THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR

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The Hell-broth of the next European war is simmering in the Ruhr Valley.

The situation recalls the witch scene from (*Shakespeare's*) Macbeth.

By giving the witches proper names we have a perfect picture of these "Weird Sisters" in action:

GREED, 1st Witch:
Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw—
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

ALL:
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron bubble.

AGGRESSION, 2nd Witch:
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

BOLSHEVISM, 3rd Witch:
Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digged in the dark;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Silvered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab—
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL:
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and couldron bubble.

REVOLUTION, 4th Witch:
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Enchanting all that you put in.

It is only a question of time when these secret, black and midnight hags will untie the winds of strife; let loose the yesterday wave of hate, confound and swallow up all the ships of Peace. Then will the castles of Hope topple on their warders' heads, and the palaces and pyramids of civilization slope their towers to their foundations, and all the treasures tumble together in ruin, even till destruction sickens.

Ever since the Armistice was signed these black and midnight hags have been laying in a supply of "poisoned entrails," "gathering sweltered venom" and digging "hemlock*) in the dark." Under their influence diplomats have spoken with the forked tongue of "adders," and the fairest words of statesmen have concealed the "blind-worm's sting." In the "gruel, thick and slab," may now plainly be seen "nose of Turk and Tartar's lips," with "tiger's chaudron," entwining fingers of "birth-strangled babes, ditch-delivered" by these hags and doomed to season hell-broth for dogs of war.

Bewitched by Greed, inspired by lust of power and gain, France has torn to "scraps of paper," the monstrous treaty which she dictated at Versailles. This barbarous instrument, by demanding the impossible, made the restoration of Europe hopeless. It was deliberately designed to disarm, dismember and destroy Germany.

After robbing Germany of Alsace-Lorraine, the richest section of Silesia, the Saar Valley, taking her colonial possessions, and denying her equal access to the marts of the world, the victors demanded for reparations the staggering sum of $89,250,000,000.

Germany had financed a four years' war against the Allied nations of the world.

This alone would have brought her to the verge of economic disaster, even if she had won the fight.

Her enemies, with infinitely greater resources, pooled the cost of war, but Victory found them practically bankrupt and unable to pay their debts.

Great Britain, the richest of the Allied nations, asked and has been given sixty years in which to pay a loan of $5,000,000,000 to the Uuited States.

*) A poisonous herb.

France has not even offered to pay the $3,000,000,000 she borrowed from us in her day of dire distress. Many of her statesmen openly boast that she never intends to pay a cent.

Italy deigns to mention her debt of more than a billion dollars, but says she cannot pay.

The Bolsheviks have never even thought of paying back the billions we loaned Russia to keep the Austrian army and the Eastern legions of Von Hindenburg from joining in the great German drive on Paris and Dunkirk.

America finally got into the fight with 2,000,000 soldiers at a cost to herself of more than $20,000,000,000.

We helped the Allies win, and got nothing for our sacrifice of men and money, except French ingratitude.

The victorious Allies divided the spoils of war, but France and Italy are ready to repudiate their debt to a friend, while Great Britain, willing to pay, must have sixty years in which to meet her obligation.

As passion cooled, reason compelled the Reparation Commission to reduce their demand from $89,250,000,000 to $67,000,000,000, and again to $31,416,000,000, while at the final conference the British and American members agreed that Germany could not pay more than $21,000,000,000. France refused to consider less than $30,000,000,000. She broke with her Allies and decided to invade Germany alone. This, too, in defiance of the provision of the treaty that such action could not be taken except by unanimous vote. Sir John Bradbury, the British member, refused to make it unanimous, which makes French seizure of the Ruhr Valley nothing less than criminal aggression. The American member, Mr. Boyden, entered a protest, but had no vote.

In view of services rendered in dire distress, France was under everlasting obligation to heed the advice and admonition of the United States and Great Britain.

But for Great Britain, when the war broke out in 1914, the Kaiser would have marched straight to Paris for his Christmas dinner. America would have had no part in the great war, and the debt in question could not have been contracted. French statesmen would have been compelled to settle with the Kaiser on his terms. By the valor of her soldiers and at staggering cost Great Britain prolonged the struggle until America entered the fray with her unlimited resources of men and money, which forever put an end to Germany's hope for victory.

In view of these FACTS, the defiance of France was a monstrous exhibition of ingratitude never paralleled in the history of nations.

From the day the armistice was signed France has dreamed of vengeance, aggression, invasion, annexation, loot, plunder and murder.

This is why she demanded the disarmament of Germany, a condition never before imposed upon a great nation. Coupled with her impossible demands, it would make conquest of Germany inevitable and hazardless. In consenting to this program, Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson made their greatest mistake. They gave Chaos the right of way in Europe and engulfed nations in a maelstrom of misery and despair. They scattered the dragon teeth of Bolshevism over all the fertile fields of Central Europe. When hope dies no power can prevent Mars from reaping from this sowing his greatest harvest of blood and tears.

The whole world should rise in protest against France for invading a defenceless people in time of peace.

With flying banners, rattling drums, earthquake guns, fleets of armored tanks, bristling bayonets and naked swords, "chivalrous" France is marching against a helpless, ruined and unarmed nation. One step will lead to another, untill driven by hunger and despair outraged Germany will convert her tools of industry into implements of war, unfurl the black banner of Bolshevism, pull down the gates of perdition and invite all the legions of Hell to the Red carnival. Trotzky and his Russian millions are waiting for the signal to help Germany make Europe safe for sovietism. In such a cause Bolshevik armies will fight with the spirit of the crusaders.

Every sane person admits that Germany ought to pay — to the extent of her ability; ought to pay the price of defeat, but nobody but a barbarian wants her to pay the price of slavery. She inflicted great injury upon France and Belgium, which she ought to help repair, but the ruin wrought by her guns in war's wild rage is not greater than the ruin inflicted upon her by the Versailles treaty.

The value of the mark at the present rate of exchange is practically nil. A hundred thousand marks, formerly $24,800, is now worth $2.40. A million marks, formerly about $240,000, can now be bought for $24.00. German people who had toiled and saved for fifty years, who thought they had enough to carry them to the grave, find their savings wiped out. German shells that fell upon the cities and homes of Northern France never wrought more complete destruction of values. They left the land. Note this vital difference: German depredations were confined to the battle fields, while the economic shells fired from Versailles have fallen like hail upon every home in Germany.

Go back as far as you please; go back until every ship of state is a pirate craft, every ensign of sovereignty a black flag, and every statesman a bloody butcher, but you will not find a single instance since Civilization's dawn where the victors disarmed the vanquished or trampled them in the dust and blood of defeat, denying them the right to rise — to hope — to look the sun in the face — to dream of regaining a proud place among the nations of the world.

Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson told the German people that if they would discard their Kaiser, repudiate Prussianism, and establish a Republic they would be treated fairly. They were taken at their word, but the Monarchy could not have fared worse than has the Republic at the hands of the victors.

France is now doing to Germany exactly what her statesmen*) *pretended***) to believe that the Kaiser intended to do to France.

What would have been wrong for the Kaiser cannot be right for Poincare. What would have been hellish for Germany cannot be angelic for France.

Those who condemned Germany for what they believed was her intentions cannot approve the crime of France, without branding themselves as brazen frauds and infernal hypocrites.

When the Kaiser's terrible Uhlans swept over Belgium and the northern fields of France, spreading terror, destruction and death far and wide, I longed to see his power broken and his pride in the dust.

His mighty legions — the greatest, finest and best equipped soldiers that ever carried a banner to glory and the grave, held the world at bay for nearly four years, but they could not win my applause. They did not march against an unarmed nation in time of peace. Their proud plumes, polished helmets and gaping guns did not mock a helpless people in ruin. They risked their lives; they challenged death; they could kill and be killed. What they did called for courage, but it requires no courage to invade a country that is without means of defence.

*) That is, the statesmen of France.
**) Italics are ours.

I was against Germany when she invaded France. I am against France now. The invasion of France was war. The invasion of Germany is a crimson crime.

Not since Christ died on Calvary has there been a time *when it was more important for Christians to enter a united protest against the rape of nations**)*. The action of France gives them one more chance to make their influence felt for justice, world peace and humanity.

The eyes of God and the nations are upon them.

*If they refuse to speak now, let them forever hold their tongues.**)*

Let France beware!

The dogs of war, when last unleashed, were mild and kind to what they will be when next their bloody teeth are fleshed in the white throat of Civilization. Fed on hate and hunger and driven to madness by misery and despair, they will know no mercy.

In the last war men thought they were fighting for peace — for security — for liberty — and were inspired by hope of a brighter and better future. They have been disillusioned. Versailles disarded Wilson's fourteen points and slammed the door in the face of Peace. Discord and Chaos took command of nations. Their minions wrecked every subsequent conference called to thwart the impending disaster.

The storm of war about to break in Europe and the Far East may start between France and Germany. It will end in a war of classes. Men will fight to destroy a Civilization that could not prevent the catastrophe. They will thrust their swords to the hilt in every institution and form of Government associated with the cause of their misery and madness.

When the world war started there was plenty of money and credits that insured food, shelter and clothing for the wives, children and aged parents of the soldier in the field. He gladly and bravely endured privation, danger, misery and wounds for their sakes. If hell breaks loose now, he must leave them to die of starvation, cold and pestilence. That will make it easy for him to become a human tiger.

The French invasion of Germany her hypocritical efforts to fool the Turk and deceive Great Britain, have brought Europe to the brink of the abyss.

Unless Fate brings to the front some man of the hour, either in France, Great Britain or America, some man brave enough to speak and big enough to prevent the stroke that is about to fall, A. D. 1923 will witness such a tragedy as the world nas never known.

*) Italics are ours.

The fact that we reprint this article does not mean that we endorse everyone of its statements. The following proposition, contained in the article, reads like a self-evident truth:

> "Every sane person admits that Germany ought to pay—to the extent of her ability; ought to pay the price of defeat..... She inflicted great injury upon France and Belgium, which she ought to help repair...."

The author expects every sane person to admit it; he must have reasons, *true facts*, not fictions and assertions, on which he bases his own convictions. We have closely followed the history of the great war and watched its coming and the causes that led up to it for more than 25 years previous to it. But we cannot discover the reasons which would justify the above statement. Will the Iconoclast favor us and the world with these facts and their true history? We are open to conviction.

ST PETERS BOTE.

Ist die Vivisektion von Tieren verwerflich?

Kardinal Daugherty von Philadelphia teate neulich in einem Briefe an die Chirurgen der Universitäten Harvard, Yale und Princeton seine Ansichten über die von manchen Seiten bekämpfte Vivisektion wieder. Der Brief wurde in der Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für wissenschaftliche Untersuchung veröffentlicht und lautet u. a. wie folgt: „Man hat mich um meine Ansicht bezüglich der Vivisektion befragt. Ich erachte es als zwecklos, zu betonen, daß ich mit Ihnen und allen anderen ein Feind irgend welcher Art von Grausamkeit bin, daß ich jeden Mißbrauch der Vivisektion, soweit sie den niedrigen Lebewesen unnötige Schmerzen verursacht, lebhaft bedaure. Doch wie sie heute angewandt wird zu fortschreitender medizinischer Untersuchung, scheint mir wenigstens diese Vivisektion nicht nur einwandfrei, sondern sogar lobenswert zu sein. Seit der Erfindung von betäubenden Mitteln und mit dem Gebrauch antiseptischer Methoden ist sie übrigens praktisch schmerzlos geworden. Zudem sind Tiere dieser Art in vieler Beziehung besser daran als Arbeitstiere oder wilde Tiere, da sie gut gefüttert und untergebracht sind. Entsprechend dem Naturgesetz sind ja auch die weniger vollkommenen Arten der geschaffenen Dinge für die höheren da. So dient die Erdscholle der Pflanze; das Pflanzenreich aber befriedigt die Wünsche des Tieres; und endlich das Tier und a fortiori alle übrigen Dinge sind zum Nutzen des Menschen da, der eben durch zur Verherrlichung Gottes erschaffen ist. Wenn es nun aber erlaubt ist, niedrige Lebewesen zu verletzen, zu töten, mit der Gesundheit wiederherzustellen, das Leben zu verlängern oder selbst Vergnügen daraus zu gewinnen, um wieviel mehr darf da der Mann der Wissenschaft für das allgemeine Wohl solche Experimente vornehmen! Die Tiere selbst schuld u ja der Vivisektion auch großen Dank; denn viele Tierkrankheiten, die früher den Tieren viel zu schaffen machten, sind infolge der Vivisektion heute unter Kontrolle gestellt.

Am Klavier.

Wohltätig ist der Gitte Macht,
Wenn sie die Schal'n spielt bedacht,
Und kommt sie je zur Weise Schaft,
So dankt sie's dieser Himmelskraft.
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Tonart sich entrafft,
Einherrast auf der eig'nen Spur,
Die freie Tochter der Melodie nur!
Weh, wenn sich losgelassen,
Zerschellend wild in Hopernoun,
Durch die schwarz und weißen Tasten
Wütet der Schal'n dürre Hand!
Aber magst Finger fassen
Wie, wie vorgeschriebener Band
Dem Tonen entquellen Ton
Wie Gestöhne,
Denn gebraucht wird ohne Wahl
Das Beil.
Hat ihn's gleich in Hebende?
Nein, nein, nein!
Nur wie Blut
Ist der Finger —
Das ist der Begeist'rung Gut!
Ohne Zügel,
Angst heut, als gäb' es Mode,
Durch der Noten lange Reihe
Hetzt sie fort mit Wonneschrei!
Rechend, wie aus Nöten Raden,
Glüht der Mond; Pferde fressen
Und dazwischen fallen Noten
Zuhauenweise auf den Boden.
Triller schwirren,
Saiten klirren,
Forte Piano, Mezzo forte —
Alles kommt am falschen Ort
Durch der Laute lange Reihe
Um die Wette
Flieh'n die angestrengten Hände
Durch Triolen und Mordente
Quälen sie sich ohne Ende.
Mühsam wird der Takt gesucht —
Und als wollt' sie, nimmer müde,
Mit sich fort der Erde Wucht
Reißen in gewalt'ger Flucht,
Spielt sie fort, weil die Erde
Riesengroß,
Hoffnungslos,
Denn das Weib kennt keine Schonung —
Stürzt der Nachbar aus der Wohnung;
Müssig und voll Groll und Weh,
Sucht er Zuflucht im Café.

EVERY DOLLAR spent in your Home Town is a boost for the community.

PEOPLE

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