

final success of the revolution. Vigilance is still needed in Mexico to secure its dearly bought liberty.

S. D.



JUDGMENT TIME FOR "CROWNED CRIMINALS."

The poor enslaved masses of Europe dare not speak, so let us speak for them. Those whose wretched bodies are today food for cannon are dumb, but the crimson streams that flow from their lacerated flesh shall run crying "Mercy!" to all the children of men. Those wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths, now open their ruby lips to beg the voice and utterance of the tongues of men, and this speaking calls for the demolition of every rotten throne and vengeance upon the crowned hellions who use men as pawns and nine-pins.

Let us not forget that we, too, have stalking about our land a "robustious, perriwig fellow," whose blatant tongue cries for increased armament upon American shores and armed vessels to sail the seas.

Let us blush that we have two members of the cabinet of a peace-loving President base enough to ask that our army and navy shall be increased in efficiency and power until their strength shall awe the world.

At this moment, however, the advocates of this infamous doctrine are silent. With Europe's streams running red with blood; with her industries languishing; with already weeping orphans and widows in despair; with the achievements of a half century of peace scattered to the winds and civilization set back a thousand years—surely that doctrine reeking with the bloody filth from deep, dark pits of shame, has received its death-blow. For let us not forget that all these nations have pursued that savage policy. For decades these nations, under the lead of the "war lord" of Germany, have been preparing for peace by increasing and perfecting the implements of war. Let us remember the infamous lie and fully know that to increase armaments and amass munitions of war is the greatest incitement to war. That is the inevitable effect of the policy of the war gods.

Oh, shame! Oh, infamy unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Is not this treachery of crowned heads of no concern to us? Does it not menace our peace, our health and our prosperity? Do we not pay for it, as well as must the enslaved masses of Europe who for a hundred years to come shall groan under the heavy load?

The answer is already seen in the increased cost of our living that was already distressing. It is seen in the ruination of our import trade—a calamity (to all but the protective tariff advocate, who is not supposed to see very much of anything that requires thought). But worse than these, it is seen in the black cloud that enshrouds the mind of the world.

Yet, let us not despair. It was Emerson who said, "Every thought thrown into the world will modify the world." So let the democratic spirit of the world center its power of thought upon the idea that when another decade shall have passed into history every detested crowned head of Europe shall have disappeared. I would not speak as Cromwell did of Charles I, "We shall take off his crown and with the crown his head, but rather in that more civilized speech of the aged Conventioneer in *Les Misérables*, "I would vote the death of the king, but not the man."

Yes, I believe this horrible world catastrophe will awake a world-democracy that shall overthrow every crowned head, and over the portals of the federation of nations shall inscribe the rights of man. If this horror cannot arouse the Spirit of Democracy to such achievement, what in the name of righteous heaven can do it?

However, if such be not accomplished, the world will, at least, as a lesson learned from this dark day, agree upon universal disarmament. Therefore let not America indulge in the dangerous folly of increasing hers.

LAURIE J. QUINBY.



THE GLORY OF CONQUEST.

During long and bloody centuries following the discovery of America, the English-speaking people and their descendants have succeeded in doing two very wonderful things; namely—they have *tamed the buffalo* and *civilized the Indian*. It has been a long, wearisome, home-breaking, heart-breaking, murderous process, but it seems to have been successful, from at least *one* point of view; that is, it has *succeeded*, and nothing is thought to succeed like success, though the *measure* of the commodity differs very greatly in the opinions of different persons.

If you do not believe that the buffalo is tamed, go to the few zoological gardens of the world in which that noble animal is now confined and see if the remnants of his race are not thoroughly subjugated. You look through the bars that would hardly hold a good Holstein bullock, and there you find this monarch of the plains, tamed and con-

fined, with barely enough energy left to tackle a bundle of hay. Thousands of his race were thoroughly tamed by leaden pills administered from the rear end of an overland train. So well were they tamed that they could never remove from the blistering plains their wonderful robes of fur which the white man did not then think it worth his while to take, but for which he is now willing to pay from \$100 to \$150 apiece. That is the way the buffalo was tamed, and it certainly is an accomplishment of which we should, as a race, be *thoroughly ashamed*.

The moose will soon be tamed in the same manner and his noble front will no longer be seen in the forests of the north, but will be found only, as is that of the buffalo, on the shoulders of a disgusted old specimen moping around the worn sod of a zoological garden, or adorning, with glass eyes, the walls of some museum or the parlor of some private collector.

And as to the civilization of the Indian, that has been completely and thoroughly accomplished. He has been driven from sea-board to sea-board, over mountains, through forests, across desert places, into and out of lava beds, and, at last, the few noble remnants of his race are called together in New York City to witness the beginning of a monument erected not so much to their former greatness as we might wish, but more to the "civilization," the degradation, and the practical annihilation of their people. These few representatives of a passing race are made the chief mourners at their own funeral, are given high places in the spectacle which bears testimony to the power, the wealth, and the conscienceless greed of their despoilers.

Their villages are silent, their hunting grounds are destroyed, and their valleys bare. We have laid waste their possessions and pursued them with fire and sword to a degree that should make the few remaining members of the race cherish an undying hatred against those who have introduced nothing but turmoil, commotion and disturbance into their lives.

In southwestern United States lives a tribe of Indians known to the world as the "Quaker Indians," or, more properly, the Moqui Indians. For a long, long while they were under the dominion of the Spanish nation and consequently learned many of their habits and practices, though the Spaniards made no effort to do anything with them further than to Christianize them or to teach them the principles of their religion. When these Indians came under the domination of our Repub-

lic, we at once began our practices upon them. We herded them together like sheep, and like sheep did we shear them. We interfered with their mode of living; we destroyed their mode of worship and desecrated their altars; and all this did we do in the name of "civilization" and "sanitation." Civilization! and Sanitation! O, ye Gods! with the Augean Stables in our back yard.

And for all that we have done to the Red Man, mostly wrong, what does he get? His image placed upon some of our paper money and his noble visage upon our five-cent pieces, in order that it may be a constant reminder to him of the millions of dollars of which we have robbed him.



As the few Indian chiefs who attended the recent ceremonies connected with the laying of the foundation of the great Indian monument, which is to look eastward over the Atlantic, glance upon its lengthened shadow in the setting sun, *may they not* consider it typical of the shadow that the white man has thrown over their possessions until they had been driven almost into the opposite sea, the Pacific, and all in the interests of "civilization."

If rapine and murder and a reckless disregard of human rights are to follow in the wake of civilization, would it not be better if the races we seek to civilize could live in the primitive enjoyment of their natural rights? Truly we are a wonderful people. We have *tamed the buffalo* and *civilized the Indian*, till the last of their kind are now walking the face of the globe with no place to call their home. And as a fitting emblem of these glorious, these wonderful achievements, that reflect so much credit upon our nation, a Christian nation that hesitates about expunging from its coins the motto, "In God We Trust," and to show the character of the god in which we *do* trust, we place upon the altar of Mammon a "nickel," a five-cent piece, one of the most paltry of our coins, bearing upon its two sides the images of his most acceptable sacrifices—the Buffalo and the Indian.

HOWARD E. RANDALL.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE EXIT OF HUERTA.

Mexico, Aug. 3.

On the night of Wednesday, July 15, the news that the presidential special, with a convoy of troop trains, had passed Orizaba en route to Puerto Mexico was wired back to Mexico City. During Thursday wild rumors were in circulation which were discussed in whispers for fear of another hoax, by which Huerta might hope to get some more of his