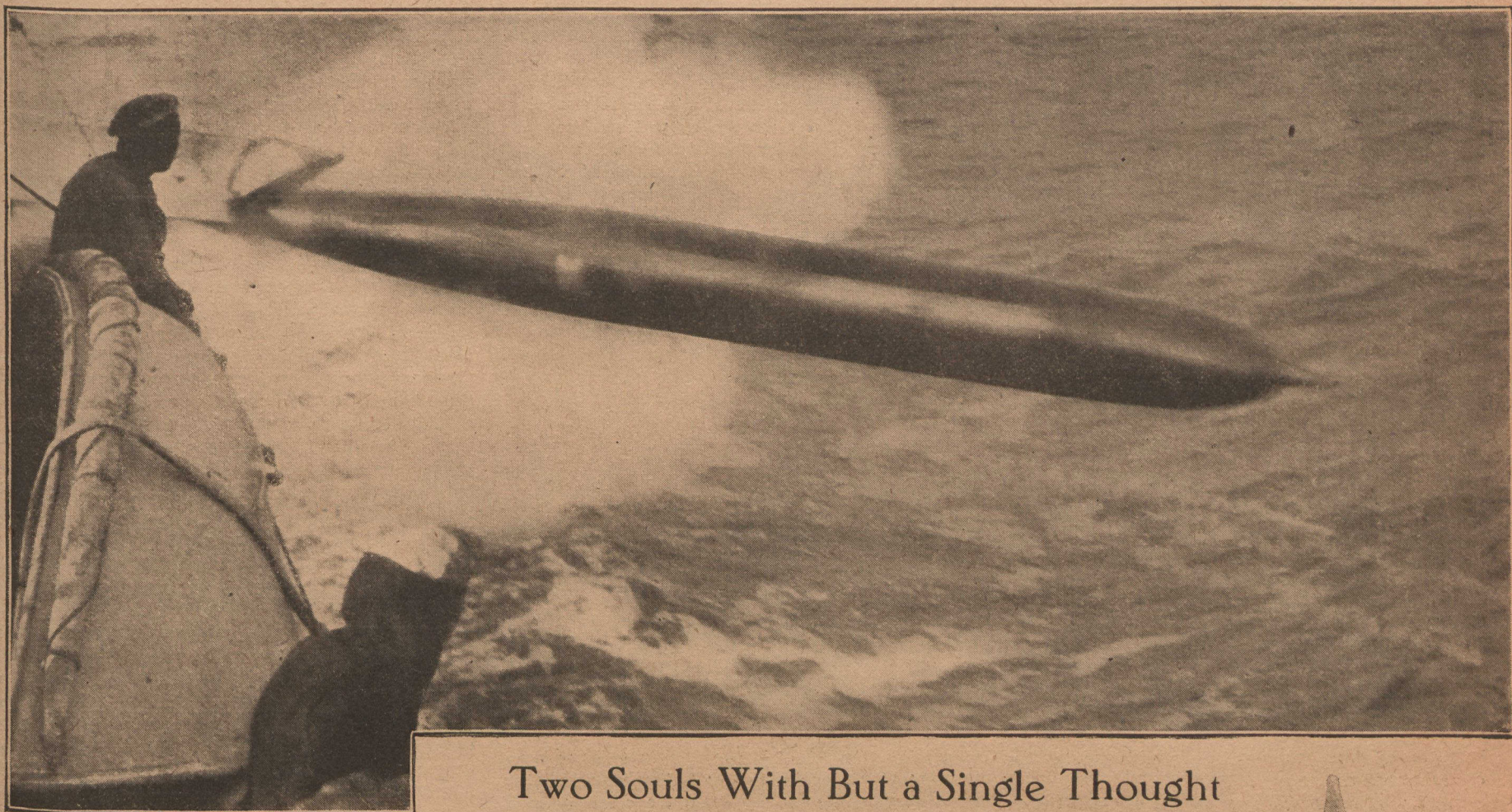


HELPING THE WORLD'S WORK

The Heavenly Twins of Berlin in Their Latest—Perhaps Last—Great Spasm



Two Souls With But a Single Thought

OUR photograph of that apt instrument of modern civilization, the submarine torpedo, just leaving its tube, is regarded as a remarkable picture. Very seldom does a camera enjoy so intimate a look at one of these gentle projectiles. The speed of the torpedo is not slow. Just what submarine, whether an E or a U, we are not told; neither what swaggering, unarmed merchant vessel it was aimed at. But it's the kind of thing that goes on every day now at the instigation of the bad-boy catapult crowd in Berlin. Five of these were let loose one day last week at a Dutch flotilla of 30,000 tons gross. And the 30,000 tons all went below.

The two ungovernable boys of Berlin most responsible just now for this method of helping along the world's work are Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Hindenburg is now the real apostle of "frightfulness." He has superseded Zeppelin and Tirpitz, who were just amateurs. This man has a positive genius for doing the world's work by destruction. The unrestricted submarine campaign is his idea. And he believes in it as much as the sun believes in shining. You can trace this remarkable enthusiasm in the man's face. It positively radiates with passion for helping the world—to destruction.

In accepting this high and holy commission from the German Emperor, Hindenburg naturally feels that he is a marvelous instrument in the hands of God. Conflicting emotions surge through his soul. You can see them in his face—that super-canine look of profound passion for dead humanity. A soul like Hindenburg's is indubitable proof that animals and men are of one family. The animal whose beautiful soul dwells in the body of Hindenburg is the wolf. By translation into Hindenburg the wolf becomes omnipotent for destruction. As a mere hairy quadruped he was only a casual man-killer wanting a bloody meal. As a Hindenburg biped he becomes a universal destroyer to whom the rules of the game known as international law are as useful as kindergarten songs at an earthquake. He has all that remains of a mighty machine of slaughter, murder, et al. He has also the backing of a hungry people who, through Hindenburg, hate England to the point where they would like to see all her babies starved to death.

This is not a vicious trait in Hindenburg. It is part of his great war philosophy and has the merit of a virtue in the eyes of the German people. They all love Hindenburg just now. He looks as though he knew it. Thousands of them have driven nails in the wooden statue of Hindenburg in Berlin. They will be all the more in practice for driving nails into the real Hindenburg when the great war-lord's game is over.

His side-partner, Ludendorff, also looks like a man with a message to mankind. This man has supreme control over all civil affairs in Germany. You can tell by the twist on his mouth just about how much real civility is left in that country. They say he is a genius. It would be a sight to see Ludendorff leading a choir or giving an address to a Sunday-school.

