  
—And this is Fame.

Wasted upon the barren plain  
The dead Christ's blood drips fresh again.  
A people conquering crown the wrong  
With brutal boast and drunken song.  
A people conquered curse their fate,  
Outraged and ravished, mad with hate  
Some later murder count to tell—  
And this is war,  
—And War is Hell.



Evangelist William R. Hearst appears to think the United States owes it to the Mexicans to show them the Heavenward path. No doubt enough troops, with enough machine guns, could show quite a number of Mexicans the pearly gates.—Craig Ralston.