

HORRORS OF WAR.

From *The Wine Press* by Alfred Noyes.

Mown down! Mown down! Mown down! Mown down!

They staggered in sheets of fire,
They reeled like ships in a sudden blast,
And shreds of flesh went spattering past,
Like fiends from hell—Retire!

The tall young men, the tall young men,
That were so fain to die,
It was not theirs to question,
It was not theirs to reply.

They had broken their hearts on the cold machines;
And—they had not seen their foe;
And the reason of this butcher's work
It was not theirs to know;
For these tall young men were children
Five short years ago.

Headlong, headlong, down the hill,
They leapt across their dead.
Like madmen, wrapped in sheets of flame,
Yelling out of their hell they came,
And, in among their plunging hordes,
The shrapnel burst and spread.

The shrapnel severed the leaping limbs
And shrieked above their flight,
They rolled and plunged and writhed like snakes
In the red hill-brooks and the blackthorn brakes,
Their mangled bodies tumbled like elves
In a wild Walpurgis night.

Slaughter! Slaughter! Slaughter!
The cold machines whirled on.
And strange things crawled among the wheat
With entrails dragging round their feet,
And over the foul red shambles
A fearful sunlight shone.

BOOKS

THE POETRY OF DEMOCRACY.

The Uncommon Commoner and Similar Songs of Democracy. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Published by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York. 1913. Price, \$1.50.

This is the Democracy, not of school or party, but of the "Uncommon Commoner" claiming citizenship in the Country of the Soul. There is not a note in these songs that does not ring with the power and joy of truth simply and strongly expressed. The poet's thought strikes down to the deep heart of every subject that it touches, with no taint of sickly sentimentality and no strained effort at poetic phrasing though the sounding rhythm of these songs of democracy holds an arresting charm not found in the aimless verse of some of our sweetest singers.

In one of the terse, pregnant sentences at the

front of each poem Mr. Cooke asks: "What is poetry? Is it not seeing the commonplace thing in the uncommonplace way?" And this uncommon but delightful faculty is displayed in a surprising manner to the conventional reader of the "Songs of Time and Place" and of "Struggle and Strength," with the plea of "Labor," and the taunt of "Thanksgiving," which possibly have never been regarded from the poet's viewpoint. The folk who plod along in the accustomed rut of opinion on vital matters will be wholesomely moved by suggestions swinging in ringing measures through this handsome volume which is heartily commended to the attention of all seekers of original poetry that says something.

A. L. M.



CREDIT.

The Credit System. By W. G. Langworthy Taylor. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 1913. Price, \$2.25 net.

This book, says the author in the preface, "explains what credit is, what it does and how it works." Incidentally, it discusses many more or less related problems, including the functions of coined and paper money, interest, high and low prices, crises, bimetalism and others.

Throughout the book the author reiterates and emphasizes the statement that "money is the alternative, it is, on special occasions, the substitute for credit; credit is not the substitute for money." "Credit is manifestly the more important instrument of the two, for reserve is only held against a contingency, in case the promise-fabric crumble for a moment and men be compelled to resort to more primitive circumstances and procedure." In almost all cases, he reminds us, "an economic promise is fulfilled, not by payment, but by liquidation."

Crisis comes because goods do not realize the values expected, and the obligations contracted on the strength of such expectations cannot be met; then, if they cannot be renewed, if actual payment is demanded, we soon have ample evidence of the fact that, normally, "the circulating medium is credit"; "indebtedness is the indispensable tool of economic production and traffic."

In discussing interest, Professor Taylor finds that the prominent schools, that is to say, that of Bohm-Bawerk and the productivity school, as represented by Professor Clark, are not in such conflict as their disciples seem to think.

His argument against bimetalism will hardly convert the supporters of that theory, and the advocates of government paper money will probably insist that their various schemes can be differentiated from those which, in the past, have met disaster.

The Singletax is classed with free silver, anti-trust acts, pure food inspection, rate regulation

and some other propositions and measures, which, the author says, contain "elements of usefulness but are too frequently offered as panaceas."

The references at the end of each "part" of the book furnish a very comprehensive reading guide for anyone who wishes to pursue the subject or any of its branches, or to test the author's statements or conclusions. Prof. Taylor makes not even the most modest allusion to this feature of his work, but it deserves notice and will surely be appreciated by students.

WILLIAM E. McKENNA.

PAMPHLETS

The Singletax.

The Chicago Singletax Club, 508 Schiller Building, Chicago, has just issued a pamphlet (The Singletax. By E. J. Batten. Price 5 cents, 12 copies 40 cents, 100 copies \$1.50) of a few pages rich in the kind of information which one should be ready to impart to the person whose interest in the Singletax has just been awakened, or to the one whose interest it is desired to awaken. It tells what the Singletax is, what has been accomplished by the slight applications of its principle in various places, what it will do if completely applied, and what practical methods appear to be the best way to get it. There are some figures given which even the veteran Singletaxer will find worth studying. Such a one will find the case for the Singletax to be stronger than he imagined, on noting the fact that land values in Chicago's business section amount to \$427,704,305, while building values are only \$106,579,431. Then there is a condensed up-to-date account of the practical progress of the movement, and an account of movements under way. While many of its illustrations are drawn from local sources it is a bit of propaganda literature that will be valuable anywhere.

S. D.

A small boy had been given a penny with a hole in it. Handing it to a still smaller companion, he said:

"Jimmie, I dare you to go into that store and buy something with this penny."

Jimmie was quite willing. Entering boldly, he said:

"I want a doughnut." And, taking it, he hastily presented the penny.

"Here," said the clerk, "this penny has a hole in it."

"So has the doughnut," announced Jimmy, triumphantly holding it up.—Dellneator.

Hans and Fritz, two small boys, had gone to the rink to skate. Hans' overcoat hampered him and he wanted to get rid of it. The German coat-room person does not check your coat unless you pay your fee. The fee was only a penny, but Hans did not have the penny. He was at a loss.

"Huh! it's dead easy," spoke up Fritz. "Give me

your overcoat. I'll take it to the man at the checking place and say I found it. He'll put it away. When you are ready to go home you go to him and ask if anybody has turned a lost overcoat in to him. Then, of course, you'll get yours."—New York Evening Post.

A teachers' meeting was in progress, and it was decided that the more difficult subjects should come in the morning, and those that required less application later in the day. History was last on the list, and Miss Wheeler, the young teacher, protested.

"But it certainly is easier than science or mathematics," the principal insisted.

"As I teach it," replied the young teacher, "no subject could be more difficult and confusing."—Lippincott's.

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Dublin are two huge dogs carved out of granite.

An Englishman going by in a motor thought he would have some fun with the Irish driver.

"How often, Jack, do they feed those two dogs?" "Whenever they bark, sir," was the straightforward reply.—Truth Seeker.

Stranger—"Upon what plan are your city institutions conducted?"

Citizen—"A sort of let-George-do-it system—without any George."—Puck.

"My dear old fellow! What's the matter? The sea's like a duck-pond!"

"I know, old boy—but I've taken six—different remedies."—Punch.

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Los Angeles, Calif. Home Rule in Taxation League, 516 American Bank Building. Visitors in Los Angeles are invited to make the League their headquarters.

An Important Capitalization

An encouraging but somewhat mushy fact daily stares a radical in the face nowadays: almost everyone is at least courteously sympathetic with his advanced ideas.

Suppose you capitalize that sympathy to the extent of a dime a throw. See the last page.