

is different in the important matter of dyestuffs and other industrial chemicals, for which we have depended on Germany, and some of which are patented. Are our patent laws to prevent us from supplying ourselves with these? Of course the alien patentees may not take the dog-in-the-manger attitude feared by the Wisconsin man. If they should then it is evident that our patent laws are too "protective," and should be changed. Any assertion that we should go without necessary things because alien patentees cannot now supply them is intolerable.



Hearst On His Good Ship "Piffle."

The Star (San Francisco), Sept. 12.—By concentrated effort one can imagine Joe Cannon working for the initiative and referendum, or Brother Taft advocating recall of the Judiciary, or Roosevelt supporting the Wilson administration, or Kaiser Wilhelm advocating popular government in Germany. But is there any imagination that can bear the strain of imagining Hearst sincerely working for peace? Aesop's fables are still the best that have been written, but Aesop could have turned out better ones if he had known the Chief of Fakers, William Randolph Hearst.



Russian Censorship in the United States.

The Truth Seeker (New York), Sept. 5.—The indictment of Margaret H. Sanger, editor of the Woman Rebel, gives added point to our warning with regard to the perils in the path of freedom of expression in our country. The impatient and (as we conceive them) shortsighted representatives of certain elements in the radical movement. . . . seem to us blind enough as to underlying causes and the need of fundamental education in the direction of mental emancipation, which will lead to peaceful change in the right direction; but their error is more than overmatched by the rank stupidity of the constituted authorities, in pouring oil on the flames of social discontent by their arbitrary intermeddling with the expression of grievances, be they real or imaginary. The Woman Rebel is frankly opposed to conditions as they are, and circulates among those of like mind, who are assuredly entitled to an organ of their opinions, right or wrong. Its editor has not been engaged in any plot looking toward a violent assault on the existing order, but has commented, as was her right, on what others have done. If she chose to see heroic character in certain rebellious spirits, who may or may not have been planning violence when overtaken by the catastrophe which destroyed them, that again was a matter of her point of view, and not an incitement of others to any form of outbreak. . . . It is no more a crime to praise Arthur Caron than to praise the German Kaiser or General Villa. All is in the point of view. . . . We believe that democracy is sufficiently robust to stand unlimited criticism and all the revolutionary talk that can be put forth. If our hopes are disappointed, it will be solely because the government of the United States is not sufficiently democratic to believe in itself, and to grant equal liberty of expression to all.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

MOTHERS OF MEN AWAKE!

For The Public.

For ev'ry rifle shot an echoing sigh,
For ev'ry drop of blood an answering tear,
Men bleed—a thousand witnesses are by,
But widows moan when only God may hear.

Mothers of Men, awake! Teach all your sons
No duty calls them to accept war's gage—
To face the battle roar and feed hell's guns —
All wars are waged to buttress Privilege!

No country needs to offer up its youth
On Mammon's altar for war's specious wage.
Mothers! Teach all your sons this solemn truth—
All wars are waged to buttress Privilege.

No powder need be burned to teach the right;
Justice and reason rouse us not to rage;
War lord and land lord urge us on to fight,
All wars are waged to buttress Privilege!

Love for all men alone may make us free;
This truth we learn from prophet, seer and sage,
There is no right in any war's decree;
All wars are waged to buttress Privilege!

For ev'ry rifle shot an echoing sigh,
For ev'ry drop of blood an answering tear;
Men bleed—a thousand witnesses are by—
But widows moan when only God is near.

WILL ATKINSON.



JOYS OF LIFE.

From a Private Letter Written By a Young
Business Man in the Far West.

The thing I chiefly like about business is the busy part. I like to think and act under pressure. Emergencies, quick decisions, resourceful lines of action, all appeal to me. The perfect system and order I also like. The utmost accuracy and efficiency all about me, and the systematic handling of work, please me. Incidentally, I gain a living from my business, and this is such a pressing necessity that I am kept at the wheel pretty constantly.

I don't like a big city. To know everybody, their children and the names of their dogs, is the delight of my existence. I love people—not to study beneath a microscope, but to mingle with, play with and sympathize with. I like to know people in all walks of life. I like to play chess with a millionaire lumberman, and I like to go deep into the virgin forests with an idealist—provided he is democratic (I use a small "d") and a "good scout."