

for declaring the German advance was a retreat also. Another Socialist organ, the *Volksblatt*, has been permanently suppressed by the military authorities and its editor jailed for a criticism of the military movements. Incidents of this kind now coming to light certainly tend to show that previous reports of the alleged super-loyalty of the German Socialists were mainly fabrications, and that in the quarters which proclaimed this loyalty the loudest, there is the most doubt about it.



Crime and Common Sense.

St. Louis Times, September 26.—Surprise has been expressed because a man who was formerly an inmate of the St. Louis workhouse has been given employment at that institution as a guard. Well, what is the man to do? Is he to remain forever without employment just because he committed an offense—and paid the price for doing so. Or is he to go out on the street and sandbag somebody, so that he may get back into the workhouse as an inmate again, or graduate into the higher institutions of delinquency, such as the jail or the penitentiary? We don't know of anything better for anybody, man or woman, who has once slipped on the steeps which lead to public approval and general usefulness, than employment. Such individuals are not to be bettered by the reading of tracts and the practice of sitting down and meditating upon their sins. If the man in question has a fair proportion of decency and good intention in him, as is not at all incompatible with the dark spot in his record, it is quite probable that he will be a better workhouse guard for having been for a time a workhouse inmate. . . . If he is willing to apply himself conscientiously to the discharge of his duties, it would be a silly and cruel mistake to remove him for no other reason than that his record is not without a flaw.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

SOUNDS ACROSS THE SEA.

For The Public.

"I've sat by the sea the livelong day,
Watching the white sails hold their way
With wind and tide beyond the bay,
But all night long came the booming sound of battle
fray."

"Nay, brother, you've dwelt so long by the sea
That the weird monotone of its wondrous key
Resounds in your ears, and ringing they be
With the ominous strain of its chant, like the shells
cast up on the lee."

"I heard the scream of the shrapnel shell,
The cry of our foes—the 'rebel yell,'—
The blatant bugle resound through the dell,
And distant cannonade like the sound of a muffled
bell."

"Of Gettysburg field you have dreamed again,
Of the surge and sweep, and the battle-strain
Of Pickett's charge across the plain;
Of the whistling bullets and bayonet-thrusts by
which they were slain."

"There was mingling of sounds in the ebb-tide runs,
The battle cry shouts of Belgium's sons—
Or was it a charge of the vengeful Huns?—
And throb on quickening throb of rapid-firing guns."

"'Twas the scream of the tern o'er the midnight
wave,
Seeking her young from the osprey to save;
The roar of the surf in the headland cave
Awakes in your brain the vivid past with its storied
brave."

The night gathered 'round in its deepest cloud,
Its darkness inclosing the twain in its shroud,
While the surf, through the day so stridently loud,
Muffled its tones as one who in infinite sorrow is
bowed.

Through the mists of the deep to their strained ears
Came a faint, piercing sound, like an echo of fears;—
Such a sound as one feels—rather than hears.
Was it the scream of the tern, or the shell;—or the
shriek of a woman in tears?

CHARLES E. BENTON.



THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

By Basil Howard.

"What became of Prinzip (I believe that was his name), the young assassin whose accurate and deadly aim in killing Francis Ferdinand and his consort, doubtless to his utter amazement, has plunged the world in war?" said Wurtzel, carelessly, as he began to arrange the pieces on the chessboard for a game with his friend, a fellow newspaper man. They had seated themselves at a table in a secluded corner of an East Side cafe, behind the vine-covered trellis work on the sidewalk. "In the tremendous import of the events that have followed I have not seen him mentioned."

Ballard, his companion, did not answer—indeed seemed so plunged in profound study he forgot to place his men (the blacks) upon the board, and Wurtzel, having arranged the whites, also, again spoke:

"Why so abstracted? We sat down to play a chess game, but from the expression of your face one would think the fate of the world depended upon your solution of a problem."

"Assassin! yes, so they call him—a madman, too—and I do not know what has become of him. But what if—"

"Well, go on. But what if—"

Ballard remained silent some time, and Wurtzel had begun the game with the Ruy Lopez opening, absently, but seemed waiting for his friend to speak more than for a counter play.

"But what if—one hesitates to conjecture, or at least to express such a conjecture—but what if—" He paused again. Then, gathering courage, he went on: "But what if this so-called assassin foresaw all the events that were to follow the death of Francis Ferdinand, and made up his mind to kill him and pay the price—with his life?"

"You stagger me with such a suggestion, that this man was not an assassin, but a—well, what would you call the fiend from hell that would set millions of men to cutting one another's throats?"

"But what if he foresaw that to this war there could be but one end—the end of all war, universal disarmament, and the establishment of the United States of Europe?—and finally, perhaps, the Federation of the World?"

"Then this assassin would be like the Son of —!" He stopped short, with opening eyes. "Your imagination is truly extravagant!" After a moment Wurtzel continued: "But half or all of these assassins are prepared to sacrifice their own lives, and this young madman, like others, was prepared to die. And you think he foresaw—"

"However tremendous the events that have followed, it is not impossible he foresaw it all—and what is yet to come."

"Do you really mean to say that—" Wurtzel started off, but Ballard broke in:

"From the instant the fatal shot was fired everything that has followed was not only logical, but reasoning from cause to effect, I might say inevitable; and, having followed the game so far, I can myself foresee the end—universal disarmament and the establishment of the United States of—"

"If the Allies win—?" broke in Wurtzel.

"The United States of Europe," continued Ballard, confidently.

"And if, by any possibility, Germany should win?"

"The United States of Europe—there can be but one result."

"If the war should last six months, a year, two years?"

"The higher is piled the war debt—surely not less than twenty billions—the more certain the people are to refuse to again arm and later on fight the war over. They will look for a solution, and there is but one possible solution, the United States of Europe—the boundaries of the different States of Europe being on natural geographical and racial lines."

"But each nation in Europe will resist to the uttermost any attempt to change its present boundaries," objected Wurtzel, "except the change increase its own territory in which to hold a monopoly of trade, and they will require armies to defend this area—everlastingly adding jealousies and friction."

"In other words every nation in Europe de-

mands an increase in the area in which they may exercise *free trade*—to the exclusion of others—and having built these tariff walls they require armies to defend them?" asked Ballard, seeing Wurtzel was opening a way to be surrounded.

"Exactly," said Wurtzel, confidently, feeling that he had won the argument however willingly he would have lost it.

"Then every nation in Europe is fighting for *free trade*?" asked Ballard.

"No; for the extension of its protective tariff walls—" Wurtzel was hesitating, not certain of his own position.

"Go on," said Ballard; "go on—to increase the area in which to—" he paused.

"*Trade freely!*" Wurtzel fell in, wonderingly, as he began faintly to realize his own argument had been shaken.

Ballard remained silent a moment that the point of Wurtzel's forced admission might sink in.

"And if there were no tariff walls between the various States of Europe," said Ballard, "each would have all they are now unconsciously fighting for—the continent of Europe as a market! Each would govern itself as it does now, and the continent of Europe would be like—"

"The United States of America—oh, the United States of Europe! I see it, I see it!" Wurtzel exclaimed in joyous surprise, rising from the table, utterly beside himself. "Something I have dreamed of all my life!"

He did not speak for some time as the great truth that had dawned upon him was being more firmly grasped in his reason. Regaining somewhat his composure he resumed his seat at the table.

"What a simple solution of a world problem!" he said at last. "The rulers and statesmen of Europe have been as blind as I! What a seeming paradox! That every nation in Europe is unconsciously fighting for freer trade—seventeen million men cutting each other's throats to break down trade walls—for something they could have for nothing!"

"Yes," said Ballard, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them for nothing—for restricted trade that would isolate them all, carried to its logical conclusion, would destroy all commerce!"

"Seventeen million men," repeated Wurtzel, "fighting for something they could have for nothing, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them!"

But Ballard remained silent, and Wurtzel continued:

"But insane national and racial jealousies as to loss of nationality and the location of the capital—Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna or Rome—would prevent a union such as ours, Florida exchanging what she produces cheapest for what

New York produces cheapest; as Italy should with Germany, France with Russia. But they would all fear loss of nationality."

"There would be no loss of nationality, and there need be no capital at all! Just meet at The Hague, abolish the Tariff Walls and go home! The war would be over."

Wurtzel seemed doubting. "But with a world gone mad with war, who would stop to think? Did every nation in Europe in congress assembled at The Hague abolish the Tariff tomorrow, would not the war be fought to its bitter end?"

"The war would cease immediately. It would be absolutely impossible to continue it. I defy you to suggest the faintest purpose any nation would have to continue the war after the Tariff Walls had been destroyed. The soldiers of all countries would shoulder their guns—or throw them away—and start home. Seventeen million men would start for their respective countries over flower-strewn roads lined with happy, deliriously happy women and children in what had been the enemy's country, and war would be no more—destruction, desolation and death to be succeeded by a world of work and wealth!"

"It is not possible that I could continue this game," said Wurtzel, as he gathered up the chess from the board, "even had you made a play and were willing to continue. I find myself engaged in such amazing speculation—I seem to have discovered a new world—a game of chess would be puerile—"

But Ballard, interrupting him as they rose from the table, said:

"I suppose you doubt the possibility that Prinzip might have foreseen—" Ballard hesitated. "*You know there is only one possible end to the war, no matter who wins, and Prinzip—*"

"Here, come dine with me at 'The Boulevard,'" said Wurtzel, "and I'll listen to your theory of Prinzip, while you in turn shall know of the great military mistake of the Kaiser and his advisers."

Ballard seemed stunned. "I wonder if you, too, have discovered the tremendous blunder of the Kaiser—for he could have had all the world with him instead of against him!"



THE WARLUST AND THE SCAVENGER.

For The Public.

The sun in Europe plainly shone,
Shone with a wholesome light,
Doing its very best to keep
The men and crops all right.
And this was not so odd because
It was its nature quite.

The Warlust and the Scavenger
Displayed a slight caprice.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of peace.

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "our woe would cease."

"If seven corps and seven more
Stormed it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Warlust said,
" 'Twould make a decent smear? "
"I doubt it," said the Scavenger,
And made an ugly leer.

"Oh Armies, come and shoot for us,"
The Warlust did command.
"Let fighting reign in hot campaign.
Come wield the firebrand.
Let humans kill and brothers spill
The blood of every land."

The wiser armies shook their heads
Which was their sole reply.
They did not wish to draw their swords
Without a reason why.
"It's very nice to live," they thought,
"And pretty tough to die."

But four young armies fell in line
And then another four.
And thick and fast they came at last
With guns of every bore.
Their faces, hands and uniforms
All dripping red with gore.

The Warlust and the Scavenger
Enjoyed the murderous spree.
And every time an army fell,
They laughed in fiendish glee.
"This kind of thing," the Warlust said,
"Always appeals to me."

"Now Armies," said the Scavenger,
"It's getting late, I fear."
"Shall we be starting back for home?"
No answer reached his ear.
And this was scarcely odd because
None was alive to hear.

ELLIS O. JONES.

BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY IN FICTION

Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.40 net.

Professor Robert Herrick, one of our most thoughtful American novelists, has evinced a tendency recently to bring the background of his stories more into the center of interest. In other words he has ceased to focus entirely on the human conflict and has thrown the light of a warm interest on the social conditions and problems which form the back drop against which the human story plays itself out. Whether the artistic quality of his work has profited thereby we need not consider here. It is always a dangerous thing for a fiction writer to do, and Prof. Herrick has